NAME: Ardith E. Laing
UNIT: Husband was in 19th Infantry
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Account given to museum by her daughter.
DATE RECEIVED: July 2005

Pearl Harbor Day

December 7th started out with our usual Sunday morning routine. Major O'Brien left for his Sunday golf game, Mrs. O'Brien getting their three girls up and dressed for the day. I, after bidding my husband goodbye, started preparing breakfast.

All of a sudden in the background we could hear the sound of explosions of bombs being dropped and armed aircraft flying overhead and shooting all around us.

Major O'Brien dashed in and out but stayed long enough to give us instructions to leave immediately for the 21st Infantry barracks because the Japanese had bombed the island. Mrs. O'Brien's replied we would leave as soon as the children were fed.

Upon arriving at the squad, we were escorted to a large barracks room which was filled with many other women and children. One impression that I will always remember about the room was the large white canvas bag that was suspended from the ceiling filled with drinking water. Rumors of the destruction due the Japanese attack were plentiful. They had bombed the ships in Pearl Harbor Bay, destroyed all our aircraft except three planes at Hickam Field, Wheeler Field and Fort Shafter. They concentrated on barracks and mess halls on land because many men were still sleeping or eating breakfast.

At Schofield our men were unarmed until the storerooms were unlocked and the rumors were the 19th Infantry was the first company to have manned a machine gun on their roof.

I have no idea how long we were detained at the barracks but long enough for the O'Brien's baby to need diapers. Mrs. O'Brien asked if my girlfriend and I would go back to the house, which was just a half a block, for diapers. We received permission from the guard and being young and having no sense of fear off we went.

Arriving at the house and gathering the diapers, we glanced out the window and noticed the soldiers were digging trenches in the field across the alley behind the house. We decided to go out to say "HI" to them. We walked to the alley and a plane was heard approaching and the fellows beckoned for us get back in the house. We were too slow because the plane was diving and we could see him grimacing his teeth as he pulled the trigger on his machine gun.

Waianae Ave. was the main thoroughfare of Schofield. On the way back to the 21st Infantry we had to wait to cross because it was busy with army equipment and ambulances going back and forth to the base hospital. We witnessed a Japanese plane machine gunning an ambulance with wounded on the way to the hospital.

Late that afternoon they came around with a memo that we could return to our quarters but not to drink water unless boiled, not to use the telephone and stay inside away from the windows until further orders.

Later that day a guard came with a memo telling us to pack a small suitcase and the guard would be back to escort us to the quad. Upon arriving at the quad, there were other women and children milling around and asking questions which were never answered. There were army school buses lined up all around the quad with two army personnel at the door of each bus. Later we were told one was a driver and the other a guard after they loaded us into the buses at dusk. At the main gate we could see other buses headed towards Honolulu and we followed. The road we had to travel was a hilly and curvy country road without any lights because of blackout orders throughout the island.

Today I think of what a huge responsibility the young man who was our driver felt and how scared he must have been. The closer we crept to “Pearl City” the night sky was all ablaze from the many fires on the land and in the harbor. We could see a ship on its side. Later we heard it was the “Oklahoma”. We were stopped at a checkpoint before entering Honolulu where guards entered to check the passengers. All of a sudden gunshots were heard outside the bus and it startled one of the women in the bus, causing her to scream. The scream woke the children that were asleep and after quieting them we proceeded on our journey.

The driver stopped near what appeared to be on the outskirts of the city. While stopped, a Japanese fellow in broken English said “I’m Japanese but had no knowledge or involvement in the attack. He started shoving new blankets into the windows by the driver saying he hoped they would help us out. We thanked him and continued on our way.

It being so dark, we had no idea where we were headed except we were headed further in from the city and bay. We finally stopped in front of a large school-like building where armed guards were stationed. We were escorted into a dimly lit building where all the windows were covered with blinds so lights couldn’t escape to the outside. Once inside we were assembled and an officer in charge informed us of the rules and regulations and that we would be there for a few days. He had no idea how long it would be. They assigned a certain amount of women to each room furnished only with chairs. Using the blankets that had been given to us before, we made beds for the children on the floor. The mothers got their children bedded and most of the adults sat around talking and sharing the different rumors they had heard. Also wondering what was in store for us in the morning and if our husbands were okay.

They assigned groups to each room. We improvised beds for the real small children putting chairs together and made beds on the floor for the older children and adults. We were very thankful for the blankets that had been given to us because blankets had not arrived yet.

The next morning a guard escorted us to a cafeteria in another building and we were served a scanty breakfast because it was the school cafeteria and supplies were limited. We reassembled again and the officer in charge related to us supplies would be delivered later on in the day. A

limited amount of cots and blankets arrived and we still had the floor for beds. Our food wasn't the best but we didn't go hungry.

I don't recall how many days we were isolated without any news from the outside world. Our morale was very low and it didn't help much that dysentery had raised its ugly head amongst us. Many were transferred late at night to keep panic from setting in by an army ambulance to the makeshift hospital at the University of Hawaii.

The following Sunday morning planes were heard and we all rushed to the windows to see "B 47's" which had been scheduled to arrive on December 7th. How relieved and happy we were because now we had some air protection. A few days later orders were received for us to be packed and ready within an hour to leave for Schofield.

On the trip home we saw all the destructions due to the bombing. The battered ships in the harbor, partly and completely demolished buildings and barracks. The closer we got to Schofield everyone was quiet with their own thoughts, hoping for news of their husbands and wondering what was ahead for them. Wondering if their husbands were okay, if they would see them or know of their whereabouts. As we arrived inside the gate of the post we were confronted with many changes. There were bomb shelters, fox holes and trenches all around. Windows were covered with blackout curtains and armed guards patrolled around all the buildings. We were restricted to quarters after dark and required to wear "ID" tags at all time. I was informed the O'Brien's had left on the first ship of evacuees. This meant I hadn't a place to live. I contacted the neighbors next door to the O'Brien's whose husband was a doctor in the medical company and his family hadn't received their evacuation orders yet.

I was there for one day and was on my way back to Honolulu in an army ambulance with labor pains. After arriving at the hospital, I was examined and the diagnosis were false labor pains. The army physicians suggested I be admitted to the hospital till the baby was delivered because I could deliver at any moment. Billy, my son, arrived two weeks later on February 5th, 1942. I was not released till Billy was two weeks old.

Upon arriving at the base we stayed at the former neighbors for awhile. Still no news of my husband. Don't know how long we were there when finally my husband found us. He made arrangement for us to use maids quarters located behind the upper officer's quarters which were small cottages. We stayed there until our evacuations orders came. I don't remember the exact date but orders finally came sometime in May or June. Not having any family in the states myself, my husband made arrangements for Billy and me to stay with his parents in Mallory Station, a small town outside of Syracuse, New York.

Billy and I boarded the English luxury liner "Aquatania". It was manned by English sailors and cooks. Our menus were in English terminology. I got educated about the fact that lyonnaise potatoes are just plain old American fried potatoes.

They had all the walls of the social rooms boarded up with big sheets of plywood so their art work and decorations were protected. The luxurious furnishings were replaced by makeshift

furniture. I was fortunate to be sharing a stateroom with the girl who had been in the same ward as I was and who also had a son born the same day as my baby. She was married to a sailor and was going back to his family also in New York State. She was a direct descendant of King Kamehameha.

Her in-laws lived in New York City but she had an uncle there who owned a night club in the city and he assured her that if things didn't pan out for her, she could work for him. The only alternative I had was to live with my in-laws. We were both apprehensive about how we would be accepted by in-laws we had never met.

Shortly after arriving, I went to work at the General Electric turbine plant since my husband didn't make an allotment for Billy and me. I had a letter from my friend and it didn't work out for her so she was living with her uncle and working for him. Me, I joined the Woman's Army Corp. A couple of years later I divorced Harold S. Kuhnley.

My second husband of forty five years, who is now deceased, Kirk Donald, was stationed on the ship "Oklahoma" on December 7th. In abandoning the ship he swam through oil covered water and miscellaneous body parts to reach the shore.

I visited the island for the first time since I was evacuated after the war on March of 2003 and noted many changes because of progress. No longer is Oahu the primitive and sparsely populated island. The two lane red dirt road has been replaced by a freeway. Homes and many various buildings have replaced the sugar cane and pineapple fields. The Spreckles Cane Sugar refinery is unseen from the road. Wahiawa was just a spot in the road with "Dots Drive In", a theater, drugstore, roller skating and a photography shop. Kemoo Farm, just outside the gate, was a nice restaurant and bar with a dress shop in the same building where many a formal was bought. Entertainment after five o'clock on the post, required formal dress.

I forgot to mention "Pearl City" was just a huge tent. It was being established.

Schofield has certainly enlarged but the old part is the same. Officer and noncom quarters are the same. The Kahala Club was an enlisted men's dance hall with music provided from various band companies once a week. They had an outside beer garden by the PX for enlisted men. We had an outdoor stadium with a stage for visiting entertainers. That's where I saw Hilo Hattie performed many times.

My first marriage was performed in the little chapel that still stands. Our source of news was the local radio station and when ships docked in the bay. Waikiki Hotel and beach was the popular tourist spot. There were jitneys we used for transportation to and from Schofield. It costs us twenty cents one way.

My ex-husband Harold S. Kuhnley was a trumpet player in the 19th Infantry Band. My step-father Master Sgt. Lee Ross was with the 21st Infantry till the early part of 1941. My dad, Ross Edwards, was 1 Sgt with the 27th Infantry and stationed at Schofield about 1935 for six years.

The Way It Was

NAME : Allen Bodenlos
UNIT: 804th Engineer Aviation Battalion
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Letter sent to the museum by Mr. Bodenlos, edited by Linda Hee
DATE RECEIVED: 16 June 2003

My name is Allen Bodenlos, son of Martha and Albert, born August 13, 1920, in Cleveland, Ohio. I had three sisters: Delora (Matthews), Elsie (Hakos), and Bernice (Thiel). I graduated from Strongsville High School, Strongsville, Ohio, in 1940. I enlisted in the regular Army on July 9, 1940 and after basic training first at March Air Force near Riverside, California, then again at Fort Ord, California (between Monterey and Salinas). In August, 1941, I was transferred to the 804th Engineer Battalion Aviation, Schofield Barracks, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii and attached to the 7th Air Force, Wheeler Air Base, next to Schofield.

Having been a bugler at Fort Ord, I was assigned "Bugler Master" of the battalion, and made corporal at Schofield. On December 6th, Saturday, 1941, our battalion commander decided the 804th should have a Drum and Bugle Corps and directed I go to Honolulu to buy the instruments needed. I was given overnight pass (liberty). I attended a "Big Band" dance band competition of all battleship dance bands at the Army-Navy YMCA in downtown Honolulu. The USS Arizona Band won first place.

The early morning of December 7th, Sunday, while shaving and getting ready for a happy liberty day, the announcement came over the loud speakers for all military personnel to "Report back to your units immediately." Hearing the BOMB BOMBs, we thought maneuvers were going on, unusual for Sunday. So I went across the street to the Black Cat Café and Bar for a quick breakfast, then boarded the Schofield Shuttle Bus.

When we approached Pearl Harbor all hell was breaking loose. M.P.s (Military Police) stopped the bus and dragged the Japanese driver off. Right then the USS Arizona blew up, coming out of the water at the stern almost 90 degrees. The explosion was so tremendous, the ground where we were shook so violently, it almost knocked me over.

We had been ordered out of the bus in case it was hit, the Japanese planes were strafing anything moving at the harbor after dropping their bombs and torpedoes. Next to the Arizona, the USS Oklahoma rolled over and sank, next to it the USS California was burning and sank. The whole harbor was an inferno; smoke, fire, and explosions all over, sailors and marines trying to swim out of the oil-burning water to get to shore or rescue boats. We on the bus wanted to help, but the strafing was going on so intense. They flew so low you could see their smiling faces, even their teeth.

We were stranded through the second wave, finally got a driver to get back to Schofield. The 804th was already deployed at Wheeler, Hickam, Bellows, Ewa Marine Corps Air, and other air bases cleaning out damaged planes and repairing the airfields, while the Japanese planes were still bombing and strafing. None of the 804th soldiers were killed, but several were injured. The 804th was the first ground combat forces in action that morning, 70 minutes after the first attack

and received the highest commendation and citation. The only other outfit receiving a similar award was a unit in the Philippines that day.

I was assigned a carrier, riding on a motorcycle to deliver messages from the command post to the various airfields. There was no sleep from Saturday, December 6th 'til Tuesday morning, December 9th, when I finally was able to lie down, totally exhausted for some needed sleep.

The USS Arizona was exploding and burning two days after being hit, its over 1,000 dead below. Rumors were that the Japanese were invading the windward side of Oahu and anything that moved in the dark was shot at. No invasion came. On that fateful morning, December 7th, 1941, 7 battleships, 3 cruisers, 3 destroyers, 1 mine craft, 5 auxiliaries were destroyed, sunk, or damaged. 169 Navy and Army Air Corps planes destroyed and 159 damaged. Personnel casualties killed and wounded: Navy 2718, Army 582, Marines 178, and civilians 103 for a total of 2403 killed and 1178 wounded.

Today the battleship Arizona, shattered and rusting, still sits on the bottom of Pearl Harbor, her crew within. A memorial straddles her broken hull, a mute testimony to that sunny Sunday morning, December 7th, 1941.

Remember Pearl Harbor and ALL wars; Keep America strong.

Memoirs of Allen Bodenlos from that fateful morning December 7th, 191 at 7:55 a.m.
Carnation Chapter 3
Pearl Harbor Survivors Assn.
San Diego, CA
Trustee

The Way It Was

NAME : James Albert Boling
UNIT: 27th Infantry
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Letter from Mr. Boling
DATE RECEIVED: April 1998

James Albert Boling, Born December 31, 1920 in Greenville, South Carolina. Enlisted in the Army September 5, 1940, discharged June 29, 1945. Recruit training at Schofield Barracks, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii, U.S.A. Served in the 27th Infantry Wolfounds. Served 4 years, 9 months and 24 days without furlough.

On December 7, 1941, at 6:30 a.m. I was trying to find the person who had been taking my Honolulu Advertiser. I heard the first bombs at 7:55 and forgot all about my newspaper. I drove a truck for the next 8 days, helping to fortify vital installations in the Honolulu Subsector.

While serving in the Army I was in battles at Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Arundel Island, Northern Solomons, and Southern Philippine islands. I also had the pleasurable duty of assignment to drive M.A. Mitscher, Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy, Commander Solomons.

I was awarded the American Defense Service Medal with 1 Bronze Service Star, Asiatic Pacific Theatre Campaign Medal with 4 Bronze Service Stars, World War II Victory Medal, Philippine Liberation Ribbon with 1 Bronze Star, Good Conduct Medal, Combat Infantry man Badge, Bronze Arrowhead, Philippine Presidential Unit Citation Badge and the Bronze Star Medal.

After discharged I married Gloria Grice. We have three children and five grandchildren. I am a sales representative and live in Greenville, South Carolina.

The Way It Was

NAME: Amos E. Brickner, Cpl.
UNIT: 27th Infantry
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Account written by Mr. Brickner when he made a donation to the museum.
DATE RECEIVED: 1986

The beginning of the Attack on Pearl Harbor.

I, Amos E. Brickner, was a corporal in the United States Army stationed at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii with Co. D, 27th Infantry, 25th Infantry Division. On the 27th Day of November the first battalion of the 27th Infantry left Schofield Barracks to take up Bivouac in back of the Roosevelt High School in downtown Honolulu. From there, the outfit was split up and took up anti-sabotage and beach positions on the Island. These positions were in our zone of defense of the Islands. Myself and 8 men under my control took up our anti-sabotage position which was the telephone exchange at Kalike(?), Hawaii. This was on the outside of Honolulu going towards Pearl Harbor. This position was one of the most important posts on the Island because the lines coming and going came into this post from Pearl Harbor-Hickam Field Air Base-Ft. Shafter HQ for all army troops on the Island. Plus Kaneohe Bay Naval Air Station on the North Shore.

On the morning of the attack on Pearl Harbor I saw the planes coming down over Pearl Harbor and could see the puff balls that the guns on the ships were sending up. I said to some of my men who were outside at the time that this was a dumb day to have maneuvers. But one of my men had the radio on and said the Japanese were bombing Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field which was about 10 miles from my position. My outfit moved about 5 times in the next 3 days and we also changed positions, too. One time we rode in a ¾ ton truck and patrolled from Ft. Shafter to Waikiki Beach and back. I do not know any of the men who were with me at the telephone exchange or when I was on patrol. I left the regiment to go to the hospital and I was to go with the 161st Infantry but I was ordered back to the Hospital and when I came out I was sent to the 19th infantry for reassignment but I did not stay there. I was put on a task force going to Christmas Island with 102nd Infantry. Left there in 1943, went to Palmyra Island. We all left there in 1944. Arrived back in Hawaii. I left Hawaii for reassignment in Dec. 1944.

The Way It Was

NAME: Bob Bush
UNIT: father was in 35th Infantry Regiment
TIME PERIOD: Dec. 7, 1941
SOURCE: An account sent by Mr. Bush's daughter
DATE RECEIVED: 13 December 2007

My name is Bob Bush and I was born at Schofield Barracks in 1927 while my father was stationed there. In 1941 my father, Lt. Col. Newton G. Bush, was again assigned to Schofield as supply officer for the 35th Infantry Regiment. After December 7th my father was put in command of the 298th Infantry Regiment which was comprised of the activated Hawaiian National Guard. The 298th spent most of the war years on the British Solomon Islands.

My story starts at Schofield's Soldiers Chapel on Sunday morning December 7th. I am now age 14 and an altar server. After Sunday mass as I stood in the church yard, a group of planes flying low from the direction of Kolekole Pass flew overhead. Watching the planes fly toward Wheeler I saw the bombs drop, could hear the explosions, and saw the dark black smoke rising. The planes then circled overhead strafing mostly the Wheeler Field Area.

Upon returning home I found that the table was set for breakfast, but the rest of my family had left. Since I was a boy scout I thought I might be of some help, so walked with a friend to Wheeler Field. Upon arrival there we saw a building engulfed in flames. We had to cover our faces from the heat although we stood across a boulevard away. We could hear ammo going off in other buildings. Ambulances were running from the airfield to the hospital at Schofield. We passed a spot on the road that had a puddle of blood.

The question we asked ourselves was as to where our planes were. Only a few got off the ground from other air strips. One pilot was soon to become a leading air ace named Col. Francis Gabreski, known by his friends as Gabby. Gabby married my cousin Kay who was living with our family at this time.

That evening the civilians living at Schofield were evacuated in Army trucks to civilian areas of Honolulu. I rode next to the driver and as we passed near Pearl Harbor saw the ships still burning and tracer bullets lighting up the sky. We had no idea of the gravity of what had happened. We slept that night on the floor of a school and the next day found a place to say with friends in town. After a few days we returned to Schofield and were eventually sent back to the Mainland by ship.

My first return visit to Hawaii was in 1997, almost 50 years later. To my pleasant surprise the Soldiers Chapel, now a national landmark, looked exactly the same except for a small tree in the yard that had grown quite tall. During this visit I left some things at the Tropic Lightning Museum that my mother had saved from their tour of duty in 1927 with the 21st Inf. Finally taking a ride up to Kolekole Pass and seeing the big rock that we played on as children really brought back many memories.

The Way It Was

NAME : James D. Campbell, III
UNIT: Father was Captain James D. Campbell II, Army Air Corps
TIME PERIOD: November 1940 to December 1941
SOURCE: Letter sent by Mr. Campbell
DATE RECEIVED: 29 August, 2001

My Dad, Captain James D. Campbell II, received orders for active duty in Hawaii with the US Army Air Corps on November 5, 1940. We sailed on the United States Army Transport Republic from the US Army Port of Embarkation in Brooklyn, NY, on November 23, 1940. I learned that the "Republic" had been a German ship "Vaterland" which the US received as part of the war reparations from Germany after World War I.

Our course was south through the Caribbean Sea, through the Panama Canal, then up the west coast of Mexico to San Francisco, then west to Honolulu, T.H. The USAT Republic arrived in Honolulu on Christmas Eve, 1940. That trip was a tremendous experience to a boy who turned fifteen somewhere in between the Panama Canal Zone and California! We moved into temporary quarters at Hickam Field until our new quarters were finished at the corner of Fenander Avenue and Frutchey Road, Wheeler Field, in March 1941.

In March 1941, I resumed my high school education at Leilehua High School, which was then located in a triangle formed by Wheeler Field commissioned officers quarters, the noncommissioned officers quarters and Wahiawa Road. I had started building model airplanes in 1935 and had become quite an aviation enthusiast before we moved to the Wheeler Army Air Field. I built my first gas powered model in 1941 with an engine I ordered by mail from the Mainland. The plane was an A J Walker "FIREBALL" and was flown at the end of control wires that gave the "pilot" the ability to do loops, climbs and dives as the plane flew around him in a 120 degree circle. Someone at Wheeler started a model airplane club and young and old "pilots" came from all over the island to fly at the east end of the airfield near Wright Gate.

As a result of my interest in flying I soon learned how every airplane based at Wheeler Field sounded. I could tell the difference in engine and propeller sounds of the Boeing P-26, North American AT-6, Curtiss-Wright P-36, Curtiss-Wright P-40, BT-2 basic trainer, Stearman P.T.-17, North American 0-47 and the Douglas A-20.

In May of 1941 during the dedication of Wheeler Field the newly arrived P-40s were flown past the crowd at the baseball diamond in front of Wheeler Field headquarters. As the planes flew past only 100 feet high, the first plane, flown by a squadron commander, dipped his wing slightly, the number two plane tipped his wings farther, and the number three plane did a slow roll! The fourth plane and following planes merely dipped their wings slightly. My Dad reported to me that the pilot who was flying number three was asked to explain the dangerous

maneuver. His explanation was that he saw number two start to roll and number two in front of him looked like he was going to roll and he did not have time to see that number one had only dipped his wings. By then he was into the roll and had to finish. Rumor placed Lt. Welch in the cockpit of plane number three!

During the summer of 1941 there were several aerobatic events which took place at Wheeler Field. One of our dashing young pilots decided to show off his flying skills by flying through one of the hangars along hangar row! The punishment must have been impressive but not published. After the pilots had gotten familiar with the performance of the new P-40s, they decided to stage a comparative performance demonstration. A Boeing P-26, a Curtiss-Wright P-36, and a Curtiss-Wright P-40 were lined up at the western end of the field and at a signal the three started their takeoff roll. The P-26 very quickly left the ground and climbed at a steep angle. The P-36 left the ground a few yards further down the field and climbed at a shallower angle. The P-40 left the ground halfway down the field and climbed at a very shallow angle. So much for the new technology! Shortly after that demonstration, it was told that Lt. George Welch made the suggestion that with a "P-26 and a broom" he could sweep any German Messerschmit fighter out of the sky. Based on his record several months later against the Japanese Air Force, he might have been capable of doing it!

My grandmother, Else K. Campbell, arrived in Honolulu, T.H., November 17, 1941 on the Matson liner SS Mariposa. Her first words when she got off the ship were "Don't you know we will be at war with Japan within a month?"

In late November, a war warning had been received by Wheeler Field staff and I overheard my dad talking on the phone with someone about machine guns. He was "ticked" enough that he forgot I wasn't supposed to hear defense strategy. He told me that he had requested several .50 caliber machine guns to be stationed around the perimeter of the field and that the Ordnance Officer refused his request. The Ordnance Officer refused to release the guns for field use because they might be stolen or get rusty in the field positions. My Dad did finally get one .50 caliber machine gun which he had positioned on the flat roof of the Wheeler Field Fire House. It was the only weapon at Wheeler Field ready to go into action on the morning of December 7, 1941.

November 30, 1941: Early Sunday morning, the US Navy and Marines staged a mock air attack on Wheeler Field which got the attention of residents. As soon as the stars on the wings were seen, everyone relaxed to watch the air show. It only lasted long enough for one pass by each of the approximately twenty F3Fs, F4Fs, and SBDs.

December 6, 1941: During the evening the pilots of one squadron had an impromptu party at the bachelor officer quarters at the west end of Fernandez Avenue. The party broke up after one of the pilots attempted to shoot down a model airplane in his quarters with a .45 cal. pistol! The promised disciplinary action never happened!

December 7, 1941, 0755, Sunday morning: I heard the sounds of unfamiliar planes flying low over our house, punctuated by the sound of machine gun fire! At first I thought the US Navy

was playing games this time with blanks in their guns. I sat up in my bed to see what was happening. My second floor bedroom was high enough that I could see over the single story officer's quarters between our house and the airfield. I saw what looked like a big wooden warehouse rise up in the air and disintegrate! WWII was underway for the Campbell family!

0800: The only phone we had was in the living room on the first floor of our quarters. Mother was already in the kitchen preparing breakfast, and the sounds of things happening alerted my Dad to answer the phone. He came downstairs wearing only his pajama bottoms to answer the phone and yelled "I'm on my way!"

0810: By this time I had gotten dressed and was standing by for "orders." Dad told me to get the luggage our of the storage room, which was in the middle of the building and to line the room with mattresses, and get my Grandmother and Mother in the protected area until the raid was over. My Grandmother would not come to the protected area until she had finished her bath, had cleaned the tub and was "presentable!" Fortunately, none of the machine gun bullets penetrated the brick walls and upper floors of the house. My dad jumped in his new Dodge and drove away to his duty station. I wondered if he made much of a target for the Jap planes driving a bright shiny black car. By now the raid was in full activity and I didn't know if I would ever see him again!

1700: My Grandmother , Mother and I were instructed to go to the Officers Club where we were to be put on a bus and evacuated to one of the Honolulu schools. We were delivered to the school and slept on the floor of the school that night. I have very little recollection of the next five days. Everything was a blur of changes, new locations, questions—and no answers. We were assigned to a wealthy resident who lived near the Punchbowl that week.

December 13, 1941: We finally returned to Wheeler Field during the early evening. We were not permitted to stay in the Wheeler Field quarters during the nights because there were so many untrained, undisciplined guards firing at everything that moved around the airfield. We stayed with Doctor and Mrs. Bloemendaal in the Schofield Barracks Officers Quarters area until we departed for the ship to the Mainland.

December 15, 1941: The Schofield Barracks Hospital was one of the hospitals to receive wounded soldiers and sailors from all over the island. There were too few nurses and doctors to care for the number of wounded, so the hospital asked for teenage volunteers to assist in the "chores." The nurses had me carrying "ducks" and bedpans all over the wards to replace and dump them as requested. Before we could take care of one "load," the nurses had two more requests. There were not enough teenage military brats to take care of everything that had to be done helping the nurses.

December 25, 1941: We said our "Goodbyes" to my Dad and got on the bus which took us to the Matson liner SS Monterey. We departed Honolulu, T.H., in the evening of December 26, 1941 headed east to San Francisco. We arrived in Frisco on December 31, 1941, and boarded a train for our home on the East Coast on New Year's Day.

The Way It Was

NAME : Ruth K Campbell
UNIT: Wife of Captain James D. Campbell, II
TIME PERIOD: December 1941
SOURCE: Copy of letter written Jan. 1942, provided by her son, James Campbell III
DATE RECEIVED: 17 August, 2001

We did not live at Schofield Barracks. We were at Hickam Field from Jan. to March of 1941. In March we moved to Wheeler Field when our house was ready for us. I was in the kitchen peeling our morning pineapple for breakfast when a plane with a big red ball went past my window. Before I could call Jim, the bang of the barracks sounded—so he knew what was happening. He got into his car and was on his way.

I was trying to get his mother out of the bathroom to a shelter my son and I had rigged with trunks and Army cots and mattresses to shield us from machine gun bullets fired at the house. She had to clean the tub first so we were all exposed to the risk. She did come out before the second round of planes went over. We lived at the north edge of the field and they came in from the north.

We did not see Jim again for 5 days. We were told at 5 p.m. to go to the Officers Club to be evacuated—not told where—but buses took us to Honolulu schools where we sat in schoolrooms until morning. Red Cross was on hand then and mothers of school students had come to the cafeteria and made breakfast for all of us from Wheeler and Schofield Barracks. The mothers back of the food to serve us were all Japanese. They were as scared as we were.

The Red Cross had asked citizens of Honolulu to take us in and by 9 o'clock Monday morning had places for us Air Force and Army refugees. Jim found out on Friday where we were and phoned us he was OK and asked when we were coming home. The phone went dead and I didn't hear his next words "to pack."

I took it for granted the coast was clear, so arranged to be taken home to Wheeler on Saturday. We got home about 10 a.m. and a phone number was there for me to call. The car which took us there returned to Honolulu. Jim came up soon after I called and his first works—after the greeting hugs, etc. were "How are you getting back to Honolulu?" We could stay in our quarters by day but had to get out for nights.

Then later in the day word came that if you had a friend at Schofield with room for you, you could stay there if the Army had dug a trench in the lawn you could jump in. I had a friend and we slept there until word came we would be evacuated about December 24. Word came from Headquarters that boys 16 and over were needed at Schofield Hospital so our son, Jim, went there and stayed there until we were ready to leave. I packed our stuff for going home and we got on our ship December 25 but didn't sail until December 26. We had been in Hawaii a year and a day. This is enough for now. There is a lot more that happened to us and me especially. Some day, when I can see better, I'll finish the trip.

The Way It Was

NAME: Bryant Castellow
UNIT: Father in 21st Inf., Army Doctor, Captain William Franklin Castellow
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Walk in visit by Mr. Castellow. Recorded verbatim by Linda Hee
DATE RECEIVED: 11 January 2001

I was only 4. We lived across the street . Mother heard the planes. Long hall went down the middle of the house. Opened the window and looked out and saw them. Said "Frank, here comes the California National Guard. They got oranges on their wings." Dad knew what was happening so he put myself and my little brother, and he had a striker (corporal's wife) was at the house-- the striker, I can't remember her name, but there was a 4 year old who was my age named Billy who got under the bed with us and the striker's wife. Mother was 8 months pregnant with my sister and wouldn't fit under the bed. Dad gave her a pistol and told her to shoot us all before being taken captured. Cause he'd heard stories, I guess, of the Japanese treatment in the Philippines. Mother decided that if we were going to get captured she couldn't shoot us. Decided if we were going to get captured might as well get fed, so she went into the kitchen and fixed breakfast and fed us under the bed. The unit moved out and Daddy established a hospital in a cave down close to the beach. The army came by with a school bus and picked up the dependents and took us to a safer location up in the hills to a Catholic school. The bus got stalled in traffic close to Pearl Harbor. We sat there about 4 hours watching the ships burn. When we got to the school there was no food so the army brought in half a beef but there was nothing to cook it with. My mother's uncle was a missionary and he came and picked us up and took us to his house. He had food because there had been a dock strike and he stocked his attic with canned food, canned milk and so forth. My little sister was born there on Jan. 20th. We returned to the states, I think in March.

Father survived the war. Was with McArthur for a short time.

The Way It Was

NAME: Mrs. Frank Castellow
UNIT: Husband in 21st Inf., Army Doctor, Captain William Franklin Castellow
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Copy of a letter she wrote provided by her son, Bryant Castellow. Edited by Linda Hee
DATE RECEIVED: 21 March 2001

Jan. 22nd

Dearest Mary and Becky,

There is so much to tell you all that I hardly know where to begin but first you can have the pleasure of being the first to know this: Patrica Ann Castellow arrived Jan. 20 weighing 6 lbs. 8 ½ oz. And is the cutest little black-headed doll you ever saw.

Mary, we sure did appreciate the card and we have wondered if Dick has been called since war was declared. I had planned to address X-mas cards Sunday Dec. 7. I still have the cards, didn't send a one.

We went up to the club Sat. night and got home late and were asleep when the Japs arrived. Frank has worked every other Sunday since we have been here and that was supposed to be his Sunday off. Bryant and Thompson were asleep and the only person awake in the house was the maid. When the first bomb fell at Wheeler Field it rattled the house like a baby would a rattle. It woke me up but I thought it was practice. Then the second one came. I opened my eyes and wondered "what the hell." The third came and I got up and woke Frank up and we went to back room to look out at the airplanes which were zooming over the house. I stuck my head out the window and I could see the pilots and I said "those planes have red circles on them." Frank was standing behind me and said "Get your damn head in, those are Jap planes. Get Thompson." He ran to get Bryant and started piling mattresses on one bed and he put Bryant under the bed and pushed Thompson under but he wouldn't stay and would crawl out with a ??? and Frank would push him back and that went on for 3 or 4 times before Frank got disgusted and quit. Frank was telling me to get under the bed but I was afraid I would miss something so I helped him get dressed. I was a little big to be climbing under beds anyway. While packing his shaving outfit I noticed three machine gun bullets in the bedrooms. One was a tracer which luckily didn't set the quarters on fire. We have gotten the bullets out for keepsakes. That was the beginning for that day and just a small part of what we went thru. I never did get scared or go to pieces.

I hope to be down to see you in April or May at least and I will tell you all about it. I hate to leave Frank but I guess if he has to fight a war it is best I am back where it is safer.

The Way It Was

NAME : Chester R. Clarke
UNIT: Civilian
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Copy of this account given to museum by Dick Rodby
DATE RECEIVED: March 1, 2002

NOTES ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND HIS FAMILY:

On December 7, 1941, Mr. and Mrs. Chester R. Clarke resided in Aiea Heights. They had built a home at 99-1657 Aiea heights Drive where The Aiea Heights Rest Home in now located. The view from their property was magnificently unobstructed. Below them was the Aiea Sugar Mill and as they gazed out to the Pacific Ocean, there lay Pearl Harbor. To the left was the city of Honolulu and to the right, the Waianae Range. It was a lovely vista in peacetime but on December 7, 1941 the setting changed suddenly and horribly to fire and destruction, which would have worldwide repercussions.

Chester and his wife, Lucetta, observed this "day of infamy" from beginning to end along with their three young sons, C. Robert Clarke, Allan S. Clarke and Raymond L. Clarke.

Chester had the good sense to immediately document what he and his family were witnessing. He was a well qualified observer having been a flyer during the 1st World War. He also took photographs which were quickly confiscated by the FBI. These photos later appeared in Life Magazine as official U.S. Navy photos of the attack.

Peggy Clarke (Mrs. Allan S. Clarke) Oct. 22, 1991

A WELL PLANNED ATTACK

The attack on Pearl Harbor was well planned and perfectly executed. The flying was excellent and there is little doubt that it was rehearsed for it was entirely too perfect. It was easy to see that the destruction of the battleships was the first order and what the torpedo planes failed to do, the dive bombers completed. We noticed a little bit of strafing when flying over civilian areas but few bombs were dropped. What few did fall could have happened while adjusting equipment.

That the entire affair was engineered from this end cannot be disputed. Fifth column activity has been mentioned many times but it was never anticipated to reach such proportions. The whole attack covered less than 2 hours.

To prove the utter surprise of it all, the following is actual and true: When the second bomb landed I realized this was not play. I rushed to the telephone and called the Police Department. They intimated, in so many words, that I had been drinking. My call to the RCA operator on duty brought almost as much satisfaction and I gave up. The bombers did not return, but our own planes were pot-shotted at all day and far into the night. The jitters had started where the Japanese left off.

Chester R. Clarke, 1895-1956

DECEMBER 7, 1941

The attack on the Main Yard at Pearl Harbor started promptly at 8 o'clock and here is what happened exactly and in order as it occurred. Realizing the importance of the event and knowing the advantage I had as an observer from the heights directly overlooking Pearl Harbor, I made the following notes:

I did not see the first torpedo dropped, but I heard the explosion. I saw the second torpedo hit and the subsequent action. Aiea heights is front row center.

The first flight comprised nine low flying torpedo planes. They were single engined and came from the Diamond Head side. They were flying at approximately 500 feet as they passed over and slightly north of the mauka end of Hickam Field. Their silver gray could be seen distinctly against the dark field. As they passed the ferry slip they leveled off a what seemed the tops of the surrounding buildings and raced directly toward the battleships, which were tied up in a double line at the Ford Island fleet moorings. These moorings were built about 1933 by the W.P. Thurston Co. of Norfolk, Virginia and are located in a long line extending the full length of the Waikiki side of Ford Island. The Ewa side of the island is likewise dotted with the same type of moorings.

On the Waikiki line there were seven battleships- the **California, Maryland, Oklahoma, West Virginia, Nevada, Tennessee** and the **Arizona**. In the drydock was the **Pennsylvania**. On the Ewa side and in the berth of a carrier was the converted target ship, the **Utah**. More about the **Utah** later. Scattered about the harbor and at their moorings were cruisers, destroyers, oil tankers, repair ships and supply boats. In all, I would say at least 100 ships.

On land a large number of PBY Flying Boats, S-43 Sikorskys, a few ships from carriers and miscellaneous craft were parked.

In all, it was a very peaceful sight. The harbor was calm, the day was overcast and gray. The clouds a combination cumulus-nimbus were about 4000 feet and through them could be seen the blue of the Hawaiian sky. There was a light wind and the sun was obscured. thus, the enemy found Pearl Harbor this early Sunday morning, December 7, 1941.

The first torpedo seemed to strike the forward port bow of the **Oklahoma** and the second seemed to hit almost the same spot. The effect was immediate. The bow went down rappidly, the front conning tower seemed to get shorter and within 10-15 minutes the ship had gone completely over, the only part visible being the starboard stern and a propeller.

In the meantime all hell had broken loose. As each torpedo plane came in and launched their cargo, great flashes of fire appeared, similar to a weeping willow rocket reversed, and great clouds of black smoke appeared. By 8:15 the entire area was covered by a smoke blanket and smoke billowed hundreds of feet into the sky. All burned fiercely. At this point a few anti-

aircraft shells began to burst high in the sky and well above the bombers. Torpedo planes were still coming in and one, after launching a torpedo, failed to emerge from the smoke. My assumption is that he had insufficient altitude and failed to clear the rigging. Each ship, after passing over the battleships, proceeded in a straight line toward Schofield, climbing rapidly, and disappeared over the Koolau Range.

At approximately 8:20, we saw emerge from the large clouds directly over Ford Island the first flight of dive bombers. They were in 3 flights—the first 5, second 6, and third 5. They were flying an unusually tight V-formation and each flight was slightly above the other. Directly over the Ford Island landing field the leader dropped down in a sharp wingover and headed down onto the burning battleships. By this time, heavy anti-aircraft fire had started from all directions. It had absolutely no deterring effect and as each ship came on, its bombs were released and the ships flattened out at only a few hundred feet. In the attack only 11 dive bombers participated and their entire action was against the battleships.

We next noticed that the last flight of 5 dive bombers was now singling out miscellaneous objectives. One or two were concentrating on small ships. One flew over the extreme end of Ford Island twice, dropping bombs on a hangar which seemed to explode violently. In the meantime, at least three torpedo planes returned and attacked the **Utah**. I did not see the hits on her but a short time late she turned over. The attack around her was most violent and our first thought was that she was a carrier. A destroyer tied at the next mooring was down deep on her stern but did not sink.

At this time ships were frantically trying to leave the harbor and get into the open sea. The **Nevada** had cut loose from her moorings and was pulling into the stream. She did not seem to be damaged. At this point a dive bomber came over and a direct hit was scored. A large and violent fire started. However, the **Nevada** kept underway and was beached on the West Lock side of the Harbor entrance. The dive bomber had tried its best to sink this ship in the channel and very nearly succeeded.

It was now about 8:45 A.M. and more dive bombers and what looked like small pursuit ships were coming in. The pursuits seemed to come from behind the Koolau Range in the direction of Waimanalo. I counted 11 of these but there could have been more. Just what their purpose was, I could not make out. They offered no protection to their bombers but this probably was because no American ships had taken to the air.

During all of this attack on Pearl Harbor a second was taking place at Hickam Field and a third out on the Ewa plain near the mooring mast. We did not see the hit on the Hickam Field 3,000-man barracks, but the strike was made about the same time as the attack on the battleships for the flames were shooting high when the dive bombers came in. Flying low and heading directly north, two or three ships flew directly down the hangar line and we saw several fires start. Ground crews were endeavoring to pull ships out further on the field and one or two were blazing. The activity at Pearl Harbor was getting so great we paid very little attention to Hickam Field. However, while the attack on the ships was at its height, what should appear but two olive green Flying Fortresses. One flew over the north end of Pearl Harbor, turned back and headed

toward Honolulu. The other flew on toward the mountains and Kahuku. Our first impression was they were from Hickam but we later learned they were part of a ferry flight from the Coast, but with very little fuel left and no live ammunition aboard.

This covers what I would call the first attack.

The second, and I believe an entirely fresh bunch of ships, all dive bombers, came in around 9:15 o'clock. By this time, the ground crews were better organized and shooting was more accurate, however, we still had no planes in the air. The approach was as before, from the Ewa side, and the planes seemed to come from the direction of Waianae. Just how many participated we do not know as they came in individually and seemed to be picking their targets. One flew a straight line at approximately 1000 feet over the floating dry dock and scored a direct hit. A destroyer or cruiser in this dry dock was set on fire and shortly after a terrific explosion occurred. The dry dock seemed to turn over or go down port side first. Small ships were being bombed again and several bombs were seen to fall near ships outside the harbor entrance. One enemy ship flew toward Honolulu, circled over the fuel tanks, then flew directly over them and straight toward and through and over the burning battleships. I believe, by his deliberate flying, he was photographing the results. The boys on the ground were getting the range and one direct hit was scored which was seen by many. The remaining attackers evidently decided it was too hot and turned off toward the Aiea Hills. Their flying was erratic and the ships did not climb well. One- Number 21- failed to make it and crashed on the Waiau Ridge about 3000 feet distant from us. Inspection of this plane showed the following: wing spread 40 feet, engine Wright Cyclone with 3-blade prop. Two placewing folding Type 99 Carrier bomber. The engine bore serial no. 5668 and the date June 3, 1926. However, the engine plate stated it was built by the Tokyo Electric Stock Company in 1940. It had hydraulic retractable landing gear, was equipped with radio and 3 unprotected gas tanks. The wreckage bore a heavy smell of carbide and it may be possible benzol was the fuel used. The plane was well built and similar to American plane construction. In the air it did not seem exceptionally fast and I believe was considerably under-powered. The wings bore red suns on both top and bottom at the tips. The fuselage had a large red sun on each side. No numbers were evident except for a large 21 on the vertical stabilizer and rudder. The elevators had two 8" blue stripes on each. Of the several ships we saw, all seemed to bear a resemblance to each other and all carried Japanese insignia.

As documented by Chester R. Clarke, December 7, 1941

The Way It Was

NAME: Clarence Cracraft
UNIT: Artillery
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Transcription of his diary by his daughter, Vickie Long
DATE RECEIVED: March 2006

Was up at 7:30 a.m. and in Latrine washing when I first heard what appeared to me to be a Dive bomber. Just few seconds later I heard a big explosion from the Wheeler field direction. So I looked out the window and saw a large black smoke from Wheeler field. I, as did all the rest of the men in the barracks rush out into the open only to face light pursuit planes spraying machine gun fire in all directions. I watched two or 3 planes swoop down and spray the ground with lead and in the meantime I still could see and heard the terrific explosions from Wheeler field. Outside the men didn't seem to know just what going on. But the bullets dropped (sic) some of the boys and they were rushed to the dispensary or hospital.

By this time alert had sounded and we rushed into the barracks to get our clothes, guns, gas masks, and other things that we needed. By the time we were dressed and ready to go the planes were gone. Each battery hurried to their respective motor parks and by 10:00 was ready to move out. A few of our own planes were now in the air but to (sic) late for any action. It was a great surprise to all of us but we soon got ourselves together and prepared for the next attack. I went to my job at the 25th Division gas station and from there I could see our trucks, guns and men moving out. Around 1:00 p.m. I saw one of our planes (P40) come by the station and in another it took a dive straight toward the ground and crashed with a terrific explosion. I never learned the cause but judge the pilot shot some time during the attack. Nothing much happened the rest of the afternoon but you could see the smoke rising from Wheeler field hangers.

By night fall the Island was completely blacked out and all were waiting for the next expected attack. At 8:55 p.m. I could here explosions from the direction of Honolulu. You could hear our batteries open up with Anti aircraft fire but again the enemy had found their targets. You could see huge fires which lifted hundreds of feet into the darkness and to tell the truth my teeth and knees were knocking about this time. I heard a plane coming in my direction and I left the station about 50 yards and the next thing I know bullets were flying over head from all directions. The plane was skirting the roof tops and by now I could hear my knees and teeth knocking like a piece of wood. There was a light rain fall. That was our second attack. The third of the day came at midnight. The attack was aimed at Pearl Harbor and again you could hear the terrific explosion and see the red flames in the night. It only lasted a few minutes and they were driven off by our planes and Anti aircraft fire. By 1:00 a.m. on the 8th the moon found its way through

the clouds and you could see almost plain (sic) as day. I expected another attack right then but it didn't come until 5:00 a.m. in the morning. This attack was similar to the past three but like the third it didn't last long. I heard that during the early hours of the 8th that the navy air craft carrier Enterprise had arrived from the coast with planes to replace the ones lost during the first four attacks. At 11:30 a.m. on the 8th I could here gunfire which I presume was from our beach gun's and coast artillery. No sleep yet and I'm pretty tired and sleepy. It has been pretty quite (sic) since that day break but we are all on the watch. I will sign off now at 2:00 p.m. December 8th.

Things were quite (sic) the rest of the 8th and no attacks were made during the night. We were issuing lots of gas out to the trucks which had been hauling ammunition since Sunday morning. All the boys were tired and sleepy but their spirit was high and they were ready for anything to happen. A few spies were reported picked up around the Island but they won't spy any more NOW. Then came Tuesday afternoon when we had a couple of air alarms. Our planes rushed into the air and out to sea driving off like they would be attackers. It was pretty cloudy and all the planes were flying high, you could just hear the roar of our planes but no enemy planes got through. I was quite (sic) then until the early hrs of December 10th. I was in bed sleeping with one eye open when I heard the air raid alarm blast out. I was up, had my gas mask, gun, and steel helmet on in nothing flat. Again no bombs were dropped (sic) and things have been quite (sic) up until now. It is now 11:30 December 10th so will sign off for now.

Things are very quite (sic) at the present. We had a practice alarm at 3:00 p.m. on the 11th and every man was at his post here at Schofield. The p.m. of the 10th and a.m. was quite (sic) and I had a good night's sleep. Carmine and I dug a trench near the filling station and I must say it is a very good place to stay in case of attack. Col. McDonald was around this morning and asks if everything was O.K. Signed off at 12 noon on the 11th. From 12:00 noon on the 11th until 12:00 noon on the 12th things were just as quite (sic) as any normal time. The blackouts continued and everyone is ready for what will lies (sic) in store. I talk to most all the truck drivers and their spirits are very high. Everyone has settled down now and has recovered from our first shock. I was closing out at 12:00 noon on the 12th. From 12:00 noon on the 12th things have been awful quite (sic). You could hear an occasional blast from our big beach guns. I was practice fire to Zero the guns in. a few of our planes are out scouting around. Nothing of importance has happened. I had a good dinner today: Steak, mashed spuds, green beans, bread, pudding, and hot Tea -Closing out at 2:15 on the 13th. From 2:15 p.m. on the 13th up until 11:00 a.m. on the 14th things have been very quite (sic). Nothing of importance has happened. We had a quite (sic) night and I had a good's night sleep. Gas has been running slow and troops are settled in the field. We had hot cakes for breakfast and they were really good. I will sign off at 11:05 a.m. on the 14th. Just saw part of my battery going out again, from 11:05 m. on the 14th until 2:45 on the 15th things have been very quite (sic). It has been cloudy most all day and every thing in the post is as usual again. Off at 2:45 p.m. in the 15th. From 2:45 p.m. on the 15th until now things have been awful quite (sic). I could hear the coast artillery firing their big guns yesterday, but it was only zero the guns in position. The plantation owners were burning their cane fields and you could (see) all large clouds and smoke rising around Schofield all day. Our planes are doing a lot of flying, especially at night. The morale is high and everyone is ready for anything happen. I am closing out at 9:30 on the 17th of December, 1941. From 9:30 a.m. on the 17th things have been quite (sic). We had an air raid alarm at 3:45 a.m. on the 18th, but no planes appeared over the

Island. The coast artillery has been firing their big guns the past two or three days but not at the enemy. It has been to (sic) quite (sic). Everyone is waiting and ready for any attack and all the fellows are in best of spirits. I will sign off at this time 9:30 a.m. Sunday December 21, 1941. Things have been quite (sic) all week but last Sunday December 21 we had a 33 minute air raid. No enemy planes were sighted and things have been quite (sic) since. A number of troops have come in since then some of then being from Louisville. The in the 24th Division Artillery and they are the 138 F Artillery. This is Sunday December 28th and it seems like Xmas went by without notice. I will sign off at 11:35 a.m. on Sunday December 28th, 1941.

The Way It Was

NAME: Carrol Halcomb
UNIT: HHB, 11th Field Artillery
TIME PERIOD: 7 December 1941
SOURCE: Excerpt from an interview by his grand daughter, Laura Halcomb.
DATE RECEIVED: 6 November 2007

Carrol Halcomb is second row from the top and four in from the right side

I was stationed at Schofield Barracks, which was North of Pearl Harbor on December 7. We were preparing to go downstairs that morning for our breakfast. As we went down the stairs part way we began hearing planes in the air, which was not unusual for us because we also at Schofield Barracks had our own air force at Wheeler Field. As we went on downstairs and neared the bottom, approaching us were planes, which we knew then were not ours. They were in two formations, bomber planes and fighter planes. The bomber planes and some of the fighter planes headed on over our Barracks and down to Pearl Harbor. After we got to the bottom of the stairs the other fighter planes were circling our barracks so low that you could actually see the pilots and then of course we saw the 'rising sun' on them. They began strafing our barracks and the worst part at that time was that we had already had people outside in the field lined up for breakfast and they also strafed them. We had approximately fifty planes that were at Wheeler Field there at Schofield Barracks and they destroyed all of them but one plane. Of course there was much confusion there at that time and finally our commanding officer and our first sergeant got us a little organized and I was given the assignment to get a command car at that time and pick up our post Chaplain, Herbert Moehlmann, and stay with him as long as he needed me. I drove him to the first post hospital right there at Schofield Barracks and by that time they were already bringing in people from Wheeler Field and other of our units into the hospital, and this was one of the saddest experiences that I had. The Chaplain was giving the last rights to a number of them and praying over the injured. We were there for two or three hours or more at that time and then we went on down to Hickam Field which was even a larger airbase than Wheeler Field and the Japanese fighter planes had destroyed most of their planes also. So we spent considerable time there at their post hospitals and then later we went on down to the largest hospital which was Tripler General Hospital right outside of Pearl Harbor. And of course we at

that time saw the damages that they had done there at the harbor and the Chaplain, with assistance from the Navy Chaplains proceeded to carry out his duties the same as he did at the other hospitals giving their last rites. At that time they were bringing in sailors and marines from the harbor. We spent that night and on into the next day there at Tripler General Hospital and for the next three days I drove the Chaplain back and forth to different hospitals until we finally got back to our field artillery unit which by that time had moved out into field position.

This Chaplain that I speak of was a wonderful person and we remained life long friends. He later was sent to Germany and I was assigned to a task force for special training and ended up in the Philippines at Leyte during MacArthur's return then was later sent back home after five and a half years of service as a master sergeant.

The Way It Was

NAME: Don Hall
UNIT: Judge Advocate Office
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941; 1942
SOURCE: Brought in by Butch Sincock of the 25th Infantry Division Association
DATE RECEIVED: October 6, 2005

December 7, 1941
Sunday 9:15 am

At about 8 am this morning, I was awakening by a terrific roar and explosion. We, the fellows in the barracks, were not given time to think that it might be the usual reveille gun, for there were dozens of these terrific explosions. Looking to the south towards Wheeler Field, we saw large clouds of smoke, very black, as if from black powder, arising from the section. Over head, now that we were peering from the windows, were single seater pursuits and two seated bombers, and on each of them, we could plainly see the Rising Sun of Japan on the wings and body of each ship. We did not see how this could be an assimilated attack, for we were told immediately that this was the nearest to real war that the United States had seen since the 1st World War. This is actually the first aerial bombardment by Japan that the islands have experience.

At my very side on the office table lies a loaded Springfield, which we have been told to use the first chance that we get. I am loaded down with live ammunition, a gas mask is strapped to my side, and a full field pack with steel helmet, and a handful of spice cookies that Mother sent a day or two ago. To go ahead, we immediately went to our office, as had been ordered by previous department order. Bombs were alighting everywhere from those damn Japanese planes, and our few pursuits that were able to get into the air at the time were throwing lead in every direction. It took us a while to realize that Wheeler Field was actually on fire, and that women and children had been killed in the city of Honolulu. One of the official reports says that over 300 persons were taken to the hospital here at Schofield Barracks, and that the ambulances were strafed by low flying planes while they were being loaded by anyone who could drive a vehicle. The heroism of the drivers that were killed that day trying to speed those dying men to the hospital will probably never be told unless someone happens to read this description. All of this time, planes were diving low over Wheeler and as each plane pulled out of its dive, we could easily see those deadly bombs hurl themselves on their way to someone's death. There were both demolition and incendiaries in that early mornings attack.

At first, we laughed at those fellows who had not experienced the assimulation that some of us had seen in various maneuvers, but as the attack was made more real by machine gun bullets landing on the pavement right below us, we soon realized that there was nothing fake about this. The fellows who live in Wahiawa came in saying that they had been straffed while on the way back to the post, and that they were very lucky to have gotten back after their experience.

The excitement was quite tense, with everyone reaching for their pants, and everything else that mattered, including their rifle and a tooth brush. We did not have a chance to get away from the quadrangle, so we just have had to believe what they tell us by eye-witness reports of the activities that were going on around the island. There were hundreds of eye-witnesses, for many of the fellows from the post happened to be coming in from Honolulu by taxi, and they just stopped opposite Wheeler Field when they saw what appeared to be the best display of aircraft acrobatics they had had the chance to see in a long time. Their stories were all along the same general idea, that being that both Hickam and Wheeler Fields had been damaged quite badly, and that not more than four or five pursuits got off the ground there at Wheeler Field. A few of those fellows did not make it back to the post, being caught in the strafing of open areas around the air fields.

Even with all of this proof that it was an actual attack by Japan, some of the high officers could still not believe the truth of the matter. You will have to remember that this attack did not last more than an hour from start to finish, and that it was over before many had realized what had happened. It is terribly hard to believe that Japanese aircraft carriers could have gotten through our Navy patrol, a fact that our Congress and Sec. Knox said could not be done.

We are at peace no longer. We have not the slightest idea of what is to happen in the next few days or weeks, for we are now at war; war of the worst possible kind. Just a few minutes ago, Major Carpenter stated that Signal reports parachute troops to be landing on the other side of the island. This war seems to be getting worse by the minute, and we may get word any minute now that we are to move to safer quarters than we are in at the present time. Reports are coming in so fast that we can not attempt to put it all down, only hope they will give us the time to put down the things that will tell this story in the best possible way to the folks and senators back home who had no idea that such a thing as has now happened could happen to us over here on this island of Oahu.

We of the office force of the division are now in our respective offices, awaiting further orders as to what to do. We have rapidly packed our needed equipment into lockers and will await orders from the AG for movement to safer quarters, away from the barracks and Post Headquarters Building.

We just saw very definite proof that war is actually here, and that our present enemy is definitely Japan, for they have a goodly portion of a Japanese plane and the machine gun from the same plane in the office of S-2. The machine gun on the plane was the 30 cal. size and the metal covering of the plane was extremely light metal, probably 28 or 30 gauge. One good burst from a 50 cal.; would tear it to pieces, I'm pretty sure.

Major Carpenter, who came all the way from Pearl Harbor, says that the harbor is in bad shape, and it is evident that we have lost several ships, the size of those, he does not care to predict. The loss of ships means the loss of many men also, and I hope for their sake that the story is not true.

The attack today has done a great deal to the appearing character of the officers here on the post, especially of the higher ranking officers, but I presume that that happens in every major conflict or War. Those who were known to be simple and queit mannered in days before, we find them getting all excited and nervous; on the other hand, many who were the first to jump on the enlisted man, or the first to start an argument, are the first to pat the enlisted man on the back and ask how the battle is coming along. (When I first wrote this story, I had heard all sorts of stories about the commanders of the divisions running around in circles, not knowing just where to start dealing with the situation, but I fail to believe such a story). These reports of parachute troops having landed, they cannot believe, and I think that they have some basis for that kind of thinking, but what has happened today makes most anything possible. There is one thing certain, though, and that is the fact that troops are supposed to be able to leave this area in twenty minutes when on alert No. 2, and it was two hours before most of them were ready to leave the area. Yes, it is war and we cannot believe this fantastic story that I have just written is at all true.

11:30 am

Things have quieted down now, and we are rapidly getting into the general swing of "WAR" itself. It is quite a thrill to look out of our windows and see what a rapid change has come over our regimental quadrangle in the last three hours. At 7:30 this morning, we were sleeping soundly in the peace that America has known for the past twenty-three years that have followed the Armistice that was signed November 11, 1919. Now, as I look through our windows, I can see machine guns stationed on each corner of the barracks on top of the roofs, and the quadrangle is lined with armed soldiers. The fellows have just pointed out to me a six inch anti-aircraft shell from one of the Navy batteries which missed its mark in the sky and fell through the roof of Company C, 65th Engineers' barracks, however, and after seeing that, everyone of us are hoping that we move out of the area this afternoon if possible – More later!

NAME: Charlie Lee (East) Hatch
UNIT: Husband, Lt. Merrill G. Hatch, 64th FA.
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Email received from Jane Jordan, daughter of Charlie Lee Hatch.
Prior to her marriage in March 1941, Mrs. Hatch was an Army nurse at Tripler Hospital and at the Schofield Station Hospital.
DATE RECEIVED: 13 December 2007

Enclosed is the personal account my mother wrote of 07 Dec 1941. I hope you find it a useful addition to the records in the Tropic Lightening Museum.

Just a note of prelude: She was very pregnant with her first child (me!), and was evacuated to San Francisco aboard the U.S. Army Transport, "Etolin," on 12 Jan, arriving in San Francisco on 21 Jan 1942, then by train to Salt Lake City, Utah, where she gave birth on 26 Jan 1942 to her daughter. The baby was born full-term at 4 lbs. 14 oz., with a raised orange circle on the left forearm; radiation shrunk it to resemble an old burn scar, hardly noticeable. Mom said the weight and the birthmark both were because of 07 Dec - "On that day you stopped growing, and were marked with that rising sun mark, because of sheer fright!," she used to say. Her account follows:

DIARY OF CHARLIE LEE (EAST) HATCH - SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, HAWAII, 7 DEC 1941

We went to bed last night little dreaming that we would be awakened this morning by sounds that shook the entire house. There were planes zooming around overhead - planes that had red circles on the wings - not American but Japanese-The Japs had attacked so suddenly that none of us realized at first what it was.

We' were awakened around eight in the morning - we jumped out of bed and asked each other, "What was that?" When I saw the red circles and heard machine gun bullets on the roof I knew what was happening and I was shaking so, I could hardly speak. Merrill tried to call the battery but was unable to get the operator. He started dressing and I tried the radio - which was playing the usual records. Merrill told me to keep trying to find somebody by telephone. I got the operator but he was yelling "Put it down, Schofield; Put it down Schofield!" About that time I looked out the window and saw Major Doherty going to the barracks. Merrill, after telling me to go stay somewhere with somebody, ran out and joined Major Doherty.

I couldn't think, but finally about 8:30 (and that was the longest 30 minutes I ever spent) I dressed and ran next door to find out if Bobbie Elmore knew anything - While I was there Vince came in and said it was "The real thing" and for us to pack a bag and go to his barracks building. I ran home and threw a few things in a bag - bathrobe, night gown, a dress, and some handkerchiefs was all I could think of except my tooth brush and medicine.

While I was home Merrill called and said that it was really war. Betty Badger also called. I told both of them that Vince had said for all women and children to report to the barracks. Merrill said he would find me where ever I was and I didn't hear from Betty again until about 5 p.m. We women must have been a pretty sight at the barracks. We were all so scared and so mad. The soldiers were wonderful to us, couldn't do enough to help out. They had plenty of hot coffee for us and I think that was all that kept us going. Rosalie Folda, Betty Allen, Mary Yeo, Lee Hardaway, were among the ladies I knew.

Merrill found me somewhere around ten o'clock and told me he was going to the field - and he said "Don't worry-we'll get im." Major Jennings issued gas masks to all of us and the boys showed us how to adjust them. We were told not to drink any water from the faucet as it was all contaminated. Someone gave me a ham sandwich and it was so good - the first bite I had had all morning. About one pm, we were ordered to go to another barracks. We wanted to go home and get some more clothes but the guards had orders not to allow anyone on our street. Rosalie Folda, Eunice Yea, Lee Hardaway, and I, with their children and maids went up to the 90th Battalion Barracks. About three pm Ginger Gildart and Nancy Manson came by and said we could all go home (Col. McDonald's orders). Nancy was going home and as I had not seen Jean Benson and her baby all day I went along with her and stopped at Jean's. We had a cup of coffee and got some things for the baby. Mrs. McDonald called and said for us to come to house and get something to eat. We went over there and had a roast beef sandwich and some coffee. I imagine there were about 35 people at the McDonalds. We were there several hours when we received orders to leave by bus for Honolulu.

It must have been about 9pm when we finally were loaded on buses and started for Honolulu. What a terrible ride. It was raining and it was pitch dark. We had guards on the bus to show the driver out of the post. There were machine guns firing all about us for a few minutes and we could hear anti-aircraft firing. Several times we were almost hit by army trucks that were going around very fast. The road to Honolulu-Kamahameha Highway - was so very different from what it usually was. We saw about three ships burning in Pearl Harbor and the city was so smoky. When we reached Honolulu, a policeman stopped us and told the driver to take us to Maemae School.

When we arrived there about 12 midnight we registered and found a place on the floor where we put down our blankets and tried to sleep. There were about 45 people in our room. Very few of us, however, were able to sleep because of mosquitoes and it was rather cold. The army sent down milk and some boys (I have been unable to find out who they were) heated it and brought it to us about 2 am. It was wonderful! I guess it must have been nearly 4 am when I finally dozed off and I slept at intervals until 6 am when I was awakened by planes flying overhead. Some lady came in and said just to be ready to leave - but not to be alarmed. The planes soon left and we all made ready for breakfast. Most of us were without combs and makeup (l did have my tooth brush, thank goodness!) but we all looked a little better after bathing our faces. We had breakfast in the school dining room - bacon, eggs, bread, coffee.

After breakfast, friends and relatives started pouring in and taking people home with them. Col. Lyman's wife took mothers with very young babies with her. Col. Jones' wife took a great many

with her. About eleven o'clock, Mrs. Robert McCorriston asked Betty Badger, Alice Williams, their children, and me to come home with her. I want to say right here that all the citizens of Honolulu have been wonderful and it makes our hearts glad to have met people like them. I know that we will never be able to repay them for the kindness they have shown. I only wish there was some way. Anyway, Mrs. McCorriston brought us home with her and practically turned her house over to us. She called friends and asked for clothes for the children. Her husband had beds and a crib sent out and her children took those and gave us their rooms. They are wonderful people! After a bath I felt like a new person. That afternoon we played a little bridge and rummy.

NOTE: Mom did not write it, but often told us, that the planes were flying so low, she could see the whites of the eyes of the Japanese pilots, and that she and Dad received machine bullets in their home.

Sincerely,
Jane Hatch Jordan

The Way It Was

NAME: Milton Charles (Pudge) Hawkins

UNIT: 46th Pursuit Squadron, 15th Pursuit group

TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941

SOURCE: Daughter, Cindy Hawkins

DATE RECEIVED: September 30, 2008

P36 - #86 – Display at USAF Museum, Dayton, Ohio depicting pilot Phil Rasmussen (red-striped pajamas) and Crew Chief Milton Hawkins (on ground) readying for takeoff to confront Japanese Zeros.

Milton Charles (Pudge) Hawkins grew up in a large family in Pinckneyville, Illinois. In November, 1940 he enlisted in the Army Air Corps and the following January he was assigned to Wheeler Air Field, Oahu, Hawaii. His military experience is recorded in his words as follows:

"I am a Pearl Harbor survivor, stationed at Wheeler field during the bombing attack by the Japanese. I was a mechanic Crew Chief with the 46th Pursuit Squadron, 15th Pursuit group. We maintained P-36's and P-40's and one P-26 (old open cockpit Boeing plane), but I was assigned to #86, a P36. Being a Sunday and there not being that many men on base I could go to breakfast and eat all I wanted. I remember I got 4 milks and had drunk 2 of them. I never got to finish those other 2 milks. We heard the planes but thought it was the Navy doing a surprise practice attack. That used to happen all of the time. We would practice against them and vice versa. Then the first bomb hit and we thought someone had crashed so we ran to the door. Then the second bomb hit and one guy was almost blown out the door of the mess hall. So we ran out and we could see the big meat ball on the side of the plane and knew it was the Japs. So we ran but they had already dropped their bombs and when they got to the end of the field they turned and began strafing us with machine gun fire. Several guys I knew were killed then. So all of us dove

under anything we could find. They circled a number of times and kept us pinned down. Then they left. So we crawled out and ran down to the flight line. I ran straight to my assigned plane - #86 – and there were 12-14 guys already there at the flight line trying to get some planes ready. There were probably only 5-7 that we could get to but some weren't even armed – no artillery loaded yet or anything. There were 3-4 other fellas there to help me and I mean we got it done in a hurry. We had to put guns in, gas it up and oh, we were in a hurry to get it done. If I remember right #86 was damn near in front of the hangar and didn't need to be pushed out much at all. During that time I was crew chief and my assigned plane was #86 but from day to day various pilots flew that plane. Pilots weren't assigned to any particular plane. Rasmussen ran up and I remember him being in his pajamas and I waved him over to #86. He jumped in and took off. He got one confirmed kill of a Jap Zero that day but after he landed that plane never flew again. It was so shot up and well, I guess it was just shot. My nephew is a Colonel in the Air Force stationed at Wright Patterson and he says my #86 is there but I just don't know how. We cannibalized just about everything we could off of all those planes after December 7th just trying to rebuild our air force so maybe some of that plane is old #86 but sure not all of it!" Later that day on the 7th they sent me and 2 other guys up in the mountains to guard a radio tower. It was a radar station but it used radio waves. You know they sent us up there but I guess they forgot they sent us there and we didn't have any rations. We were there a couple of days and I was guarding and I heard a noise coming through that buck brush. I took my 303 bolt action rifle and drew a bead on that brush. Now that was an accurate gun. I was ready to squeeze that trigger when a mule head popped through that brush. The Calvary! So, we all jumped down and those boys fed us well. They had quite a good laugh when I told them I almost killed their mule. They sure bailed us out and left us with enough rations to last us another few days till our unit came back and picked us up.

"After the attack the 7th Air Force was expanding and I was chosen to be transferred to the 333rd Squadron, 318th Pursuit Group and assigned to Bellows Field in Hawaii. Shortly we were sent to Canton Island. I was there about 9 months and then was shipped back to Hilo, Hawaii. Then I was transferred back to Bellows Field and my group was re-outfitted with P-47's. At that time I was informed that I had been chosen for pilot training and I went by ship to San Francisco and then by train to Biloxi, Mississippi.

After arriving in Biloxi my entire class was washed out of the pilot program as there were sufficient pilots in training already. I chose to transfer to Kingman, Arizona for Bomber crew gunnery training. I was then joined with 8 other men as part of a B-17 Bombing crew. At the conclusion of our initial training we went to Biggs Field, El Paso Texas for bombing training. At the end of our training we were shipped to Bury St. Edmonds, England. We were 8th Airforce, 94th Bomb Group, 331st Bomb Squadron and we completed 27 missions over Germany (2 missions were to France). Our B-17 was named the Limey Lifesaver, Plane crew #23. We didn't always fly the same plane and some of our missions we barely made it back! I remember mission #13 was over Berlin and oh, gosh it was a bad one! But all of us survived and returned home."

Because of his mechanics experience in Hawaii and during his time in England (he was also the in-flight crew chief for the B17), Milton had an opportunity to go to work for Boeing after the war. But, as he said "after 5 years I was pretty much sick of airplanes and just wanted to go home". Arriving home, he took up the tradition of his father and grandfather and went to work in the coal mines in southern Illinois. He worked in various underground mines, working for Peabody Coal Company in the 1960's and in the late 1960's he landed a job as an electrician and began working in strip mining for Consolidated Coal Company. He was very active in the UMWA and was a representative at several National conventions. He was also active in his community, serving on several Boards, including the local airport board of directors. He retired from mining in 1988 and took up bread-baking as a hobby until his family forced him to find a new one (there is only so many rolls and loaves a freezer can hold) and he began weaving chairs, golfing and socializing with family and friends.

My father had one of the most unique experiences of WWII, as he served in both the Pacific and European war theatres. He was present at the battle at Pearl Harbor which prompted the United States to enter the war and he remained in the Pacific for the following 9 months supporting the aircraft missions from Canton Island. He also witnessed the end of the war in Europe as a crew member on a B17 bomber. His survival of 27 bombing missions is extraordinary, given the high mortality rates of B17 crews generally and in particular mortality rates experienced by top turret gunners. As a child I knew very little of my father's war time experiences. He spoke often of his love for Hawaii and the beauty of the islands. He told stories of the locals and of fishing in the ocean, but he rarely spoke about the attack in December. He would tell us that during the time there was a ration on milk and that is why he had gone to breakfast that morning – because they were allowed to drink extra milk on Sundays! He would mention that his plane was not damaged and he was able to refuel it and wave down a pilot, but I did not learn until the early 1990's just how important his role was on that fateful day. My father spoke very little of his service years and had completely lost track of any of his old war time buddies. But in the 1980's he was tracked down by his old B17 crew and soon became involved in several veteran groups including the Pearl Harbor Survivors organization. In 2001 I traveled to Hawaii with my parents and my 4 siblings for the 60th reunion of the Pearl Harbor bombing. Dad eschewed any of the formal activities preferring instead to give his family his own tour of the island. My siblings and I would have loved to see our dad receive acknowledgment of his service, but in the end the trip happened as it was meant to be. It was an experience in our family which will always be fond in our memories. My dad's reputation in his community is of a man with the highest honesty, integrity and humility. And so it is fitting that he has never wanted any special notice of his contribution to that momentous day.

Dad has slowed down a bit recently. Although his physical body is failing, his mind is strong and he still has detailed memories of his war time experiences.

Cindy Hawkins, September 2008

The Way It Was

NAME: Ann (Heriot) Wells
UNIT: Wife of Cpt. James Judson Heriot
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Donated by Col. Thomas Wells. Letter from his wife written to her first husband's parents. Ann Heriot lived on Hamilton Road in the Artillery area.
DATE RECEIVED: September 14, 1995

March 25, 1942

Dear Ma and Pappy:

Home again, but it just does not seem right not to have Juddy with us. I still can't realize that it has all happened, feel so sort of numb. However, I have no complains for it could have been so much worse- Juddy in the Philippines and no home for us to go to.

Your little son looked grand when we left, which was February 28th. He is getting fat, living out in the field- regular life and lots of good food. Don't know if he told you that he sent Maury and me home on the clipper. We had quite a time. They called at 11:50 Saturday A.M. and said to be out at the Air Base at 12:30. It is about 20 miles. I had no bottles ready for the baby. Neither of us was dressed and we were not all packed, and Juddy was still out on his position. He came in about twelve and we finally made it at 1:00 and took off at 2:30, arriving in San Francisco the next morning at 8:15- 16 hours and 10 minutes, which certainly beats the boat. Everyone said it was a nightmare. Maury was air-sick one time, so other than that we got along fine. We came in a huge one- carried 74 people, but there were not that many with us. We spent two days in Frisco, getting the car lined up, etc., and left Monday night, getting into Lincoln Wednesday at midnight. Of course, both of us caught cold with the change in temperature, but are getting on to it now. Maury lost about two pounds on the trip. Three weeks ago she weighed 20 ¾ lbs. Mother and Daddy are having a wonderful time with her. She is so good and never cries, and is the image, except for her brown eyes, of Juddy, even smiles like him.

I wanted to write you all about everything over there, but of course, couldn't, so now I will give you an idea of what happened to us. Juddy had flown to another Island, Molokai, where the leper colony is, on an aerial reconnaisance the day before the blitz- the 6th. So Maury and I were all alone. I was worried about Juddy and yet I did not think they'd let them come back while any raid was on. They got back Sunday morning between raids and were fired on five times. If I'd known that I would have died. I had just finished feeding Maury and had her on the bed playing with her when the first bomb fell. It was at Wheeler Field 2 ½ miles away from our home and it seemed the windows would fall in for sure. Then machine gunning in the distance, then more bombs. I ran to the window and could see planes diving on the airport. And then I went to the patio and could see Jap planes, so I ran back for the baby and put her in the closet with pillows all around her and a down comforter over her.

Everything seemed so futile, but I thought maybe feathers would slow bullets down if anything would. By that time planes were flying over our house machine-gunning all the quarters, thinking they would keep officers inside and from their batteries. The bullets were singing out in

the street, sidewalks, everywhere. They flew so low that people who were outside could see the flyers as plain as we see one another. After the raid I got us dressed and we were ordered to go to the Barracks five blocks away. I put Maury and her basket full of clothes and her formula in the car and just as we got to the end of the block, the second wave of planes came over. It was that close. We stayed there until about five then went to another barracks to wait for buses to take us to Honolulu. We left at eleven that night in the pouring rain. Cars all blacked out, of course. About one o'clock we arrived at a school down town and stayed there that night, sleeping on the floor. It was so cold and the mosquitoes were terrible. The poor little babies were eaten alive, practically. About noon the next day Maury and I were taken with others, about twenty-three in all, to a house back in the hills. Later, we went to General Well's home, their son was a good friend of ours at West Point, and we stayed there until Friday, then back to Schofield. Juddy didn't know where we were until Tuesday. Then he came to see us and brought us food and clothes. From then until we left, Maury and I were alone, living out of a suitcase. Our house was blacked out with paint and tar-paper. Blackout was from 6-6 until war time went into effect and then from 7-7:30. We had our own trench out in front and Juddy had it covered and camouflaged and the walls lined to keep the dirt from falling on the baby. He came in for a few hours 2-3 times a week, but only spent two nights with us. Christmas and New Year we went out in the field where Juddy is and had dinner, which was awfully nice for all of us.

We were terribly lucky and it still doesn't seem that it ever happened, or could happen, and I don't believe it will ever happen again. I'd much rather have Juddy there than any place I know of. Poor Ila Packard had to leave Harry in the Philippines. Marshal Hurt is there, too. You'll remember them. Ma, don't worry about Juddy. I'm not, for he is all right though it is hard for him to be separated from the baby, now. Write to him, all of you, for your letters mean a lot to him, I know.

The Way It Was

NAME: Herbert G. Hunt Jr.
UNIT: Co. K, 27th Infantry
TIME PERIOD: November-December 1941
SOURCE: Letters Mr. Hunt has saved from that time period
DATE RECEIVED: 6 December 2006

Schofield Barracks
Honolulu, Hawaii, T.H.
November 20, 1941

Dear Mother,

I received yours and Royce's letters last Thursday and was glad to hear form both of you. I will send you the money for the gifts on Pay Day and also a list of things that I wish you would buy for each of the boys. It will be better that way because it will cost so much for postage that I wouldn't be able to get them as good a gift as if I had bought it over here.

Another and most important reason is that I can't leave the post to do any shopping. The whole Hawaiian Department is on "Alert". Almost all of the Regiment is out in positions on the Island and our Battalion is in reserve. According to the papers this morning the Japs are expected to strike over the weekend. The Field Artillery have cannons set in sand bag emplacements right in the main streets of Honolulu and there are machine gun emplacements on the sides of all roads and on tops of buildings everywhere.

There is a big rumor with plenty of facts to back it up that the 25th streamline division is going to the Orient soon. It consists of the 27th Infantry, 35th, and 298th Infantry, 25th Medical Det, 25th Signal Det., 325 QM Det., 65th Engineers, 25th Field Artillery, 8th Field Artillery. The facts are that the rumor is among and started with the officers. There are many ships in Honolulu Harbor loaded with beach landing equipment and supplies that are not being unloaded here. Our division has 3 generals and the other divisions over here have only one each.

Another fact is that we have turned in almost all of our equipment and it has been replaced by brand new equipment, our bayonets have been sharpened and blackened so that they won't reflect the light, our practice hand grenades have been replaced with deadly real ones, and we have received great quantities of ammunition in our supply room. Another fact is that suddenly last week we received orders to reorganize the whole regiment. We now have an anti-tank company and a panzer platoon.

Another strange thing is that there are hundreds of British soldiers over here now. I don't know where they come from but last Wednesday when I was in Honolulu to the Sons of the Legion meeting they were walking all around the city. These men were Anzacs (Australian, New Zealand Army Corps) and what they were doing over this way is mystery to me.

We had a pretty good meeting down at the Legion Home last Wednesday. For refreshments we had baked beans, hot dogs, rolls, pickles and coffee. It was more of a supper than an after

meeting lunch. The American Legion has its meetings the same night so we ate with them. There are about 45 soldiers and 20 civilians that belong to the Sons. All of them are from high school age and up.

I sent a couple pictures of the company. One of them is different than the other in that the Lieutenant moved his head. I am in the next to the last row 6th from the left. That is about all I can think of to write now so I will close.

Love,
Herby

Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941

Dear Mother,

I am quite nervous to excuse any errors and misspelled words. There is an air raid going on now. I can't say much as this letter will probably be censored and if I say the wrong thing it won't reach you. It may be the last letter for quite awhile but if I get a chance I will keep on writing each week. When the planes first started bombing we thought it was American planes practicing but then large fires started up on all sides of us with big billows of black smoke rising high in the air. These planes not only bombed us but they machine gunned the barracks. One of the corporals in our company picked up a bullet that came in through the screen on the porch, broke through a door and went through a fellow's shoe. There was another bullet went through a fellow's bed but he was in the mess hall at the time. At first all the men rushed out in the middle of the streets and then the planes started to machine gun them and in a split second there wasn't a person in sight. Then everybody got their rifles and a lot of fellows set up about 20 machine guns on the roofs and in the streets and started firing at the lanes. As yet I haven't seen any planes shot down but there are many casualties at the air fields.

Our company ahs to move down into positions that I can't say where but it is in one of the hottest spots on the Island, and don't think I ain't scared. In fact, there isn't a soldier over here that isn't a little. If you don't hear from me for a long time don't worry as no news is good news. If anything should happen they will let you know right away. There may not be a mail boat out of here for quite a long time.

I had a letter already written yesterday but I opened the envelope and am sending this letter instead. If this letter reaches you before Christmas will you please loan me the money and buy the kids their Christmas gifts. I have the money now but there is a chance this letter may never reach you. If I get the chance I will send you as much as you spend. About 10 dollars for every body all together. Well, I have to close now as the trucks are here that I go on. Don't worry about me too much. I will write as soon as I get a chance.

Love,
Herby (received Jan. 27)

The Way It Was

NAME: Frank G. Hurd
UNIT: 762nd Military Police, SSG
TIME PERIOD: 1940-1945
SOURCE: First person account taken by Nicole Lederer and given to the museum by Mr. Hurd.
DATE RECEIVED: 23 March 2001

I enlisted on the 26th day of March, 1940 in Denver, Colorado. They sent me from there to the West Coast. Out behind Alcatraz there's an island called Angel Island. They had these big barracks that are all condemned now. The only thing still over there is the jail, they're saving that. But that's where I came as a young man, 18 years old.

They put me in with the guard company. I became a prison guard, carried a rifle, and they assigned me to the guard house. One day they marched this little prisoner out, he was a little bitty guy, and it was Homer Cave. So I became his prison guard. We only had one prisoner to watch, and Cave was mine. He'd just got back from going AWOL.

Thing was, I had just got back from going "over the hill" myself. I went back to Denver, Colorado. I got a pass to San Francisco and I took off. That was on my service record for many, many years. But anyway, I got back to Denver and I turned myself in, and they threw me in the guard house for thirty days. That's all I wanted, was to get back there. And I didn't care what they did to me, I was home. But after I got my thirty days in, they surprised me and put me back on that train and sent me back to Angel Island!

So, Homer and I, we'd go over to the other side of the island and sit down and smoke cigarettes, and just chew the fat. We just had a great time. We became real good buddies. He lived in Salinas, California. When his time was up they let him out, and we got together and started talking about Salinas. So we went to San Francisco and took off, both of us. I met his mother, and she took me in just like one of hers- he had seven brothers. His dad was the same way. I just became fond of his family.

When we got back to Angel Island, we came back on our own, just like nothing happened, we just had a vacation. But instead of throwing us in the guard house they said "You guys are restricted to barracks. You're going out on the next ship." They got tired of fooling with us! So

they threw our fannies on the U.S.S. Republic and away we went. From over there in Oakland we sailed out underneath the Golden Gate, and on our way.

I was originally going to the Philippines. I was Field Artillery Unassigned. But the ship pulled into Honolulu and they offloaded us all there. They put us on a little "Pineapple Special," they called it, a little narrow gauge railroad, and they shipped us up to Schofield Barracks, about 21 miles up out of Honolulu. They took us off of this little train and lined us all up in formation, and then different commanders selected us for various organizations, like the 19th Infantry, 27th, the 35th, and Special Services. Homer got picked for 35th Infantry, which was the next quadrangle down from the 3rd Engineer quadrangle where I was at, and I was selected for Military Police. And that's where we stayed, right there, so I didn't go over to the Philippines.

I often thought about that. Why they didn't send me to the Philippines. But I thank them for that, because I would have wound up in the Death March over there.

We were all volunteer soldiers. Peacetime. The reason why all these men were in the military at this time was we were just coming out of the Depression. There were no jobs. And so most of us just got into the military to have three meals a day. We were making $21 a month. It wasn't very much money, but I hadn't graduated from high school at that time. Later on, I did. I graduated from high school while I was in the military. It took many, many hours of my free time.

At that time, being a peace time soldier in the beautiful area of Honolulu, Hawaii, I mean, you really saw Hawaii as it truly was. Today, it's a tourist trap. But Hawaii was a beautiful place, it was the number one spot for a GI to go. I lucked out on that one. And not only that, but I'd always dreamed of going to the Islands. My dream came true.

So, we spent several months enjoying all the beauty of the islands. Being a GI and single in the barracks, this was before I was really going with Carol, well, we'd take off and they'd take us down to Haleiwa, the soldier's beach. They'd use the GI trucks and they'd truck us all out there to the beach. We used to spend a real beautiful day on the beach. 'Course in those days they'd have cold beer for all the GIs, you know, and all that kind of stuff. It was beautiful.

I met Carol at the Southern Baptist church in Wahiawa. I was going with her sister first. She took me to church one Sunday, and I met Carol at the service, and that was it- we started going together. That was before the war. In those days the Army guys were known as dog faces. Nobody respected a man in the military. It was no bowl of cherries. Of course, after the war, why then everybody was a hero. When I met Carol and we started going together we had to sneak out. We went to the movie one afternoon in Waikiki and we got caught downtown. We were out sightseeing around in the parks, and we ran into some of her family. They wouldn't even talk to her. Just ignored us. We were married on January 5, 1943 at Schofield, at the Post Chapel. And her father had nothing to do with me all the way up 'til 1950, when we were stationed a t Hickam. Anyway, Mary Dee was just a little baby, and she took Sam's attention, boy. Nothing was too good for Mary Dee. Well everything was all right from there on out. We got along great.

When December hit, why, I only had about 8 more months to do, out of a two year tour. They'd moved many of us out into these eight-man tents, folding cots, out in the middle of the quadrangle. I don't know why they did it, but they moved us out there. At Schofield the barracks were around a big grassy area in the center, where they would call formations. Wheeler Field was down in this area. Wheeler Field was Army Air Corps at that time, and that's where they had the P-40s, fighter planes. They were lined up wingtip to wingtip on that particular morning, Sunday morning. It was only about 1/4 mile down to the field. My barracks were facing Wheeler Field.

I had just gotten up out of bed. In those days you could get up in the morning, put your white sweatshirt on, your skivy slippers, just casual and relaxed, and walk into the mess hall and sit in there and talk and have a cup of coffee. They had these big thick GI cups with no handles. I was sitting there at the table, and you know, talking to the guys, and I'd just taken that big cup up to my mouth to take a sip of coffee, and BOOM, the barracks just shook. We didn't pay much attention to it- we figured maybe an accident, that they blew an airplane up down there at Wheeler Field. So I picked up my coffee a second time, and BOOM, it went again! What in the devil… so we all got up and walked to the window at the back of the mess hall. It looked down directly on Wheeler Field. And there they were, coming in one right after another.

It was all happening so quick. We didn't know the planes were Japanese at that time. We had a gate shack, one man on duty out there. Every time they'd come over they'd strafe that little gate shack. And that poor guy who was in there was scared to death. Poor kid, he took off from that gate shack, he ran! What they would do, they'd come right in and they'd drop the bombs and strafe all the airplanes. And that's what blew up They dropped a 500 pounder. I remember seeing the egg come out of that plane. Saw it floating down. They dropped it on a big mess hall. Men were in there eating breakfast.

And then all around the perimeter of the barracks there they had young recruits that had just come in from the States in the tents, and the planes came down the rows and just riddled those tents- a lot of them never knew what hit them.

We were standing outside of the barracks there, in the quadrangle, when they came over the barracks. They were shooting everything they could see. We were all of us standing behind a big pillar. They came right down, and the bullet holes went right up that pillar. That’s the only thing that saved us. If they'd've come over six more inches they'd've got all of us. They were just shooting everything that moved. And I mean, they were low, 100 feet above the barracks. That's when I realized. That's when we saw the big rising suns on the underside of the wings.

Well, the airplanes came over the mountain ranges and then they split off in different groups. Part of them went on and bombed Pearl Harbor and Hickam, and strafed Honolulu. Another part went around the opposite way, went over by Haleiwa, where we went to the Soldier's Beach, and they hit the Navy, and all the places on that side of the ocean. And another wave came right in and hit Schofield. It was all so well planned.

We couldn't do nothing about it because we had no way of defending ourselves. The supply room was closed, and all of our rifles and weapons were locked up. And they wouldn't open the supply room. They didn't do it because no war had been declared, nothing. The line outfits, they had rifles, machine guns. The Military Police, we had our sidearms, .45 pistols. One bullet at a time.

In fact, the Army was so badly equipped that we had to practice formation with pick axe handles or broomsticks instead of a real rifle. We were so badly equipped- everywhere. And that's when the American people really pitched in and became one big unit where everybody really went to work; whatever kind, ammunitions factories, or building boats or building airplanes- whatever.

When the attack was over we started cleaning up. I was a traffic NCO, and I drove a jeep. I went up to the Schofield Hospital on the post here. But it was so bad that out on the lawn they had GIs on stretches. They didn't have enough room to take them in for surgery or anything- they just had to wait. You'd go in the hospital, and there was blood all down the corridors. Later that week I was put on the honor guard, a six or eight man firing squad for the burials. First they blow the taps…

What they had to do at that time was take those big trench diggers you see on the side of the road- well that's what they had to use. They had to make a ditch about that wide (*indicates 2 feet)* and they'd go 6 feet down. They were buried head to toe, head to toe, row after row. We had to lay them at rest right there. After the war, those they could identify, they notified their parents. These were all young men! I mean, we were only 18, 19 years old. They never had a chance for a life.

So you can say in a matter of a few hours, you begin a young teenager- you became a man real quick. It was survival from there on out.

The next morning I drove the captain down to Pearl Harbor, and Hickam. You just couldn't believe it… The Arizona was still out there burning. It was just a great big mess. The fleet was nothing but smoke and fires everywhere. And you couldn't recognize anything. I'll never forget when I saw Pearl harbor.

Then we drove into Hickam. That was an Army airfield at that time. They had these nice big barracks down there. All the barracks were open, because you know Hawaii's so warm. And the GIs, we didn't have separate rooms or anything like that, we all had bunks next to each other, and a footlocker at the end of your bunk.

They went straight to the barracks- they just opened up. Even the barber shop still has the broken mirrors with bullet holes in it. Then outside the barracks they had clothes lines and everything out there to hang your clothes up. Even the clothes line posts had bullet holes in them! The whole barracks was just riddled with bullets. We had just flown in 17 brand new B-17s. Those were the big "Flying Fortresses." They became really the big deal in Germany. It was a fine airplane. They had a tail gun on 'em called a stinger, they had one on the side and the top, and they were well protected from fighters. Everywhere the fighter plane came in to attack

them, they were covered. And then, of course, they carried a good size bomb load, too. Anyway they had these beautiful brand new airplanes setting in the hangars. But what the Japanese did, they dropped the bombs on those hangers, and those great big metal girders supporting the roofs, they just collapsed and they smashed the airplanes, mutilated 'em. They never even got to go into combat or nothing.

Anyway, I stayed in the Military Police for several months after the blitz. But it became boring. I wasn't doing anything I wanted to do. It was like peace time again. So I volunteered for a combat outfit. That's what I did, and I felt better about myself.

I took my combat training down at Fort DeRussy, right in Waikiki. I was put into a port squadron. Every morning they'd line us up in a platoon formation and they'd march us clear around Diamond Head, and we'd come over to the other side of the island, and that's where we took amphibious training, at a naval air station over there.

Anyway, I got through with my amphibious training, and they loaded us all up and took us down to Pearl Harbor and loaded us on 18 APAs, big troop transport ships. Maybe 2000 men in each. All the time we didn't know what was going to go on. But we were headed for Okinawa.

There's one thing I want to send you away with. For 45 years or so I looked for my buddy Homer Cave. On December 7th we got separated, and I didn't see him again. Homer got shipped out and he went down through all the islands down there and he got wounded and shipped out to Australia, and I understood he got killed. So I kept trying to find him in cemeteries. But it wasn't that way at all.

In 1989 the mariners hosted the Pearl Harbor survivors at the Kingdome up in Tacoma. I met my old friend who was in my organization, Jim Murray, that took Carol and me in when I was first married. I met Jim at the stadium, and they did an article on us that they put in the bulletin that they sent out to all the local Pearl Harbor Survivor members. And one of these things came to Homer's home.

He was in Marysville, just above Seattle. And his wife Alice, she read this thing, she was laying on the couch and she said, "You know this guy you been looking for all these years?" He says, "Yeah, what about him." She says "His name's in this bulletin!" And he jumped up and grabbed that thing, and he was calling every day. Carol and I were in South Dakota, but we got back on a Friday night, and Saturday morning the phone rang- oh, I choked up. I couldn't believe it. We took a special trip up there and we got together.

I had an experience, being in the war, that I'd never want to go through again. And yet, on the other hand, I think it was beneficial. I learned something. It taught me life. And how important life is! And then on top of that, I've been gifted to have a wonderful family. They've turned out the way I hoped they'd turn out. I had a responsibility, and I stuck to that, through thick and thin. This is what America's all about. And so I feel I did my job.

The Way It Was

NAME: Albert Kemmerling
UNIT: 34th Engineer Combat Battalion
TIME PERIOD: 1941
SOURCE: From a speech he gave
DATE RECEIVED: 15 May 2005.

Good morning, to members of VFW Post 3809, Milltown, Ohio, at a Pearl Harbor Day dinner.

Commander, officers, guests, ladies, and fellow veterans.

I find it awkward to stand before a group of people whose war experience covered the world from Pearl Harbor to Japan, England to Germany, Korea and Vietnam, and talk about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7th, 1941.

That's a day most of us will remember for the rest of our lives. During the federal raffle, my number was 38. It won me a four year, all expense paid vacation starting June 7, 1941, to Oahu, Hawaii; England, France, Luxembourg and Germany.

After 10 weeks of getting acquainted at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, we took a train ride across country and boarded a freight with a private stateroom that held 1,000 sea sick men, and a restroom down the hall with 4 stalls and a long trough. We were all young, most of us had never been more than a few miles from home. And we laid on the deck and dreamed of palm trees, grass shacks, and hula girls. We arrived in Hawaii on October 17th, 1941. As we came into the harbor on one of the buildings was a sign that read "Sears and Roebuck." We knew then that this was not going to be the vacation we were dreaming about. We arrived in Schofield Barracks and formed the 34th Engineer Combat Battalion. Shortly afterwards, we left Schofield Barracks and bivouacked outside Kaneohe Naval Base. The Kaneohe Naval Station is less than 12 miles as the crow flies from Pearl Harbor. Our orders: to build gun emplacements along the North Shore. On December 6th most of our outfit headed to Honolulu to buy Christmas presents. We were told to mail them early so they'd arrive in the States in time for Christmas. We returned back at camp at about 12:00 or 12:30, tired from shopping and from other things soldiers do in town. We hit the sack not knowing that in less than eight hours, 7:55, we'd be awakened by bombs and machine gun fire.

Thinking we were going to see our Air Force and Navy putting on a joint maneuver, we ran outside to see the show only to find real bombs and real bullets. Now just as I came out I saw this Japanese plane heading for our area. He was no more than 16 feet from the ground, machine gun blasting and dirt flying. I dove under the building and it was probably the fastest move I ever made in my life. The Japs would bomb the base, circle around and strafe our area. They flew low enough for us to see their grinning faces and their white teeth.

We went for our rifles but sat helpless because our ammunition was stored underground a good distance from our camp. When the bombing and strafing stopped, that was not the end. Rumors flew about Japanese paratroopers landing all over the island. Now we had our guns, our

ammunition, and our hearts in our mouths. Our orders: return to Schofield Barracks. We were to go to through the area where the Japanese paratroopers were said to have landed. Now to make matters worse, our Captain, a West Pointer, assembled the outfit and in a very sober military voice said "We made it through dawn, let's hope we can make it through dusk." This was not the type of encouragement that we needed. With our first baptism of fire forever etched in our minds, we no longer pictured ourselves as civilians on vacation, but Army engineers at war, and the determination to defend our Country and avenge the unprovoked surprise attack.

That first night was long with explosions and gun fire everywhere. An air raid warning sounded almost every hour. This went on for a week. On December 8th at 5:00 in the morning we had had our breakfast, were on trucks heading for the cemetery. Engineers have shovels and picks, so we were ordered to help dig and bury the fallen bodies. Our trench diggers would dig graves along the length of the cemetery. The bodies were put in wooden boxes and laid head to head. The Army Graves Registration would nail one dog tag atop the box and record the spot. Unidentified service men were laid in a special area. The medics would check for some sort of an identification and take finger prints if they were available. The picture of the sad and bloody sight will be with me for the rest of my life. The first day we buried hundreds of bodies and truckloads of boxes with miscellaneous parts. At noon that first day we were transported back at Schofield for lunch. I know it wasn't planned on our behalf, but we were served barbequed ribs. That was one meal most of us were vegetarians. Now this burying went on for two full days. To make a bad situation worse, it rained periodically, and an air raid warning never failed to go off while we stood at attention for taps over the graves. Now this is a frightening chill never to be forgotten. These are some of the memories that keep us together long after the fighting ends.

The Way It Was

NAME: Ruth Lawson
UNIT: Wife of Cpt. Richard H. Lawson, 19th Infantry Regiment
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Donated by Col. Thomas Wells. Edited by Linda Hee
DATE RECEIVED: 1996

Wednesday- New Years Eve

Dick, Darling—

I'm wondering where to begin there are so many things to talk to you about. Had intended to write from the boat, but just couldn't. To begin with there was no place to write except on my knees, and my head, as usual, ached from the time I left you until this morning. Not even the fear of submarines could knock that out!

To begin back at the beginning when we had to leave you. I still cry every time I think of you standing there on the curb as we drove off. Guess I'm a sissy but I do love you so and have missed you more than you know already! We reached the boat (Monterey) about an hour later and had to wait on the dock (hot and sunny) without anything to eat until 4:30. That is a Xmas day none of us will ever forget. Tom Marnane sent out for sandwiches so our Xmas dinner consisted of a half of a dry ham sandwich and a half bottle of Coca-Cola. Why in the world we were ever sent down so early no one knew.

Our boat didn't leave until Friday A.M. around ten o'clock and we docked today before noon. It was a nerve-wracking trip, we went zig-zag during the day and went full speed straight ahead at night. There were three ships in the group convoyed by two destroyers and one cruiser (it had two planes aboard.) I was amazed how closely we kept together. The three transports side-by-side (constantly shifting, taking turns to keep one a little ahead of the other.) We had life boat drills every day and had to have our life preservers with us at all times, even the children, and believe me they were strict about it! Everyone behaved beautifully, no hysterics but tears were awfully near the surface. Twice the cruiser fired its guns, never any explanation so we hoped it was target practice. One morning about 4 a.m. (two nights before we landed) depth bombs were dropped and the planes went in the air in a big hurry—our course was changed but everyone on the ship was very mum and no explanation came forth. The depth bombs really shook our ship. I assure you that the Golden Gate Bridge was a most welcome sight.

Mother and Jean have been fine. Mother had difficulty squeezing into her bunk but she kept well and enjoyed the food which by the way was very good. Jean never once caused any trouble, you couldn't have asked for a better child. She keeps talking about you and is now writing you a letter, which I may send by regular mail if this is too heavy. She assured little Tommy Marnane that he didn't need to worry about the Japs coming here to San F. because her Daddy was in Hawaii and that he would keep them over there, and that that was the reason we didn't have to have blackouts here.

It is too bad you aren't here to admire my girlish figure. I've lost pounds in the right place. My suit skirts will all have to be taken in, they almost slide off! This has been excellent of the figure but hard on the face. I feel that I've aged ten years!

Mary Schorr was very frightened and refused to eat in the dining room because it was so low down in the ship so we brought her food up on deck. There were many wounded on our ship. Those who had lost an arm or some such injury would sit on the deck with us. They were cheerful and their morale was marvelous. There were two wives whose husbands had been killed in Manila but they had not been told. One was Mrs. Schaetzel, a most attractive girl with two babies under two years old.

This afternoon I stood in line to find out about transportation but finally gave up. It seems the papers (#207) for us never arrived from Honolulu so none of our tickets were made out. I'll make another attempt tomorrow. New Year's Day doesn't seem to be a holiday.

This is New Year's Eve, about 9 o'clock. Ruth Marnane has the room next door and she will come over in a few minutes. We plan to have a high-ball and then get some much needed sleep. Such a strange New Year's Eve. Remember the grand one we had nine years ago when Naomi Maddox had us to her party at Fort Thomas! So much for tonight. A very happy New Year, Darling.

All my love-
Ruth

Jan. 7, 1942

Nancy, dear—

Just a month ago today and it seems I have lived a whole life-time! Our homes are gone, our lives up-rooted and our hearts have been torn. I thought I was being very brave (except when I had to say goodbye to Dick) but the strain and sleepless nights of the last weeks plus that trip home must have taken a greater toll than I realized because we all just sort of collapsed like pricked balloons when we got here. Jeannie has had nausea, on and off, ever since we arrived (New Year's Eve) and I'm certain it is just an accumulation of strain. I know I should have written to you just as soon as we reached here, but Nancy, I haven't been able to write to anyone.

How strange and sad our holidays were! Dick was allowed home with us for two hours Xmas Eve. We spent them in our black-out bedroom. Then he was able to come back for a little while Xmas morning. He was there when the bus came to take us to the boat (we had been given 36 hours to be ready.) I had to walk out and leave my lovely home, furniture and all. That was so overshadowed by having to say goodbye to Dick that it lost all its importance. That was the last we saw Dick, he wasn't allowed to see us off. I have much to be thankful for—we are all alive. The attack came when we were in bed Sunday a.m. The planes struck Schofield at five minutes of eight. They dropped most of their heavy bombs at Wheeler, only a few struck Schofield, but

they came over our houses at an elevation of 50 feet and machine-gunned us constantly to keep the officers from getting to the companies. We got an extra dose of the strafing because we were on the corner of Waianae Ave. just across from the 19th Infantry and the Hospital. Dick had to run down Waianae Ave. dodging from tree to tree all the way to Division Headquarters and he was machine-gunned the whole way. The bullets sounded like hail around our house. I had to dress Jean in the clothes-closet. During one lull soldiers helped us across the street and we spend the rest of the day under guard in the 19th Barracks. That night we were evacuated (in a black-out and under heavy guard) to a Hawaiian school in Kalihi Valley where we slept on the floor with only one blanket. Everyone was wonderful—no hysteria or complaining—and we expected another attack momentarily. No one can understand why the Japs didn't come back when we were left almost defenseless. Jeannie never said a word, there was very little crying among the children although some were sick from the fright. After about five days we were allowed to go back to Schofield. There was a slit-trench in every yard to jump in every time the air-raid alarm sounded. It was a strange existence—no husbands, a strict blackout every night from 5:45 until dawn. No one was permitted to leave their quarters during that time. There was a heavy guard around our quarters and every night shots were fired right around us. We always had to carry gas-masks. Then on top of that, for the trip home on the boat, we had to live in our life preservers and had daily life boat drills. Again everyone was very calm even though we had a couple of scares. There were quite a few wounded on the boat—their moral was wonderful. You probably know the number of casualties. The Army had around 1600 and some, the Navy 2800 plus, and a few civilians—I believe about 50. There were ten officers at Wheeler killed trying to get to their planes, besides many enlisted men as a bomb hit the mess hall. It was all such an unbelievable nightmare that just couldn't have happened. The Army was on a A-1 alert (mild kind) when it happened so they were able to snap to immediately. I don't know about the Navy but all felt the Navy let us down. Otherwise, how could those Japanese airplane carriers have come in undetected?

Haven't meant to chatter on so, Nancy. Do hope you had Ross home for Xmas and that it was a very merry one. My New Year's wish for you is that Ross will be able to stay where he is. He may be gone for long periods but at least he is near you and not in danger.

Site and the children are all right, but Site looked very badly when I left. Those youngsters of hers are so hard to manage. I hated to leave her but we had no choice. I didn't want to leave but they sent the families from Wheeler, Hickam and the Staff families first, so here we are.

Do write when you can, Nancy. I'll need your letters. Our love to you all

As ever,
Ruth

The Way It Was

NAME: Ruth Lawson
UNIT:
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Letters given to the museum by her daughter
DATE RECEIVED:

December 7th, 1941 was a beautiful Sunday morning in Hawaii and most of us at Schofield were taking advantage of Sunday to sleep later. We were just stirring ourselves at about ten minutes of eight when a loud din of planes was heard—nothing unusual on an Army Post—until they came down in such screaming power dives that you felt surely they were going to crash. Then came loud explosions that made the walls of our on-floor stucco bungalow seem to push in and the be sucked out. Dick hurriedly dressed, thinking General Short was calling a general alarm. (The Army had already been on an anti-sabotage alert for a week.)

After dropping their bombs on Wheeler Field (which is the air field at Schofield) the Japanese planes flew low (fifty feet elevation) and machine gunned the quarters and barracks. We saw the Rising Sun on the planes, but still couldn't believe our eyes. Turning the radio on we heard a church service in progress, the minister calmly thanking god in his prayers for the beautiful Sabbath and our lovely island home- all adding to the unreality of the bombs and bullets. I understand that the Japanese struck first at Wheeler and Schofield with over eighty planes. Other groups attacked Hickam Field, Pearl Harbor, Kaneohe Bay naval Station and Bellows Field. Over three hundred planes in all participated in the attack. Honolulu was the last to feel it and then only a few bombs fell there with few casualties. The Japanese knew exactly where the military objectives were and didn't waste but few bombs on anything else.

Within minutes Dick left our house by the patio door ducking under the bushes to escape observation. he had to run about eight blocks along Waianae Avenue, the main street, to Division Headquarters, dodging from tree to tree as he was machine gunned the whole way. He picked up one bullet that bounced up at his feet.

The Way It Was

NAME : Helen Griffith Livermont
UNIT: Daughter of Wiley D. Griffith, 1SG, Co. D, 21st Infantry
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Letter from Mrs. Livermont after visiting the museum
DATE RECEIVED: 29 May 2001

I was an Army Brat, born in the Philippine Islands, and raised in Army posts all over the U.S. In 1938, we were posted at Schofield Barracks, Territory of Hawaii, and lived at 42 Carter Gate, just up the hill from Wheeler Field.

On Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, I was thirteen years old, and in bed in the room I shared with my eighteen-year-old sister. We heard the bombs and thought it was a sham battle staged by the Army. It kept going and we thought we'd better get up and see what was going on. My mother and father were in the kitchen and my mother was exclaiming "I know what that is, bombs!" She was a German War Bride from World War I and had been through bombings there.

Suddenly, she ran out the front door, yelling for us to follow her. My sister went next, and I followed. We lived in a wooden house and bullets were flying all around, so we headed for the stucco houses across the street. We saw people in all stages of undress running in all directions. We kept trying to avoid the strafing planes. At one time we were lined up against a house outside wall and how he missed hitting us, I do not know. We could see the pilots in the planes, they were that low.

Eventually, a lady living in one of the stucco houses opened the door and called my sister and me in. We stayed there until the strafing stopped. We had finally seen my dad running into the dugout at the baseball field, but didn't know where my mother was.

We all met up again at home, and my dad immediately left for the company (he was Wiley D. Griffith, the First Sergeant of Company D, 21st Infantry.) Very shortly, soldiers arrived and began to dig trenches in the lawns for us to use if/when the planes returned. My sister's fiancé, Jim Dupree, a crew chief at Wheeler Field arrived. He had nowhere to go as the tents where he had been quartered had been blown up and Wheeler was a disaster area. All the planes had been destroyed. He joined my dad at his company. The rumors going around said the Japanese were going to invade the island, and my brother-in-law-to-be gave me a hunting knife to carry to make me feel better protected.

We were notified to get ready to be evacuated, and to take very little with us. We packed what we could and when the army trucks came, they loaded us in them and took us to the barracks. When the next attack came, we were there. My girlfriend and I hid under the cots to escape the bullets.

After that, they loaded us up again (by now it was nighttime) and with no lights at all, drove the women and children to Honolulu. As we passed Pearl Harbor, it looked like the entire world was on fire, and tracer bullets whizzed all around us. The trucks were open, with canvas tops, and we

could see and hear everything. It was a scary time and a lot of the smaller children were crying. We were issued a cot and given a blanket, and put in schools. My mother, sister, and I were at Kalakaua School. We spent a week there, but at the time did not know how long we'd be there. We got a letter from my dad while we were there, telling us he and Jim were okay. The women took turns washing the dishes and whatever else that had to be done. I remember the mosquitoes were terrible; we had citronella candles burning inside. To this day, the smell of citronella brings back those memories!

After a week, they took us back to Schofield. We had to carry gas masks wherever we went, and the autos that had to be driven were all fixed with slits for the lights, for blackouts at night. The house windows were completely blacked out. We didn't dare go out after dark; you took a chance on getting shot! We shared the stucco house across the street where our friends lived, and the nights were long. They were evacuating women and children to the States, but naturally, the ones to go first were the pregnant women, and those with small children. Since there was no school, my girlfriend, a boy friend and I spent most of our time riding our bikes, dragging our gas masks along with us. The Army arranged for us to have tennis lessons and other lessons, too, trying to keep us busy and out of the way, as the post was busily being mobilized for war. My mother went to work at the Post Bakery and I worked there part time also. She also trained to drive an ambulance in case it became necessary. My sister went to work at the Post Hospital. We spent four months this way, waiting to be sent to the States.

Finally, it was our time to leave. We sailed from Honolulu on the HMS Aquitania, a British luxury liner before the war. It was a beautiful ship even though it had been stripped down to carry troops. We left on Easter Sunday, April 5, 1942. We had to leave our fathers behind, not knowing when we'd see them again. We had a convoy the first day, but the Aquitania was so fast, they could not keep up, so we went the rest of the way alone. We kids enjoyed the ship—we could go anywhere as long as we did not bother the British sailors, or get in their way. We spent a lot of time at the rail looking for Japanese subs.

We made it to California in five days, two days less than when we had come to Oahu. We landed in the dark of night, and somehow no one seemed to know we were to land there. The Red Cross ladies hurriedly came out with coffee and doughnuts, and transported us to hotels in the Long Beach area. I remember being impressed with the fact that one of the Red Cross ladies was Evelyn Venable, a movie actress.

We went back to Minnesota where we had been previously stationed at Fort Snelling. We lived in Minneapolis until we were informed that my dad was to go to OCS at Fort Benning, Georgia, in September of 1942. However, when he reached Fort Mason, California he was given a field commission as a 1st Lieutenant, so we joined him there for nine months, then to San Jose, California with the Armored Corps for a year, then to Monterey (Armored Corps) for a month, then to Brownwood, Texas for six months and finally to Fort Myer, Virginia where we spent the next three years. I went to work at the post Exchange at Fort Myer, along with going to and finally graduating from high school. My father retired from the Army at Fort Myer as a Major in 1947, moved to California and passed away there in 1954. Jim Dupree became a pilot in the Air Force, seeing action in Korea, retired after twenty years, and passed away in 1996. My sister,

Margaret Dupree, and her two sons live near Barksdale Air Force Base, Louisianna, Jim's final station, and her sons are Air Force veterans of the Vietnam War. My mother, Margaret Griffith, passed away in 1987. In 1947, I had married an ex-soldier, Frank Livermont, whom I met at Fort Myer and we moved to California the next year. He retired after thirty years at North American/Rockwell Aviation, and we moved to Arizona where we now live.

This year, our daughter and son made it possible for us to return to Hawaii for the first time in sixty years. It brought back many memories, and I have written them here as a reminder of what once happened here.

Helen Griffith Livermont

The Way It Was

NAME : William Mallory
UNIT: 21st Infantry
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941; 1939 - August 1942
SOURCE: Walk-in visit by Mr. Mallory. Story as told to Linda Hee
DATE RECEIVED:

Mr. Mallory and 3 other soldiers owned a 1934 Buick convertible, which they used as a taxi to take soldiers between Honolulu and Schofield. Their taxi ran only the first 15 days of the month because usually the soldiers ran out of money by then. Their pay was only $19.00 a month. Two weeks before the Pearl Harbor attack, they accidentally hit a Japanese man crossing Canal Street and killed him. Officer Lum did the investigation of the accident. They were released and told to appear in court on Saturday December 6. They stood trial at the main courthouse on the 6th and were cleared of all charges. To celebrate, they had a party that night in Kaneohe. Mallory had been promoted on December 1 to corporal. He was to be Corporal of the Guard on the 7th of December, so he and his friends were driving back to Schofield so he would have time for his duty. On the way back to Schofield, they had reached Pearl City when the attack started. They were watching the bombs, thinking it was some kind of demonstration or practice. Shore patrol told them that they needed to get back to Schofield Barracks because the island was under attack. They had to stop the car near Schofield Barracks because of a bomb in the road. They ran the rest of the way to C quad, where the 21st Infantry was, just as the Japanese started to strafe the post. They had to knock the door down to get weapons from the regimental supply room. Didn't see the officer until late in the afternoon. Their first move out of the barracks was to Brigade Woods- an area past Wahiawa on the way to Haleiwa. This was an assembly point. From Brigade Woods, he was one of a small group of four to five men who were sent to Waikiki to lay barbed wire the first morning after the attack. Then he went to Puamoho gulch where the Headquarters Company, Anti-tank platoon set up in the bottom of that gulch. He was also involved with defensive gun positions on the North Shore. Every Friday morning he spoke to the general staff about the gun positions. At Kaena point one day he was recommended for OCS. Mr. Mallory left in August of 1942 for OCS training at Ft. Benning Georgia. Mr. Mallory remembers arriving in 1939 on the train from Honolulu. Pygmalion was on the movie marquee at the theater. He was also a volunteer lifeguard before December 7, 1941.

The Way It Was

NAME: Frank Mattausch
UNIT: 24th Materiel Squadron
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Photo and account emailed by son, Barry Mattausch, after visiting the museum
DATE RECEIVED: 6 February 2007, updated 30 August 2008

I was born January 29, 1918 on a farm near Cumberland, Wisconsin. As a child my family moved to Zion, Illinois, where I graduated from high school in 1936. In August 1938, I enlisted in the Army Air Corps to be trained as an aircraft machinist. After basic training, I began a 6 month training program at the Air Corps Technical School at Chanute Field, Illinois.

After graduating in June 1939, I was required to serve 2 years overseas. Choices for overseas posting were Hawaii, the Panama Canal, or the Philippines. Wanting to see the world, I applied for the Philippines, but was sent to Hawaii. Before my 2 years was up, the requirement was extended to 3 years. Military personnel traveling overseas embarked from San Francisco if west of the Mississippi River, or New York City if east of the Mississippi. Thus, from Illinois I went to New York City, with a stop in Cleveland to see the 1939 National Air Race. In New York, I was able to attend the 1939 World's Fair. The transport ship traveled through the Panama Canal to San Francisco. An exhibition was in progress there at the time, which I also attended.

I reached Hawaii on October 10, 1939 and was assigned to the 18th Air Base Squadron at Wheeler Field. Because I was an Air Corps Technical School graduate, I was given a 2nd class air mechanic rating in November 1939. At the time, I was a buck private earning $21 per month. A 2nd class air mechanic was paid the same as a staff sergeant, $72 per month. However, because I was a private, I still had to pull KP duty. A few months later, I was given a 1st class air mechanic rating, which paid the same as a technical sergeant, $84 per month. Work at the base was Monday through Saturday, with the afternoons off on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

By September 1941, I was promoted to staff sergeant in the 24th Materiel Squadron. The rules were that ranks above buck sergeant could not hold an air mechanic rating, so my pay was cut to $72 per month. Later, in early 1942, I was promoted to technical sergeant, returning to the pay rate I had previously had.

The Way It Was

In late November 1941, Wheeler Field was placed on alert. The 135 fighter planes were moved to revetments around the edge of the air field. The revetments were U-shaped earthen walls eight feet high.

On Friday, December 5, the alert was called off and the aircraft were moved from the revetments back to the flight line in front of the hangars. On Saturday, the pursuit squadrons decided to do some marching on the flight line and moved the aircraft closer together, where they stood the next morning. Despite the earlier alert, no one really expected anything to happen. We didn't think the Japanese would dare.

On Sunday, I woke at 7:30 and went to the washroom. About 15 minutes later, I returned to the room on the top floor of the then new L shaped barracks that I shared with seven other sergeants and started putting on the shirt and tie we were required to wear to Sunday breakfast.

Several of the other men in the room were still asleep when I looked out the window and saw some planes that came through Kolekole Pass and headed past the mountains toward Pearl Harbor. It struck me as odd that the Navy was flying on Sunday. A second later, I saw another plane pull out of a dive about 200 feet up, and a little black speck left the airplane. That bomb could have been the first one dropped in the attack.

As the bomb was still falling somebody shook one of the guys who was sleeping and said, "Wake up, Longdyke! The war's started!." The bomb squarely hit a wooden warehouse blowing it to splinters.

We ran down the hallway and down the stairs to the daylight basement. When I got to the bottom of the stairs, I was surprised to see that my necktie was now tied! By now, bombs were falling on the hangar across the street from the barracks, about 200 feet away. The barracks shook violently, but it wasn't hit.

Six other men and I raced to a supply room where a .50-caliber machine gun on a tripod was stored. It was locked up behind a 2 by 4 and chicken-wire partition, which we quickly yanked down. We set the machine gun up underneath the concrete balcony on the barracks and opened fire as the Japanese strafed the flight line and hangars. Tech. Sgt. Bill Bayham, the machine shop boss and a World War I veteran, succeeded in shooting down one of the planes. The wreckage of this plane was later put on display at the base.

The seven of us were given Army commendations for establishing machine gun firing positions in the midst of the bomb attack. I received a letter of commendation, while Bill Bayham was awarded a medal for shooting down the airplane. For reasons I don't know, the medal he was awarded was a Purple Heart, even though he hadn't been injured. Several days later, a Movietone newsreel crew shot some footage of Bill Bayham posing with the machine gun. Bill's sister wrote that she was at a theater in Dayton, Ohio, and all of a sudden there was his picture on the screen. She yelled, "That's my brother!", and everybody clapped and they stopped the film and ran it back through a few times.

The damage to Wheeler was devastating. One of the pursuit squadrons was moving from the base and had all their equipment stored in the hangar that was bombed. The bombs set off stored ammunition, completely destroying the hangar. The attack didn't last very long, and afterwards I

went down on the flight line — just a whole bunch of burning planes. Out of the 135 airplanes on the base, only 45 were ultimately salvaged. Most of the salvaged planes were ones that were in for major maintenance and were not on the flight line.

Thirty-four people were killed, mostly soldiers living in a tent city next to my barracks who were hit by stray Japanese machine gun fire during the attack.

After the attack, we were expecting the Japanese paratroops to land. For the next three nights, we were outside guarding the base. Someone got leather flight jackets from the storeroom for us to wear. I could see the smoke rising from Pearl Harbor and we would see tracer bullets in the night sky from time to time. Somebody would open up, then several other guns would join in.

We were just dead exhausted after those three days. Finally, several of us were told to go into one of the houses on base and get some sleep. The officer who lived there later returned and got angry that we were sleeping on his bed.

I remained at Wheeler until July 28, 1942, then transferred to the 362nd Service Squadron at Hickam Field. Starting on August 15, 1943, I was given a month long furlough and returned to see my family in Illinois. On my way back to Hawaii, when I arrived in San Francisco, there was no space available on a ship for a month, so I was assigned to work in the Army Post Office. When I got to Hawaii, my unit had left Hickam Field. Asking around, I found they were all at Bellows Field going through amphibious training before going out into the Pacific. I hitched a very rough ride in a spotter plane over the mountains to Bellows. My outfit then traveled to the Gilbert Islands and arrived on Makin Island on November 24, 1943 to set up an airfield after the Army captured the island. We performed aircraft maintenance and remained on the island until October 6, 1944. When we arrived on the island, the bodies of many dead Japanese soldiers were still laying on the ground. During my 11 months there, when the Japanese would bomb the island, we would take shelter in bunkers made of coconut logs placed over shallow holes in the sand.

While I was on Makin, I asked to go along when a repaired B-25 bomber was returned to another forward base and another plane with broken radios was picked up for repair. I was granted permission and prepared to go, but for some reason, they left without me. As the second plane returned after dark, it missed the island and the six-man crew, which included my commanding officer, was never found.

After the war, I read a newspaper article about the Japanese commander of Mili Island, 75 miles north of Makin, being tried for war crimes for beheading six Americans whose plane had mistakenly landed on Mili after becoming lost.

The Way It Was

NAME: John J. McKinney, Jr.
UNIT: 35th Infantry, PFC
TIME PERIOD: 1941
SOURCE: Letters received from Mr. McKinney
DATE RECEIVED: June 5 and September 18, 1998

I entered U.S. Army at Ft. Logan, Colorado (near Denver, Colorado) December 1940, with a preference for the Hawaiian Islands. I arrived in Schofield Barracks in mid January 1941. Took recruit training with C Co. 35th Infantry. Capt. Dalton was Company Commander. My first assignment after recruit training was as a runner for Capt. Dalton when we were on Field Maneuvers. Capt. Dalton had a reputation as a strict disciplinarian but was a fair-minded person. He also had a remarkable habit of being able to sleep during rest breaks and awakening when the rest break ended. Around the late October time frame Capt. Dalton sent word to me that, if desired, I could transfer to Regimental Headquarters with assignment Message Center. I thought about it and concluded "why not." My transfer to HQ's Company occurred at October or early November time frame.

As an interesting side light I was on the Arizona the Sunday before she was sunk, and the cruiser Philadelphia, and the submarine Pompano. This was an exchange visit between Schofield Army Personnel and Navy at Pearl Harbor.

ACTUAL LOCATION AT TIME OF ATTACK

I was trying to "sleep late," a practice that was permitted on Sunday morning. I first heard an explosion, then another, and another, that seemed to be getting closer. At first I thought the engineers (65th) was the cause of the explosions, but I was awake now and decided to go outside. As I stepped on the porch I saw an airplane with a big red dot flying over the 35th Quadrangle. I knew instantly it was war with Japan as Captain Dalton had predicted a couple of months before. I returned to the squad room and started packing a "full field pack." At approximately 1000 hours we moved in trucks to the Ewa Sector to man defense positions assigned to the 35th Infantry. Regimental Headquarters was located where mountainous terrain met cane fields. I was posted to the West part for guard duty and was told to stay until relieved-- this turned out to be the next morning.

For the next few days, rumors of Jap landings were rampant, and a 1 man Jap submarine was captured near the entrance to Pearl Harbor. In the February-March (1942) time frame the 35th Regiment received a report of radio transmissions from an area west of Pearl Harbor that was a "Boon Docks" area, and the 35th was asked to raid the area during night hours. I volunteered for the raid. During the middle of the night we started searching the area and located a house (really a shack) that might contain radio transmission gear. We surrounded the house and called for anyone inside to come out. No response. Then the lieutenant indicated I should knock, wait for a response and then force entry. I complied and knocked the door off the hinges with my rifle (springfield) and dented the "plate" at rear of rifle. While searching the house for anything of value the lieutenant and I went into a room thought to be a bedroom-- suddenly a shot was fired which scared hell out of me until I discovered the lieutenant had accidentally fired his 45 cal.

automatic. Nothing was found of value and I do not know if the transmitter continued to function after our raid.

Life was rather boring after settling down to a more routine way of life. I believe around May '42 we could get overnight leave to Honolulu and spend a night in a real bed after a real shower. Another soldier (Phil Speirvogel) and I decided to ask for leave and spend overnight at the YMCA in Honolulu. Since blackout was still on, we had a shower and looked forwarded to a nice hot shower and a good night's sleep in a comfortable bed. We turned in early and after an hour or so I found I could not get to sleep and Phil seemed to be affected likewise. I asked Phil if he was awake, he said yes, and could not sleep either. We both left bed for the floor and slept soundly the rest of the night.

Later (October '42) the 25th Infantry Division was organized with the 22nd Brigade of Schofield and other units from the states. Also about this time we entered a 27 day intensive training period in jungle and amphibious warfare, forced marches, etc. The 35th departed Honolulu on Thanksgiving day 1942.

Rumors indicated we would first land in Australia for further training and then to New Guinea. While en route a troop ship hit a mine in New Hebrides and sank, unbeknownst to members of the 35th Infantry. We were ordered to proceed to Nomea, New Caledonia, and await further instructions. The next order sent the 35th infantry to Guadalcanal, even though we were not combat loaded. As I recall we landed on Guadalcanal on Dec. 17, '42, followed by several days unloading transport ships. We landed on the same beach (near mouth of Tenaru River) used when the marines first landed on Guadalcanal. A couple days later the message center chief (Tech Sgt. Vincent Seminavage) suggested and obtained permission to reconnoiter the area. He, myself and two others began patrolling inland from the beach. We did not know it then, but later found out we had entered a No Mans Land. After about 1/2 to 3/4 of an hour we ran across a depression filled with water and coconuts floating on top. Then I spied an abandoned ammo box full of .30 caliber rifle ammunition. A fine time for target practice-- shooting at floating coconuts. I gathered several handfuls of ammo and started shooting at coconuts. The others also joined in, but when I ran out of ammo I set my rifle against a tree to get more ammo. About this time a marine captain appeared and started raising hell for all the shooting-- then he had thought a battle was going on with Jap infiltrators. He was so mad he threw his helmet on ground and jumped on it several times. He then noticed my rifle leaning against a palm tree and asked who that belonged to-- I said it was mine-- at that moment he grabbed the hot barrel, which burned his finger. That did not help matters any. He chewed on T/Sgt. Seminavage and told us to return to our unit. Without doubt, "what" we did was stupid and reflected a lack of "sensitivity" for soldiers who had been thru hell. Although no harm was intended and we did not know of their location. The sounds of another fire fight must have been nerve wracking.

I was unhurt December 7, '41, through the Guadalcanal/Vella Lavella operation. I was finally wounded in the Battle for Lupao in the Philippines.

The Way It Was

NAME : Melvin L. Miller, SSG Air Mechanic 1st Class
UNIT: 19th Pursuit Squadron
TIME PERIOD: 1941
SOURCE: Letter from Mr. Miller following a visit to the museum
DATE RECEIVED: 25 February 2003

In 1936-1939 I was attending the Ohio Mechanics Institute and the university of Cincinnati in a Co-op program and working in a local machine shop. This program permitted an individual to obtain a Mechanical Engineer degree while working.

At this time our country was recuperating from our severe depression; in Europe, Germany was involved in a devastating war and was occupying many countries. Here in the United States, our thoughts were related mainly to the possibility that our country would be involved in the war.

In the spring of 1939, several students and I enlisted in the Army Air Corps hoping to become pilots. I was sent to Wheeler Army Air Field in Hawaii. I had passed all of the qualifications upon entering the service, but while undergoing the examination for pilot training they found that I was color blind. My dreams of becoming a pilot were destroyed. I was granted a waiver and was assigned as enlisted person to the 19th Pursuit Squadron of Wheeler Army Air Field, Territory of Hawaii.

Because I had not gone through Basic Training, I had lots to learn. I applied myself intensely and studied every manual and course of training that I could acquire. I passed my tests and was promoted from Private to Corporal to Sergeant, etc. I was a Staff Sergeant Air Mechanic 1st Class at the time of Pearl harbor attack with the duty of Flight Leader.

On the base much of our training kept us prepared in case of an invasion. One of my jobs was installing the mechanism that permitted bullets to go between the propeller blades when fired. Later models of the p-40 had machine guns mounted in the wings with a remote firing system. We did most of our work out in the open, but at times did work in “our hangar” - the 19th Pursuit’s hangar- the one at the end of the flight line. Most of the airplanes that we worked on were the P-26’s, the P-40’s, the B-12’s and the B-18’s.

Our base was rather isolated from the activities of downtown Honolulu. The roads into the metropolis were also quite different from the freeways of today. Thus, we spent much of our free time involved in base activities- baseball, football, boxing, etc. Our baseball team won the championship while I was there.

At times we did take flights from Oahu to the various islands to obtain fresh fruits and vegetables. On rare occasions I was given the opportunity to actually “man the controls” and I felt as if I were in Heaven- my dreams of long ago fulfilled. For special privileges we were able to take an R&R vacation to the island of Hawaii to see the volcanoes.

For about 6 months prior to the attack on Pearl harbor we were assigned to duty in the revetments that were scattered around the field. They consisted of a camouflaged airplane with a

small hole in the ground underneath the plane. The hole functioned as our living quarters for 3-4 days at a time. Our duty was to protect the plane and to man the machine gun if necessary.

In addition to the revetments, at the edge of the field there was a valley surrounded by papaya groves. There were several caves above the floor of the valley that ran under Wheeler Field. In this valley a runway had been built that paralleled Wheeler Field. In these caves were many airplanes armed and ready to fly with standby crews available. The runway was barely visible to the naked eye because of the papaya groves.

On Saturday, December 6, we had orders for a full inspection and parade. All of the planes of the base were brought in from the revetments, the caves, and the gunnery ranges of Bellows and Dillingham. These planes were lined up on the flight line wing tip to nose, etc. The Navy had also received orders for the placement of their vessels, but had sent their carriers out to sea.

After inspection all who wanted it were granted a week-end pass. Our Base commander contacted Headquarters at Fort Shafter inquiring about returning the planes to clear the flight line but was told to leave them all in place on the line. Orders also included that the interior and exterior guards were to be relieved of duty. We were all flabbergasted with the orders.

On December 7 I had eaten breakfast and was sitting on the porch of our quarters reading the newspaper. When we realized that we were being attacked, we rushed to obtain our guns. These were kept under lock and key in a special closet. We did have some difficulty getting someone to open the locks. We then rushed to the flight line trying to push the planes apart and to a safer area. The Japanese had continued to bomb and strafe our planes and buildings. Some of their planes were as low as 100 feet off the ground. We could see the pilots smiling and looking very happy. They made two attacks at us. We kept waiting for them to return for another run at us. Fortunately, they did not come back. Every plane and every building on our field had been damaged.

We worked continuously trying to repair our planes taking parts from those more severely damaged. We were able to get a total of 11 planes repaired for flying by the next morning. I don't remember actually stopping to eat or for a break until the next morning when a truck with coffee and sandwiches came to us. In addition to our 11 planes, 6 planes had come to the field from Bellows. Also, Sunday night a flight of B-17s had arrived from the States. Our runways were in comparatively good shape. Many of the bombs that had hit the runways had not exploded. Thus, we felt we would be able to defend ourselves if another attack occurred.

Afterwards, after assessing the damage we were shocked to learn how close severe damage could have affected us. One of our mess halls was in a two story building. A bomb had penetrated through the roof and was embedded in the floor which was the ceiling of the mess hall. The nose of the bomb was actually sticking through but it had not exploded. The demolition squad was able to defuse it. The soldiers afterwards remarked about how rapidly they got out of that building.

During the attack one horrible incident did occur- the bombing of Tent City. This was a Cadre for the formation of a new squadron as part of the 18th Pursuit Group. It was located across the street from the 19th Pursuit building. A large bomb had gone off in this area resulting in the death and/or injury to most of the occupants. I don't remember the actual number who were killed.

Afterwards, the base functioned on wartime status. Many adjustments were made and we received many new recruits that we had to train. I thought I was doing o.k. I had advanced and was now a warrant officer serving as the Squadron Adjutant. I liked my job. I liked my boss. I was living in the officers' housing area. Then, orders came down that stated all Adjutants had to be commissioned officers, not warrant officers. Lt. Colonel Tyre talked me into going into Officer's Training School with the understanding that I would return to Wheeler Field. Needless to say, that did not happen.

I went to Florida and became a 2nd Lieutenant after 3 months of school. I was then assigned to the China, Burma, India theater (CBI). I was stationed in Kumming, then as Base Adjutant at Chanyi AAB, China, and then as Base Commander at Tsuyung AADb, China. These were all 14th Air Force Bases commanded by Clair Chennault, Major General.

In 1945 I was released and I was a civilian until being recalled for the Korean War in 1952-1954 as Captain.

Now all these thought have become long ago memories.

The Way It Was

NAME : Roy Moore Jr.
UNIT: 8th Field Artillery
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Letter written by Mr. Moore
DATE RECEIVED: Jan. 4, 1986

On the morning of December 7, 1941 I was a 20 year old native of Washington, North Carolina, assigned to Battery "A," 8th Field Artillery Battalion, 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks, Territory of Hawaii. Having enlisted in the Army on August 5, 1939, requesting an assignment in Hawaii, I arrived in Honolulu abroad the Army transport ship the "USS Republic" on December 13, 1939. I was conveyed from the pier in Honolulu, near the "Aloha Tower," to Schofield Barracks, by train. I was subsequently assigned to the 8th Field Artillery Regiment.

Upon the completion of my "recruit training," on February 2, 1940, I was "turned to duty." My recruit instructors consisted of a group of Sgt.'s and Cpl.'s from various batteries of the 8th F.A. who had been detailed for that purpose. (As of this writing) I am still in contact with one of them, who was a Cpl. at the time. His name is Joseph S. Zedalis.

At the time of my enlistment, I had requested assignment in the Philippine Islands. But for reasons long since forgotten, I was denied that opportunity. Needless to say, when the war began, I was very glad that I had not gone to the Philippines.

In the months between February, 1940 and December 7, 1941 life was very pleasant for me. I found that I liked the Army very much, and I had no trouble deciding that I would stay in the Army until I became eligible for retirement, which I did. I spent several months on detail out at Waianae, helping to operate a "water-borne target" range. I have walked from Schofield, over Kolekole Pass, to Waianae.

In those days, we used to fire live artillery rounds from the vicinity of the motor pool to an impact area high up on the side of the Waianae mountain range. There was an area on the side of the mountains called "Fire Break Trail." This area had to be cleared of underbrush and other combustibles as a fire prevention measure. Periodically, on a rotating basis, a large detail armed with axes, picks, rakes, and shovels had to go up and clear Fire Break Trail.

I was never a cannoneer. When I was performing duty with the battery I was always in the communication section, which I liked very much. One time at guard mount, I was selected as "Colonel's Orderly" by 1st Lt. Westmoreland, who was later to lead our Army in Vietnam as a 4-star General. To be chosen as "Colonel's Orderly" was considered to be quite an honor at the time. Guard mount was held on the quadrangle (which was not named or numbered or lettered, at the time), and our other formations were held in front of the barracks, on "Reilly Ave.," which at the time of this writing has become a parking lot. Army pay, being what it was in those days, precluded the ownership of automobiles by most enlisted personnel, and certainly by privates.

Hardly anyone was married, and rarely was a female ever seen in the area. We used to “fall out” in shoes and raincoats once a month and march to the dispensary for a “short arm” inspection. It was a court marshal offense if you were rendered incapable for duty due to your own carelessness or neglect, such as contracting a venereal disease, getting badly sunburned, getting an infection from a tattoo or being seriously injured in a fight with another person. The time lost was called “bad time” and had to be made up at the end of your enlistment.

Known homosexuals, of which were very few, were not tolerated in an artillery battery or an infantry company. A person undergoing treatment for a venereal disease was assigned a specific commode in the latrine, and nobody else would use it. Each battery had its own kitchen and dining room.

We were awakened each morning (duty days) by the “Drum and Bugle Corps” marching through the artillery area quadrangles playing martial music, which was easily heard, since the barracks were open, because we did not have air conditioning. The lights were turned off at 2100 hrs, and rarely was a sound heard until reveille was sounded. We had “live buglers,” no tapes or records played over loudspeakers. The leader of the afore-mentioned Drum and Bugle Corps, in the artillery area, was a Corporal Manyan. During the Japanese attack on December 7th, I would be standing beside him while he blew "Call To Arms" on his bugle, and the artillery area was under a strafing attack by the Japanese aircraft.

In the early part of November 1941, I had gone to Wahiawa one evening to purchase something, and while walking along the sidewalk in the vicinity of a place called "Dot's Drive In," I slipped on some clay and fell down. I suffered a severe sprain to one of my ankles, resulting in the wearing of a brace and the use of crutches for several weeks. By the morning of the Japanese attack, I no longer needed the crutches, but my ankle was still very tender and I was walking with a definite limp.

On the morning of December 7, 1941, I had gotten out of bed and gone down to the mess hall for breakfast along with my friend, who was also my Chief of Section, Sgt. Wilburn L. Osborne. This may not seem to be such an unusual thing, but on Sunday mornings many men took advantage of the opportunity to "sleep-in" and would not get out of bed until "noon chow." So, it was just a matter of chance on this particular Sunday morning that I had chosen to get "out of the sack" and go to breakfast. Upon completion of our meal, Sgt. Osborne and I walked out in front of the barracks and had seated ourselves on an iron pipe railing which marked the street curbing and the walkway leading into the barracks. Our backs were toward Wheeler Field. We had not been seated more than a couple of minutes when we heard a very loud explosion behind us. By the time the sound of that had registered and we turned around to look in the direction of the noise, there were other explosions and we saw large columns of black smoke arising from what we thought was the area of Wheeler Field. While we were trying to digest the significance of this, we heard aircraft over our heads and when we looked up at them, we saw large RED dots on the fuselages and on the wings. We immediately ran inside the barracks, calling to those who were still in bed to "get up." We began to get into our field uniforms and to pack our field equipment. It was at this time that I was standing beside Cpl. Manyan (the bugler) while he was sounding "Call To Arms" on his bugle. My reference above, to my injured ankle, was to show it

as a source of amazement and humor a few days after the attack, and after the excitement had diminished somewhat. It was recalled by myself and some others how only a few days before, I had barely been able to walk on my injured foot, and yet at the time of the attack, and in the resulting excitement, I seemed to be quite oblivious to the discomfort that I had previously been experiencing. It became something of a joke for awhile.

Later in the morning (December 7th), after the battery was loaded and ready to move out of the motor pool, we dispersed on what was then known as the Division parade ground, which was located across the road from the motor pool. Some time after that, we began to move out for our previously prepared defensive field positions, where we arrived late in the afternoon. Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 8th Field Artillery Battalion was established at Roosevelt High School in a residential area of Honolulu.

And thus I had survived the first day of World war II. I am proud to have been a participant in this historical event. I am also proud to state that during my 29 years spent in the Army, that I was never court martialed and never reduced in grade. I retired as a Master Sergeant (#-7) in August 1959.

The Way It Was

NAME: Simon Nasario
UNIT: Co. "D", 298th Infantry, tech 4th grade
TIME PERIOD: Nov 1941- Nov 1945
SOURCE: Received by mail.
DATE RECEIVED: 24 Aug. 1999

It has been 58 years since I was last at or visited Schofield Barracks. I noticed many of the changes since my stay at Schofield Barracks.

Visited the museum. Things that I remember were not on display, such as the water cooled .30 cal machine gun, the 3" mortar, the 80mm mortar and the BAR. I was in a heavy weapons company, which was Co. "D" of the 298th Inf.

Anyway for what it's worth.

Nov. 14, 1941 reported to draft board in fire station in Waipahu. From there we were bussed to the boxing bowl in Schofield Barracks. After all the testing and physical, we were issued everything we needed.

We then were taken to what was known as "Tent City," the training center. The recruit training center was located by the central firing range. It was also called Tent City as the recruits were quartered in tents. On Saturday, Dec. 6, 1941 we were given our first liberty pass which was for 24 hrs. At that time I lived on the Ewa plantation. My home was about a mile from the Ewa Marine air base.

Sunday Dec. 7th, morning I was awaken by my grandmother who I lived with, and said that some planes were flying low over the sugar mill and she could see fire coming out of wings (machine gun fire) and she had a couple of machine gun links in her hand. I ran out to see what was going on, then heard the machine guns firing and bombs going off. The planes coming over the mill just missing the smoke stacks and diving towards the Marine air field.

After hearing on the radio "all military personnel report back to your base," I left my house. A marine who was directing traffic, stopped a car and ask him where he was going. He said Schofield. He told the driver, here you have 2 more passengers. So we piled in and headed for Schofield. We took the Kunia Road from Waipahu. There were several times that we had to bail out of the car as the planes buzzed over us, mostly to scare us I think.

When we arrived at our post we were told to get into fatigues- work uniforms. We were then handed picks, shovels, and hoes. We were taken to where the officers homes were and we dug air raid trenches around the homes plus what was called "North Sector General Hospital." In the following days when things were a bit more calm, we continued our basic training. All recruits who had had ROTC in high school were given accelerated recruit training. We then were assigned to the 298th Infantry. I ended up in "D" Co. which was located in a cow pasture at the bottom of the Pali. The cadre of non coms were mostly from the 19th Inf.

The Way It Was

NAME: Noburo Oda
UNIT: Civilian
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Randy Weirather. Sent a copy of a letter to the newspaper editor by Mr. Oda
DATE RECEIVED: 28 June 2004

Recently, there has been much publicity about the new movie about Pearl Harbor, which will be shown to the public at theaters in various locations. Most of the older generation recall that tragic wartime experience, but to the majority of the younger generations, I recommend the movie so they will know how the war began. Members of the older generation strived for a living in those days when we were squeezed between our country and our parents' country, the enemy alien.

At that time I was employed by one of the leading markets (owned by Liberty House, and the parent company was American Factors) called May's Market, which was located at the corner of South Beretania and Pensacola, where First Hawaiian Bank is presently located.

Those days, there were no cash-and carry super markets like we have today. There were five leading markets which took orders via phone; charge and delivery were made on a monthly charge account. I was one of the delivery boys with a panel-type truck which we parked at the American Factors garage, in the Kakaako area.

Probably the military knew war might arise in the near future, because approximately two to three months prior to December 7, 1941, all the big companies with more than 20 employees and more than five trucks, all drivers were required to take first-aid training on a volunteer basis.

The first-aid instructor came from the army, and training courses were held at the Honolulu Armory three times per week in the evening for two hours. I volunteered for the first-aid course and to be an ambulance driver. All our panel trucks were to be equipped with sirens, red lights, stretchers and other equipment. In case of any kind of disaster, we were on standby to provide civilian assistance.

Our class doctor who instructed us in first aid was also a volunteer, and his name was Dr. Satoru Nishijima, who recently passed away. My classmate was the later Masayuki Tokioka, who was a president of International Savings and Loan.

We were instructed that we would be called in case of an emergency. But those days, we didn't have a phone.

The Way It Was

The morning of December 7, 1941, we heard over the radio (I happened to have a small radio) a call for all truck drivers to bring their trucks to the grounds of Iolani Palace. I rushed to the American Factors in Kakaako and picked up the panel truck and rushed to the grounds of the Capitol. Already there were several trucks from Primo Beer Company, Theo H. Davies, American Factors, and several other companies waiting for instructions from the M.P. Motorcycle escort.

About three trucks ahead of me were sent to Hickam Field to pick up wounded and probably dead bodies. My truck and six others were instructed to go to Schofield Barracks to haul beds, pillows, blankets, and stretchers to Farrington High School, where a temporary hospital would be set up, because all the hospitals were packed with so many casualties.

On the way to Schofield Barracks, we passed by Pearl Harbor and saw the pitiful sight of the USS Arizona burning. It was sinking, and we could see the black smoke. In the meantime, Zero fighters were still flying above our heads, and antiaircraft shells were zooming above our heads. I was so afraid and felt like I was in a real battleground.

I felt so timid and small, when I learned that the enemy was Japan, of which both my parents were still citizens.

That morning it was drizzling, and the road was slippery, and I was afraid to speed. But he M.P. motorcycle escort was really speeding, we just had to follow. Worst of all, one of my riding companions said, “Don’t think we are coming back alive.” A very discouraging statement.

Unfortunately, a great majority of civilians didn’t realize it was a real war until noon. After unloading our supplies at Farrington High School, we returned to the Capitol grounds. The Red Cross was already waiting with some refreshments. Since that day, Hawaii came under martial law, which meant that the government was taken over by the military. At night no lights were supposed to be seen - a precautionary measure against enemy air attack. We had curfew hours. First-aid stations were set up all over at public schools, churches, community centers, and so forth. There was no driving in the evening. Gas, food, and all kinds of merchandise were rationed. Gas was rationed at 10 gallons per month.

Ships came in once a month from the mainland, so everything was rationed. There was price control, which means that stores could not sell anything higher than at a set price called OPA. So, most of the rationed items were also at black-market prices. The economy was good due to 24-hour defense work at Pearl Harbor repairing military equipment and ships.

The majority of young able-bodied men were inducted into military service. There was a shortage of merchandise: you could hardly purchase anything. But there were so many jobs and a lack of manpower. I felt so bad and ashamed that all my buddies were drafted. So I went to the draft board and wanted to volunteer for military service, but I was rejected twice due to my family status. I was classified as A-3, which means I had to support my dependents. I was the only son, and I had seven sisters, only one of whom was above me. The rest were younger. In addition, I also had to support my father, who had suffered a slight stroke, and mother had breast

cancer. So I decided to serve my country on the home front by working long hours. I had three jobs, worked seven days a week, and thought about my friends who were making sacrifices at the battle front. I lost three friends who were killed in action during the war. I truly hope that we won't experience war again.

I always feel somehow fortunate that youngsters living today didn't have to experience the war. However, I feel it's good for them to realize what kind of life we went through.

With gassho,
Noboru Oda

The Way It Was

NAME : Phil Rasmussen
UNIT: Hawaiian Air Force
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Story as told to audience at U.S.S. Arizona Memorial, edited by Adam Elia
DATE RECEIVED: 19 April 2003

Thank you very much. I want to set the scene of what happened on December 7th by going back to December 6th, the Saturday before. I'm from Wheeler Field, which is in the middle of the island up here. We were all lined up in the morning at 10:00 for inspection of the aircraft and the pilots. Wingtip to wingtip the planes were lined up in the space in front of the hangars. We had spent one week in intensive training in defense of the island. The aircraft had already loaded with ammunition during that week but on Friday we took out the ammunition out of the airplanes and we had emptied our planes lined up wingtip to wingtip.

After our inspection was concluded at 10:00 Saturday Morning Colonel Flood, the base commander, had requested that the airplanes be dispersed to earthen revetments (we had around 100 of them) surrounding the airfield. Well, he was turned down by the echelon command because we did not have enough guards to guard the individual aircraft if we dispersed them around the field. We were on an anti-sabotage alert at that time which meant we had to protect the public facilities.

So at 1000 in the morning that Saturday when we were dismissed, Joe Powell, a pilot friend; and I we headed for Honolulu and my 1940 Chevy Convertible, top down. We had dates in Honolulu. We picked up the girls and we went to Blowhole, which is a pretty wild place to be swimming if any of you are familiar with that. We spent the afternoon at Blowhole swimming and drinking beer and having a good time and that evening we went to Trader Vic's, which was the only nightclub in Honolulu at that time; it's quite a bit different today. At about 1:30 in the morning we left Trader Vic's and took the girls back to their home and we headed up towards Wheeler Field. Now the road that goes up to Wheeler Field passes in back along the Koolau mountain range here back then it was just a two lane road and as it rose up over some of the hills at the base of the mountain we could see the whole panorama of Pearl Harbor. There were so many ships in the harbor and they were all lighted up, stem to stern with strings of light. This was a custom for the Navy which they did on weekends, but this particular morning of December 7th at 2:00 in the morning, I was so impressed with the number of lights that I saw down there I nudged Joe awake who was sleeping and I said "Joe, look down there. Did you ever see so many lights at Pearl Harbor?" Joe looked down drowsily and said "Boy what a target that would make.", went promptly back to sleep for the 15 minute ride we made to Wheeler Field.

We were staying in the barracks, the Bachelor Officers Quarters, which was temporary building a few hundred yards from the flightline. Shortly after 0700 Sunday morning, I was standing in the latrine looking out at this very peaceful scene of the hangar line where the aircraft were lined up wingtip to wingtip: our good P-40s, our best line aircraft were lined up, and few P-36s were scattered not in that lineup. I was watching, and suddenly this airplane dove out of the sky over the hangar line, dropped an object which exploded into a huge orange blossom and then pulled up sharply. As he pulled up I saw these two "meatballs" on this plane, "meatballs" was the Japanese insignia of a solid red circle of the rising sun. I knew immediately that these were Japanese aircraft and I yelled down the corridor that we were being attacked by the Japs.

I went into my room, I put some shoes on, and I strapped a web belt with a .45 caliber pistol around my pajamas and ran I down to the flight line to see if I can do anything about salvaging the aircraft because the P-40s, being lined up wingtip to wingtip, when one exploded it would ignite the one next to it like a chain of Chinese firecrackers. Three other pilots and I managed to salvage four P-36s, which was a rather obsolete aircraft, and some armorers came as they had pulled some ammunition, .50 caliber and .30 caliber ammunition in belts and picked those up out of this hangar which where the ammunition had been stored and also was ignited in the firing. With tracers shooting all over the place. Now they jumped on the wing of the aircraft, and during a lull in the attack, we taxied out to the earthen revetments surrounding the field. We got to the earthen revetments and we proceeded to load aircraft with .50 caliber and .30 caliber ammunition.

The P-36 had two guns, both of them firing through the propeller, two machine guns. But they just simply didn't behave like machine guns when you think of a machine gun as being rapid fire. Because we had to fire through the blades of the prop as it was turning, it meant that we had a very slow rate of fire. So it's like a funeral cadence.

We took off in formation, the four of us: Lou Sanders, my squadron commander; Gordon Sterling , his wingman; John Thacker in the second element, and I was his wingman. We took off and headed towards the Koolau mountain range, up here to the right. We charged our guns and in the process of charging the guns, you're in the cockpit you pull a charging handle back as far as your ear, and then let it slide forward and it puts a bullet in the chamber. The .30 caliber was on my right side so I pulled it back, charged it, and I pulled the trigger to make sure I could fire the gun. Nothing happened. I pulled it back and put another bullet in the chamber , pulled the trigger, nothing happened and I had a dead gun; I couldn't fire it, couldn't use it. The .50 caliber I pulled it back the same way and let it slide in and it started to fire by itself. In other words, I had a runaway gun. I didn't have to pull the trigger it would just start firing. So I had to stop this waste of ammunition in firing so I had to keep it cocked back there, and I was really loaded for bear.

We climbed to the Koolau mountain range, and had instructions to go to Bellows Field, which was under attack at that time. But when we got to about 7,000 feet, we got instructions to go to Kaneohe Bay which was now under attack. We turned towards Kaneohe Bay. While climbing to about 9,000 feet, we met a bunch of Zeros which was the worse thing that could happen to us in the airplanes we were flying. We just exploded (into dogfighting); one Zero came perpendicular to me and as I led him several plane lengths, I let that .50 caliber slide back in again and it started firing by itself and I saw a couple of puffs in his fuselage; I saw him smoking. Then at that time, another zero came head on to me and almost rammed me. I pulled up violently to the right to avoid being rammed by him and as I pulled up, another zero got me in his sights and he blew out my canopy, shot up my tail wheel, severed my hydraulic lines, and severed my rudder cables. I was pretty much out of control and I tumbled down out of control trying to regain control of the airplane, until finally about 5 or 6,000 feet I got control of it. The cloud layer wasn't that level also, so I was popping in out of the clouds trying to maintain control of this airplane and heading back towards Wheeler Field. I was pretty vulnerable to attack at that point because I could barely fly the airplane, so I was lucky to be popping in and out of those clouds at that time.

As I headed back towards Wheeler Field, Lt. Sanders (the squadron commander) pulled up beside me. He saw that my canopy was shattered, he saw all the holes in my airplane, he saw I was having trouble flying the airplane. Have gave me a signal, asking me if I was okay, I gave him the signal that I was okay, and we headed back towards Wheeler Field to land. Fortunately, the Japanese aircraft had all left by that time headed back to their carriers. As we got over Schofield Barracks, which was right next door to Wheeler Field, they had gotten themselves pretty well organized and started firing at us, fortunately they were bum shots. As I turned onto base lane, I put down my landing gear, and the indicator showed that my landing

gear was not down; my hydraulic line had been all shot up. On final, I was pumping madly with an emergency hydraulic pump. As I flared out to touch down, my gear locked into place and I touched down. There were no runways at Wheeler Field at that time, just grass, and the morning dew was still there when I came back to land. So (when) I touched down, it was very skiddy. I had no directional control. I cut my engine and I spun around a couple of times, and finally came to a stop.

I was sitting in the airplane trying to collect my thoughts; everything had been automatic before then. I looked around: the hangars were still on fire, the ammunition and tracers were shooting out of the hangar over our heads (bullets stored in the hangar that ignited from the flames). The P-40s were all lined up, their backs broken and their noses pointing toward the sky. As I looked down towards Pearl Harbor, I saw this huge cloud of smoke covering the whole horizon, and amidst this huge black smoke were these huge orange blossoms exploding. It was very reminiscent of (Operation) Desert Storm, when they ignited the oil fields. I sat there another couple of minutes, my pajamas were soaking wet; and I'm not sure it was just sweat. I got out of the airplane and walked up to my barracks, changed into a dry flight suit and came back to the line to see what I could do. Everybody was pitching in trying to salvage the few airplanes that were left over, pulling them away from the flames. We managed to get some together, and we immediately started to arm those aircraft and fly them again. We put them on what we called Combat Air Patrol, or CAP we set around the perimeter of the island and maintained a 24 hour alert for about a day and half till finally the realization came to us that this type of attack we had would not be accompanied by any invasion., because the troopships could never have kept up with the speed of the carriers who came on that sudden attack. We finally got into a condition of war.

The Way It Was

NAME : Phil Rasmussen
UNIT: Hawaiian Air Force
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Story as told to audience at U.S.S. Arizona Memorial, edited by Adam Elia
DATE RECEIVED: 19 April 2003

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The Way It Was

NAME: Phil Rasmussen
UNIT:
TIME PERIOD: Dec. 7, 1941
SOURCE: Rec'd copy from Cpt. Swisher which he obtained from Avn. Bde.
DATE RECEIVED: 19 Nov. 2002

I preface my remarks with the recognition that 50 years has affected my memory regarding some details in my presentation, similar to looking into a tarnished mirror, some reflections are crisp and clear, others blurred. Such are my remembrances. Some will live with me sharply, forever, in every detail: especially those life-threatening moments. Others, such as my actions on the ground during the carnage of the initial attack, I have tried to verify with the lone other survivor of our flight from Wheeler Field, John Thacker.

Unfortunately, I only now have put in writing my activities on December 7th. I have been interviewed occasionally through the intervening years, but those questions were not directed towards an historical narration of the events, but emphasized, for example, interest in the fact that I fought in pajamas, and what color they were, were they striped? Something I obviously don't remember.

There is some difference of opinion regarding the type of plane I shot down. I had had the impression it was a bomber type. However, researchers believe it was a Zero. That was the first time I had seen these types of aircraft, and, in the heat of battle, could easily have been mistaken. I will identify it as a Zero in the following narration.

On Saturday, December 5, 1941, we completed inspection of aircraft, and end-of-the-week custom in the Army Air Corps. All aircraft at Wheeler Field (P-26s, P-36s, P-40s) were carefully lined up wingtip to wingtip on the ramp in front of the hangars. Each pilot and crew chief stood at attention in front of his airplane as the commander, General Davidson, trooped the line. All of us waiting for this tedious function to end so that we could get on to our important activities: the married men to their families for picnics at Haleiwa military beach or to Fort DeRussy, the younger bachelors to Waikiki beach where a new batch of girls were in from the mainland debarking from the Lurline or Matsonia looking for fun and excitement.

There was little tension on the Island. We were on an anti-sabotage alert with guards at strategic municipal facilities such as power stations and water pumping stations. After all, we were out in the mid-Pacific far from any major war threat. The pilots, each in his convertible that he went into hock to buy the day after graduating from flying school, were in this mass exodus.

Joe Powell, a pilot friend and I, had dates in Honolulu, a short half-hour drive from Wheeler. We picked up our dates, bought beer and drove to Makapuu Point for body surfing. We settled down on blankets, turned on our 30 pound Zenith Trans-Ocean portable radio, listening to the mainland music fading in and out. Body surfing at Makapuu Point is rough and tumbling, and for days after sand would rattle in our ears, especially when flying aerobatics.

In the afternoon we headed for Kow Kow Korners for a snack with our final destination being Trader Vic's. (To those of you unfamiliar with the scene in 1941, Kow Kow Korners was the first fast food outlet in Hawaii. Similar to McDonalds today, and Trader Vic's a landmark nightclub, and the only one I was aware of in Honolulu, reminiscent of Somerset Maugham's Tales of the South Pacific.) At Trader Vic's we consumed several of his 'One To A Customer' Zombies. Today, the thought of having just one of those drinks would send me quickly looking for Maalox and aspirin. We danced the night through, and headed for Wheeler Field at about one A.M., Sunday morning, December the 7th.

The road that wandered up to Wheeler Field from Honolulu passed high above Pear Harbor giving us a panoramic view of the whole harbor. It was a brilliant, starlit night and all the ships in the harbor strung with lights from stem to stern reminded me of Tivoli or Revere Beach outside of Boston, my hometown. Joe was snoozing on the way back. I nudged him awake and said, "Did you ever see so many lights at Pearl?" He looked sleepily and commented, "Boy, what a target that would make," and dropped promptly off to sleep for the rest of the trip to Wheeler.

The bachelor officers at Wheeler lived in the barracks at the main entrance nicknamed 'splinter city.' It is Sunday, everyone off-duty was sleeping late. I awakened to a nature call and while idly standing in the latrine looking out the window overlooking the hangar line; I saw an airplane dive and drop an object which on impact blossomed into a huge bomb blast, quickly followed by others. My first impression was that the Navy was up to some realistic tricks. For years we would buzz the Navy airfield on Sunday mornings and drop paper sacks of flour simulating bombs as well as awakening the sleeping base, and of course, the Navy pilots would reciprocate. But these were not sacks of flour and when the plane pulled up from its dive and I saw the 'meatball' (rising sun) on the wing, I yelled down the hall that we were being attacked by Japs. I strapped on my web belt and .45 cal. pistol over my pajamas, pulled on my boots and ran for the flight line.

Outside the barracks small date palms had recently been planted and I hid behind a three foot one taking shot at the Jap planes as they sped by strafing us. I ran down to the hangar line and it was chaos; ammunition was exploding in the hangars, fire everywhere. An airplane would explode and in turn ignite the plane next to it. The only planes not burning were a few Curtis P-36s.

I jumped into one, got it started, and with an armorer who came out of nowhere and who's name I unfortunately never learned, sitting on the wing with belts of .30 cal. and .50 cal ammunition hanging on his shoulders, taxied over to one of the earthen revetments surrounding the airfield.

Lew Sanders, my squadron commander, John Thacker and Othneil Norris also taxied airplanes to the revetments.

The P-36 I flew had no armor plate protection and was armed with one .50 cal. and one .30 cal. machine gun firing through the propeller and fired at about the same speed as a funeral march cadence.

In the process of arming the airplane we would jump off the wing as a Jap bomber approached, to gain whatever protection the revetment offered. The Japanese bomber (code name VAL) had no forward firing guns, but it did have a rear gunner, so the pilot who had already dropped his bombs, would dive steeply over the target (us) and pull up sharply so that the tail gunner would have a free field of fire and not shoot off his vertical stabilizer. We hopped from one side of the revetment to the other to keep out of harms way. During a lull in the attack we took off in formation, Gordon Sterling having somehow substituted for Norris. After takeoff, we armed our guns by pulling an arming lever in the cockpit for each gun. This lever was pulled back to our ears and then allowed to snap back placing a bullet in the chamber. When I did this with my .50 cal. gun, the gun started firing by itself, so I had to keep the charging handle pulled back. We headed towards Bellow Field, climbing though the clouds, and over the Koolau Mountain foothills, received radio instructions to fly to Kaneohe Bay. At about eight thousand feet, we encountered some Zeros and unknown to me, above us were more Zeros.

I saw Lew Sanders engage an airplane and out of the right corner of my vision, I saw a Zero coming across in front of me. I let the .50 cal. arm slide into firing position and saw bullets stitch the fuselage and smoke started coming from the plane. At that instant, two things happened: one, I saw one of our airplanes (probably Sterling) diving with the Jap chasing it, and two, I suffered hits from an airplane I never saw, but the results were startling. My canopy was shot off, my hydraulic lines and rudder cable were severed, and my tail wheel shot off. Along with two 20mm explosive cannon shells that buried themselves in the radio equipment behind the pilot's seat (saving my life as there was no armor protection.) 7.7mm bullets peppered the catwalks on both sides of the cockpit. I ducked into the nearest cloud cover struggling to stabilize the plane. After getting the plane under control, I gingerly reached to touch the top of my head to see how badly I was injured (I was not wearing a helmet- only ear phones). To my relief, I found only shredded Plexiglas from the canopy mixed in my hair and no blood or injuries. I headed back towards Wheeler ducking in and out of clouds. When I popped out of the clouds, Lew Sanders pulled up beside me with a look of concern on his face. I indicated to him that I was O.K. Together we flew back to Wheeler (there appeared to be no more Japs around). As we made our downwind turn over Schofield Barracks, we encountered heavy friendly fire, but fortunately escaped being hit. On base leg my cockpit indicator showed the wheels were not down. I managed to get them pumped down and locked just as I touched down- another thrill. Wheeler had no runways at the time- simply a grass field still wet with morning dew. Without rudder, tailwheel or brakes, I groundlooped a couple of times before cutting my engine and coming to a stop.

As ground crews rushed to my plane to see if I was O.K. I sat benumbed in the cockpit for moments, unable to take in the rush of events: The attack, my close brush with death, destruction and fire surrounding me. I glanced around, the hangars still burning, the planes sitting in smoldering rows with their backs broken, engines pointing to the sky. Only then did fear enter the equation; the adrenaline had worn down. I glanced at my watch- 50 minutes since takeoff. I shakily got out of the plane, walked over to my room and traded my pajamas for a flying suit and returned to the flight line properly attired.

When we surveyed the airplane I counted some 450 holes, Lew got to 500. They were still able to use the engine for another airplane. We were not all sure that the Japanese would not return, so everyone with a car equipped his trunk with carbine, ammunition and c-rations to be in the position to continue guerrilla fighting in the mountains if it came to that. I finally dumped the c-rations months later when I found them in my trunk.

For days after the attack, as we looked from Wheeler Field towards Pearl Harbor, some 12 miles away, we saw black smoke with boiling geysers of fire filling the horizon. So similar to the scenes of Kuwait oil fires after Desert Storm. Bewilderment, anxiety, anger, frustration and desire for revenge all boiled in us. What we did, Ken Taylor, George Welch, Lew Sanders, John Thacker, Gordon Sterling, Harry Brown and others was an instinctive reaction to events-something anyone of our military members would have done and exemplified again in Desert Storm.

The Way It Was

NAME : Marjorie Henion Roosma
UNIT: wife of CPT John S. Roosma, 21st Inf.
TIME PERIOD: July 1940- March 1941
SOURCE: Tract found by Jim McNaughton and sent to museum
DATE RECEIVED: October 2003

The following excerpt is taken from Mrs. Roosma's memoirs, *Recollections and Reflections of an Army Wife, 1926-1956* (1978), at the US Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, PA.

We stayed at West Point five wonderful years [1935-40] and then were ordered to Hawaii. We were very pleased, as we had liked Hawaii so much on our short stops there. We landed in Honolulu in July 1940 and were met by people from the 21st Infantry to which John had been assigned as a company commander.

We were driven out to Schofield Barracks, a distance of about twenty-five miles. We went immediately to our quarters, 515. They were very attractive, all on one floor with a large lanai (porch) a large living room with a cobblestone fireplace (it was cool in the mountains at certain seasons of the year). The houses were shaped like an H, the lanai, kitchen, maid's room, and bath on one side, the living room across the front, with the dining room behind it. On the other side were three bedrooms and a bath. There was a patio in the middle where we had a large avocado tree, banana trees, and a flower garden. In front we had two beautiful poinsettia bushes on each side of the door.

The barracks were at one end of the street and the athletic fields were at the other. The 21st Infantry playground was right behind our house. I was able to get a very good teaching job at the post school, instructing the third grade. I liked the work — it also added to our captain's pay.

The Way It Was

As you can tell by reading this story, our life in Hawaii was wonderful and we were so happy and we knew we would be there for another two years, as we had already put in for a year's extension. However, fate intervened as it so often does and on Sunday, December 7th, came Pearl Harbor. On Saturday, December 6th, we were at a dinner dance at the Schofield Officers Club and I was sitting next to Gen. Short. He said that he and his chief of staff had to leave early to go back to Honolulu to decode some messages from Washington. Later he was to tell me that the last message that they received that night said, "War is imminent, prepare for sabotage, but do not alarm the civilian population." That's why the men were on installation alert instead of at battle stations. That was all of the warning anyone had until the attack the next morning.

I was lying in my bed half awake on the morning of December 7th, thinking about going out to the beach and about food for the beach picnic. It was a lovely day, the sun was shining brightly and the temperature was typical of Hawaii, neither too hot nor too cold. I could hear the faint drone of airplanes which was not unusual, as planes from Wheeler Field, which joins Schofield Barracks, were often in the air.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion followed by others in rapid succession. We all ran out into the street to get a better view of what we thought was an Air Corps maneuver. There was heavy black smoke billowing up into the sky from the direction of Wheeler Field and there were many planes flying overhead. Suddenly one plane swooped down, low enough to clip the top off of a tall cedar tree that stood by the side of the house. We could see the goggles on the pilot and large red circles on the wings of the plane. Still none of us realized that it was a Japanese plane — it was too fantastic to think about. The children all waved gaily at the pilot, and at that moment he started spraying the streets and quarters with machine gun fire. Things really began happening from then on. Soldiers came running up the street telling us that we were under attack and to take cover immediately. We had no sooner gotten into the house when another order came to report immediately to regimental headquarters at the end of the street. This was done because the machine [gun] bullets were coming through our wooden quarters and the barracks were made of cement and brick. Johnny was already dressed so he helped the twins and I went in to take off my housecoat, and of all times the zipper got stuck. I struggled with it and thought that I would never get out of it, but after much pulling and tugging I made it. We finally got organized and the four of us with Pombo our dog hurried down the block to the barracks. We were all put into the different recreation rooms and tried to make ourselves and the children as comfortable as possible. The children were of all ages. The youngest was a baby just three weeks old. Our regimental chaplain was with us, and he did his best to keep up our morale. At that moment another wave of planes flew over and machine-gunned the barracks. The chaplain got us all herded over against an inside wall and started playing hymns on the piano. We all joined in the singing as best we could to keep the children from being frightened. The noise was terrific, as the planes were firing on us and our own machine guns were returning fire from the roof of the building. We knew that we were fairly safe from the bullets, but we also knew that a direct hit from a bomb would be the end of all of us. Ambulances with sirens wailing were rushing to the post hospital. There was an emergency call for bandages, so we all got busy and started making them. Johnny, age 12, was outside helping the soldiers load the combat wagons with equipment that was going out to the field. Later I looked out of the window and saw him talking to a soldier on guard. I called to tell him to come in and not bother the men on duty. His reply was amusing

but a trifle gruesome. He said, "But Mother, that man is in the band. He isn't busy now, his only duty is to pick up any dead people in the street."

At 4:00 we were told that we could return to our quarters. Our maid Emily fixed us something to eat and just as we sat down at the table to eat it, the guard came to the door to tell us to pack one suitcase, bring one blanket, and report immediately to headquarters. I hastily packed a suitcase, putting in night clothes for the children, a can of tomato juice, a can of evaporated milk, a can of tuna fish, and a can opener. I also put in a change of clothes for the children and my Dorothy Gray beauty kit, which contained all of my facial equipment. I was evidently going to have my face fixed, war or no war. All this I considered very efficient; and except for the fact that I neglected putting in any clothes for myself, no tooth brushes, combs or towels, it was. Johnny was such a big help, he tied up two blankets Boy Scout fashion and put them over his shoulder, I took the suitcase, the twins had the dog on a leash, and we trudged back to the barracks. We were told that we were to be evacuated to Honolulu by bus. By that time it was dark and the blackout was in full force. We were told that we could not take Pombo with us. That made us all feel very badly, as we had brought him all the way from West Point to Hawaii and he was just like a member of the family. We finally found a soldier with a broken arm who was not going out to the field and he said he would take care of him for us. We had all left our houses with everything in them, not knowing whether we'd ever see any of our possessions again, but nothing seemed to matter except saving ourselves and the children.

We were crowded onto buses and off we started on our twenty-five mile trip to Honolulu. It was raining and we had no lights on the bus. We had one armed guard with us who had a blue flashlight and that was the only way the driver could see the road. We crept along at a snail-like pace, the driver stopping every now and then for the guard to get out and find the road for him. We had all driven to Honolulu enough times to remember the deep gulches on each side of road, so we were none too comfortable about the situation. However, I must say that the majority of the Army women were very courageous and took the situation with true Army spirit. Here they were, going to an unknown destination, perhaps on a ship to the mainland, leaving their husbands and all of their possessions that had been painstakingly collected over a number of years. It was a frightening situation. None of us had heard anything about our husbands. Most of them we knew were out on the North Shore defending beach positions. We had heard rumors that the Japanese had landed parachute troops out on the North Shore beaches, and that there was hand-to-hand fighting going on there. With all of those things to think about, the women kept calm and cheerful. We also knew that the road to Honolulu went through Wheeler Field, Hickam Field, and Pearl Harbor, all of which were military objectives. If ever a ride was a nightmare, that was it. Ambulances and trucks with sirens wailing went past us in the darkness. As we approached Pearl Harbor, the sky was bright red. The main road goes right past the harbor and there were our beautiful battleships in flames, silhouetted against the sky. It was a horrible yet fascinating sight. There was a red glow all around us with flames shooting up all over the harbor. We all drew a sigh of relief as we left Pearl Harbor, but no sooner had we gotten by when there was another air attack on the ships. Fortunately it was behind us and beautiful to watch. We told the children it was fireworks, and it really seemed like it with shells bursting around and tracer bullets lighting up the whole sky. We wrapped blankets around the children, so in case any windows were shattered they would not be cut. We were held up for a long while in a traffic jam — people

leaving Honolulu to get up into the hills and 5,000 women and children going to Honolulu in buses — what a snafu. We were marvelous targets for any attacking planes, but I guess whoever gave the order to go never considered that fact.

After a four-hour ride, we finally arrived at our destination, which was the Royal School. We had to feel our way through the blackout into the building where we were given some more blankets and told to fix up a place on the floor to sleep. By that time the children were tired and hungry. We were told not to drink the water until it was boiled, as there was great fear that the Japanese had poisoned the water supply. Fortunately I had the tomato juice and canned milk which helped to alleviate our thirst. I finally got the children bedded down on the blankets in the library between the bookshelves. After they fell asleep from sheer exhaustion I decided that if a bomb fell on us the books would fall on the children, so I spent some time taking all of the books off of the shelves and putting them on the floor. The next morning the quartermaster from Fort Armstrong sent some food to the school. The most interesting item was a whole side of beef. Not knowing quite what to do with it, we asked the Japanese butcher from across the street to come over and cut it up for us. When he arrived with his huge knife, there were some who expected him to slit our throats, but it was a case of the Japanese butcher or no food and our hunger overcame our fear. The school had no bathing facilities, no bed, little food, and very little equipment to prepare it.

One of the twins had become ill, a fever and cold, so I thought I'd better find a place where I could put him to bed. I phoned the Whiteman's, whom we had met at Gen. Short's house. I explained my predicament to them and they told me to try and get a taxi and come there immediately. They said they already had some refugees from Pearl Harbor, but they would find some place to put us. In the meantime word came into the school office that civilians all over Honolulu were opening their homes to the Army and Navy women and children. The civilians were wonderful and I am sure that all of the wives were eternally grateful for the many kindnesses offered to them at a time when help was sorely needed. Upon arriving at the beautiful Whiteman's home in Manoa Valley, I put my sick child to bed and we all started to get ready for the coming blackout. We had a light supper at 5:00 and then started checking the food supplies. All of the food stores were closed so they could take inventory and ration the food, as no one knew how soon ships could get to us with more food. No one really knew anything and the most persistent rumor was that the islands were surrounded by Japanese ships waiting to land troops and take Hawaii. We knew that there were 160,000 American-born Japanese in Hawaii. No one knew just what to expect from them. Our host told us that all civilian men had been called out on guard duty. There was also great fear of a gas attack, so we were given instructions as to what to do. We were told to lie down on the floor and have quantities of wet towels on hand. Chauncy Whiteman left us a gun which we firmly resolved to use on any intruder during the night. Needless to say there was little sleeping done by the adults. We expected anything from Japanese battering down the door to waves of gas pouring in the windows. Morning came with nothing unusual happening, but we were all exhausted.

At the end of five days, word came over the radio that air raid shelters had been built at Schofield Barracks and we could all return to our quarters. Buses called for us at the schools to which we had been evacuated and we started back to Schofield. What a sight met our eyes as we drove up

to our quarters — all of our beautiful lawns had been dug up to make air raid shelters. They were about five feet deep and three feet wide, with steps leading down to them. Over the top of them was a piece of corrugated iron covered with dirt. An attempt at camouflage was made by putting pots of ferns and some poinsettia plants over the top, strongly resembling a grave — all of which was a cheerful homecoming for us.

What a sight met our eyes when we entered the house. The eggs, bacon, toast, and milk were still on the dining room table where we had started to eat on Sunday night. Chairs pushed back from the table, napkins on the floor, showed the haste of our flight. The kitchen was in complete disorder, the beds were unmade, dirt tracked all over my beautiful blue Chinese rug in the living room. There was an eerie air about the whole place, as if some terrible disaster had suddenly overtaken the occupants. The thought flashed through my mind that this was the type scene the excavators of the buried city of Pompeii might have come upon.

We were all so glad to be home that we set to with a vengeance to get things cleaned up. By night we had established order out of chaos. We picked huge armfuls of poinsettias and gardenias to put around the house and things began to look more cheerful. None of our husbands had been able to get in from the field, but we all hoped to see them soon. John had been promoted to major a few months before the attack and was commanding the 2d Battalion in the 21st Infantry.

We were given a list of instructions in case of another air raid and soldiers came to paint windows for the blackouts. We had two rooms blacked out, one bedroom and the bath. We were given flashlights heavily covered with blue cellophane and gas masks were issued to everyone. The children were very excited over these; not quite realizing the gruesomeness attached to them. No one was allowed on the streets or in the movies without their gas masks. It was an odd sight to see people coming out of the theater with gas masks over their shoulders and the soldiers with their rifles, tin helmets, etc. Thus we prepared to settle down for a war.

Sunday morning the 14th dawned sunny and peaceful and we realized that it was just a week ago when this tragedy had happened to us. Our husbands came in from the field for the first time and were allowed to spend two hours with us. Needless to say there was much happiness and thankfulness that we had all survived the attack.

We had been warned that there would be no practice air raid drills. If we heard the alarm go, it would be the real thing and we would go immediately to the shelters, with blankets, flashlights, gas masks, etc.

The next day, the 15th, we heard the bad news that we were to be evacuated immediately to the mainland. True to Army tradition the wives and children had behaved with a calmness almost unbelievable considering the things they had faced. I truly think if any of them broke down at all, it was when they were told that they had to go. They knew they faced a long separation from their husbands and that they might never see them again. There were so many problems to be faced alone. We were told to start packing our household goods immediately. Most of us had arrived with sixteen or more boxes and ten or twelve barrels. We were given two barrels and four boxes and had to do our own packing, as there were not enough packers to pack hundreds of people simultaneously.

To add to our troubled thoughts, news began coming over the radio about ships being sunk off the California coast. It was not a very pleasant thought, being torpedoed on a ship packed with women and children.

By two days before Christmas the packing was finished (with the aid of straw from the stables, old newspapers from the Chinese stores in Wahiawa and much effort on the part of all concerned). The crates, boxes and barrels were all piled up on the lanai and the rest of the house was bare except for the Army cots and a few chairs and tables.

We decided we'd have to do something about Christmas, as the twins still believed in Santa Claus and expected him to arrive down the chimney in a tin helmet carrying a gas mask. We had just heard that the boat loaded with Christmas trees had been torpedoed and sunk just before it was due to arrive in Honolulu. So that eliminated our main decoration. We hung some Christmas balls over the mantle and put the Christmas village scene on the mantelpiece. We used some of the leftover straw and put the crèche on it. The house was already like a barn, so we had a very realistic manger scene. We strung Christmas lights around the blackout room and prepared with a heavy heart for Christmas Eve. My neighbor from across the street came over with her two small boys and all seven of us crowded into the blackout room, lit the colored lights, sat on the floor, and sang Christmas carols. We read the Christmas Story and “The Night Before Christmas” and I feel that we did our best to make things as happy as possible for the children.

On Christmas morning the regimental band came around and played carols. That of course was hard to take and I feel sure that everyone shed a tear for the Christmases that used to be. The children were excited and pleased about their toys, all of which had been bought before Pearl Harbor. John came in from the field for two hours on Christmas. Each officer was allowed to come in for two hours at different times, as there was a feeling that the Japs might pick Christmas for another attack.

We had had some very attractive Christmas cards made, a picture of all of us including Pombo, sitting in one of the new jeeps, with the inscription "Jeep, Jeep, Merry Christmas, The Roosmas." Fortunately we had mailed them the middle of November, so that they were all received by our families and friends before or right after the Pearl Harbor attack.

One evening a few days later I had put the children to bed and was sitting in the blackout room reading a mystery story. Suddenly a bomb exploded and the whole house shook, just like the morning of Pearl Harbor. I grabbed the flashlight, turned off the light and ran into the children's room. Just as I got there, another bomb went off and the air raid sirens sounded. We could also hear the sound of machine gun bullets. We were sure that this was the long awaited attack. Johnny and I got the twins into the shelter as quickly as possible, complete with blankets, gas masks, sticks to put in their mouths to guard against concussion when the bombs exploded. I stayed on the lanai and talked to them, as my claustrophobia was so bad I couldn't stand being closed in underground. After a short time an M.P. came by and he said, "It's all right ladies, you can come out now. It ain't the Japs, but they sure blew hell out of Wheeler Field." It seems that a plane had been short-circuited over at Wheeler Field, setting off the bombs and machine guns in it. Everyone was very relieved that the Japs hadn't gotten that close to us again.

We had been told to be ready to leave on a few hours notice, but after Christmas we heard that many of the ships had been diverted to go to Australia and we would have to wait our turn. There was one ship sent out right away with all of the pregnant women and another with all of the generals and colonels wives on it plus dogs and horses. So Pombo was evacuated before we were. The lower-ranking officers wives and children had to wait, but we didn't mind as it meant that we could be near our husbands for a longer time. So we just sat and waited. Our bags were packed, our furniture was crated, nothing comfortable to sit on or sleep on except quartermaster furniture, which at best is far from comfortable. However, we did the best we could. The schools had closed so I opened a school of my own and had seven children who had been in my class at the post school. They came every morning for two hours of instruction. This went on for about six weeks and then one by one my little class dwindled as the children slipped off on the boats. Everything was very hush-hush and no one knew when people left.

The dread of the trip hung over all of us. We knew that Japanese submarines lurked around the Hawaiian area and that some freighters had been sunk. We bought small size life preservers which we intended keeping on the children at all times. One morning in early March a sergeant came to the door with the dreaded news. He informed me that we would be ready to board the ship the next morning at 9:00 and that I was to tell no one about it. I called my husband and told him that I was going to town the next day, which was the message we had decided on to warn him that we were leaving. He was given a 24-hour pass to come in from the field. It was lucky for me that the children were there, as I forced myself to be calm and happy in front of them while in my heart I felt that the end of the world had really come.

We drove in to Honolulu the next morning in John's command car and saw the ship, all painted black, docked at the Matson Line pier. It was hard not to remember other times when we had come to this same pier to meet incoming ships with our arms full of leis, bands playing lovely Hawaiian music, the lei women lined up along the street, and the air laden with the perfume of flowers. We were stopped at the entrance to the cement runway leading to the upper level and told that John would have to leave us there. The time that we all had been dreading had finally arrived, the last goodbye. We all did beautifully until we reached the top of the runway and then made the mistake of turning around to wave a last goodbye. I suppose that was the last straw and

all of the pent-up emotion of the past weeks simply overflowed. I started to cry and the twins promptly followed my example and we walked up the gang plank with tears streaming down our faces.

We had 108 women and children aboard plus the navy officers and crew. The ship had been one of the Dollar Line ships, the *President Monroe,* and had been converted into a troop ship. Some of us had cabins but most of the women and children slept on cots in the different salons. I was lucky and had a cabin, as John had been promoted to a lieutenant colonel by the time we left. The cabin was fairly large, but not after four of us got in it.

There was a boat drill immediately after we set sail and a very nice naval officer explained that there would be no practice boat drills, when we heard the sirens it would be the real thing and we would get to our boat stations as quickly as possible. We all had our life preservers on and he explained how to hold the top of the life preservers so if we had to jump, the life preservers wouldn't come up and break our necks. Rather scary for the children to hear. The ship would be blacked out at night, and we had four destroyers escorting us, which was a comfort to all of us. We had left Honolulu in such a hurry that there was not time to take very much cargo on board. Consequently we rode on top of the water with no ballast in the hold. Practically everyone was seasick, and I guess it was a good thing in a way, as everyone felt so miserable they didn't care whether a Japanese submarine attacked us or not. We zigzagged all the way so it took ten days to get to San Francisco, instead of the usual five. We landed in there and were met by many people from the Red Cross and I think that was when we realized that we were *refugees*. The Army also had people at the docks arranging train trips for any of us going to the East Coast. Johnny was watching the twins while I made arrangements to go East. Before I had finished, Johnny came running over to tell me to please come and get Billy. The Red Cross girls had talked to him and he said that he was cold and didn't have any warm clothes. So they had him up on a table, and were outfitting him with some warm clothes. He had on a coat several sizes too large, red mittens, and a skating cap, also much too large for him. He was really a very funny sight. I rescued him and explained to the Red Cross girls that all we wanted was a car to take us to the White House department store where we would buy some clothes.

We stayed at Fort Mason overnight and started on our trek across country the next day. It was a long monotonous trip, but one funny thing did happen. All through Nebraska, Kansas, etc., they had heard that a train was coming through, with refugees from Pearl Harbor on it. At every whistle stop there was a band playing patriotic songs and the Red Cross and American Legion giving candy and fruit to everyone. The twins and Johnny had a fine time getting off at every stop and coming back loaded with goodies — then being sick every night. I soon put a stop to that.

We finally arrived in Montclair the end of March and stayed with John's cousins, Edith and Garry Roosma. I was able to rent a very attractive garden apartment in Montclair and moved into it the end of April.

The Way It Was

NAME: Steve Rula
UNIT: 27th Infantry, PFC
TIME PERIOD: Dec. 7, 1941
SOURCE: Letter from Mr. Rula
DATE RECEIVED: April 6, 1998

Arrived Hawaii, Island of Oahu, on June 20, 1941.

Assigned to Company "C" 27th Infantry Regiment.

Held rank of Private First Class on December 7th and was on duty in the "Honolulu Sub-Sector" guarding the Railway Station, water works, Hawaiian Electric Company, and other facilities in the area against sabotage. We had moved from Schofield Barracks and taken up these assigned positions on November 27, 1941. These positions had been previously assigned and were those we were expected to occupy in the event of imminent hostilities.

Remained with 27th infantry in Hawaii until December 6, 1942 when the Regiment departed for Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands.

Served with 27th Infantry, 25th Division, through Guadalcanal and New Georgia Campaigns and the liberation of the Philippine Islands.

NAME : Edmund H. Russell, PFC
UNIT: 18th Air Base Group
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Oral history taken by John T. Mason, Jr.
DATE RECEIVED: December 5, 1981

JM: I am delighted that you have consented to tell us about what you observed on that fateful day, the seventh of December 1941. Would you start out, sir, by telling me what your rank was at the time, where you were.

ER: I was Private First Class, Third Class Specialist. I was a butcher assigned to the Eighteenth Air Base Group at Wheeler Field. That morning, I went down to the mess hall to look at the menu. At that time, we had to take the meat out of the freezer in the morning to cut that night for the next day. So I was looking at the menu to see what I had to get out of the freezer.

JM: How early did you go to check?

ER: I thought it was about 7:30 to 7:45. My recollection seems a little earlier than that 7:55 time of attack. My recollection is it was about 7:45 or 7:50.

JM: So you weren't really distracted at that point?

ER: No, no. No, I was looking at the menu when I heard the first plane dive and I thought it was one of our planes or maybe the Marines or the Navy that came down to play war games. And some of our own pilots, even if they were restricted from going off base, they'd get up on Sunday morning and fly. Well, the first plane dived and I thought it had crashed, so I opened the screen to the window, which I was standing right by. (A window.) I opened the screen to look to my right and I saw the smoke and about that time, another explosion went off. I thought, well, this can't be two planes that crashed. And about the time the third one went off, I went out to back of the mess hall looking for cover. I had been in the Air Force, the Air Corps.

JM: It was the Army Air Corps in those days?

ER: The Army Air Corps for about thirteen months at that time and I had never fired a gun. I wasn't issued a gun, I had no knowledge of the weapons, so my first idea was to run for cover. And so I ran towards the Wahiawa school house where there was a row of eucalyptus trees which was quite high and as I was running toward those, they had circled back around and started strafing. That is when I realized what it was.

JM: You realized it was real and it was the enemy?

ER: Yes, I could see the rising sun emblem on their planes. They had their canopies open and they had their heads stuck out with grins on their faces. But I missed the strafing because

it was like hailstones coming down, but I missed it ; I went over to the trees which they had to dive over to get down to their strafing run. I stayed out there among those trees till it was over.

JM: What did their objectives seem to be for the strafing?

ER: I would guess to keep any pilots from getting to their planes, although our planes were demolished. There was no hope of our planes getting off of the field and that's not the only thing, to keep us immobile.

JM: To keep you from retaliating. Well, recovering from that shock, what did you do?

ER: Well, we went in after the attack was over. They issued us a full field pack in pieces which I had no idea how to even assemble. But we did have some infantry personnel who instructed us how to assemble the field pack, they issued us a rifle and a 45 pistol and then we were still confused. Then the word came out that the Japanese were landing paratroopers and they said they would be in blue uniforms. The order was put out: anyone spotted in a blue uniform after a certain time to shoot on sight. Well, at that time we had blue fatigues, blue dungarees and jumpers, and blue coveralls. Well it was a quick change to get out of those blue uniforms that we were in.

JM: Is that what you were in, a blue uniform?

ER: No, I wasn't in a blue uniform. I was in khakis, but a lot of people were in blue uniforms, either the blue coveralls or the blue jumper and the dungarees. So at that time, there was a lot of changing. And we still had no official orders what to do except we had been attacked.

JM: Is this still morning, then?

ER: Yes, this was around noon, that this all came out. Then later on that afternoon, of course, we went on a blackout, no lights, and I can say that we were confused because we hadn't been indoctrinated into what might happen.

JM: And how to use these weapons.

ER: Right. Although I had used that type weapon before, not in the Army, so it was all I can say, it was, we were confused because I had no idea…..and what I remember most, I had been to see the movie "Dive Bomber" the night before and the next morning it was in action of what we had seen the night before, I mean the movie was re-enacted.

JM: It was even double-visioned in your mind.

ER: Right.

JM: Well, did the command at the post seem confused? Did they gather themselves together?

ER: At that time, me as an enlisted man, we really weren't aware of what was going on at the higher echelon. It dribbled down from headquarters on what to do and we were told that we might be, there might be another attack, so we were, we didn't know what to do.

JM: You had long since forgotten about the menu?

ER: Right. The menu was the least of my concerns.

JM: Were you able to see from your vantage point what was going on in the harbor?

ER: We could see. The concrete barracks we were living in, from the third story, you could see down at Pearl Harbor, but I didn't go back up there to see what was going on at Pearl Harbor because we had enough bombing and strafing on our field that we really didn't know how, we didn't know whether it was just hitting us, we didn't know at that time that the main object was Pearl Harbor.

JM: Did the strafing continue as long as the planes came over? Did they come in your direction after dropping their bombs or torpedoes?

ER: It seems that it was, oh, thirty minutes. It seemed like an eternity.

JM: Exactly. And there was a certain amount of shock, too.

ER: Yes, and as I say, it was a total surprise. Of course I wasn't aware of the negotiations that was going on; as an enlisted man you're not supposed to know those things. You're there to do a job and somebody tells you what to do. Well, no one had come down with orders telling us what to do in case this happened or something else happened.

JM: Well, then it went on into the night and you say there was a blackout.

ER: There was a blackout, a total blackout. Of course, we were issued a gas mask, helmets and we were equipped for combat by the nightfall. And we were moved out of the barracks.

JM: I guess there was no rest that night?

ER: No, no one could sleep that night.

JM: Then the next day, did you get involved in any of the clan up?

ER: No, I didn't, I didn't get involved. I was, being in the mess hall, I was in a different situation.

JM: You were in a very imperative position, too, weren't you?

ER: We were, still we had to prepare the meals for the troops, so our job was, just went on.

JM: Incidentally, did you resume the menu that had been planned for the day before?

ER: I don't remember what the menu was now.

JM: But some of the men did get involved in the clean-up down at the harbor area.

ER: Oh, yes, it was the air base group of which consisted of numerous squadrons. I happened to be in the 25th Materiel Squadron as a butcher, and of course, we had the 24th Squadron and the 17th Air Base Group and numerous squadrons assigned or attached. So, as an air base group, we had a wide responsibility. And my responsibility was to get the meat cut so the cooks could cook it for the troops.

JM: So the men could fight in case they had to.

ER: Although I don't think they were very hungry.

JM: Now what was the state of morale among the men when this burst upon them? How did they react, actually?

ER: Well, as I have stated before, confusion. When you're confused, your morale, you really don't know what your morale is. You want to do something but you don't know what to do. So the morale, I couldn't say whether it was high or low because we were in a state of shock and really didn't know what we should be doing.

JM: And how long did it take that state of shock to wear off? Into the next day?

ER: Oh, I'd say it was several days before we really woke up to the fact that we were at war. And after that, everybody wanted to do whatever was necessary and we had people volunteering to do anything.

JM: I think that attitude reflected in Washington, D.C. where I was. We did the same thing; it took awhile to recover from this shock, to realize it, even.

ER: Yes.

JM: Did you stay on the island, then, afterwards?

ER: I stayed until June of 1942. The day the Midway Battle started I came back to the mainland as an aviation cadet.

JM: I see. Now, in the meantime, there had been this second raid on the island, when the Japs dropped a few bombs or something.

ER: That is hearsay as far as I'm concerned. I know of no real bomb that was dropped after the initial attack. I do remember one night, we were getting instructions on the M-1 rifle and we had an A-20 blow up out on the revetment and that was quite some excitement. They were refueling an A-20 and it caught fire and they saw there was no way of saving it, so they just backed off and let it blow. We did have one man jump out of a second story window and broke a leg because he felt we were having another attack, but it was just one of our own A-20s that blew up. But to my knowledge, we never did have another attack or another bomb drop. We did have rumors that there were reconnaissance planes flying over at night. So this is hearsay, also, that we equipped some of our planes with mirrors on the lower side of the wing so the searchlights could pick them up so we could identify our own planes. But I see no way that a reconnaissance plane could have come in at a later date. I'm sure the Navy task force moved out, so all of this is strictly, as far as I'm concerned, jut wee, I wouldn't say propaganda, but it was war tales.

JM: War tales, that's a good way to put it. You say the first word your mother received….

ER: Was on Christmas Eve.

JM: As to your welfare.

ER: Right. Of course, I wrote immediately, but I think I still have the letter at home. It was mailed on the tenth of December and during the meantime, she had written the Red Cross and everyone, you know, trying to find out about my welfare.

JM: Did the Army see to it that the men did send messages back?

ER: Oh, yes, they did. I had a reprimand because I hadn't written, but I had. They didn't know it, but I had written on the tenth of December which in three days with the confusion that we had, it was pretty expedient, three days to get a letter off. But it took that long to get the letter to her, where I was living, my home was Florida and the mail was, could go by clipper to the States or it could go just straight mail but even that, two weeks, wasn't bad at that time for a letter.

JM: Or had to go by the Lurline, it would take considerable…

ER: I think it was five days, I believe, the Lurline. But we could mail them either by Clipper or either airmail from the States. We had several different ways of mailing letters. But she said that was the best Christmas present she had ever had.

Q: One can appreciate that.

ER: I lived in a small town at the time and everyone went to town on Saturday night and I can just see her gong up and down the streets telling everybody that she had a letter from me.

JM: Well, thank you very much Mr. Russell, for this story. You stayed in the Reserves afterwards?

ER: Yes, I stayed in the Reserves. I had a total of seven years of active duty and at retirement I had thirty-six years, six months and twelve days total service, which I retired with pay at age sixty in 1977. So I'm now retired. I went from a PFC in 1941 and retired as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1977.

The Way It Was

NAME : C.S. Seroski, Platoon Sergeant
UNIT: Co. H 19th Infantry
TIME PERIOD: 1941
SOURCE: Letter received from Mr. Seroski,
DATE RECEIVED: March 11, 1999

I was assigned to the 19th Infantry, Co. H as a Platoon Sergeant in Heavy Mortars. Our company considered our selves as the "Lost Chicks." Prior to deployment to Guadalcanal, Co. H of the 35th Infantry was replaced by Co. H of the 19th Infantry and the "Lost Chicks" phrase originated. I have a very clear recollection of the attack on Wheeler Field and Schofield. Several weeks prior to the attack, our company was assigned Armed Motorized Patrols of big installations in the area, and this particular Sunday was no exception. Our usual schedule was to depart at 7am. On this particular Sunday we were ordered not to engage the patrol, "Stand By." Seated in the mess hall, coffee drinking, we were suddenly alerted to loud explosions. Departing the mess hall we identified the explosions at Wheeler Field. And flying several hundred feet above ground alongside our barracks we observed Japanese planes conducting an attack. The armed vehicle immediately engaged the planes, driving them from the barracks with mounted machine guns. As a group, it was common talk that we would fight a war with Japan. The Army was on alert and ready, what happened to the other services? The Air Corp and the Navy?

The Way It Was

NAME: Stanley J. Shylanski
UNIT: Co. K, 35th Infantry Regiment
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Letter originally written by Mr. Shylansky for his local newspaper
DATE RECEIVED: October 5, 2004

I was 22 years old, nor married. On November 15, 1940 I resided at 1605 Knapp Street, St. Louis Missouri, and I was employed by Emerson Electric Company at 20th & Washington Avenue, St. Louis Missouri. I was already registered for the draft but my number was not called to this date. I decided to enlist into the military service of my choosing. I wanted the Army Air Corps being an aviation enthusiast, but at that time there where no openings. I was told if I joined any branch of the Army I could at a later date transfer to the Air Corps. I enlisted for the Infantry in Hawaii. This was considered Foreign Service since at that time it was a territory not a state. I arrived in January 1941 but I soon found out once you raised your right hand your fanny belonged to the Army, no transfer. I stayed in the Infantry, Co. K, 35th Infantry Regiment, Hawaiian Division; later 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

The morning of December 7, 1941 being Sunday, it was ritual and privilege to go through the kitchen and choose the way you wanted your eggs and hot-cakes for breakfast.

As you entered the mess hall there were cases of ½ pint bottles of milk, normally one to person. Being the weekend after pay day many were sleeping in after being downtown Honolulu the night before. We could get a bonus-- two bottles of milk instead of one.

After I sat down and just started to eat, I heard a flight of airplanes behind my back coming into Army Air Corps' Wheeler Field, not too far away from our barracks. This was approximately 7:45 a.m. I wondered what were they doing out, this being Sunday, when suddenly one plane started into his dive. I swore if he kept his dive he wasn't going to make it, then a great big explosion (the first of many); our barracks building shook. This was HE (high explosive) not practice bombs. I immediately went outside and saw these dirty green colored planes with the red balls on their wings with fixed landing gears. I knew they were Japanese, diving and bombing the airfield.

Some planes started to strafe us so I went inside the barracks building and watched out of the side of the second floor window. Saw one plane so close you could clearly see the pilot. Some of his spent machine gun cartridge fell to the street below which I retrieved later, becoming the first of my souvenirs gathered from the war, and much more later.

In no time I got a ½ ton weapons carrier. We threw in a couple of 30 cal. machine guns, drove to a nearby drill field. By that time the Japanese planes were too high to do any good, the guns were almost useless being infantry ground weapons. We had no anti-aircraft mount.

The Way It Was

Our company left Schofield Barracks that morning to guard Army Headquarters at Fort Shafter, which was located above Pearl Harbor. On the highway we passed and saw the very sad sight of ships in Pearl Harbor burning.

Our guard house was across the street from Tripler General Army hospital, many of the wounded and dead were being brought in. On the evening and night of December 7th we witnessed the largest concentration of anti-aircraft fire we'd ever seen through the whole war. Unfortunately and very depressing, the airplanes that were shot down were ours attempting to land, the Japanese were long far gone, and never came back from that morning.

The Way It Was

NAME : Andrew Simpson
UNIT: Dependant, 11 years old
TIME PERIOD: 7 December, 1941
SOURCE: Written account given to the museum by Dick Rodby
DATE RECEIVED: March 15, 2002

It's December 1993. Fifty-two years since Japanese planes attacked the bases on Oahu. There are people who say they remember every detail of December 7th 1941. I am not one of those. Some memories are as vivid as if it were yesterday; others are dimmed both by time and the hectic nature of the day. The following is an amalgamation of both clear and hazy recollection:

Eleven year olds like to get up early on Sunday mornings; Lon Chlosta (called Lonnie in those days) and I were two such kids. We were at the Chlosta's quarters in Wheeler Field and by 7 a.m. we were up, playing, and ready for a full day's activities. In contrast, Lon's parents were still in bed taking a well deserved extra forty winks after their week's work. All of us soon got more activity than we cared for.

A moment for a little background, here. Lon Chlosta and I grew up in the Schofield Barracks/Wheeler Field/Wahiawa enviornment during the 1930's and were inseparable. His folks, Sgt. and Mrs. Larry Chlosta, were my mother's best friends. Lon's mom was Head Librarian at Schofield and my mom was Head Cashier at Schofield's Main Post Exchange. This resulted in Lon and I, with only seven months difference in our ages (I'm the old guy), growing up like brothers. There were those in Schofield and Wheeler who thought we were siblings. frequently, Saturday night would find one of us sleeping over at the other's home. Thus, it was no fluke that on the night of December 6th I was a the Chlosta's quarters in Wheeler Field.

The main reason I was at Lon's house instead of perhaps vice versa was a movie. That Saturday night the Wheeler Field theater was showing a film Lon and I both wanted to see. Ironically, it was "Dive Bomber" starring Ronald Reagan… no kidding.

So what were Lonnie and I up to at 7 a.m. Sunday morning? What all kids do after seeing a good action movie, we were playing dive bomber, of course. The Chlosta's quarters were located in the older section of Wheeler Field's enlisted housing. These were one story stucco houses on both sides of a "U" shaped road with the open side of the "U" facing the barracks, hangar line, and flight line. Lon's place was half way up on the inside of the "U" on the Waianae side. Behind the quarters across the street was the down slope of a hill; from the top of the hill we could see the barracks and hangars of Wheeler. For about an hour we had been running down that hill with our arms out straight like wings, making mock dive bombing runs. The climb back up was steep, even for healthy, exuberant youngsters and called for time out to sit and rest every few "bombing" runs. About 7:50 a.m. it was time for one of those breaks.

God surely watches over fools, drunkards, and children. At that exact moment in history, in His infinite wisdom, He (a) put us at the top of the hill, and (b) sat us down so we could pay attention to what was about to happen. As mentioned, from where we were, we could clearly see the

hangars and barracks for Wheeler's squadrons. Curiously, about a half mile off at the Waianae end of the flight line, we noticed a flash of sunlight off a silver plane in a steep dive. Now, as "post-wise" army brats, we should have immediately realized flying at Wheeler was rare on Sundays and, even more significantly, diving towards the flight line was an absolute no-no. Even after an object dropped from the plane, we calmly watched. When that dropped "thing" resulted in pieces of lumber flying into the air followed quickly by the sound of an explosion we still sat like a couple of stunned dodo birds… the truth of the matter was beginning to dawn. That first diving plane was immediately followed by a second, this time closer, and the red circle on its wings were clearly visible to both of us. The second explosion came from behind us because by that time we two urchins had turned tail and were moving at full "Holy Mother of God" speed for the Chlosta's quarters across the street.

From that point on my recall of the sequence of events during the raid tends to get a little jumbled in my mind, now that more than fifty years have elapsed. We did burst into the house shouting, in a disjointed way I'm sure, what was happening outside. Lon's parents had heard the explosions and were already out of bed but not yet aware of the nature of the trouble. Lon's dad had served with General Pershing in Mexico back in 1915, and at the front in France during WWI so he quickly grasped the situation. He hurriedly dressed and while the attack was still in progress zigzagged off down the street to his squadron (6th Pursuit). Meanwhile, Lon's mom put us in a corner, away from windows, to ride out the storm.

I'm not sure how long the raid continued, most likely it was about twenty minutes, but it seemed like hours that we huddled down listening, first to bomb blasts (one explosion sounded like it was next to the quarters, but was actually about half a block away), then the strafing. The bomb targets, I'm sure, were the barracks, hangars, and the flight line (the close blast was a bomb aimed at a barracks about a block away), but the Japanese were equal opportunity strafers and included the family quarters areas with their machine guns. We were in a stucco house, however, so the strafing somehow seemed less terrifying than the bombing (the following day Lon's mom found a thirty-caliber bullet had shattered a kitchen window and lodged in their stove).

War is funny ("peculiar"); when you're closely engaged there is no way of knowing what's going on, even nearby, so we didn't have a clue as to the damage, or whether any of our planes had gotten into the air. Suddenly, we heard planes with more powerful engines and machine guns, fifty caliber. that spoke with more authority than the Japanese thirty-calibers. The cavalry, in the form of Lieutenants Taylor and Welsh in their P-40's from Haleiwa airstrip, had arrived. They were more welcome than a bugler sounding "Charge." Of course, we had no idea who the pilots were then, or where they'd come from; we only knew that almost immediately the air over Wheeler field was cleared of all planes and the Sunday silence was again upon us.

As soon as Lon's mother decided there would not be an encore, at least for a few minutes, she bundled the three of us into their family Chrysler and headed for my home in Wahiawa Heights, about six miles away. As she drove towards Wheeler's main gate we looked towards the flight line and could see the bombed, burning hangars and rows of lined up P-40's on fire. Smoke rose

from everywhere. If any of the planes had escaped destruction it was not apparent in the short time we had to observe; it was a shocking, depressing sight.

When we arrived at my folks place in the Heights they were up but had no idea what had happened. They'd heard the distant explosions but a hostile air attack was unthinkable. My stepfather, Tony Malina, a sergeant in the 13th Field Artillery, immediately dressed and raced off to his unit in Schofield. By mid-morning women and children from families my parents knew in Wheeler and Schofield started arriving at our house to get away from target areas in case of another raid. By nightfall there was something like twenty-five or thirty people in the house. No doubt many other homes in Wahiawa were hosting similar gatherings.

That was a long night. Radio stations were off the air so we had no source of information on the scope of the attack, the damage, or what might happen in the upcoming days. We were under a complete blackout, so the crowd of people in our small house made it an adventure just moving about (we only had one bathroom, too, so you can imagine the logistics there). The sleeping arrangements were a crude "grab a space on the floor." While it had been a long, tense day and we were all exhausted, everyone was too apprehensive, frightened, and bewildered for anything except fitful catnapping. The slightest noise from outside would have everyone awake and whispering, as if normal conversation would bring an immediate attack of some sort down on our heads. None-the-less, Monday morning the sun came up as usual, something we half didn't expect.

Throughout history people have adapted to conditions in the aftermath of disaster. Islanders were no different. Within days, local residents settled into a routine of living in a nation at war and a Hawaii under martial law. True, the lifestyle of the entire country was altered on December 7th, but nowhere was it faster or more dramatic than in Hawaii. But that is a story unto itself for another time.

What did the war hold in store for the people in this narrative? In a couple of days, all our refugee guests had returned to their quarters in Wheeler or Schofield, and were preparing for evacuation to the mainland. My mom, Ruth Malina, had been an island resident since 1926, thus we were not subject to evacuation like other military dependents. She continued as Head Cashier at the Schofield PX through the war. Lon's mother, Marilee Chlosta, had also been an island resident since the 1920's and stayed on as Schofield's Head Librarian until she was stricken with cancer and passed away in April 1942. Following his mother's death, Lon went to live with relatives in Massachusetts. Lon's father eventually fetched up with the Eighth Air Force in England through VE Day, returned to the U.S. and retired from the Army in 1946. My stepfather remained with the 13th Field Artillery, 24th Division, through the New Guinea campaign, then after a bout with malaria returned to Schofield until the war was over. A career solder, he retired in 1961. When Leilehua school in Wahiawa reopened in February 1942, I was again a student, although since Leilehua's campus was taken over by the army, classes were held in ex-Japanese language school buildings. I was still a student at Leilehua when the war ended.

The Way It Was

NAME : Brev Sinclair
UNIT: 13 year old civilian
TIME PERIOD: 7 December 1941
SOURCE: Friend of Dick Rodby. Received from Dick Rodby
DATE RECEIVED: 3 March 2002

The sounds of war at Kawailoa Camp!

The planes are flying…. I must be dreaming 'cause they're too loud. … There's another one and it's right over the house… something's wrong! They never fly over the house. The take-off pattern is out over the ocean. Another plane… WOW! That one is real low. It's Sunday morning… I am dreaming, 'cause they never fly on Sunday. But my dreams seem real… but they don't fly on Sunday even though they are on maneuvers at Haleiwa Emergency landing strip. I'm awake now. It's only a few minutes after eight o'clock. I could 'of slept another half-hour. Why did the planes have to wake me up?

> (P-40 pilots Welch, Taylor, Rassmussen and their downed squadron flight partner had called Haleiwa strip where their planes were temporarily parked on a training assignment and issued orders to their crews to gas up their planes, warm them up for immediate take-off, and load them with live ammo. They then drove at break-neck speed the 13 miles from their B.O.Q. at Wheeler Field to the emergency strip at Haleiwa.

Golly… that's a lot of defense work blasting and they're shooting off their dynamite early this Sunday. I remember my father telling me why they blasted rocks on Sunday when no one was around to get hurt.

> (What I thought was blasting for gun emplacements and underground facilities was in reality the bombs exploding at Schofield Barracks and other targets thirteen miles away.)

Darn it! I have to get up anyway. My mother told them that I'd be a Wise Man in the Sunday School Christmas Play. "No fair," I shouldn't have to do it. I thought I was finished with Sunday school when I turned 13 last April.

That's a strange plane noise I hear. A twin engine… they must be on maneuvers… Get up and get dressed, I told myself. I need to see what's going on. Looking down at the coast-side emergency landing strip from our front yard vantage point 300 feet above and a half mile from the coast I saw the twin engine DC2 transport plane that I'd heard come in and land. It was strange sight, a transport landing on emergency landing strip, but even stranger was watching them taxi over to a grove of ironwood trees, be pushed up close and have the plane disappear as it was covered with branches for camouflage.

> (Early Sunday morning was a good time for our pilots to get in their twin-engine flight pay qualifying hours. While two pilots were in the air doing just that they had a birds-eye view of the Japanese pilots bombing and strafing their airfields- Hickam and Wheeler-

under them. Considering their alternatives they chose Haleiwa emergency strip at which to land.)

Slow realization!

Twenty minutes later I was in our neighbor's car on our way the four miles to the Waialua Plantation Community Center to practice being a Wise Man. Why did I have to practice, anyway. All we did last year was stand there in our bathrobes with a rag on our heads while they opened the curtain and sang "We Three Kings of Orient …" Oh, well, the other two tall kids were also drafted into another year as Wise Men, and I'd get to see them.

The road to Sunday School ran past the emergency field. As we approached and drove past it, an even more unbelievable sight appeared. Two B-17 (Flying Fortresses) dipped their wings and turning, dropped into a landing approach. As we drove past they were taxiing along beside the road. As an impressionable young teenager I impulsively waved out the window and gave the co-pilot the "V for Victory" sign. I was thrilled when he returned the sign. The landing of the two big B-17's at Haleiwa Emergency Fighter Strip was still unbelievable and unexplainable… but we saw them!

(The B-17's were part of a larger flight that had just arrived over Oahu from the U.S. Mainland. As the lead planes in the flight started to land at Hickam Field (next to Pearl Harbor) they were shot down. One of them was hit with a bomb just as it touched down on Hickam Field. The runway was becoming more pockmarked by the minute as bombs tore craters in the pavement. Two of the planes pulled out of their landing formation and headed for Wheeler Field up on the central plateau of Oahu. Seeing the still burning skeletons of the fighter/pursuit planes n the ground at Wheeler Field they realized it was not a viable alternative. A quick in-flight conference produced a crewmember who had been previously stationed in the islands. He remembered Haleiwa emergency strip. Even though too short for four engine bombers it was a better alternative than, ditching, being shot out of the air or being blown to bits as you tried to touch down on a bomb crater-pocked field.)

Arriving at the Community Center where Sunday School was held, I was greeted by a nine-year-old who seriously asked, "Have you heard the bombs?" He pointed inland toward Schofield Barracks 10 to 12 miles away as we heard the "karump … karump" of distant explosions. "Bombs? No, that's blasting on defense projects," I corrected. "No! Those are bombs. We are being bombed. They think it's the Japanese. All the Sunday School teachers are talking about it," he replied.

My thoughts were… How? No Way? We are on an island in the middle of an ocean, how could they get here? Bombers can't fit on aircraft carriers. There must be some mistake. My thoughts were interrupted by one of the Sunday School teachers who grabbed me by the shoulders and with a frightened look and a much too high-pitched voice told me my mother had called and wanted me to get right home.

Something was definitely wrong, BUT WAR? **IMPOSSIBLE!** Probably just over realistic maneuvers the Army was staging. Finding our neighbor already in her car with the motor running I jumped in and we were away.

Reality Hits

After a six-minute ride that usually took ten, I walked through our back door and was greeted by my mother's shrieks of "There you are, son! Thank God you're safe!" accompanied by a smothering hug. Just then the radio crackled on with a serious voice, stating,

"This is not a drill! I repeat! This is not a drill!"
"We are under attack by an enemy force!"
"Stay off the streets!"
"Do not use your telephone."
"Will the following doctors immediately report to Tripler Army Hospital." (Followed by a list of doctors' names)
"Will the following doctors immediately report to Queens Hospital." (Followed by a list of doctors' names)
"Will all Love Bakery truck drivers get your trucks and report to the Main Gate at Pearl Harbor, also will all Von Hamm Young Laundry truck drivers report to the company garage for possible ambulance duty."

…And repeating
"This is not a drill! I repeat! This is not a drill!"
"We are under attack … It has been reported that the Rising Sun has been sighted on the wing tips of the attacking planes."

"This is not a drill!"

To me… **IT WAS NOW REAL!**

The Way It Was

The Way It Was

NAME: Thurman R. Slusser
UNIT: 34th Engineers
TIME PERIOD: 1941
SOURCE: excerpt from a letter from Mr. Slusser
DATE RECEIVED: 13 December 2007

I was born in Adams County, near Floradale, Pennsylvania on December 12, 1919.

I went into the service in 1941, and received my training at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. I was shipped out and landed in Oahu October 17, 1941. I was assigned to the 34th Engineers, located on the Upper Post at Schofield. My first duty there was in the Maintenance Department on vehicles.

I was near the Kaneohe Naval Station when the war started. Our unit was building gun pads and barracks for the coast artillery.

I was in bed, and when the bombing started, the captain of our group came through our area shouting "Air Raid"! "Air Raid"! He said disperse the equipment so they would not be an easy target. My first action was to get the equipment under some kind of shelter. Our unit was near the PBY aircraft base, and the Kaneohe Naval Air Station, when the Japanese strafed and bombed the Kaneohe Air Base, and our area was strafed. During the raid one Japanese plane flew so low that I saw the pilot in the cockpit. I was at Kaneohe until Wednesday. I then joined my unit back at Schofield. We immediately started to prepare for other attacks.

When I arrived at my barracks at Schofield, one of the first things one of my buddies showed me was a bullet hole in our barracks. I have a picture of that hole, of which I am enclosing for you.

The 34th Engineers did various duties on the Island of Oahu in preparation for other activities in the Pacific.

The Way It Was

NAME: Rex Smith
UNIT: Schofield Barracks Military Police Company
TIME PERIOD: 1 June 1940 to 1 December 1942
SOURCE: Passed on to the museum by Maj. David Glaser, 25th MP Co. Edited by Linda Hee
DATE RECEIVED: 30 November 2000

We arrived in Hawaii on December 7, 1939. From the ship several of us were transported to Wheeler Army Air Field, which was next to Schofield Barracks. Both bases were located in the center of the island about 20 miles from Honolulu. I was assigned to one of the air wings, but don't recall the unit number. There were about 60 men in the wing. A couple of others and I signed up to become radio operators, and reported each morning to the hanger where we were to take radio training. Each morning at 8:00 AM we would test check all radios in the planes to make sure they were working. The planes would take off for flight training at about 8:30 and return at about 11:30 AM, at which time we would again check the radios to make sure they still working, then turned them off. Between 8:30 and 12:00 AM, and 1:00 to 5:00 PM we were supposed to receive instruction and training in radio operation, but during the first six months we received very little, just sat around the hanger doing nothing except chew the fat. We did take a two- week course in Morse code, but for what reason I don't know because the Air Force does not, and never has used Morse code. Navy and Army yes, but not the Air Force. During that first six months I learned nothing except how to be bored. I was detailed to post guard duty a couple of times, which was even more boring. At about 4:00 AM in the morning, while on guard duty, I would get hungry, and open a carton of milk sitting in the back of one of the mess halls and drink it.

The Way It Was

One day while reading a magazine I noticed an advertisement about how to become a private detective in 10 easy lessons that cost $1.00 each. I sent off for the first lesson. It consisted of one page with the top half describing a crime scene scenario, with the bottom half containing about 8 questions, the answers of which were contained in the scenario. I answered the questions and mailed off a dollar for the second lesson. Again, a one-page lesson with questions as the first. I said to myself, this is stupid, and decided not to waste anymore of my money on that scheme without some advice as to its value. I visited the Military Police Company at Schofield Barracks and asked to speak with someone in the investigation section, and was referred to a Sgt. Fitch who was in charge of the section. However, he was in the post hospital at the time, so I went there to see him. I explained to him my desire and what I was doing. He told me I was just wasting my time and money. He advised that if I really wanted to become an investigator that I should transfer to the Military Police Company, and that if I did he would see to it that I would be assigned to his section, and receive the necessary training. The next day I submitted my request for transfer, which was approved in about two weeks. I lost my Private First Class rating on transfer, which was standard practice in those days because your rank could not be transferred with you from unit to unit. So, I lost about $5.00 per month in the deal, which did not bother me particularly at the time since it was only one grade above Private.

I reported to the Schofield Barracks Military Police Company on or about June 1, 1940. According to standard company practice I had to have all my GI clothing tailored to tightly form-fit my body, and buy combination canvas and leather leggings that were required to be worn above our shoes. Plus, I had to take on the job military police training for one month prior to being assigned to the Registration and Investigation Section commanded by Sgt. Fitch. I was assigned to either gate or patrol duty for two 4-hour shifts each day. At the end of my 30-day training I reported to Sgt. Fitch with glee. During my on-the-job training I talked with him on several occasions and he explained to me what I would be doing in the office, and investigative techniques I would learn, ie.: fingerprint classification, collection and examination of evidence, investigation of crimes, etc., which of course was all new to me. The office registered all vehicles and civilian employees at Schofield Barracks, screened all employee applications for approval, and conducted investigations of crimes on and off post committed by Schofield Barracks military personnel. There were few crimes committed in those days, therefore few investigations. There were four people in the office, including Sgt. Fitch. Sgt. Fitch was very competent and knowledgeable of investigative techniques, and very well liked.

The Military Police Company was an elite type unit, and all personnel were highly competent, efficient, and knowledgeable of police functions. They really looked sharp in their form-fitting uniforms, and reminded me of State Troopers. They were highly respected by other units at the posts. The officers were also highly competent and well-liked. As I recall, there were Captains Evans, Samuel E. Gee, Babcock, and a couple others whose names I don't recall. Colonel Gerhardt was Post Provost Marshal, and Lt. Colonel Connett was the Assistant Provost Marshal. A Major Thurston was in charge of the Registration and Investigation Section, among his other duties. A Captain Faucett later joined the company. Military Police duties were performed mostly on post, no patrols off post except during the first two days of each month during pay day, which was the first day of each month. There were occasional patrols off post when troops

visited the beaches on weekends, and to the Pearl City Tavern in Pearl City, which had monkeys in a cage behind the bar, and was called the "Monkey Bar."

The Pearl City Tavern, which we referred to as the Monkey Bar, was a popular GI hangout, and was the dividing line for the two MP Companies jurisdictions. There was considerable rivalry between the two MP Companies, and some animosity also. On two or three occasions the MPs from Honolulu arrested our patrols in Pearl City for being out of their jurisdiction, and our MPs in turn arrested a couple of their patrols when the occasion arose. That's what caused the friction between the two companies. Prior to being dispatched to MP duty each detail was inspected by the MP Duty Office for proper dress, shoes shined, clean weapons, etc., and the inspections were very strict. If anyone failed inspection he was sent back to his barracks to correct his deficiencies. Each man pulled 4 hours shifts, except the motorized patrols that pulled 8-hour shifts. There were five gates at Schofield: 1) one which separated the Post from the Army Air Base at Wheeler Field; 2) at the East side of the Post which was the Main Gate, and exited to the highway leading to the city of Wahiawa; 3) another less used gate which also exited to the same highway; 4) one at Hasebe's, which consisted of a Japanese beer garden, a tailor shop, photo shop, souvenir shop, and a tailor shop, all owned by Mr. Hasebe, and 5) a gate at Kolekole Pass, that was the entrance to the Navy ammunition storage area on the West side of Oahu. The entry to the ammunition storage area was restricted to authorized persons only. Kolekole Pass was a shortcut to the West Side of Oahu, and with permission we could go to the beaches on that side of the island.

The buildings at Schofield were arranged in quadrangles, with each quadrangle consisting of four three story building and a small parade field in the center. Three of these were for housing troops, the fourth housed administrative offices for Engineer, Infantry, and Artillery units in the quadrangle. Our MP Company was located in the quadrangle housing the Engineer units. There was also a small Post Exchange and snack bar in each quadrangle. The PX contained only a very limited amount of items such as cigarettes, candy, toothpaste, and other daily necessary items. The snack bars had only hamburgers, hot dogs, and sandwiches. There was no central PX as there is today that carry everything you can purchase in a large department store. Also, there was no Post Commissary for buying groceries, as there is today at all military bases.

I buckled down in the office to learn all I could about investigative work. The first thing I learned was taking fingerprints of persons submitting employment applications, classification of fingerprints, dusting and lifting latent fingerprints from objects, and photographing latent fingerprints. In 6 months I was a qualified fingerprint expert, which was necessary in order to testify in court, which I did on a few occasions. At the same time I read books and practiced collection of criminal evidence, evaluation and preservation of such evidence, how to testify in court, interrogation techniques, taking statements from witnesses and suspects, surveillance, and many other subjects relating to investigative activities. In about 6 months I earned my Private First Class rating back which I lost on transfer from Wheeler Field to the MPs.

Shortly after transferring to the MP Company I volunteered for a detail to rescue a young Chinese girl who slipped and fell off the trail running along the top of the Waianae Mountain range just west of Schofield Barracks. Another Chinese lady hiking with her reported the

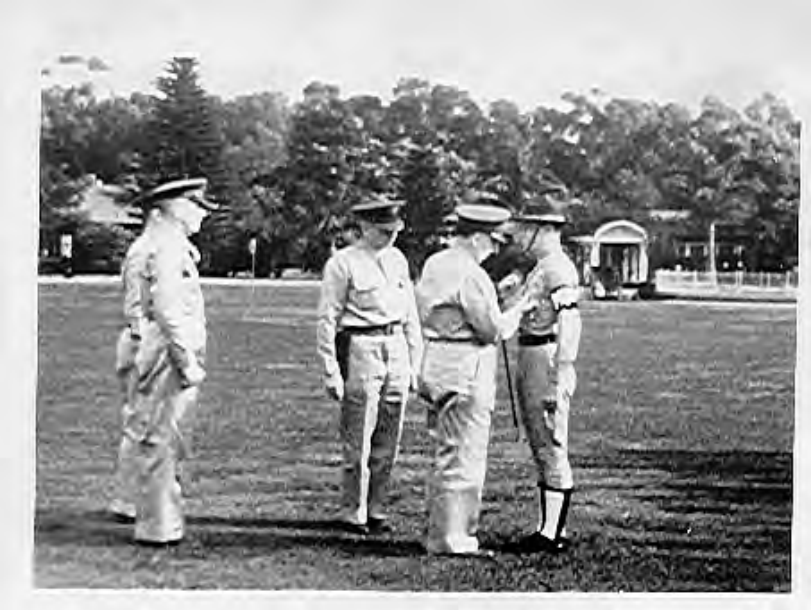
incident to the MP on duty at Kolekole Pass, who in turn reported it to our MP Desk Sergeant at MP Headquarters. The two women were hiking along the narrow trail running along a ridge that runs the entire length of the Waianae Range. The lady who fell lost her shoe which fell a few feet down a loose lava slope, and in attempting to retrieve it, she slipped and fell over the west edge, a sheer vertical cliff about 600 feet high. Our party consisted of about 15 men. We ascended the mountain at the Kolekole Pass area, and quickly located the area where she fell by the description given by her friend. One of our MPs volunteered to go down on a rope to search for the girl's body and bring her up, or call for medical personnel in case she was still alive, which was not considered likely due to the steepness and height of the cliff. We had about 1000 feet of rope, which was tied together about every 50 feet. The MP who volunteered asked to be pulled up after he was lowered a couple hundred feet. I don't recall why he could not make it down. The officer asked for another volunteer and I said I would go. The rope was first looped around a large tree, then the end tied around my waist, and off I went down the cliff. I had a whistle and was instructed to blow one loud blast to stop, twice to continue lowering, and three times to start pulling me back up. After starting back up it was once to stop and two to continue pulling me up. I don't recall blowing the whistle one time going down. I sure felt funny hanging at the end of a rope over a sheer 600-foot cliff, and said to myself I sure hope the damn knots were tied right, and tight. There were no trees on the cliff, only shrubbery. Most of cliff was bare of any vegetation. When I reached the tree line at the bottom of the cliff I noticed a tree that had several branches broken at the top. A little further I spotted the girls limp body. I assumed the force of her fall took her through the tree, which apparently broke her fall. I blew my whistle for them to stop lowering the rope. She was fully clothed and looked as if she was just sleeping, which of course she wasn't. It was obvious she was dead as no one could fall that far straight down and survive. I noticed no blood on the body or the ground. I decided to tie the body to the rope above me by looping the rope under her arms and around her legs. I blew the whistle twice so they would lower enough rope for this purpose. When I had enough I blew the whistle once for them to stop. After I secured the body to the rope about three feet above me I blew the whistle three times as a signal to pull me up.

Returning to the top was much more difficult. The body weighed about 130 lbs, and I had to lift or pull it around large bushes, and out of crevices to keep from getting hung up. By the time I got about 20 feet from the top I was really tired, and blew the whistle twice to stop so I could rest. After resting for about 5-minutes I signaled the pulling team to continue, and I got to the top of the ridge. I was one tired soldier. I estimate it took about one hour and a half to bring the body up to the top. Since it was getting dark we decided to stay on the mountain for the night, as it was too dangerous to members of the rescue team to descend during darkness. One person was sent to Kolekole Pass to notify MP Headquarters by phone that the girl's body had been recovered, and that the team would bring the body down the next morning. The next morning we descended the mountain, and the girl's parents were waiting for us at MP Headquarters to claim their daughter's body. I then learned that the girl's name was Yen Moon Loo from Honolulu.

Our company commander recommended me for the Soldiers Medal for bravery for my efforts in recovering the body of Miss Loo, and about two months later a regimental parade was held in my honor to present me with the medal. I was overwhelmed, and it was hard for me to comprehend,

here was this 17-year old soldier being presented with a medal for bravery at a regimental parade. The Post Commanding General pinned the medal on me, and then I stood beside him while the regiment passed in review before me. It made me even more proud to be in the military. It was really something. The event was published in my home town newspaper, the Blytheville Courier.

In my office, in addition to Sgt. Fitch and myself, were Albert E. Lewis, Norman Griswold, Frank Hurd, Herbert Marshall, Robert Bidgood, Johnny Kwock, and a short muscular fellow whose name I cannot recall. All were very competent workers, we all got along very well together, and became the best of friends. On weekends we would go to Honolulu, to the beach, or climb the mountain ranges. We found a large swimming hole down a large ravine behind the Engineer area, which we visited frequently, and we always swam in the nude because no one was around.



On infrequent occasions we had to pull MP duty in Wahiawa, a small city about a mile from the post, or at the Hasebe village just outside the Hasebe Gate located on the South side of the post. The entire village was owed by Mr. Hasebe, and totally operated by members of his family. We usually had to pull two 4-hour shifts over two days, the 1st and 2nd of each month. At Hasebe's, our instructions were to contact Mr. Hasebe for any suggestions as what he would like us to do, which I did not fully agree with since he was a civilian beer garden owner, but it was not for me to question the orders. The first time I pulled duty at the Hasebe's I didn't see him around, and asked one of the Japanese waitresses where he was. She stated he was in the back. The bar was about 50 feet long with a flop up gate in the middle. I pushed up the gate, and went down the hallway to the back and knocked on the first door I came to. Immediately one of the employees quickly rushed to tell me to wait outside in the bar and she would get Mr. Hasebe. I thought it somewhat strange the employee was so eager to get me away from the back area of the bar. After a few minutes I noticed Mr. Hasebe immerge from the door I had knocked on. He had no

specific instructions for me, just wanted to know that I was present, so I just hung around the bar area waiting for any trouble by the soldiers there. Two or three times I noticed Mr. Hasebe go in the back and re-enter the room from which I saw him come out of, and each time he used a key to unlock the door. Also, when he exited the room he re-locked the door. I also thought this somewhat strange, but just thought he didn't want anyone going in there. Hasebe was Japanese, about 45 years old, and of stocky build. As I mentioned previously, most all the employees were Japanese, and all related to the Hasebe family. There were two white male employees who were married to two of Hasebe's daughters. The second time I pulled duty at Hasebe's I did not see him when I first arrived, so I went directly to the door down the hall in the back, and knocked on the door. Again, an employee immediately rushed to tell me to wait outside and she would ask Mr. Hasebe to come out. She knocked on the door, and this time I heard the door being opened from the inside with a key. This time I really thought it strange. Why would he keep the door locked when he was inside the room. I noticed the same thing on my third and last tour at Hasebe's. I also pulled duty once at the Hasebe MP Gate. On this occasion an intoxicated soldier entered the MP booth, and wanted to use the phone to call his company and ask someone to come pick him up. Use of the MP phone was prohibited and I denied him its use. He became abusive and grabbed for the phone. In the scuffle I threw one punch and knocked him cold. When he woke up he said to me, "Man you don't mess around, do you." I called the MP Desk for a patrol vehicle to pick him up, and take him to his unit under arrest.

In September 1941 Colonel Gerhardt and Lt. Colonel Connet left, and were reassigned to Fort Snelling, Minnesota to organize the Military Police School, and Military Police Officers Candidate School. Sgt. Fitch, a few other men, and a couple of officers also left for Fort Snelling. We did not think much about it at the time. At the same time the Military Police was designated the Military Police Corps. As a separate branch of the US Army it meant that we could count on remaining assigned to Military Police duties throughout our military career, and not worry about being re-assigned to the infantry, artillery, etc. Each Post, division, brigade, and Army could have their separate military police units and Provost Marshals. When Sgt. Fitch left I was promoted to Sergeant, and placed in charge of the Registration and Investigation Section. With this promotion I was allowed to sleep in the Sergeant's room consisting of about 10 men, rather than a regular barracks room with 50 other guys. It afforded more privacy, and prestige.

On Saturday December 6th 1941 a group of us went into Honolulu to visit the beach, see a movie, etc. We came home about midnight, and as usual I slept in on Sunday morning, the 7th. At about 7:30 AM someone starting shaking me and yelling, "Get up, get up, the Japs are attacking". I ignored him and rolled over to go back to sleep. A few minutes later someone else came in, shook me and said the same thing. I heard some loud noises, raised up to look out my window that faced Wheeler Field, and saw large clouds of black smoke billowing up above Wheeler Field. I thought "by God, something really is happening" and quickly got dressed and went downstairs to my office. There I learned that the Japanese were attacking Wheeler Field. A Japanese plane come over and strafed our quadrangle. Two men were playing cards in a tent pitched in the quadrangle, and a bullet hit the center of the table they were sitting at. We were instructed to remain in the barracks and not venture outside. We were not allowed to draw any weapons or ammunition all that day or night. An MP on duty at one of the gates left his post to return to the barracks, and was immediately placed under arrest by Sgt. Balzac, the Company

First Sergeant, for dereliction of duty. Balzac was very tough, and everyone stood tall when he barked an order. At about 9:00 AM dependent women and children started arriving from Wheeler Field, and were housed in our barracks wearing nothing but the clothes they had on at the time. About mid-afternoon they were transported to area homes in and around Honolulu to be housed until other arrangements could be made for them. I went upstairs in the barracks after they left and discovered that they had taken all our sheets and blankets with them. This I figured was ok since they probably needed them more than we did. We soon learned that the main Japanese attack was against the Navy base at Pearl Harbor, Hickam Field, the main air base next to Pearl Harbor, and Wheeler Field adjoining Schofield Barracks. All the planes and hangers at Wheeler Field had been completely destroyed, and some of the barracks damaged. The attack lasted about two hours.

In the afternoon of December 7th two of my men and I were dispatched to the post cemetery to fingerprint about 30 casualties from Wheeler Field that had not been identified. Rigor mortis had set in and it was necessary to break some of the fingers to get them open to be finger- printed. The stench of gunpowder and blood on the bodies was terrible. We released the fingerprints to Graves Registration when finished. I forget the number of soldiers killed at Wheeler Field that day but I think it was less than 100. None were killed or wounded at Schofield Barracks that I heard of. We got back to our barracks too late for dinner so we went to the quadrangle PX to have a hot dog. The stench from the bodies was in our clothes and it was almost impossible to eat anything.

From that Sunday night on everything was in complete blackout status on the Island, and vehicle lights were modified so that only a small slit of light shown through the headlight. It was difficult driving with only that amount of light. During the first two nights there were several alerts of lights flashing signals to enemy ships at sea, enemy landings on Oahu, etc., but all turned out to be false. Why the Japanese did not land on the island was a mystery because they could have taken Oahu almost without a fight in my opinion as troops were not issued any weapons or ammunition that day or night that I heard of. It is possible others, such as infantry and artillery were issued weapons, but I don't really know for sure.

Starting early in the morning of the 7th, and continuing all day, the FBI started picking up Japanese in the Hawaiian islands who had been ear marked as spies, suspected spies, and those sympathetic to Japan. By noon all of the Hasebe family at Hasebe's village had been arrested and interned on Sand Island at Pearl Harbor. I learned that Mr. Hasebe himself was a Japanese Admiral, and that the room which I had knocked on when I pulled MP duty there, and which he kept locked, housed a large radio transmitter and receiver. I later saw this when I visited the bar a few days later. The equipment was still there, but destroyed beyond use by the FBI. So, my suspicion that something was strange about Mr. Hasebe was justified after all. It was later reported that 10,000 Japanese had been picked up and interned on Sand Island.

On December 8th we were issued weapons and ammunition, and were required to carry these at all times, except cooks and those on administrative duties, etc. But the Japanese did not land on Oahu or any other Hawaiian island. A few days later, after things began to settle down, I visited

Wheeler Field and determined that all my friends there were safe and sound. I also visited Pearl Harbor to view the damage there. Several ships were still burning in the harbor at the time.

In January 1942 we started receiving replacements to form an MP Battalion to be known as the 762nd Military Police Battalion, comprising a Headquarters Company, and four MP Companies. We also received several NCOs from the Honolulu MP Company to fill out the NCO Cadre of the companies. They were very efficient and well trained in MP duties. I was promoted to Staff Sergeant. In addition to the 25th Infantry Division the 24th was formed, and several of our original MP sergeants and officers were transferred to the 24th and 25th to form their MP Companies. A Major Salisbury came in for a short time, then was transferred as Provost Marshal of one of the divisions. A Captain Faucett came in and became the officer in charge of my office. Captains Evans, Gee, and Babcock remained as part of Headquarters Company. A Major Richard C. Richardson came in and later became Provost Marshal of Schofield Barracks. Richardson was very competent, efficient, respected and well-liked. He worked for the Greyhound Bus Company prior to being called up from the reserves. Major Salisbury was a weak, milque toast type of person.

Shortly after December 7th, 1941 we started requiring every civilian to complete a four-page personal history questionnaire as a condition of employment. This included all garbage pickup men, who were all Japanese. The questionnaire included questions as to whether they had ever visited a foreign country, served in any foreign military service, had dual citizenship, etc. The questionnaire had to be filled out by all current civilian employees, and those seeking employment for the first time. The garbage men were not government employees, but had to have a pass in order to enter the post to pick up garbage. We discovered that a lot of the Japanese, particularly the garbage men, listed visits to Japan, had dual citizenship, and had served two years in the Japanese army. In fact, if they had dual citizenship, they were required to go back to Japan from Hawaii for 2 years of military service. If they were visiting Japan, and it was time for them to serve, they had to complete their service prior being allowed to leave Japan. Anyone listing military service in Japan was denied entry to the Post, and we denied entry to a lot of Japanese for this reason.

Prior to and after December 7th my section had responsibility for putting up the post flag at 6:00 AM each morning, and taking it down at 5:00 PM each day. The flagpole was located at the West end of the parade field, and the Commanding General's quarters located at the East end with the flagpole in full view from his quarters. It took two men to handle the flag detail, and I rotated the detail among the men in my office. I hated this damn job because if the flag was raised or lowered just one second early or late the General's aide would call my office to complain about it. I tried several times to get the job transferred to some other detail without results. That detail is the only thing that ever ticked me off during my entire tour in Hawaii. One second early or late, what in hell difference does it make, and who should give a damn so long as the flag got up and down "almost" on time is the way I looked at it. About 6 months after Pearl Harbor, I thought I had really had it. A large area near Wahiawa had been made into a land mine storage area with about 300 mines being placed in each pile. One day a grass fire set off a pile of land mines, and all available MP's were called out for traffic control, and help fight the grass fire to prevent other piles of land mines being set off. We got everything under control

at about 11:00 PM at night, and driving back to our barracks I noticed that the flag was still flying high and dry in full moonlight. We stopped our vehicle, and rushed to take it down. But, to my surprise there was no phone call the next morning. I thought sure there would be a phone call and as a result I would be busted back to a Private. There was no one around to take the flag down, but who would buy that excuse. I thought, "boy, someone up there is looking out for me."

Shortly after December 7th First Sergeant Balzac, our Company First Sergeant, was given a direct commission as a Captain and transferred out of the unit. I never heard what happened to him afterwards. One of our top Sergeants who was transferred to the 25th MP Division MP Company was shot and killed by a drunken soldier near Pearl Harbor. I knew him well but can not recall his name at the moment. We had a murder case in which a soldier was killed on military property near Haleiwa Beach. The FBI was notified since they had responsibility for investigating homicides on Federal property, and the area where the body was found was Federal property. My office participated in the investigation. A suspect was located and a confession obtained by telling the suspect his fingerprints were on the suspected murder weapon, a rock, which of course was not true because fingerprints can not be lifted from a rock. But it worked. I recall a burglary case that I handled. Someone broke into one of the locked stores at Hasebe Village and stole a guitar. After the Hasebe family was arrested and interned all of the buildings were locked with all goods left inside. One of our MPs on duty at the South gate informed me that one of our MPs came through the gate on the day of the burglary carrying a guitar. I checked the fellow's clothing locker in the barracks and a guitar matching the description of the one reported stolen was in his locker. He was court-martialed and sentenced to the Post Stockade. I had other cases in which I testified as a fingerprint expert in court during my tour at Schofield Barracks. But crime in the military in those days was very infrequent, as the military was very disciplined, and still is. But the crime rate has increased quite a bit in the military since 1941. During WWII, the Korean War, and Vietnam felony crimes of all types were frequent, including murder. During the Korean War 300 murders were committed, mostly by American troops. All of these were solved, except one, prior to my leaving Korea in May 1952. In the early 1970s a separate Criminal Investigation Division Command was established, under direct control of the Department of the Army in Washington, D.C., to investigate felony crimes in the Army.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor my friends and I had little free time to go hiking on the mountains, swimming, etc., and never revisited our old swimming holes. Time was spent doing our duties, which increased considerably, and keeping up with the progress of the war with Japan and Germany. Looking back, I recalled an incident at Schofield Barracks wherein I was very embarrassed regarding military drill. After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, we dug "V" trenches around the inside of our quadrangle that we could jump into for protection in case of another attack. Two or three mornings each week our company would be marched to the parade field for drill practice. Each time an NCO was selected to march the company from our barracks out to the drill field. One morning it was my turn. For some reason, which I could never explain, I developed a habit of taking one step backward after giving the "preparatory command," prior to giving the actual "execution" command. The company was lined up in front of the barracks and I called them to "Attention." We had to march to the right to get to the drill field, so I loudly yelled the preparatory command "Right", then took my usually step backward,

and to my great astonishment completely disappeared into one of the "V" trenches. I immediately scrambled out and yelled the execution command "Face," and marched the company out to the drill field. No one smiled or said a word to me. If they had I think I would killed them right then and there. Talk about embarrassment. To this day I have never lived that down.

There were large, deep, ravines south of Schofield Barracks and Wheeler Field. They built roads down the middle of these, and then tunnels on each side to store ammunition. Beneath Diamond Head in Honolulu they built a huge underground command center for the Pacific Theater. I visited there a couple of time. You could drive a vehicle right into it.

By about September 1942 almost all of the men in our original MP Company had applied for, been accepted, and sent back to the Military Police and other service Officer Candidate School in the states. I was about the only one left of the original men in the company when I transferred in 1940. The company commander, either Captain Gee or Evans, I don't recall which, kept asking me to apply for Military Police Officer Candidates School (OCS). I kept telling him that I did not want to go. Reason being that I was still under a false enlistment, and I knew that if this came out I could possibly be court- martialed or kicked out of the service. Prior to the war it meant a court-martial and jail time for sure. I didn't know what would happen at the time when he kept asking me to apply for OCS. Finally one day the Captain called me into his office and said I was not leaving until I told him why I did not want to apply for OCS, no ifs and buts about it. I thought long, and hard, and finally decided that I had to tell him about my false enlistment at age 14, the first time, and 16 the last time. To my surprise he stated, "Well, hell, we'll get that straightened out by writing a letter to Washington and get your records changed." About three weeks later he called me back in, and stated that Washington advised it would be too much trouble to change the records, and gave permission for me to apply for OCS, with provision that I state my true date of birth the next time I enlisted. As it turned out I never had a chance to re-enlist after that.

I made application for OCS and was accepted. I appeared before an Officer's Candidate Board, and during questioning they asked me to explain my false enlistment. I told them that I had two brothers in the Army at the time, that I wanted to follow in their footsteps, I liked the Army, and thought it would be a good career. A few days later I received word that I was accepted for OCS. I was surprised, but thought it was because of the great recommendations submitted by the officers I worked for. I also thought they sure must be hard up for officers to have selected me, but I wasn't complaining. The letter of acceptance was signed by Lt. Elmer Slobe, a member of the Honolulu MP Company, and also a member of the Selection Board, who later became a member of Office of Special Investigations of the US Air Force in 1947. Our paths crossed years later, and we became good friends.

I left Hawaii about the December l, 1942 aboard an old freighter. There were about 2500 of us on board, 20 of them going to MP OCS. I knew and had served with several of them, but can't recall their names at the moment. It was the worst ship ride I ever had, but I guess it was all they had to send troops stateside at the time. I graduated on March 26th as a 2nd Lieutenant in the UNITED STATES ARMY. I thought to myself 'by God that old farm boy was going up in the

world." I was really happy, and grateful that I was given the chance to become an officer. It also crossed my mind that if not for the war I would still be an enlisted man in Hawaii, or possibly shipped out with some other unit to the Pacific Theater. To be an officer you had to be 21 years old, and I just made it, having turned 21 on February 3rd.

The Way It Was

NAME : Jack M. Spangler, Technical Sergeant
UNIT: Hawaiian Air Force
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Account sent to the museum by Mr. Spangler
DATE RECEIVED: June 2001

Wednesday, November the 26th, 1941 all first three grades of the enlisted personnel were briefed that morning that we were on a war alert status with the Japanese empire. All the Air Corps would be credited for wartime service until further notice. We were given two areas of probability of attack which were the Philippines and/or Wake Island. The Hawaiian Islands were never mentioned in the briefing. It is history now on where and when this attack actually occurred.

On Saturday, December the 6th we were notified that the alert was discontinued and that we were back on regular status. All aircraft were brought in from revetments and camouflaged areas where they had been parked while on alert. For the first and only time, all aircraft were parked wing tip to wing tip and the next row was parked empannage or tail section to wing trailing edge of the opposite row. Row after row. We had never been instructed to park aircraft like this before. We questioned our superiors why they were being parked this way and were told by headquarters that it was easier to guard the planes this way from sabotage.

On Sunday, December the 7th, I was aroused from my sleep by my friend, Philip Paragan, who wanted to return a favor by inviting me to breakfast at the main PX on the field. My quarters were located in the large barracks fronting on Wright Avenue. I was in charge of the instrument flying department located at the lower level of the barracks fronting Santos Dumont Avenue. I was billeted in an adjoining room to my department. We left my sleeping area and walked from Santos Dumont Avenue to Wright Avenue approximately 400 feet. On the adjacent corner was the large 3 story new barracks. Just when I was turned westbound on Wright Avenue, I heard a tremendous explosion which shook the ground. I saw fire and billowing black smoke. I didn't know it then but this was the first bomb drop that started World War II for the United States of America.

I did not realize what had happened but thought maybe some aircraft had crashed although I couldn't see any evidence of this. The next instant, I saw two Japanese VAL dive bombers with the red meatball on the side of the fuselage. I was dumbfounded. I couldn't believe what I was witnessing. I stood rooted to the ground unable to move. On my right, I heard another aircraft winding up in a dive. I looked up and saw one Japanese VAL dive bomber aiming for the new three story barracks. It looked like he was right on top of me. I saw the bomb release from the plane as the pilot pulled up to the right to avoid the bomb blast. As the bomb was falling, it seemed like it was suspended for an eternity, falling directly overhead. My life flashed before

my eyes and I thought I was going to die. All I could remember was seeing the flash. When I came to, the bomb had landed directly across the street from me between two homes. Luckily, Wright avenue is higher on the north side of the street than the south side where I was standing, therefore I received the concussion of the blast and not the shrapnel. I awoke, finding myself crawling on my hands and knees towards the barracks. I had red lava dirt embedded in every part of my body. I couldn't hear, I couldn't see, I couldn't stand but managed to get across the street into the lower level of the barracks where I knew the quartermaster had stored mattresses. I don't know what happened to my friend and I never saw him again. I wedged myself in between the mattresses, anticipating another bomb blast.

I wasn't there for more than a couple of minutes when I heard a voice calling out if anyone was there. I answered and showed myself. A pilot, who was a Major, asked me if I had any experience on a 50 caliber machine gun on an anti-aircraft mount. I told him that I had. He asked me to follow him. We broke into the supply area and took two 50 caliber guns. One gun was set up on the hangar side and the other one on the northeast end of the building. We did this between the first and second wave. The remaining men took 30 caliber machine guns over the side of the balconies on the first, second, and third floors. They then laid mattresses over the balcony railings to shield themselves from the millions of rounds of ammunition that was stored in a hangar destined for Wake island. One of the dive bombers had set this on fire and the ammunition was flying everywhere. During the second wave we fired at all the Japanese aircraft that were strafing the hangar line, parking ramp and buildings. I was in charge of the gun on the roof that faced the hangar line. One man fed the ammo belt and cleared stoppages while I held the hook on my shoulders to incline the gun downward to fire at the Japanese planes. Another man was triggering the gun. Upon the Major's orders, we fired whereever directed.

In between the first and second wave, a B-17D from March Air Force Base tried to land at Hickam field but the runway was gone. They then tried to land on our field. The other men on the northeast end of the barracks manning the other 50 caliber machine gun started shooting at the B-17. It was a new model that we had never seen before that had a different kind of dorsal fin. The Major and our men were watching the B-17 from our gun station. We saw the pilot and three men from the left waistgunner's position leaning out of the plane waving anything they could get hold of to let us know that they were friendly and on our side so we wouldn't shoot them down. The Major ran over to the other gun station with his weapon drawn and threatened to shoot the gunner if he didn't stop shooting at the B-17. He stopped shooting and they landed safely. During the second wave, we continued to fire on Japanese war planes until the guns were so hot that the bullets would no longer feed into the barrel and it would no longer fire. These guns were water cooled and we had no water. We stayed on the roof until we were sure that there were no more aircraft strafing the field. In the hours that followed, we really didn't know what to do. Looking around me I saw total destruction of all the aircraft. We went down to the parking ramp to see if there was anything that we could salvage but it was useless.

About 1600 hours I received orders to take two working 50 caliber machine guns with M-2 mounts and seven men to the west end of the field. We dug our entrenchments with the following orders: Whiskey alert! Shoot down anything! Wine alert! If you can identify your target as being Japanese, shoot it! Water alert! Hold your fire!

During the evening, just after dark, we were on Whiskey alert. We heard an aircraft approaching the field with navigation lights on. We thought it was a trick and when the aircraft came into our sights, we shot him down. A half hour later we received a communications phone and were given a message to hold our fire. A Navy fighter was coming in. I informed command that he had already come in, and we had shot him down. A half hour later we heard the medics going out to aid the pilot. It seemed like every 50 feet they were challenged by a sentry. I told my men that if they challenged that meat wagon that I was going to shoot them. It was so dark that you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. All you could hear was the word "halt!" They finally reached the Navy pilot and found him to be alive and in Kipapa Gulch with his cockpit sticking up in the air, still strapped in. The fuselage was broken in two parts. We were firing tracers and thought that the fuselage of the plane should have looked like a sieve but it didn't. We must have clipped the ignition harness on his engine. Very few bullets actually hit the plane. After they rescued the pilot he told the medics to tell us that he had been in a gun battle out at sea with a Japanese fighter that had fired at him striking his leg and breaking it. His injuries were not from us. That made my day! I never did get breakfast that day. That red dirt trench was our home for three days. We caught rain water in our canteen cup to drink and found some guavas to eat. Many men lost their lives that day. We were just happy to be alive.

The Way It Was

NAME: Teitenberg, Harriet L. (Mrs. Frank A. McKinley)
UNIT: Civilian
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Mrs. McKinley is a friend of Col. Wells. Given to the museum on her visit here.
DATE RECEIVED: June 3, 1996

Dec. 6 - Firing began at night 1:30 A.M.
Dec. 7 - No "Advertiser morning paper; when telephoned, said that presses broke down at midnight. Paper would be late; perhaps 11 A.M. Between 8 and 9 o'clock (A.M.) constant firing
8:30 A.M. - Radio announcer stated at 3 minute intervals that the Hawaiian Islands were under attack;
All army and navy personnel were ordered to their posts
Radio - "Islands under attack - not simulated - it's the real thing - the real McCoy; everything under control keep calm"
Firemen and policemen report to duty
8:30- 9 A.M. - Puffs of black smoke over Pearl Harbor
Edith Beers, next door neighbor, ordered to FBI office to her work - had bad cold
All civilian defense workers and civil service workers called to office
Ambulance units called
Medical men to report to Disaster Council
Radio announcer broadcast in very nervous manner
Civilians ordered off streets and not to use telephones
10:00 A.M. - First news broadcast - Sporadic air attacks over Islands. The Rising Sun seen on the wing tips; two screaming shells plainly heard; second made a hole in pavement half block away; corner of Lewers and Kuhio; broke windows in surrounding houses and cut palm tree; tore down venetian blinds; injured 3 persons
Motor cycle drivers called
List of all doctors called for duty
10:00 A.M. - Gov. Poindexter declared Island in State of Emergency - under Military Law
Garlick's packed food in cartons in car and medical supplies in case of evacuation
11:15 A.M. - Preliminary preparation for blackout
No phone calls - emergency - operators needed for it; not otherwise
11:30 A.M. - All university Sr. ROTC students report to Univ. of Hawaii immediately
11:45 A.M. - Army ordered radio off the air
12:15 A.M. - More bombing
12:30 A.M. - Positive military orders with military enforcement; do not use telephone; stay off the street; clear all streets of cars
4:30 P.M. - Martial Law - Certain Japanese agents have been apprehended; complete blackout; entire territory at sundown
Rumor: Water contaminated; boil all water until further notice.
Monday, Dec. 8
7 A.M. - Heard part of President's message to Congress; before going to work

Punahou School taken over by U.S. Engineers
Civilian Police with guns at each gate; furniture moved out; all Engineers in offices

10:15 A.M. Paper and milk delivered
Royal Hawaiian, a Red Cross center; windows being blacked-out and lumber being made into operating tables
Water declared pure
Rumor: (without much substantiation) we hear Kimmel withdrew 1000 mile patrol at sea last week Army supposed to have left planes in concentrated group where many were easily damaged by single bombs
Evening: Another blackout; listen to police calls; most of then asking police to investigate lights on; short wave radios; lights on (one on top of church); houses being broken into or suspicious action on part of Japanese or reported parachutists

Dec. 9 - No sound from the radio since 9 last night; Black bombers crossing over house intermittently since before dawn.
10:30 A.M. Air raid sirens being installed;
Grocers closed for inventory; nothing but milk being sold
Police radio - "man carrying basket of pigeons"; hysterical women on sidewalk

Dec. 10 - Still quiet; No radios, cameras or seeds can be sold;
Movies opened from 12-4 during the day, no bread at stores; can be bought only by going to the bakery

Dec. 11 - Germany and Italy declare war on us
Radio on at 11:30 with Hawaiian music; lasted less then 2 hrs.
Wheeler and Hickam Fields with machine shops there have lights on all night to work by
No plans for school in the future
Grocery shelves empty, no salt in town
Gasoline to be rationed from the 15th of Dec. to 10 gallons a month

Dec. 13 - Radio programs resumed
Tentative plans for school in homes beginning about Jan. 5th.

Dec 14 - What about it all; the surprise attack when there was firing on the Japanese the night before; the all school flag a week before; the first time on the Islands; Clapper's column saying Kurusu's mission a Japanese trick and a bluff and no attention paid to it
Public schools being used for evacuees and Red Cross stations
Drug supplies frozen
Clippers running daily
Navy families ordered to mainland

Dec 20 - Japanese land on Wake. Why weren't plane or ships there; this could be a base for operations against Hawaii. Everything about this affair is Why? WHY? Why did we let them come so near; Why did a submarine get into Pearl Harbor; Why didn't people believe the Japanese were here? particularly the Army and Navy; 2 tankers sunk on California coast. "President Harrison"
Evacuating Marines captured by Japanese

Dec. 24 - Do the Japanese know the story of Washington's capture of the Hessians in Trenton on this day; Merry Christmas - with regrets!
Dec. 25 - Hong Kong captured
Jan. 1 - Bread shortage because no yeast left
Sinking of freighter ships along coasts
New shortages daily
Washington beginning to prepare to make up for losses at Pearl Harbor
We feel war bound - shut in from all - the world without
Jan. 2 - Black Point to be evacuated
Manila in Japanese hands; so soon! Too soon!
Gas Masks issued
Jan. 7 - Kiawe trees on Island to be cut down to avoid brush to hide in, in case of parachutist; civilian men volunteered to cut the (trees) called it "Kiawe Drive"
Jan. 11 - Sand needed for incendiary bombs extinguisher; Forbidden to take it from Waikiki; Waialae has barbed wire entanglement to beach; Kahala Park a camp without soldiers; wire gate and barbed wire entanglements out to water got some other side of island. Punahou's cereus hedge, most beautiful in bloom, being cut down to have barbed fence put above wall; old cars or huge pipes in all empty fields, lots, parks, golf courses, etc. to prevent plane landings
Jan. 14 - Air raid alarm at 11:45 (unidentified element given as reason)
Jan. 15 - Navy took over Royal Hawaiian Hotel as place of rest and recreation for officers and men on arduous duty (submarines and air corps)

Smart aleck stories anent the war:
It took Nimitz so long to come here because he had to be fitted for a diving suit to inspect the fleet under sea
It was the CINCUS that sank us
A colored buck private coming to Honolulu came tearing back to the ship shouting "oh, Captain its too late; the Japanese are here already; they have taken the town." this after seeing the Japanese policemen on duty in town.

NAME: Earl M. Thacker
UNIT: Civilian
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Letter given to the museum by Colonel Wells, dated April 7, 1942
DATE RECEIVED: 1996

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR
TO MY FRIENDS ON THE MAINLAND, AFTER FOUR MONTHS AT WAR

I have had so many thoughtful messages, Christmas cards and letters from friends on the Mainland that I am not able to answer them individually. However, I thought that an account of some on the highlights of life in Hawaii Nei under military law, as well as a memo of our personal reaction on the day we were attacked, might be of interest, so I am addressing this mimeographed copy to you in the hope that you will understand and forgive me for not writing personally, at least for the present.

To start at the beginning, December 7th: it was hard to believe that we had actually been attacked. Our family had just finished a leisurely breakfast and we were all planning to go down to Pearl Harbor, hoist sails on the "Panini" and take a family group picture to be sent to our friend as a personal Christmas card. We planned to get there before the sun reached meridian height, which would have been about noon, so that we could get the cloud effects with the coco fringed waters of Pearl Harbor in the foreground. The picture was changed.

In lieu of that Christmas card, I shall try to tell you how we have been living since December 7 in a manner that will, I hope, comply with all the rules of censorship. There are, of course, many things that cannot be told, but I am sure that most of you have read the Knox and Roberts reports, and more recently the highly important and enlightening stories and editorials written by Roy Wilson Howard, Hawaii's understanding friends who needs no introduction to many of you. It was my privilege to spend a great deal of time with Roy while he was here, and I know that it was through his conferences with Admiral Nimitz, General Emmons, Robert L. Shivers, head of the local F.B.I, high ranking Army and Navy officers, as well as civilian leaders, newspaper publisher and correspondents, that he was able to obtain a greater appreciation and understanding of what Hawaii means to the U.S.A.

From these three sources you can get a very accurate account of what occurred here, with neither embellishment nor depreciation of the actual losses. Responsibility, as you know, was fixed on General Short and Admiral Kimmel. I do feel personally, and I hope I am entitled to my own opinions, that it was more the fault of our system and policies, rather than of those in command, that the Pearl Harbor debacle occurred.

I want to caution you in regard to reading material on the Pearl Harbor attack concerning sabotage and fifth column activities. Not one instance of sabotage was proven. Accounts in magazines and newspapers that have come back to us have been, for the most part, highly imaginative and without bias in fact. The horrifying details of arrows cut in canefields to direct the invaders, McKinley High School rings found o n the Japanese pilots, obstruction of highways

by Japanese truck gardeners, short-wave radios, and the rest, are as inaccurate as they are fascinating. While it would be foolhardy to deny the excellent opportunities here for fifth column activities, authorities do not believe that a blanket evacuation of Japanese to a concentration camp or its equivalent is at all warranted. Precautions have been taken to prevent sabotage and the proper agencies are constantly alert to detect fifth columnists.

To get back to the actual events of "Black Sunday", as we experienced them: From our home on Diamond Head we had a ringside seat and full view of much of what was going on. Like almost everyone else, we merely thought that the Army and Navy were being unnecessarily noisy in their maneuvers, especially on a Sunday morning. It was almost eleven 'o'clock when my chauffeur returned from taking one of my friends, a Navy captain, to his ship, and confirmed that we were actually at war, that ships had been bombed and were ablaze in the harbor. It was still hard for me to believe.

By this time the noise was terrific, we could hear the rat-tat-tat of machine gun fire and the sharper clap of anti-aircraft, the roar of big guns and depth charges. The Waianaes (mountains back of Schofield Barracks) were obliterated by the great masses of black smoke stretching from stricken Hickam Field and Pearl Harbor. Here and there, dots of scarlet identified fires throughout the city. At first the planes flew low and the roar of their engines were deafening. Later they climbed much higher and the thinner sound, mixed as it was with the screaming pull-out from dives was more terrifying than before. Towering geysers of water plunged up from the sea as the bombs dropped around the ships that were the targets.

One bomb destroyed a building on McCully Street, and shrapnel and anti-aircraft duds caused further damage in the city. A bomb fell in a house on Pacific Heights, virtually destroying the whole place except for one bedroom in which the owner lay sleeping! There was only one haole civilian casualty, a white woman who was killed by an anti-aircraft shell which exploded under her Dowsett Highland house.

Dorothy, Mr. and Mrs. Dickey, the children Dorothy Anne and Herbert Dickey, and I were all together remained together throughout the day. There seemed to be little that any of us could do except to obey the instructions coming over the radio to "stay off the streets, do not use your telephone. This is the real McCoy, Oahu is being attacked by the Japs." Since then I have been serving as a block warden at Makalei Place and we have things very well organized and systematized at the present time. Each warden spends one night in each fortnight on duty and every district in Honolulu is likewise protected so that there is a constant alert throughout the city.

Many of you have written and asked why I have not gone back on active duty with the Navy. This I will do if and when there is a job to be done that I am particularly qualified to do. Otherwise, it is felt that I can be more effective by serving the community and our country in the several ways I am now doing.

I hope to have Dorothy and the children and Mrs. Dickey get to the Mainland as soon as school is out. They do not want to go but from a health standpoint, as well as an educational one, I

sincerely believe that our youngsters and other young children under 18, should leave the islands for the duration.

We are as you know, under martial law, with General Delos C. Emmons as Military Governor. All violations come before the Provost Court, whose decisions are rapid and penalties severe. While some of the punishments seem very harsh, most of us feel that this arrangement is necessary.

Physically, Honolulu and the island of Oahu have changed. The beaches are strewn with rolls and rolls for barbed wire; guns, machine gun nests and anti-aircraft positions are everywhere; sandbags and sandboxes protect many buildings; trenches mutilate school ground and open spaces such as parks; signs indicating First Aid stations are innumerable and almost every home has its bomb shelter dug into the ground with a vegetable garden growing on top!

It is probably a toss-up between the blackouts and the gasoline rationing as to which is the more restricting. At the present time, beginning April 1, the blackout, which is very strictly enforced is from 7:45 p.m. to 6:39 a.m. By this time most of us have blacked out our homes so that they are comfortable and livable, but at first, under emergency conditions, we really suffered from lack of ventilation. All cars must be off the streets by blackout time except official cars and drivers bearing night passes, but we are permitted to walk outside until nine o'clock, at which time we are figuratively tucked into bed by the Provost Marshall. Automobiles used at night have their lamps painted black except for a 2 1/2" round spot of dark blue in the center and a tiny opening in the stop light to let the red peek through. While this arrangement warns another car of one's presence, it in no way lights the road, so night driving is hazardous.

As I said before, the other major cross we have to bear is gasoline rationing. Each car owner is allowed a basic monthly ten gallons, and some of us, owing to the nature of our business, are granted extra gallonage, but never, in our opinions, in adequate quantities. We realize the importance of gasoline rationing and are going to cooperate but it is difficult to try to conduct our business affairs without sufficient fuel for transportation.

A much more minor cross, and one which we will be more than glad to bear if the need arises, is the carrying of gas masks. We are supposed to carry them at all times, and they are a nuisance in more ways than one, but just one gas attack will change our minds about that.

As curfew hour comes so early it is necessary either to leave in plenty of time to reach home (on foot) by nine p.m., or one must stay overnight. We are all becoming quite used to having a good night's rest curled up on a too-short davenport, or turning the bathtub into a bed. Just recently the theaters have been extended permission to remain open until 7:00 p.m. so that defense workers and office workers have an opportunity to go to an occasional movie. The hotels hold afternoon dances and a few evening dances during the week as well. The moonlight dances are quite popular, the guests of course, remaining overnight. That American institution, the cocktail party, is fast disappearing from the Hawaiian scene due to the scarcity of liquor. All yachts and boats have been either taken over by the Navy or laid up for the duration, as have private airplanes. Hay and grain are almost impossible to get so most of us have turned our horses to

pasture. It is probably a good thing that we are so busy with defense work, in addition to tour regular duties, for we no longer have the opportunities of facilities for play that we than did in the past.

We have all been required to be vaccinated and inoculated against smallpox and typhoid fever. There has been no escape for "conscientious objectors," as it is a military order, so everyone is toting a sore arm, and the women all limp because feminine beauty demanded that they be vaccinated on the leg, although God only know when they'll wear evening dresses again.

As might be expected, there is no such thing as unemployment. Many business have suffered due to unavailability of help, as the defense jobs have offered such as high wages that employees have been lured from their former positions and a few stores closed due to lack of merchandise.

Ships to and from the island travel in convoys. Women and children are being evacuated as rapidly as possible but there are many hundreds still waiting to be called. Clipper space is so limited that it is almost impossible to get passage in either direction as military officials have priority over civilians. All travel operations are strictly confidential.

Due to limited freight space, most of which is required for military supplies, only the most necessary commodities are being shipped to us. Perishable food, of course, had priority, with canned goods also up on the list. There are times when there is scarcity of butter, beef, eggs, fresh vegetables, and fruits until the arrival of another convoy, but we are certainly not starving. Right now we are all dressing about the same as usual, but if this keeps on for a long time we may be back to malos and coconut hats (one for this and the other for that.)

It has been a great thing for the nation to have a fleet of merchant ships that has been built up over a period of years between here and the mainland. Many of the ships have been commandeered by the Navy and some of the luxury liners are now being used as troop ships by the Army Transport Service.

We had prohibition until last moth but are now permitted to buy a very limited amount per person - one bottle per week. It is my understanding that this will continue until the supply in the Islands is exhausted and that it will not be replenished from the Mainland. During the prohibition period I am told that it was soon impossible to buy hair tonics or vanilla extracts.

Retail business during the first couple of days after we were attacked was 25 to 40% normal, compared with the same days in 1940, depending upon type of merchandise sold. This increased to about 85 to 100% normal around the 17th of December, and on the three days before Christmas it went to 125% as compared with the same period the previous year. Prior to December 7 business was about 36% over last year, which was probably due to increase in population by defense workers and military personnel, as well as higher wages paid on defense jobs.

Two major problems confront the sugar industry (1) Labor (2) Equipment and Supplies. Even on December 7 the industry was shorthanded due to the attractive wages offered field laborers by

the various defense projects. Since December 7 the plantations have been called upon heavily, particularly on the Island of Oahu, to furnish large numbers of men for urgent defense activities. While the demand has been reduced somewhat, the plantations continue to furnish sizable numbers of workers each day. A large amount of plantation equipment was and still is being used by the Armed Forces on defense projects. Repairs were necessary on the machinery returned and it has not been possible to get spare parts so that the equipment is not usable.

If labor and equipment were available it would be possible for the Hawaiian Islands to produce approximately one million tons of the sugar which is so vitally needed. But it is difficult at the present time to estimate how much the Islands actually will be able to produce due to the uncertainty of what labor and equipment will be available.

In furtherance of defense efforts, as a result of extensive studies carried on by the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association, a program for diversified agriculture has been developed and considerable cane acreage has been diverted for this purpose. Raising vegetables in Hawaii is not an easy matter and as long as ships are coming here it is the opinion of many that it is more practical to bring in foodstuffs. However, in the meantime, plantations are carrying out pilot planting which may be expanded rapidly if emergency demands. It now looks as though it is advisable to put about 4500 acres of cane land into producing vegetables.

Our second largest industry- pineapple- has suffered from disrupted operations and faces many new problems as a result of developments since December 7. As a substantial amount of fruit is grown on the islands of Lanai and Molokai and this involves the transportation of essential operating supplies to those islands and the bringing of fruit to Honolulu for processing, maintenance of uninterrupted inter-island transportation schedules is of vital importance to the industry. Because of enemy submarine activity in these waters, it has not and probably will not be possible to maintain these schedules.

As might be expected, the industry has been adversely affected by the diversion of manpower and equipment to defense activities. Many problems will undoubtedly arise during the peak operating period during the summer months of 1942 because of blackouts and other restrictions, but the effect of these is unpredictable at this time.

To quote Henry A White, president of the Hawaiian Pineapple company, “By an accident of geography, essential American industries in the Territory of Hawaii are faced with the unique necessity of continuing production in the midst of a war zone. Increased costs, such as freight surcharges and high marine insurance rates, unless government relief is extended, must be borne by the individual concern at consequent competitive disadvantage.”

The Royal Hawaiian Hotel has been leased to the Navy as a recreational and rest center for their personnel. The Red Cross and U.S.O. have units there and the scheme is working out very satisfactorily. The Moana continues to operate as a hotel. There aren’t any tourists, but local people, defense workers and military personnel keep it well filled. The Halekulani serves the same purpose and the Pleasanton Hotel has been taken over by the U.S. Engineers. The Young Reef and considerable other space has been leased to the Engineers.

Regarding real estate, rents have always been considered high in Honolulu and it was generally expected that they would fall right after the bombs did, but this has not been the case. Rental control is in effect here but in only a few instances have rents been lowered. This, of course, is not true of expensive properties which used to be leased to tourists at rentals of from $500 to $1500 per month. There is no demand for this type of property now, but the need for moderately priced homes and apartments continues. The sales market is not exactly brisk but there is some turnover each month, particularly in the $4,000 to $10,000 class, as well as transfers of some business properties. Many leases have been made on industrial and business properties to Army, Navy, and defense contractors.

This letter has become very long, yet I feel that I have barely touched on the various aspects of life in Hawaii today. I hope you have not been bored and that you have found something of interest in these highlights. One thing above all I want to emphasize, and that is that the people of Hawaii, military and civilian, are working together 100%. Morale is excellent, everyone works hard, there is little grumbling about inconveniences and deprivations, and we are all determined to see this thing through and contribute as much as we can to the final victory. Don't worry about us or feel sorry for us, down here. Just buy as many defense bonds as you can. If the jam Daps come back, as we expect they will, we'll give them a Hawaiian welcome they'll never forget. A new kind of Aloha we coined just for them.

Aloha nui to you all.
Earl Thacker
April 7, 1942

The Way It Was

NAME : District 4 Rural Oahu Committee
UNIT: Wahiawa township
TIME PERIOD: December 7, 1941
SOURCE: Report of January 5, 1942 from the Wahiawa Courthouse, Wahiawa, Territory of Hawaii. Copy received from Dick Rodby
DATE RECEIVED: March 1, 2002

The sun had risen warm in a clear blue sky—a nice lazy Sunday had dawned, to be broken only by the bustle of church-going and the comfortable somnolence of a heavy midday dinner. Wahiawa stretched contentedly, nestling against the security of Schofield's and Wheeler Field's boundaries.

And then planes swarmed low overhead and none even looked up. There were several dull thuds, great clouds of black smoke rose from Wheeler Field and the air was split with the vicious crackle of many machine guns spitting hate and destruction. Oahu was under enemy attack!

Leo B. Rodby looked out the window of his home just outside Schofield's Macomb gate and saw a plane skimming the tree tops chasing a milk truck up the road. From the plane streaked the tiny trails of smoke that indicated tracer bullets, gray fingers probing for the truck's engine and the driver's heart. From the lawn outside, his son called, "Hey, Pop! Those are Jap planes!" And "Pop" was suddenly very busy gathering his family into the comparative safety of home and then running to his car while bombs fell two blocks away and tracers kicked up dirt around him. He must reach the Wahiawa courthouse at once to assemble the Disaster Committee of District #4 of which he was head.

On Wahiawa Heights, A.S. Harrington, Major USA Retired, picked up his field glasses to watch the "maneuvers" over Pearl Harbor; nearby Wheeler and Schofield were hidden from his sight by trees. He saw a plane plunge earthward trailing smoke and flame and another burst suddenly in mid-air. He saw the faint white bursts of anti-aircraft shells. And then he went to his wardrobe and brought out the uniform that had hung ready for such an emergency ever since Pacific tension had first become apparent. He must report to Army authorities to volunteer for any aid he could give. He was on his way before the first wave had passed.

And very suddenly there was a silence that was worse than all the ear-splitting noise that had preceded it. Dr. M. Mack and his Emergency Medical Unit were already in action gathering from Wahiawa's streets wounded and dying civilians. And only a handful of the town's population knew in that stunned silence that war had come, that the old familiar drugstores and beauty shops had roofs and walls splintered with bullets which had ruthlessly sought to kill or maim anything and everything that moved in the streets of a quiet little country town.

The handful of those who knew gathered quietly, without excitement, about Mr. Rodby's desk to plan in detail the work whose general outlines had already been formulated months in advance. George McEldowney would enforce the town's first blackout, H.C. Hinrichsen who would mobilize the Disaster Wardens, W. Berry as engineer was to arrange for the first temporary

bomb shelters, Manuel Duarte for the keeping open of communications, S.A. Kirkpatrick, would see that electric power and light would function despite possible damage or sabotage, A.A. Wilson would maintain a pure and adequate water supply, Grant Edwards was organizing the provisional police to augment Wahiawa's efficient but small regular force, and F. Okumura, Japanese Yale graduate, as food administrator was to inventory the town's stock and calm the first hysterical impulse to start hoarding.

And abruptly, almost without warning, the Rising Sun droned angrily close over the roof tops again… but this time the committee heads paid no heed as they sped to their appointed tasks. As one raider plummeted to earth in a blazing inferno just a block behind the courthouse, Mr. Rodby stood on the corner and watched it fall as he answered questions and gave directions. By ten o'clock that morning of December 7th, committee leaders and volunteer helpers were functioning smoothly and with no duplication of effort. Democracy was at work hurling back as the unworthy foe of the challenge that only plain men, ordinary citizens, can make victorious—defense of their homes and their way of life.

Major Harrington as chief of transportation was mobilizing the labor and trucks of the pineapple plantations dispatching them to Schofield and Wheeler for emergency work. Bob Bennett, Junior Chamber of Commerce head volunteered and like the others worked twenty hours without letup as the Major's assistant. As telephones rang incessantly, Mrs. (sic) and Mrs. R.J. Sothern Navy and Army wives, volunteered to expedite messages, to keep a record of activities to handle the clerical work for the organization.

Soon long lines of trucks from big flat-bottomed ones to small covered jalopies were parked in solid ranks well off the highway for blocks around the courthouse, nerve center of Civilian Defense activities for that area. Aboard the trucks waited silent groups of workers and their hands. One after another they were sent to the military gates to report for specific tasks. Empty trucks coupled with French 75's, and started off to the secret beach positions with the startling burdens that had been unsuspected only two short hours before.

A load of federation men drew up before Macomb Gate, entrance to Schofield. Alert Military Police ordered them to climb down while they and their truck were searched for "dangerous" weapons. Suddenly horror spread in military minds as each man was found concealing a vicious looking machete and a cane knife, regular working tools for the Filipino pineapple worker.

Unfamiliar with work which would have no use for such tools, they promptly forgot what little English they knew and jabbered vehemently as they furiously clung to the weapons the police tried to take from them. One little man whose long hair coiled under an outsized cap aroused definite suspicion in a six-two MP, clutched his head gear with both hands to hold it on while the strapping soldier with equal determination tried to snatch it off. The Filipino's terror only made it more sure that here, indeed, must be hidden some devilishly effective weapon for sabotage!

Order was restored only upon the arrival of D.F. Cashin, ex-army sergeant now acting as a provisional policeman, who was able to explain to the malihini that the load of laborers were full

of good intentions and preparedness rather than evil designs against the forces of the united States Army!

A.A. Wilson was our committee's first casualty. The night of the 7th in the blackout intensified by overcast skies, he was trying to contact his various men on water main guarding posts. The headlights of his car, also without lights, approached at high speed. Besides the total wreckage of his automobile, he was fortunate that he sustained only a broken left arm.

As head of the food committee, Mr. Okumura had not only that vitally important work, but also the planning of emergency soup kitchens hastily organized, equipped, and stocked in the fire station. It was in running order by one o'clock in the afternoon of the first day and fed over 600 people that night. When coffee supplies ran low, fresh boiling water was poured over the old grounds twelve different times—and there were more compliments for the latter brew than the earlier ones! As the recognized representative of this race, Mr. Okumura's work was even more difficult for it was he who directed and reassured the confused and, in some cases, terrified Japanese farmers, laborers, and business men whose various efforts were all essential to the continued defense of their island homes.

And there were the provisional police volunteers of all races and creeds who went out that first pitch black night to defend vital installations against they knew not what, armed with nothing but a club, yet determined that what effort and will they could muster would be enough for whatever they might encounter. There was one man, more sure than the rest, perhaps, that a mere stick would not be sufficient, who hammered three-inch nails through his club at two-inch intervals so that all one end of it bristled with steel points. "Cubed steak" would have been the mildest description for any enemy daring to cross his path before the warden in his district discovered his weapon and rearmed him with something less lethal!

The four Japanese airmen whose two planes had been brought down in Wahiawa were held in the town's improvised morgue in a garage. When no official action was taken, they were buried in Wahiawa's cemetery under a marker stating simply and without malice, "here lies four unidentified Japanese aviators."

Dr. Mack's small private hospital overflowed into Red Cross headquarters in the rear of the fire station. After first aid had been administered, these cases were sent out to hospitals in surrounding communities in almost every type of improvised ambulance, from bakery trucks to station wagons.

In such fashion every problem that arose was handled with dispatch and ingenuity, calmly and efficiently, by the inhabitants of the only rural community which had undergone deliberate enemy strafing. Though the Disaster Committee of District #4 had been organized in skeleton form, the chairmen of each group took pride in admitting that they would have been helpless without the splendid cooperation and assistance of all their fellow citizens.

This document is found in the Hawaii War Records Depository at the university of Hawaii-Manoa in Hamilton Library. It is in file 16 which includes reports of the Rural Oahu Committee of the Oahu Civil Defense.

The Way It Was

NAME: R.L. Welch
UNIT: Btry. C, 13th Field Artillery
TIME PERIOD: 1940-42
SOURCE: Letter received from Mr. Welch
DATE RECEIVED: May 2004

Soon after my 21st birthday, Nov. 7, 1940, instead of registering for the draft, I went down to Oneonta, NY and enlisted at a recruiting office for service in the Army in Hawaii. I was sent by bus to Albany, then down along the Hudson River to a point just north of New York where I headed east to the shore of Long Island Bay near the Connecticut border. There I rode a ferry out to a barracks on an Island in the sound north of Rhode Island called Fort Slocum, a World War I relic.

There I received housing and basic training while waiting for a ship to transport us to Hawaii. We enjoyed flocks of seagulls catching bits of bread thrown from upstairs before they reached the ground. In late February we boarded a military transport ship that had been captured in World War I and converted from a cattle boat to a military transport. The former holds now contained rows of double-decker buns in which several hundred slept.

In late February 1941 our shipload of recruits boarded the U.S. Army transport ship "Republic." The ship had to push its way through a floating mass of thin cakes of frozen ice all the way out of Long Island Sound. Off the coast of the Carolinas we encountered a storm with rough seas past Cape Hatteras. Most everyone on board became very seasick which lasted almost until we reached Panama. We enjoyed a pleasant trip through the canal watching small boats loaded with bananas moving across Gatan Lake on their way to being loaded a board ships for transport to the north eastern U.S. markets. Near the Pacific end of the canal, we were allowed to go ashore and walk up a hill to look down on a city on the west coast. We entered the Pacific Ocean in pleasant weather and enjoyed the rest of our ride to Honolulu.

The group of which I was a part was hauled aboard a narrow gauge railway up to Schofield Barracks near the center of the Island of Oahu. Schofield Barracks are two story affairs arranged in quadrangles around parade grounds with roadways through the corners and around the inside of the square. Various military units of different designations, infantry, artillery, chemical warfare, etc. occupied separate quadrangles.

I was assigned to Battery C of the 13th Field Artillery Battalion. We lived by the bugle. Different calls announced meal time, lights out at night, assembly, retreat, alert, etc.

Our sleeping quarters, showers, and storage lockers were on the second floor. A broad deck supported by concrete columns was outside our sleeping quarters giving access to a broad stairway to the street level. Our supply room containing weapons etc. and our mess hall and kitchen were down on the street level.

About a quarter of a mile north of the barracks was our motor park containing 75 millimeter artillery guns on two wheeled trailers that were towed by trucks that carried the gun crews. Batteries A, B, and C each had 4 guns and gun crews that stayed in separate buildings.

We trained in all positions at different times, becoming familiar with all phases of controlling and using the guns to hit various types of targets on a firing range on the mountains to the west as well as direct fire at targets towed on long lines behind destroyers off the west coast.

I became efficient at surveying in the location of forward observation posts and the position of guns on map coordinates, using telescopes with directional bases mounted on tripods as well as range finders and other surveying equipment.

Schofield is near the center of the island of Oahu about 4 miles west of the village of Wahiawa on the King Kamehameha Highway connecting Honolulu with the north shore at Haleiwa. Wheeler Air Force Base is a few miles to the south where the P-40s are based. Hickam Air Force Base where the bombers are based is adjacent to Pearl Harbor near Honolulu.

On the morning of December 7, 1941, Sunday, we were eating breakfast in the lower level of our barrack when we head the explosion of several bombs. What is the Air Force practicing on Sunday morning for?

Finishing eating, I stepped outside the mess hall under the canopy that is supported by several concrete columns. Several strange looking aircraft were flying over from north to south. The rising sun was prominent under the wings. One dipped down in my direction. Upon seeing the machine guns flashing on the wings, I stepped behind one of the concrete columns. That turned out to be a very prudent move.

Realizing that we were under attack, I went to the supply room next door and awakened the supply sergeant. He found his keys and opened the locked boxes of ammunition. I knew that in the event of an alert, my assignment was to take an old 1932 Dodge truck from the motor park, pick up a crew of four men at the barrack and go to a warehouse near Wheeler Air Force Base about 4 miles away and have my crew load the 75 millimeter ammunition into my single rear axle truck.

I got my 30-06 rifle and ammunition from the supply sergeant, went up to our sleeping quarters and got my full field pack off the end of my bunk an my shelter half and blanket rolled up under one arm and headed for the motor park to get my truck.

Halfway to the motor park I finally hard a bugle sound alert. When I drove back to the barrack, my 4 man crew was waiting for me. They loaded my truck with the 75millimaer ammunition and I left them there and headed north on the Kamehameha Highway thru Wahiawa.

Driving north through miles of pineapple field, I was following a truck loaded with infantry men. They were all looking up at something behind me. Checking my rear view mirror, I saw a P-40 coming down in stair step fashion in flames. It crashed in the pineapples about 50 yards to the

left of my truck. The pilot was slumped over the controls surrounded by flames. Of course, we could only continue on our way.

Up near the north end of the island, I took a bare clay track up to the east into a eucalyptus forest where the artillery was setting up to cover any possible landing on the north beaches. The artillery crews unloaded my truck and I went back down to the highway and got another load.

This continued all day, all night, all the second day and half the second night with no sleep and nothing to eat. After the last load, I tried to go on up the wet clay road to a motor park a couple of hundred yards beyond the guns. As long as my truck was loaded, the single axle drive would go up but empty it soon spun out and slid over the side of a deep canyon, hanging up on a sapling. I grabbed my rifle, backpack and roll of blanket and shelter half, slid down the bank a few feet and struggled back up across the road to a pile of leaves near the gun position about 3 o'clock in the night. I rolled up in my blanket and shelter half canvas on the pile of leaves and slept until daylight. Then I went up and told the gunnery sergeant where my truck was.

He sent someone up to the motor park for a couple of the six by six trucks with front winches to gather up my truck and haul it to the motor park. I never drove it again. My assignment became part of the detail section establishing a forward observation post on a cliff overlooking the north shore, calculating firing data in the event of an invasion attempt which never happened.

A couple of months later we were issued some larger artillery 105 millimeter which we set up in a brushy canyon under camouflage nets in a sugar cane field much closer to the north beach. We scrounged up some lumber and constructed sleeping sheds hidden under trees in the canyon. A dirt road ran through the canyon. Since no further attacks occurred a large number of us were promoted and sent back to the United States as a cadre, a nucleus for a new outfit. We would be training draftees and preparing to join a war in Europe.

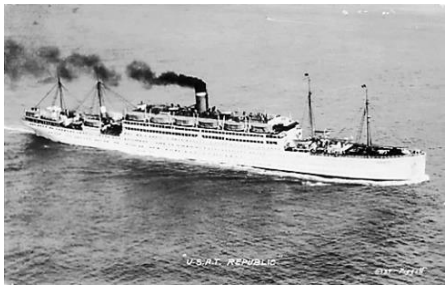
The Way It Was

NAME: Sergeant George Kissel
UNIT: 6th Pursuit Squadron, 18th Pursuit Group
TIME PERIOD: WWII: Wheeler Field 1939-1941
SOURCE: Excerpts from story with pictures written by daughter, Kathy Folkers. (Compiled from collection of labeled pictures and 1941 diary.)
DATE RECEIVED: 12 November 2024

Summary: Sergeant George Kissel served in the Ground Artillery in the U.S. Army Air Corps 6th Pursuit Squadron in the 18th Pursuit Group at Wheeler Field on the Island of Oahu in the Territory of Hawaii from December 13, 1939 – December 7, 1941. (Released from Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, California and received a Certified Disability Discharge from the U.S. Army on June 23, 1942.)

Prologue: George Kissel, born on March 29, 1921 in Meriden, Connecticut, grew up on Long Island in the small town of Westhampton, New York. Graduated Westhampton Beach High School in June, 1939 before enlisting four months later, at the age of 18, in the U.S. Army on October 31. He chose ground artillery in the U.S. Army Air Corps as his preferred type of service. George completed his basic training at Fort Slocum in New York. Private George Kissel was assigned to the 6th Pursuit Squadron in the 18th Pursuit Group in the U.S. Army Air Corps at Wheeler Field on the Island of Oahu in the Territory of Hawaii. George was an avid photographer who, as soon as a photo album was filled, mailed it home for safe keeping.

On November 14, George boarded the U.S. Army Transport (U.S.A.T.) Republic in New York Harbor to begin the 30-day (November 14 to December 13, 1939) voyage from New York to the Island of Oahu in the Territory of Hawaii, by way of the Panama Canal and San Francisco, California. [Pictured: U.S.A.T. Republic, image from Photo #NH105094 USAT Republic underway / Transport (AP) Photo Index / Service Ship, Photo Archive on NavSource.org]



On November 21, the U.S.A.T. Republic arrived at the entrance to the Panama Canal, on the Atlantic side, where it remained at the dock (pictured) to re-stock supplies. All the soldiers were permitted to go on shore to walk around the Panama Canal Zone during the layover. On November 23, the ship departed to begin its journey through the canal to the Pacific Ocean, before continuing its voyage up the west coast of Central America and Mexico to California.

The Way It Was

The U.S.A.T. Republic arrived at the San Francisco Port of Embarkation in California on December 1. The soldiers left the ship and made their way down to the harbor where they boarded a harbor boat to Fort McDowell on Angel Island in the San Francisco Bay. George explored the island while he was there. Pictured: George standing on the highest point of Angel Island.

On December 5, all the soldiers returned to the U.S.A.T. Republic for its scheduled departure to the Territory of Hawaii. The ship left port and sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge before heading out into the Pacific Ocean. George took these pictures onboard the ship during the ocean voyage.

On December 13, George knew they were near the end of their journey, when he saw the B-18 Army Bomber (pictured) flying by welcoming the U.S.A.T. Republic to the Territory of Hawaii. A short while later, the ship arrived at the dock in Honolulu on the Island of Oahu. After departing the ship, the soldiers were then transported to their assigned posts. Upon arrival at Wheeler Field, George joined the group of new recruits standing in the assembly area (pictured), where he waited for his physical examination before being assigned to his quarters in the 6th Pursuit Squadron Barracks building. (Second and third pictures: Wright Gate, Main Entrance and Wheeler Field Airdrome sign.)

The Way It Was

The following pictures show George's "new home" in the 6th Pursuit Squadron Barracks building.

Pictured:
6th Pursuit Squadron Barracks building.
Sleeping quarters.
(George's bed located on second floor, in the 3rd bay, east side, near window on right.)

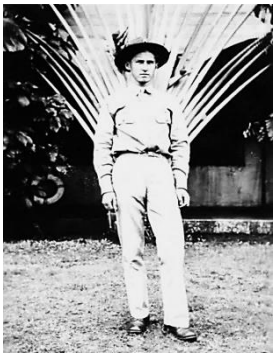
Pictured:
Mess Hall
and Day Room
on first floor.

George's hours of active duty varied each day. Getting along with others and working as a team was essential when one was living in close quarters. Everyone on his floor made quick work of completing the everyday task of cleaning up their sleeping quarters along with bathroom and shower areas. All the men were also assigned various intermittent work details during the week, such as kitchen duty, locker detail, and laundry detail. George was also required to do calisthenics, and take training classes in weapons and gas mask usage.

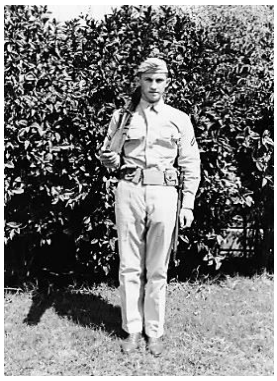
Pictured: Locker Detail (cleaning, repairing, painting lockers from barracks buildings).
Laundry Detail (George, outside barracks building, throwing a bundle of laundry up to Pvt. Carroll to be loaded on the truck.) (George and Pvt. Carroll arriving at Schofield Barracks Laundry Building.)

The Way It Was

Pictured: George, posing in his uniform, wearing his different headgear.

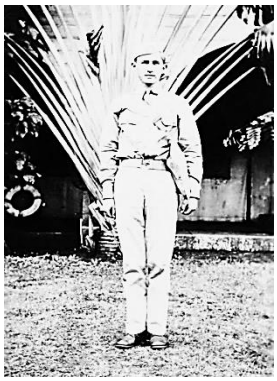


George "Ready for Guard Duty" and the correct position to stand in when using a hand gun.




Pictured: "Right Shoulder, Arms;" "Present Arms;" "Charge;" and "Standing with hand gun."

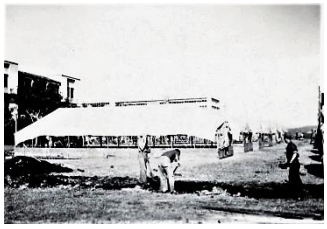
Pictured: George practicing putting on and wearing his gas mask.



During 1940, George, along with others from his squadron, were assigned to "Lumber Detail," which involved taking one of the Army trucks to Hickam Field to pick up lumber to bring back to Wheeler Field. The lumber was then used to build the "Rookie Camp" for training and housing the additional personnel.

The Way It Was

Pictured: George, sitting in the bed of the truck, at entrance to Hickam Field. George (on right) unhooking the tailgate right before loading lumber onto truck.



Pictured: First two pictures are buildings for the training center and the last two are sleep tents in the Rookie Camp.

<u>Promotions</u>
Private to Private First Class – May 1940
Private First Class to Corporal – September 16, 1941
Corporal to Sergeant – November 1, 1941

Pictured: George in May 1940 and September 1941.

George's favorite activity, during his off-duty hours, was exploring the Island of Oahu with his close friend, John Godsmark, who was a radio technician in his squadron. John also came from Long Island and enjoyed the outdoors. The two of them were usually on the same off-duty schedule. They headed out on their bicycles (pictured: George with his bike in front of sugar cane field) to explore the nearby areas first, before riding over to the towns along the coastline. Elevation changes never bothered them. Their trips involved biking and hiking to get to their destination. Some of the places visited were the towns of Wahiawa and Haleiwa, Rainbow Bridge over Anahulu River, Waimea Falls, Mormon Temple in Laie, Kaena Point, Nanakuli, Maile, and Kaneana Cave. By the end of 1940, they had logged 818 miles bike riding around the island, with still plenty more places to see.

The Way It Was

In January of 1941, George completed a four-month course in Aerial and Ground Photography at the Air Base Photographic Laboratory (pictured). The course consisted of lectures, hands-on work, and a field trip. Some of the things George learned in class were developing negatives and aerial film, repair and maintenance of a K-3B aerial camera, and mosaic mapping of pictures. George also learned how to figure out flight lines, make a template, plotting a picture mosaic on a flight map, and, finally, copying the map. This was done by setting up a mosaic on the copy camera, then copied it on 20"x24" film, and developed it. The highlight of the course, was the exciting field trip up in a plane to take aerial photographs. The students were divided up into small groups for the field trip in January. The day had finally arrived for George's group to go up in the B-18 Army plane. Due to cloud cover over Oahu, they flew 25 miles south to the next island, Molokai, where they took some pictures from 10,000 feet. After their mission was completed, the students were allowed to look out the windows at the spectacular views. It was at this time, that George got his first look, in the far distance, of the twin peaks of the Big Island of Hawaii. George thoroughly enjoyed his first airplane ride at the age of 19!

On June 17, George went with John to the nearby town of Wahiawa to look at a 1929 Chevrolet Convertible Coupe that was for sale. George hoped to buy the car if he could get the Squadron Commander's permission. The next day, he spoke to the Squadron Commander, and received neither a yes or no for an answer to his request. That afternoon, George went back to speak with the owner, looked over the car again, and drove it around. Later that same afternoon, without the Squadron Commander's permission, George went ahead and drew out money from his Postal Savings account and bought the car for $50. It wasn't until three days later, that George finally received permission to buy himself a car. Over many weeks, when time permitted, George and John worked on the car replacing parts and giving it a paint job to make it run and look better. No more bike riding, now they could travel everywhere on the island, e.g. Honolulu area and Waikiki Beach with Diamond Head in the background. Pictured: John Godsmark and Richard Johnson out for a ride in George's car.

George received orders to report to the Bellows Field Gunnery Camp (pictured). On July 4, George and seven other men took a loaded ration truck of supplies and clean laundry down to the Camp. Upon arrival, three hours later, they all unloaded the truck and got settled. George was assigned to the Supply Tent, where he slept on a nice "hard" cot during his stay. He oversaw making sure it was stocked with all the necessary supplies for the incoming soldiers arriving for their training. George handled issuing each soldier a cot, linen, and

any other required equipment. He also took care of changing out the linen, counting it, tying it into rolls and put it in bundles to be loaded on the ration truck. George even got to go, a few times, on the ration truck to Wheeler Field to exchange the laundry and pick up additional supplies. The support personnel covered each other so that they could have time off from "active" duty. George and Private First-Class Theo Adams usually were off duty at the same time. The two of them would walk down to the nearby beach for a swim, or play some horseshoes, throw a ball around, or just play a game of checkers. During one of his trips back to Wheeler Field, George picked up his car and drove it back. Now George and Theo could go exploring on Mt. Olympus and in the Hanauma Bay area. Pictured: George eating a banana while sitting on the running board of his car on Mt. Olympus. In addition to his daily jobs, George took his turn, for a few hours on July 14 and 15, guarding the beach against possible sabotage. Later in the month, on July 25, the whole Hawaiian Department went on "alert," which was not unusual "as the war clouds gathered over the Pacific and the intensity of alerts, exercises, and other training activities increased." On July 30, George, along with the other men in his group, completed their assignment at Bellows Field and returned to Wheeler Field.

George and John were granted permission to go on a two-week trip to the Kilauea Military Camp located inside the Hawaii Volcanoes National Park on the Big Island of Hawaii. On October 14, Staff Sergeant Backsdale, Sergeant Garrett, Corporal Kissel, and Private First Class Godsmark took a two-hour flight on board an OA-9 plane (pictured - image from avionslegendaires.net/avion-militaire/Grumman-jrfoa-9-goose/), flying at a speed of 140 at an altitude of 4,500 to 6,000, to Hilo Airport. They all took a bus from the airport to the Service Club in Hilo and then a sampan (taxi) out to the Camp. George and John settled in their sleeping quarters in the visitor barracks building before taking a hike over to the Kilauea Iki Crater. Later in the day, they took a hike over to the sulfur pits and volcano houses.

Pictured: Main Headquarters; center part of Camp showing one of the many water tanks; Visitor Barracks where George and John stayed.

The Way It Was

George and John's exploration schedule varied each day depending on the weather and their active-duty hours. Both did general policing of the barracks and cleaned windows for half a day, and, only John, had an additional full day of kitchen duty. George and John used several modes of transportation, e.g., hiking, car, and bus, to see as much as they could during their stay on the island. Some of the sites they saw were the Thurston Lava Tube, Sandalwood Trail that leads to the Kilauea Iki Crater, and Chain of Craters. Pictured: George on the Sandalwood Trail.

Pictured: George standing on the floor of the crater amid a field of crumbling lava. George leaning on the sign post that reads "Next Crater 0.8M →" in one of the jungles on the trail that leads around the Chain of Craters.

One of the Staff Sergeants and his wife at the Camp took Staff Sergeant Backsdale, Sergeant Garrett, Corporal Kissel, and Private First Class Godsmark on a two-day car trip around the island. The scenery, during the first 60 miles, was mostly lava flows from various years. They stopped along-side the road to get a closer look at the lava, when they came upon a sign that read "1907 Flow East Arm, Began 14 miles above road, Extends 5 miles below road to within one mile of ocean." On their journey they stopped in the Kona District, known as "coffee country," to see coffee plants, a mill where they dried the beans, along with a Japanese Temple and the Kailua-Kona seaport. They stayed overnight at the Kona Hotel. The next day, George and John saw more lava flows and in the late morning they left the main road, at the Village of Honokea, to take the 8-mile scenic road up to a lookout point, located on the northeast shore of the island along the Hamakua Coast atop the rim of the steep-walled Waipio Valley (pictured: entrance to Waipio Valley) thousands of feet below, before returning to the main road. They continued to see many wonderful sights along the leeward (eastern) side of the island, including Rainbow Falls, before returning to Camp. George and the others took their second car trip the next day to Black Sands Beach. On the way there, they stopped to see Lava Trees, Warm Springs, Cinder Pits, and Green Lake. On the way back to Camp, they explored the Cave of Refuge.

George and John stayed at the Service Club during their two-day stay in Hilo. They visited again the Rainbow Falls in the Wailuku River, where they saw the sun shining on the falls to form a rainbow

as it cascaded over a lava cave. Next was a tour of a power house before taking a ride on the "Scenic Express" excursion train that ran on the Hawaii Consolidated Railway. They were treated to spectacular views of the rugged Hamakua Coast, pounding surf, massive cliffs, plunging waterfalls, and wild and tangled tropical vegetation. The train stopped on one of the trestles (bridges) where the passengers disembarked to admire the outstanding scenery. After lunch, they met up with a man who showed them around the town and through a sugar mill and ended their day at the Circus. On their last day, George and John visited Coconut Island, the site of an ancient healing temple and used during WWII to train for amphibious landings; Japanese Gardens; and walked down along the waterfront to view the inter-island steamships at the docks in Hilo Bay.

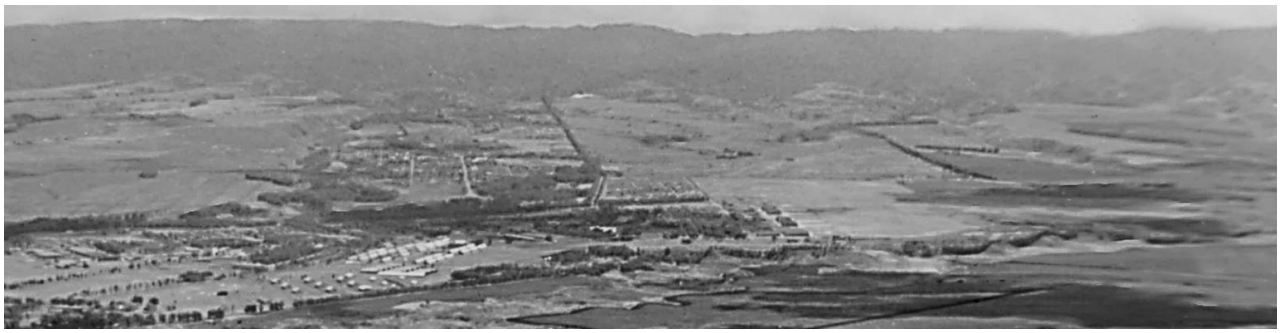
In the evening of October 27, the group left Kilauea Military Camp and stayed overnight at the Service Club in Hilo in the hope that they could catch an airplane the next morning back to the Island of Oahu. The next day came and an OA-9 plane did come in, but it was loaded, so they couldn't go back on it. By late afternoon they gave up waiting for another plane. On October 29, in the early morning, George spotted a B-18 headed for the airport. The four of them got into a sampan (taxi) and arrived at the airport before the plane landed. They asked the pilot if he had room for the four of them and he replied, "we have 4 extra chutes," so they went home on the B-18 (pictured - image from en.wikipedia.org). George was given the opportunity to ride, for a short while, in the rear gunner's compartment and had a very nice view of the Hawaiian Islands. The plane landed at Hickam Field shortly after 10:00 a.m. Upon arrival, they contacted Wheeler Field and a truck came to pick them up, arriving back on base by late morning.

<u>Sunday morning, December 7, 1941</u>

Wheeler Field was a primary target and site of the first attack,
leading up to the attack on Pearl Harbor. The Japanese attacked the airfield to prevent
the numerous planes there from getting airborne.

<u>Historical Note</u>: The attack on Pearl Harbor was a surprise military strike by the Imperial Japanese Navy Air Service against the United States naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii Territory, on the morning of December 7, 1941. The attack led to the United States' entry into World War II. The Japanese took Wheeler Field completely by surprise by attacking here first before heading south to Pearl Harbor. The first wave of dive bombers lined up on the hangars paralleling the aircraft parking area. Releasing their bombs from 500 to 1,000 feet, they made direct hits on Hangars 1 and 3 and additional buildings in that area. One bomb struck the 6th Pursuit Squadron Barracks. [The complete Air Force / U.S. Air Corps story is told in the book entitled "7 December 1941 The Air Force Story," written by Leatrice R. Arakaki and John R. Kuborn (Pacific Air Forces, Office of History, Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii, 1991). Detailed information on Wheeler Field, Bellows Field, and the Japanese attack on Wheeler Field, during the time George was stationed there, can be found in: Chapter III –

Assignment Paradise: Fighter Command (ibiblio.org/hyperwar/AAF/7Dec41/7Dec41-3.html), Chapter IV – 7 December 1941: A Day That Will Live In Infamy (ibiblio.org/hyperwar/AAF/7Dec41/7Dec41-4.html), and Chapter VI – Hell in Paradise: Fighter Command (ibiblio.org/hyperwar/AAF/7Dec41/7Dec41-6.html).]

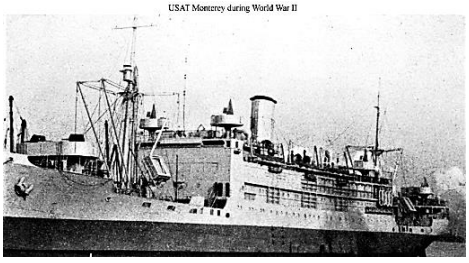


Pictured: View of Schofield Barracks and Wheeler Field
seen from the top of the Waianae Range Mountains in early 1940.

Pictured: Planes and Hangars burning at Wheeler Field soon after the Japanese attack.
(image from history.navy.mil/our-collections/photography/wars-and-events/world-war-ii/pearl-harbor-raid/attacks-on-airfields-and-aerial-combat/general-views/NH-50473.html)
6th Pursuit Squadron Barracks building badly damaged by a bomb.
(image from ibiblio.org/hyperwar/AAF/7Dec41/7Dec41-6.html)

George wrote down, on American Red Cross paper, his memory of what happened on the morning of December 7, 1941. The following is an excerpt: "Sunday 7, 1941. Up at 7:45 dressed, then went down to kitchen and made some sandwitches for Johnny and myself. After finished that we ate our breakfast and I was just starting to make some ice cold fruit aid when the bombing started. The first explosion shook the whole Field and the bomb landed in the post dump. Everybody at first thought it was a P-40 that had crashed but soon had found out different. I looked out the kitchen door and could see bombs dropping from planes somewhat resembling our BT-2's, the bombs made a pretty sight where they fell to. The last one that I saw land was in the vicinity of the 45th & 46th Sqdn., a short

time later one hit the 6th Pur. Sqdn. and next thing I knew I was lying on the floor under the officer's mess table and everybody was yelling all kinds of advice. I don't think I passed out at all but because of the smoke and the fact that my face was so cut up my eyes were full blood so I didn't see much. It must have been a short time later when they were out of bombs, but they didn't run out of machine gun bullets for I could hear them hitting the building continually. About 9 o'clock according to later reports was when I was put in an ambulance and taken to Schofield Barracks Hospital…." (George's left leg was hit by bomb fragments. The injury was so serious that they had to amputate his leg above the knee.)


USAT Monterey during World War II

George stayed in the Schofield Hospital until the morning of December 25. He wrote in his diary, "When woke up this morning they told us that today was the day we were leaving (for the U.S. mainland)…..and took us on board the U.S.A.T. Monterey at Honolulu." On December 26, "when got up we were still docked in Honolulu but by 10 o'clock were on our way…..We have three ships in the convoy, the U.S.A.T. Lurline, Monterey (pictured - image from navsource.org/archives/09/22/22068.htm), and Mariposa. This ship is carrying about 80 wounded soldiers and the rest evacuees, women and children. The other two boats are evacuees. We have a Navy escort of several vessels. The sea is fairly calm and going good." On December 31, "….went up on deck to watch the ship come in. I was on deck while we sail under Golden Gate Bridge and into the harbor then I went down to the hospital. Some while later we were carried out on stretchers to waiting ambulances and taken to the Hospital. I am in Ward E-1 and first thing got was my dinner. Later an interview and physical check up by a doctor. After that wrote a letter to the folks. They have Hushatone speaker units so we can listen to the radio whenever we care to."

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Over 50 years later, George, at the age of 74, returned to the Hawaiian Island of Oahu for a visit in May of 1995.

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George spent the next six months recuperating in the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, California. It was here, that he received his first wooden artificial limb (leg), to make walking easier. Pictured: George during his recuperation period.

The Way It Was

On April 21, 1942, Sergeant George Kissel was awarded the Order of the Purple Heart medal at a Ceremony that took place in the Letterman General Hospital.

Pictured: George (right), standing on crutches, wearing his medal on his uniform. (Official photograph: Signal Corps, United States Army, 9th Corps Area, Dated April 21, 1942)

George was released from the Letterman General Hospital and received a Certified Disability Discharge from the U.S. Army on June 23, 1942.

George returned home to Westhampton on July 2. His arrival was announced in a local newspaper: "Sgt. George Kissel has received an honorable discharge from the U.S. Army and has arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kissel. He was wounded at Hickam Field, Hawaii, in the Japanese attack on December 7, receiving cuts and injuries from flying shrapnel, and loss of the left leg above the knee. He has been in the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco for several months." (Note: George was wounded at Wheeler Field.)

Pictured: George with his sisters Irene and Anna along with father Charles and mother Sophie. (professional picture)

Epilogue: George and John's friendship continued for many years after they both left Hawaii and eventually returned home to Long Island. George continued his education in California and graduated with an Associate Degree in Chemistry and Electrical Engineering from Santa Rosa Junior College in 1945, and a Bachelor's Degree in Chemistry from the College of Chemistry at Stanford University in 1949. George returned home to New York where he worked as a Physical Chemist in the Research and Development Division at National Dairy Research Laboratories in Oakdale from 1950-1958 and as a Chemistry Associate I in the Department of Applied Science at Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton from 1959-1982. George married in 1950 and had three children. The family settled in the home he helped build in the small town of Bayport. Through the years, he enjoyed gardening and growing his own fruits and vegetables on his one-acre property. George passed away on July 30, 1996.