

NORTH TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION
NUMBER
551

Interview with
JAMES BEASLEY
August 4, 1981

Place of Interview: Dallas, Texas

Interviewer: Ronald E. Marcello

Terms of Use: OPEN

Approved: *James Beasley*
(Signature)

Date: 8-4-81

COPYRIGHT



1982

THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF NORTH TEXAS STATE
UNIVERSITY IN THE CITY OF DENTON

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Coordinator of the Oral History Collection or the University Archivist, North Texas State University, Denton, Texas 76203

Oral History Collection

James Beasley

Interviewer: Dr. Ronald E. Marcello

Place of Interview: Dallas, Texas

Date: August 4, 1981

Dr. Marcello: This is Ron Marcello interviewing James Beasley for the North Texas State University Oral History Collection. The interview is taking place on August 4, 1981, in Dallas, Texas. I'm interviewing Mr. Beasley in order to get his reminiscences and experiences and impressions while he was a member of the 3rd Battalion, 27th Infantry, at Schofield Barracks during the Japanese attack there and at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

Mr. Beasley, to begin this interview, very briefly give me a biographical sketch of yourself. In other words, tell me when you were born, where you were born, your education--things of that nature. Just be very brief and general.

Mr. Beasley: I was born in Harnett County, North Carolina, on March 30, 1921. My folks farmed and they continued to farm until World War II. But just prior to World War II--as a matter of fact, it was very early in 1940--I left the farm and joined the United States Army, in the Regular Army, and took an assignment in Hawaii. I arrived in Hawaii on April 29, 1940.

Marcello: Why did you decide to join the Army in 1940?

Beasley: Well, I grew up on a farm, like a lot of other people in the same situation I was in, you know, tobacco farming, back when we used to cure tobacco and cook our food and warm the house all by wood. We had plenty of wood, unlike what you find around Texas. That meant a lot of hard work not only in the summertime but in winter as well. Of course, approaching the age of about eighteen, it looked like I had gotten all the schooling I was ever going to get. I was just looking for something away from the farm--adventure, I suppose. When I consulted with the Army recruiters about joining the Army, as I pointed out to them, I was only interested in foreign service. They had openings in Hawaii and also in the Philippine Islands, and I chose Hawaii.

Marcello: Why did you select the Army as opposed to one of the other branches such as the Navy, which would have probably offered you travel opportunities, also?

Beasley: Well, since you mentioned the Navy, they turned me down. My left eye has never been developed fully. It's just a slight weakness that has never given me any problems, but it will always be there. For some reason or another, the Navy turned me down,

Marcello: Where did you join the Army?

Beasley: I joined the Army in Raleigh, North Carolina. I lived near Raleigh, about fifteen miles out of Raleigh, in the country,

Marcello: You mentioned that you joined the Army in Raleigh. I assume, as was the custom at that time, that you received no basic training in the United States.

Beasley: No, not really. However, while waiting for a ship at Sullivan Island, South Carolina--that's just right outside of Charleston--while waiting for a ship there from early January until early April, we did undergo something like boot training because we had to do something. But we still had to take our regular course of boot training with our assigned duties in Hawaii.

Marcello: Describe your trip from South Carolina to the Hawaiian Islands.

Beasley: Well, of course, we were having paydays while we were there at Charleston--every thirty days--like everybody else did at that time, and they were allowing fellows to take a couple of days to go back home to visit their folks and this kind of thing. But as it turned out, during the time that it would have been normally my time to go on pass, I happened to be in the hospital for a few days with some kind of bronchial trouble or something, and I didn't get to go. So about three or four days before the ship was to pull out, we did have a payday. They had cut out all passes. There were no more passes because they didn't want anybody to miss the ship.

So I went AWOL for about one day and two nights, and it

was a real close schedule, but I did ride a bus all night and spend all day with my folks and rode the bus all night the next night coming back to Charleston, and the Army never missed me. So I caught my ship, and the ship pulled out of Charleston on April 4, and, of course, it was the USS Hunter Leggett, which was a remodeled Army transport and was on its first voyage out after all this remodeling, I understand. We had a nice cruise through the Caribbean, which was a little bit on the rough side. Going through the Panama Canal was quite an adventure. As a matter of fact, we spent the night in that area on this man-made lake there in the canal.

Marcello: Did you get a chance to get off the ship at all?

Beasley: No, we weren't allowed to get off the ship in Panama, but we spent the biggest part of the day and the night in that area. It was interesting to view everything, and you had time to think about it. After leaving the Panama Canal area, we sailed up the Pacific there toward San Francisco.

Passing by some country there--I forget the name of what country--I do remember quite well that in late afternoon we were cruising somewhere off Central America there, and we hit a little storm. It happened so suddenly that the fellows were still out on deck, and the poker games were going, and the blankets were spread, and everything was going just dandy. All of a sudden, this ship began to rear

up in front and then dip water on the second time down. Fellows were getting knocked off their feet by this gush of water coming over the bow, and before we realized what had happened to us there, we were in a storm, and we were having water coming up on deck.

There were a lot of fellows that got seasick that night, and I think I was about in the worst condition of any of them. That lasted just about all during the night. I learned a lot about getting seasick that night. After threatening and contemplating jumping overboard that night a few times, I finally learned that a good way to cope with this situation is to kind of buckle yourself down. So some of the other fellows that I talked to had had some previous experience with it, and I learned that by getting in my bunk...and, of course, you couldn't...this was kind of rough, and it wasn't very easy to lie in a bunk. So by taking your belt off and running it through the springs of the swinging bunk and drawing it up real tight actually was a relief. I not only got over the seasickness, even though it was still rough, but I actually went to sleep like that.

But, anyway, we arrived in San Francisco...I don't remember what day, I think it was the 19th of April. We docked there and got off the ship, went over to a staging area at a place called Angel Island. I think we spent something like three or four days there. But not having any funds,

I was one who chose not to go to San Francisco on leave because money wasn't very "political" back then.

Marcello: At this point I gather that you had really not been assigned to any permanent unit yet.

Beasley: That's correct. We were to be assigned to some unit, not knowing what. We did know it would be the infantry. We were assigned to the infantry, there being several infantry regiments in Hawaii.

Marcello: How long did it take to go from San Francisco or Angel Island over to Honolulu?

Beasley: Six days. The roughest water of all was the night after leaving San Francisco. I understand, from talking to someone on board, that when you go through that area, it's always rough. The only way to miss it is to fly,

Marcello: You're talking about the land swells?

Beasley: Yes, I guess so. Just a few hours out of San Francisco, the water really gets rough. Of course, everybody was seasick again, but that didn't last but just a little while.

Marcello: What ship are you on now?

Beasley: It was still the Hunter Leggett. And, of course...let's see. It was six days from San Francisco into Honolulu. We arrived in Honolulu, I believe, on the 29th of April. Of course, we pulled right into the Honolulu Harbor and got off the ship, and, believe it or not, right in the Honolulu Harbor there was the Aloha Tower, which is still there, by the way. The

harbor area is built up quite a bit now, but back then there was a nice little park out there. It covered about a city block, and there was plenty of space for all these troops to get off the ships and still retain their formations and so forth. We were actually greeted by the people, I suppose, who represented the Chamber of Commerce, and were given a lei greeting--just like tourists, believe it or not--with all of our uniforms and packs and equipment and so forth, just whatever we had,

Marcello: This is probably an unfair question, but I'll ask it, anyway. Approximately how many troops might have gotten off the ship there at Honolulu?

Beasley: This ship, as I understood at the time, had something like nearly 2,000 passengers aboard. Of course, when they did disembark there at the Aloha Tower in Honolulu Harbor, we had this lei greeting, as pointed out. Of course, from there we got aboard this little narrow-gauge train that was well-known in Hawaii. It took us from there to Schofield Barracks.

Marcello: Do you recall the name of the train, that is, the name the soldiers had for it?

Beasley: I don't recall the name of the train. As a matter of fact, trains in Hawaii weren't used even at that time for passenger use generally. They were mostly to transport produce: pineapples and sugar cane,

Marcello: As I recall, the name of that little train was the "Pineapple

Special," I think at least that was the name the servicemen gave to it,

Beasley: Yes, I think so. I think you're right. I hadn't thought about that. We called it the "Pineapple Special."

Marcello: Now were there people there at the docks from Schofield Barracks to organize you and take you to wherever you were going?

Beasley: No. Actually, there were some MP's or other local service people there who supervised getting the troops off the ship and onto the train. We were to maintain our position in movement. By maintaining our positions, I mean by alphabetical order, like, all the guys whose last name started with A, B, C, and on down the line. We'd travel just that way. All the A's were up front and all the B's and C's. When we got to Schofield Barracks, all the fellows got off the train, still in somewhat of a position, relaxed position, I'd say, and some people there came by, and they counted off four men whose name started with A, and then they took four men whose name started with B and four men whose name started with C and so on down the line. They put them in a group and sent them over to a particular regiment, say, like the 19th Infantry. Then they'd take four more whose name started with A and B and C and so on down the line and put them in a group and send them over to the 21st Infantry. So I happened to wind up in the 27th Infantry with a few guys who I had traveled

with because of this alphabetical line-up. So they just divided the people up in that fashion, and those who were assigned to infantry went to the infantry regiments. Others who were assigned to artillery of Signal Corps or what have you went into those units, so that was the way they were assigned.

Marcello: Describe the basic training you received there at Schofield Barracks after you were assigned to the 27th Infantry.

Beasley: Well, keep in mind that this was in late April, early May, 1940. Back then this was nine months or so or several months, I'd say, before the draft ever started. It was still a spit-and-polish Army, and we immediately underwent basic training after having been assigned to a unit there. The basic training consisted of a lot of marching, some camping, and as far as the tough obstacle courses and this sort of thing, it was rather on the mild side. We did have some of that, but the boot training back in that year was not anything like what it became later on as we got closer to the war and during the war.

Marcello: As you pointed out, we are talking about the peacetime military.

Beasley: The peacetime military Army, what we used to refer to in Hawaii as a "Pineapple Army." It was strictly a spit-and-polish--I call it--situation then as compared with now,

You know, I just recently...in October of last year,

we visited Hawaii for a week and spent the biggest part of the day with my old unit at Schofield Barracks, They were quartered in the same barracks that we were quartered in back in 1940-41, There's a vast difference now in the Army, so far as this spit-and-polish is concerned. All this brass and door hinges and door knobs that we used to have to polish every two or three days, they just paint over it now. Of course, perhaps that's the way it should be; maybe that's the way it should have been while I was there (chuckle). But it was strictly a bucking-type Army back in the early 1940's.

Marcello: What do you mean when you call it a "bucking-type Army?"

Beasley: Well, you made promotion by being neater, You made your PFC stripe or your corporal stripe by being neater. That carried really as much weight as anything else,

Marcello: In other words, what you're saying is that if you kept your nose clean, you could advance.

Beasley: Yes, you could advance yourself quicker by keeping your equipment and clothing in order, very neatly placed, because this meant perfection. This meant success. This meant a promotion back then more than hardly anything else.

Marcello: How fast or slow was a promotion in the peacetime Army?

Beasley: Well, a good soldier who applied himself properly at that time...well, let's talk about 1940. Of course, in 1941 things started to change, That's when the draft started, and Congress raised the pay from \$21 to \$30 a month for a buck private. It

speeded up a little. But back in 1940, a soldier at Schofield Barracks, applying himself properly and carrying his part of the workload, especially if he was as neat as a lot of us were, could make buck private within the first six months. But that was just about a record. Almost nobody ever made it in less than six months. They may have had a rule that they would make nobody a PFC before six months. For most of the fellows it was, like, eight to ten months before they made PFC. Corporals were very scarce then. They had one in each squad, and in a company there were four platoons, and each platoon had four corporals. A corporal was a high rank back in 1940. He was noncommissioned officer. Of course, he still is, but a corporal today is nothing compared to what a corporal was back then. If you had three stripes, a buck sergeant, why, man, you almost had to salute to him (chuckle).

Marcello: Approximately how much time would you have to have had in that peacetime Army to become a buck sergeant?

Beasley: I think that in the infantry...of course, ratings were made a little faster overseas back in those times than they were in the stateside duty. I think back then, if a soldier made buck sergeant during and by his third hitch...you know a hitch was three years. If he signed up for overseas duty, that compelled him to be overseas at least two years. In Hawaii there, some of these fellows had served in Hawaii several hitches prior,

and in between these hitches, they'd take their leave and go back home and then come back, They liked soldiering in Hawaii, I think that the average one probably would have made buck sergeant on his third hitch. That'll give you some idea.

Marcello: I should have asked this question earlier, but I'll ask it now, Why did you select the Hawaiian Islands rather than the Philippines?

Beasley: Well, my goodness, the tourists and the travel or public relations people in Hawaii back then were doing as almost as good a job as they are today--publicizing the paradise of the islands and the hula girls and this sort of thing. Who wouldn't go to Hawaii instead of the Philippines?

Marcello: Awhile ago you were talking about this being a spit-and-polish Army, Describe what living was like in the portion of the barracks to which you were assigned there at Schofield.

Beasley: Well, I'd like to say that the barracks themselves were very modern at that time, and they still are. They were built of reinforced concrete. That means no blocks, no bricks. They were finished out very neatly. The floors could be mopped and shined almost like anything in the kitchen you might find.

Let's see, there was a ground floor, a platoon in each one; and then on the third floor, the same thing. This was true with a rifle company as well as with a heavy weapons

company, which I happened to be assigned to.

If you had walked in the squad room back in the early 1940's, you would walk in a double-open door that you could almost drive a truck through. All the wood was painted; all metal was shined; and the floor was just spotless. You could normally reach down with a white glove, wipe it on the floor, and come up with nothing--not always, but that's the way it usually could have been found, especially after or during an inspection. If you had looked down the row of bunks, down the aisle, you'd see on either side of the aisle a row of about eight, nine, or ten Army steel cots--perfectly in line.

Also, in the aisle, at the foot of these cots, you'd see a little stand there with a footlocker sitting up on it. Every one of those footlockers were identically in perfect alignment. If you'd have gone down and raised the lid in any one of them, you'd look in there and see toilet articles, a few pairs of socks, a couple of extra pairs of shoelaces. They'd be laying in the till, in the top, placed exactly in the same place. If you'd have opened all of them, and looked at one, you'd have seen the same in all of them. Laying in the top was a tube of toothpaste of the same brand the next guy had. He never used it; he just used it for inspection. This was the going thing; everybody did this. He had an extra pair of shoelaces rolled up like the Army taught him to roll them up, and they were lined at that particular spot and nowhere else. There were so many pairs of

socks over there on the left-hand side of that till, rolled up in a certain fashion, and he never wore them because they were only used for inspection. Time after time, he never would wear them. Now if you raised the till up and looked down in there, you'd also see a rather neat arrangement of shorts and undershirts folded up, extra socks, and this sort of thing.

Now on the other end of the bunk, next to the wall, hung a barracks bag. The string or rope was tied to the head of the bunk, and then right next to that was the little sheet metal wall lockers all along the walls. I know they make a lot of noise during an earthquake (chuckle). Anyway, in this barracks bag, you would find whatever dirty clothes might be accumulated at that time. Of course, once a week all these dirty clothes were removed and taken down to the supply room. The laundryman picked them up and brought them back a day or two later, all packaged up and wrapped in paper.

So the point here is, if you had looked at any one man--there was, like, maybe as many as forty men in a squad room--all of them, no matter what his rank might be--if you looked at his gear or his clothing or equipment--you'd see the same thing.

Down underneath this footlocker, on this little stand was also a shoe rack. There'd be a pair of work shoes there. As a matter of fact, all the extra shoes he had were sitting on there. Some were facing the front, and some of them were facing

the back out of view. But his dress shoes that was required in parades and so forth were sitting there polished. Shoes that were there were worn because there was just no arrangement by which you could have extra shoes just for show, like you could small items, But they had to be shined, anyway, regardless of where they were, You couldn't just hide them in that barracks bag; you had to leave them out there, and they had to be shined, no matter if you'd been out on the field or training or whatever. The first thing that takes place after coming out of the field from training is clean up, All the shoes were shined, and they just had to stay that way,

Weapons weren't kept in the squad room. Weapons were kept by the supply room downstairs. They were kept on a rack, and you had to draw them out as you needed them or used them.

Marcello: Describe what the military chow was like there at Schofield during that pre-Pearl Harbor period.

Beasley: Well, generally speaking, the Army served good food back then. It wasn't quite as good as we would have liked for it to be, but to make up for that, we did have plenty of it. I realized this, I guess, more fully when I exchanged visits with some sailors once and went down and spent a Sunday aboard the USS New Mexico, which was anchored in Pearl Harbor at that time. The USS New Mexico was semi-obsolete at that time, but they did remodel it and rejuvenate the thing along with its sister

ships later, before the Pearl Harbor attack.

Anyway, the Army food there in Hawaii was good. There were plenty of salads available from somewhere; local fruit was plentiful; lettuce and tomatoes and this type of thing were plentiful. However, tomatoes weren't grown in Hawaii, and neither is lettuce, I don't think. But, anyway, the Army food back then was good,

The Army food at that time, the quality of it, hinged somewhat on the efficiency of the mess sergeant because it was up to him to take all these ration funds that these people had coming to them and spend that money wisely. He could buy anything he wanted. He could buy all T-bone steaks or whatever. But it was his responsibility to take the money and supply these people with the food. Some of these fellows were more efficient than others,

As a matter of fact, if I may get off on this, we had a mess sergeant in 1941 who did so poorly in providing this food that they fired him. They busted him. Usually, one of the things that an inefficient mess sergeant would do at that time, if he got in a tight bind, he'd serve meals with the cheapest thing he could get. One of the cheap breakfasts ever served in the army was called "SOS" (shit-on-the-shingle). It's kind of a creamed chipped beef substance smeared on a piece of toast. It was something that he could get by with--and it was an authorized meal--and almost every company served it once

in awhile. This guy served it to us for six mornings straight (chuckle). That's when they fired him and busted him back to a private and hung him on the end of a machine gun squad (chuckle).

Marcello: Generally speaking, however, you would say that the food was not bad.

Beasley: I think the food back then was very good. There was fresh meat, plenty of fresh meat, fresh vegetables, and variety. The variety was tremendous. That goes to make a good meal.

Marcello: What kind of a contrast was there between the food that you had been used to receiving back on the farm in North Carolina and what you received in the Army?

Beasley: Tremendous. That's one thing...back home in the country, when I was a kid growing up, we raised almost all of our food. We'd buy such things as salt and sugar and a few little things. But it would be surprising, I believe, to look back and see what we raised ourselves on the farm then, as compared with farmers in the same area now. We had chickens running out our ears; we had pork running out our ears; we had one or two or three milk cows going full blast all the time, year round. We had vegetable gardens. Things like that were cheap. We raised our own corn; we raised our own wheat. Of course, tobacco and cotton were the money crops. But we raised our own food, and we took our own wheat to the mill and had it ground and gave the guy part of it for grounding it for us. We made our bread out of it. Occasionally,

we'd buy a part of a hunk of cheese. But the basics of our food were home-grown. The vegetable garden...the folks used to can all the time in the summer. There was always a collard patch you could go to or a turnip patch where you could cut some greens in the winter. We lived real good. The Depression cheated us of a lot of things, but it never cheated us of very much food. It wasn't what we would have chosen to eat, but in looking back, I think we were very fortunate.

Now cornbread, whole wheat biscuits, country-made, this type of thing...people worked hard back then. We worked hard. I did as hard a work, as much work, when I was thirteen as I've ever done since. I could do a real hard day's work when I was twelve or thirteen. All of us kids were that way. Almost everybody living in the country was that way, especially the boys. I cut logs and railroad ties and helped get timber out of the woods when I was twelve. A log bed fell over and almost killed me when I was fourteen. We had 928 acres of land, and there was a lot of that land that the timber had never been cut on. Can you imagine that? Some of that timber had never been cut on. The trees had gotten so thick and so big that they just died from old age. Wildlife was just plentiful. You just can't imagine the things like rabbits and squirrels and foxes and this kind of thing. We used to think no more of a convoy of quail than we would a little sparrow. They were just plentiful. We lived real well, especially as I think back.

Marcello: So the food that you got at home on the farm in North Carolina was probably superior to what you had received in the Army.

Beasley: Well, there's one thing I remember, and I've commented on this since that time in talking about food. We never raised carrots at home, so I didn't know what carrots were like. We never raised spinach. Some of the things that could have been grown weren't. I never got around to eating them until I got in the Army. But I discovered right off that I liked them, I did learn to eat spinach and carrots in the Army, and maybe a few other things. But especially those two I remember very distinctly.

Food was better prepared in the Army. I hate to say this--my mother has been dead for a number of years--but the old country housewife never did really know how to cook food, if you're thinking about good health. If we hadn't been good, hard workers back then, it would have killed us.

Marcello: I'm sure there was lots of fried food, for example.

Beasley: Yes, but on the other hand, they did cook some things that we can't even afford today, like, country-style steaks. Nobody today knows how to cook country-style steaks like my mother and my sisters do. They do it once in awhile, the ones that are living. We did enjoy some home cooking back then that you can't find now--or if you can, I wouldn't know where to find it. The Army never offered anything like that, not just country-style steaks. So even though these old country cooks like my mother didn't do everything just perfect, they did have their good points.

Marcello: What role did athletics play in the life of that pre-Pearl Harbor Army?

Beasley: Oh, yes. Football, baseball...every unit had it's own teams for competition. Football, baseball...there was a lot of boxing. I don't know if you ever read James Jones's book or not, From Here to Eternity. It was actually written about my regiment; however, he never named the regiment. But it was actually written about the 27th Infantry. There was lots of sports. The attendance at the ballgames really wasn't real great. There was...I don't know...fellows like myself, I almost never went. I didn't really care for it. There was a movie you could see for twenty cents--some of the best out, twenty cents. You could do that. You could go to the library. I spent a lot of time at the library during my time at Schofield before Pearl Harbor. The sports events...they were having a little difficulty keeping the attendance up from time to time, especially in baseball and football.

Marcello: Why do you think that was?

Beasley: Well, I think it was because of the lack of enthusiasm. You know, athletes are in one sense actors, and if they go out there and enthusiastically put on a contest, that catches my attention or arouses your interest, why, we'll go back. But if they're going out there to play because the Army says there's going to be a ballgame and these nine guys are going to play against these nine, where's the enthusiasm? The necessary regimentation

to get a ballgame going helped kill the interest on the part of the fan somewhat. It's like trying to promote brotherhood. You can't do it. It just doesn't work out. If you have to promote it, it's not brotherhood. So this was the kind of the situation.

I don't know what would have made it any better unless they would have put some money up on the thing and said, "Okay, there's ten dollars apiece for you players who win, and these over here who lose are going to have a week's extra duty." Now then there would have been a real ballgame, and everybody, I think, would have had some interest in it. But without that, you know, just Army regulations, I think that's why the attendance never could get rolling.

Marcello: When you got off the base, where did you usually go for entertainment or whatever?

Beasley: Well, there's a little town near Schofield called Wahiawa. I was there last fall when I was back in Hawaii, and it's a dead little town now. It used to be very much alive. It was alive with little gift shops; it was alive with little honky-tonks. They were orderly, of course, because the MP's were right there. It was alive with tailor shops that were ready to make you something. All kinds of things. It catered to the serviceman. It was serviceman's town, and a nice little town to visit. You could even walk there. It was like two miles at the most, I think, from Schofield. This was somewhere you could go every

afternoon. You didn't have to have a car. Very few fellows had cars.

Once in awhile there was a taxi into Honolulu. It was just 50¢ one way. Of course, 50¢ was a lot of money. There were things to do in Honolulu besides the ones that James Jones mentioned on Hotel Street. There were other things. You could go to the "Y" and maybe meet some civilians and visit--this sort of thing. I never was very much of a... I never was fortunate enough to socialize a great deal outside of the Army, just very few times.

Marcello: What kind of reception did the local civilians give to the military personnel?

Beasley: Generally, it was very cool. Not always. I don't point no finger when I say that. There was a reason for that. There's always coolness between two unknowns or between two parties who don't know one another. But once you got to know the civilians there, whether they were Caucasian or Oriental or whatever--and there was plenty of everything--the coolness went away. So I don't suppose there was anymore coolness there than there would have been between the people in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and Fort Bragg or Fort Benning and Columbus, Georgia, or whatever. But there is always this thing of getting through this barrier.

Now once this friend of mine,..he had a car, by the way, and he said, "Well, I'm going across the island tonight.

Would you like to go with me?" Well, heck, yes, I didn't even have to think about that, I'd like to go. I didn't even know where he was going, what he was going to do, or anything. So he said, "Okay, we'll go." We went over across the island to the windward side and went someplace. I don't know where. We wound up at a very small home, a private home. Everybody was black or almost black. They were Hawaiians, very friendly people, There was a kind of a Saturday night luau type of thing. He had known these people. He was on, I think, his second hitch in Hawaii. He was a previous serviceman.

We had a real good time. The men were friendly. There were a few women. Nobody was with anybody. It was just a good time, and the Hawaiians are good for that. They know how to do that, and they like to do that. I don't think there is any friendlier people in the world than the Hawaiians, but that's changing, I'm afraid (chuckle).

I never was fortunate enough, myself, but some fellows had girlfriends that they had previous arrangements to live with on a one-night basis or a permanent basis or something. But this was the kind of thing that I heard about. I never really knew it to be a fact. Some of the fellows who had been around there awhile and had had time to kind of get in with the civilian people,..it was either true, or it was a false rumor-- one of the other. I'm sure there was some of it.

Marcello: Approximately how far was Honolulu from Schofield?

- Beasley: I believe it was, like, twenty-two, twenty-five miles. Twenty-two or something like that,
- Marcello: So am I to assume, then, that you wouldn't get into Honolulu too often--because of both distance and funds?
- Beasley: Yes. That was both...well, the funds was definitely the dominating factor. Some fellows would be going into town or into Honolulu every week, but very few, For most of them, it was a once-a-month thing. "Yesterday was payday, so tonight we'll go into Honolulu and blow a few bucks at the bar, or we'll go to Hotel Street," But I'd say it was once a month. Some fellows, I suppose, didn't go that often. A few fellows had civilian connections, and, of course, they'd go into town every weekend and maybe spend the night. You didn't have to have a pass to go in and spend the night. Passes weren't restricted. In other words, there was no quota on anything.
- Marcello: In other words, all you had to do was be back at a particular time the next morning.
- Beasley: Right, you had no problem going into town on Saturday and coming back on Sunday night at all.
- Marcello: What were prices like in Honolulu and in the Hawaiian Islands in general at that time as compared to stateside?
- Beasley: Well, I remember very distinctly that a glass of beer was a nickel.
- Marcello: In Honolulu?
- Beasley: No, on the Army base, at the PX. The tunafish sandwiches were

20¢, and very good ones. That's where I learned to like tuna. We didn't grow tuna back on the farm (laughter). I think a beer was like...you know, a can of beer was probably 15¢, I suppose--about the same as a pack of cigarettes back then. Back in that day, most anywhere--there or here--a decent meal like you'd pay \$3.50 or \$4.00 for today for lunch or something was, like, 35¢ or 45¢. The prices of food in Hawaii at that time off the post was probably a little bit higher than it was here. It's a little bit higher now than it is here, I believe. Generally, prices didn't vary a whole lot there, a little bit higher.

Houses of prostitution in Charleston, South Carolina, was the same price as they were in Honolulu--about three bucks. It was \$2.00 in the red light district if you elected to go there. So they were pretty much about the same thing, not a great deal of difference.

Marcello: Awhile ago you mentioned cigarettes, and I heard the men talk about tailor-made and Bull Durham cigarettes. Evidently, there was a particular time when one would usually smoke tailor-mades and another time when one would smoke Bull Durhams.

Beasley: Yes, that's true. Even up in the service, in 1940, that late in '41.

Marcello: But is it not true that usually on payday you could afford to have the so-called tailor-mades, and then a lot of times after payday, you started rolling your own from the Bull Durham?

Beasley: Yes. And another thing is smoking half a cigarette, mashing it out and saving that and finishing it later--tailor-made cigarettes. A lot of fellows just could not go that rolling their own--the loose tobacco and that sort of thing. But a lot of them did. A lot of them, why, on payday they'd come out with a pack of tailor-made cigarettes. You didn't do much bumming around the poker game either because they just cost too much to just be passing them around. But a lot of fellows did--I've done it myself during the week or when I didn't have the money--just smoke Golden Grain or Bull Durham. Golden Grain was just another brand. It was that way...you know, we did that back home before I went in the service. Kids growing up... a lot of them would smoke a little bit even before we were old enough to get in the Army.

Marcello: I've also noticed that a lot of the men who were in the Hawaiian Islands at that time had photograph albums. Picture-taking seemed to be a pastime that a lot of people engaged in.

Beasley: Extremely so. I don't know why I didn't think about that when you asked me the question earlier, but accumulating photographs was a tremendous thing. These little shops would sell picture albums--everywhere, because a lot of them were bought. I accumulated a lot of pictures myself. I wasn't fortunate enough to keep them and bring them home. Everybody had pictures; everybody took a lot of pictures, I say everybody--almost everybody. It was black and white, not much color. Color slides came in

about that time and got to be popular. A lot of fellows had cameras, and they took a lot of pictures. They were sending them home, and they were putting them in albums. Boy, what I wouldn't give for some that I took myself and accumulated! But I lost them when I moved out of Schofield, and I never was able to go back and retrieve them.

Marcello: In general, as you look back at that pre-Pearl Harbor Army, how would you describe the morale of the personnel?

Beasley: Well, the morale of the soldiers at Schofield Barracks before Pearl Harbor wasn't as good as it should have been. I don't know why; I never have figured out why. There were a few suicides and a lot of bitching. There was a lot of turmoil. I suppose it was like there is now, like there would have been anywhere else.

Believe it or not, there was within everyone or almost everyone, especially the newer fellows in their first hitch or their second hitch...that first hitch was rough on people. There was within almost everybody on his first hitch or station there... there was no way to get back to the States before that two years was up. There was a burning feeling within, which was to see this two years come to an end so they could board that ship and return to the States. I think it was because we were confined to a small area.

If it wasn't that, I don't know what it was. We had good soldiers. It was a breeze to soldier over there, if you would

keep your nose clean, so to speak. We had plenty of food, and the pay was as good as it was anywhere in the Army. I don't know,,.it had to be this thing of being confined. There was nowhere to go but to the movies or play poker or go to town or go to Wahiawa. And when you would go to Wahiawa, you'd see the same things you saw when you went last week. Everybody must have gone to Wahiawa hundreds of times.

Once I went to Wahiawa on a Saturday afternoon,..and we were absolutely forbidden to have any liquor in the barracks--beer or anything. You could go to the beer garden and sit down and drink all you wanted, but you could not bring any in the barracks. That automatically meant a court martial of a minimum of six months if you were found with beer or liquor in the barracks. When I was getting ready to go to Wahiawa with a couple of friends, we were just going over to pick up some things. I know I had some uniforms--work uniforms, by the way--tailored and was to pick them up at this little civilian tailor shop. Walking out the door, some guy said, "Bring me back a pint of liquor."

He was kidding, but you know what--I brought him back a pint of liquor! I brought the liquor and hid it...rolled it up in these uniforms. The lady put them in the bag, and I just brought the bag back. When I got to the MP at the gate, it had showered, rained, just a little bit, as it often did there, and which you never bothered to worry about much. When I got up near

the MP standing at the gate, I just laid my package down on the ground right near him and rolled my cuffs back down. Having experienced this little rain shower, for some reason or another I had turned my cuffs up one turn. I picked the package up and walked by. It's a wonder...usually, they were known to search every package going in the gate, you know. But I think because I laid it down right near him and decided to unturn my cuffs at that point, that's why he decided not to search me.

I walked right in with that pint of liquor and got back in the barracks and handed it to the guy. Boy, I'm telling you! "Get that out of here!" You know nobody wanted to see it.

Why did I get that pint of liquor? First of all, I knew he didn't think I'd do it. I knew he was kidding. I think I did that just to do something different. Otherwise, my trip to Wahiawa would have been just another dull trip to Wahiawa.

Anyway, morale there should have been better, but it really wasn't all that good. Otherwise, we wouldn't have had these few suicides,

Now at Wheeler Field, which is right joining Schofield Barracks, this one buck sergeant in the Air Force had never flown an airplane in his life. He flied all the time, but he never piloted a plane. He stole a B-18 just to get back to the States, Now this meant his whole career--court martial, Leavenworth, the like. But he steals that airplane, thinking that this would get him back to the States,

Everybody wanted to get back to the States. It doesn't make any sense now, I know. After all, you only had to stay two years. You picked you out a pineapple field, when you got there, that was just inches high, and you watched that field, and you knew that when that field reached it's first harvest time, you were getting short--it was almost time to go. By the time they made the second harvest, you were already on your way (chuckle). Everybody wanted to get back to the States. Obviously, morale wasn't all that good.

Marcello: You included? Did you want to get back to the States, too?

Beasley: Everybody had that feeling, especially these first hitchers. Now these second hitchers, I don't suppose they did because they kept coming back. Believe me, I've heard these guys...I've known fellows to swear and curse and say, "I'll never come back to this blankety-blank place again!" But what happens? He gets back to the States, maybe on leave thirty days, and shows up back here again. They keep coming back. But when they're there, they want to go back to the States.

Marcello: When you got out of boot camp and got into the regular routine of the battalion and the regiment and so on, what was your particular function? What did you do?

Beasley: When I finished my six weeks of boot training after having arrived at Schofield, I was then in the M Company. You know, a square regiment back then consisted of three battalions of fighting troops plus a battalion of supply and back up. A, B,

C, and D were the heavy weapons companies; E, F, G, and H were the heavy weapons companies; and then I, K, L, and M were the heavy weapons companies. So I wound up in the heavy weapons company, I guess, because my name started with either A or B. Anyway, I simply was a member of a machine gun squad. A machine gun back then was either a water-cooled .30-caliber or an air-cooled .50-caliber. That changed later. Each squad had one weapon, which was a water-cooled .30-caliber, and the tripod and the extra boxes of ammunition, and we carried an automatic .45-caliber on our side. We didn't carry rifles. Other companies carried rifles. So I was simply a member of a machine gun squad and continued in that for about six months or maybe eight months, I guess. I don't remember exactly how long. After some months of serving in this machine gun squad...I know the PFC in this squad was the gunner, and the corporal was the squad leader. The PFC was the gunner, and then the second gunner was the buck private, and everybody else were buck privates.

There came a time when our regimental S-2 officer, a Major Stewart--and this was getting late in 1940, so it couldn't have been too many months--Major Stewart launched a program of training a small group of fellows in what was called military intelligence or field intelligence. Field intelligence involved special training in map reading, reading air photographs, scouting, using communication equipment, learning to communicate with the

Navy and Marine forces by semaphore or Morse Code or signal lights, two-way radio--this kind of thing. There was a notice posted on the bulletin board of every company, I suppose, asking for volunteers--to volunteer for this special training. It gave the requirements. You had to be in the company for six months or so; you had to have a certain level of education; you couldn't be overweight or a little teeny type of fellow. There were certain requirements set forth there, and I didn't meet all of them.

But I wanted to get into this. I knew this could be my thing. I just knew it. So I went to my company commander and asked him to appoint me for an interview, and he turned me down. In other words, I had to go through him to get to Major Stewart. And he turned me down a second time, and the third time he finally agreed to let me go over and talk to Major Stewart. He wasn't getting very many volunteers, anyway. I think this is what broke him down--that and maybe my insistence helped a little. He finally allowed me to go over and talk to Major Stewart, and I went over and talked to Major Stewart, and he accepted me as a student in this special training, and it was going to last 120 days. Well, we had two men out of my company. The other guy out of my company was from Newark, New Jersey. He was an Italian kid named Marusso--a pretty nice kid,

He wound up with something like forty people out of the

regiment. He started us in this course of map reading, reading air photographs, all types of geographical work, sketching, a little drafting, and patrolling the...hiking on all the trails on the island. It was just a full-time special course. Of course, we still bunked and stayed with our respective units.

This, I think, was a kind of a turning point for me, so far as the Army was concerned. It definitely was. Marusso and I made the highest score out of the group of forty men. We made almost 100 percent. We worked as a team throughout the whole course, so naturally what one of us made, we both made. I suppose we always worked together as a team, especially during the test period at the end.

Marcello: You were in this field intelligence work, then, on December 7, 1941?

Beasley: Yes, throughout, from then on, right on through. As long as I was in that unit. I remained in that. Eventually, I became attached to 3rd Battalion, Headquarters. I still remained in M Company. My duty was with 3rd Battalion, Headquarters. So this is what I did right on through the period before and after Pearl Harbor and Guadalcanal and the other places we went--as long as I was in the unit.

Marcello: Now as one gets closer and closer to December 7, 1941, and as conditions between the United States and Japan continued to get worse, what changes, if any, could you detect in your

usual routine?

Beasley: Well, there were several changes throughout 1941 or most of that year. I don't recall exact dates or times, but during 1941, and especially about six months prior to Pearl Harbor, there were alerts called, which usually meant going out with live ammunition. These weren't just practice calls. We had those all the way back; we had those shortly after I arrived in Hawaii. But it was just night training--to see how fast you could move, to see how fast or how efficiently the unit can go from slumber or sleep to getting in their fighting position on the beach. There was no live ammunition involved. It was just men and equipment moved into position. Then it would maybe be over in two or three hours, and you can go back to bed. There was always some of that; it was just training. It was always pulled on us as a surprise; we never were notified.

But several months prior to Pearl Harbor, there were a number of times when we were called out, and, of course, it was Code Three, I believe, if I'm not mistaken. They had Code One, Code Two, and Code Three. Code Three meant combat or live ammunition--the real thing. We went out, I believe, at least twice on that basis. We went out a number of times on Code Two, but Code Two was always just a serious training effort.

There were at least a couple of times, and the last time before Pearl Harbor that this took place was something like

six weeks or two months. I'm not sure which; I don't remember the exact time. We were called out, and we remained in our position. Our position, by the way, the 3rd Battalion, 27th Infantry...our position or the area that they were assigned to defend extended from the Pearl Harbor channel along the beach toward Honolulu, but, of course, not all the way to Honolulu because there's a lagoon there, which now is an airport, by the way, in that area. It extended from Pearl Harbor channel eastward to Rogers Airport (Rogers Airport used to be the municipal airport for Honolulu, just a small airport). There was at least once, prior to Pearl Harbor, when we were alerted in the middle of the night and actually moved. It took about two hours, if I remember correctly, to move from the barracks when the alert sounded until everybody was in their positions on the beach.

Then another time there was a rumor that eventually got out about the Japanese Navy being located not too far out. I don't know...you know, there were all kind of rumors. I think a lot of us looked at them and just took them as being rumors at the time. Anyway, as it turned out later, these reports now substantiate that the Japanese Navy or parts of it were seen or known to be in an area that was a little surprising to the Americans. We were called out, and certain units went into beach positions, and other units were assigned to guard installations like bridges, power stations, and other facilities.

This lasted for a few days. Patrols were going about with live ammunition, guns mounted on a four-by-four or six-by-six vehicle, a jeep or something, because there was supposed to be a threat of sabotage.

Marcello: You're, of course, referring to the large numbers of people Japanese ancestry on the Hawaiian Islands?

Beasley: Yes, I suppose so. There was several short periods of real tense preparedness or caution involved during the several months prior to Pearl Harbor.

Marcello: Was there any kind of an alert immediately prior to Pearl Harbor, that is, during that week immediately prior to the attack? Do you recall any kind of an alert or any maneuver at that particular time?

Beasley: I'm not absolutely sure, but trying to look back now, and never having thought I might be asked that question, it seems that about a week prior to Pearl Harbor, this alert that had been on a few days or for some time, where these patrols were out and guards were posted at installations...gun positions on the beach weren't manned at that time, however. It was obviously a sabotage defense. If I'm not mistaken, this did take place something like a week or two weeks or something... it wasn't too long before Pearl Harbor. But this was terminated; I mean, it was called off, I'm certain, about a week or more before Pearl Harbor.

Marcello: I do know, for example, that the 24th and the 25th Divisions

had been out on a rather long, tough maneuver or field exercise prior to the attack and had actually come in on the Friday or Saturday. You would not have been a member of the 24th or 25th Divisions, would you?

Beasley: The 24th and the 25th Divisions weren't even organized until July, about the middle of the year, 1942. Prior to that, the 19th, 21st, 27th, and 35th Infantry was known as the square Hawaiian Division. It had artillery back ups, several battalions. It was consisted of two infantry regiments with artillery and back-up in each brigade. It was this old square Hawaiian Division that went to make up the 24th and 25th Division, which took place in about the middle of the year of 1942. The reason I can recall that...this took place sometime, I believe, in July. General J. Lawton Collins was assigned to command the 25th Division. I don't recall who took the other division.

Marcello: It's interesting that you mentioned this. The information about this that I got came from Walter Lord's book, Day of Infamy. This, of course, is not to say that Lord wasn't wrong because he was on several occasions in writing that book. It was surprising to me, too, when he mentioned the 24th and 25th Divisions, because I can never remember anyone mentioning a division as such there at Schofield during the pre-Pearl Harbor period.

Beasley: It was known as the Schofield Division or the Hawaiian Division. It was what they called a square division, and they took it later

and made two triangle divisions out of it. They brought in, by the way, the 161st Infantry and another infantry regiment-- I don't remember--34th or 36th or something, which went into the 24th Division. I know the 25th was made up of the 27th, 35th, and this 161st, which they brought in. I'm almost certain that the 25th and 24th Divisions were organized out of this old square division after Pearl Harbor. That's when J. Lawton Collins came there. I had a run-in with him two weeks after he arrived there. I had just heard of him, I had never seen him, of course, me being in the Battalion down there. So I'm all but certain that this took place in July or about July, 1942.

Marcello: When you and your buddies sat around in your bull sessions, how much thought did you give to the possibility of a Japanese attack on the Hawaiian Islands? Did the topic ever come up in any of your bull sessions?

Beasley: No. We were probably much more sabotage-conscious than we were invasion-conscious. Our training, of course, involved both--defending the islands as well as defending the installation--but I think our own individual interests or thoughts involved the sabotage side of it.

Marcello: When you thought of a typical Japanese, what kind of a person did you usually conjure up in your own mind during that pre-Pearl Harbor period?

Beasley: Well, the war on Guadalcanal and other islands there taught me

but just a very few things about the Japanese that I didn't already know. This specialized training that I mentioned earlier involved the things that I mentioned, plus it involved studying the habits and dispositions and character of the Japanese soldier as we knew it, which wasn't complete. It involved the studying and identifying of their ships and their aircraft in quite a lot of detail. We learned the hard way, along with the Marines on Guadalcanal, some of the things we had to cope with that we never knew, that we weren't trained on. We had our training and our specialized training, especially this specialized training that this small group had, and we did go into this type of thing. From the information that we had we studied his equipment his own individual equipment. We had at least some information. It wasn't complete, and it wasn't up-to-date,

Marcello: What kind of conclusions did you reach concerning the fighting prowess of this potential enemy--again, during that pre-Pearl Harbor period?

Beasley: Well, we had respect for them. Looking back now, I'd say that we considered him as professional as we were. We had a lot of respect for him. We didn't really think his equipment was superior, and it turned out that it wasn't. His ability to... in his disposition, he was superior to us. He was more...we knew him, even before Pearl Harbor, as being one who could endure, who could stay with it, who could keep his nose to the grindstone, if you recognize that expression. The information

we had on his equipment...he had good equipment, but it wasn't anything superior to ours. We had a lot of...we learned to have...we had respect for him. As a matter of fact, after being up against him for a few days on Guadalcanal, I determined that I had overrated him, He was a poor shot, and I had given him credit prior to that as being a good shot. As he turned out, he was a pretty poor shot.

Marcello: So in this pre-Pearl Harbor training in field intelligence, then, and you did discuss and gave a certain amount of concentration to this potential Japanese enemy,

Beasley: Oh, yes. Not so much the Germans, but we did touch on that. We studied the identification of their ships and their aircraft, but not so much the person as we did the Japanese. We even studied Japanese. We took a few select words and memorized these select words in Japanese--this special group, I'm talking about. Keep in mind that this special group was to be trained in this special work and could serve as somewhat as a leadership. For instance, you can send a patrol of fifty men out, and none of them know any of this; but if you've got one man to go along with them who can read an aerial photograph, or who can speak a few words of Japanese, you can get the job done,

We knew a lot about him, but it didn't suffice on Guadalcanal, not in actual combat, because what we didn't know was that the guy would just as soon give his life for his country

as he would not. It didn't matter to him. We didn't know that, We also didn't know that he was so devoted to the emperor, and we used that in our favor a little bit on Guadalcanal at least on one occasion. We didn't know about the booby traps, his technique for setting booby traps.

Marcello: So in general, then, your knowledge...

Beasley: We knew about his rifle and his knee mortar. They were better with the knee mortar, I think, than they were with their rifles. We weren't fully aware of his ability to get so much done with so little. We knew his equipment was inferior, but we overlooked the fact that he was so highly skilled in what little he had. They took a handful of men and held up our division for three weeks, and we only traveled three miles in three weeks.

Marcello: You're of course, referring now to the period when you were on Guadalcanal?

Beasley: Yes, actually on the New Georgia Island.

Marcello: So in general, then, during that pre-Pearl Harbor period, you had some knowledge of the potential enemy, but it was probably sketchy at best--bits and pieces of information.

Beasley: Right. The worth of it proved out to be very minor, somewhat.

Marcello: This brings us up to that weekend of December 7, 1941, Mr. Beasley, so let's go into as much detail about this weekend as you can possibly remember. First of all, what were you doing on that Saturday of December 6, 1941? Do you remember?

Beasley: Yes. On December 6, on Saturday, I attended a...well, a group of other people, a small group, maybe fifteen or twenty...there were a few officers. I don't remember the reason behind it very clearly, but we went down to Fort Kamehameha near Hickam Field, and we visited a place that was sort of a little conference-like. It was held, as best as I remember, on just a bunch of bleachers set up right off the side of the Pearl Harbor channel. As we sat there--I don't remember if it was chemical warfare or just what it was--we could see a couple of ships going in and out of the Harbor.

If I recall properly, there was an aircraft carrier that came in the harbor on Saturday. That aircraft carrier wasn't bombed. It wasn't even hit, or that's my understanding. The reason it wasn't was because it wasn't supposed to have been there. It wasn't even docked in West Loch, where most of the other ships were. It was moved over into an area that was used very little by the Navy, called East Loch. No, I'm sorry. I got that wrong. East Loch, around Ford Island and that area, was heavily used. The other side wasn't used. That's where they anchored this aircraft carrier. This aircraft carrier came in that harbor right while we were sitting there undergoing some kind of critique or discussion. Of course, some staff officers from the division or regiment or whatever, high-up, probably was right there. As I understood later, this aircraft carrier never got hit. Nobody fired at it. It was anchored

over there away from the other ships. Of course, I do know, and actually saw, a map that was brought in about ten days or two weeks after Pearl Harbor was attacked. It had been in a two-man Japanese sub. This information that these people brought in with them, that was captured from them, showed the positions of the ships as they sat on Thursday prior to Pearl Harbor.

Marcello: And you actually saw this map?

Beasley: I saw the map. They had a little map that showed where all of this was--where everything was situated. It didn't show this aircraft carrier because the carrier only came in there on Saturday morning, December 6. So we just assumed that that's why it never got fired upon or torpedoed. It never was fired upon. I'm not sure which aircraft carrier it was, but, if I remember correctly, it was either the Lexington or Saratoga. From my study of our own ships, that's what I took it to be.

Marcello: Was it unusual to have a lecture like that on a Saturday?

Beasley: It was a little unusual, but this was...I should be able to remember the subject matter, but I don't. It was just a selected group of people. It may have been on chemical warfare, or it may have been...I don't know. I just don't remember. The subject matter must have been something that would have required us to go to that area.

Marcello: When was the lecture completed? And what did you do after that?

Beasley: About noon...eleven or twelve o'clock. It only took a couple

or three hours,

Marcello: And what did you do, then, the rest of the day?

Beasley: We went back to the barracks--to Schofield.

Marcello: What did you do that evening?

Beasley: I don't recall. I didn't go anywhere. I don't think I left the base.

Marcello: On a Saturday evening, would there be very many drunks that would be coming back on the base and into the barracks and so on, especially following payday?

Beasley: No, not really. There never was very much of that. When that happened, it was long remembered. It was kind of a "snafu" or a "no-no" type of thing, first of all. Usually, when a guy did that, he got kidded about it so much that he just didn't want to do it again. Of course, there never was any action taken against him officially because it really didn't violate a regulation. If a guy went off the base and got drunk, or if he went over here on the base to the beer garden and drank too much, some of his buddies would bring him home, put him in bed, and that would be the end of it.

But that wasn't a great, big thing. There was always a lot of drinking. A lot of fellows would go over and drink, but you sat there and drank a couple of...you and some other guys sat there and drank a gallon or two or three gallons of beer. That's not going to put you out. There wasn't really a whole lot of fellows coming in drunk or anything. Somehow

or other, there was some drinking done in the barracks, but it was kind of a scarce thing. It didn't really happen very much,

Marcello: Okay, I gather, then, that Saturday evening was a rather uneventful evening, so far as you were concerned, so that brings us into the morning of December 7, 1941. At this point, I'll let you pick up the story, and what I want you to do is reconstruct events, as best as you can remember them, on that Sunday morning.

Beasley: Well, it was routine for me to get up early on Sunday.

Marcello: But you didn't have to.

Beasley: I didn't have to. It was just my thing, and for a lot of other fellows, too.

Marcello: In other words, you could stay in the sack all Sunday morning.

Beasley: You could sleep in all day if you wanted to, right. But the Army had a way of serving pancakes and eggs. They'd cook the eggs to your order--on Sunday morning only, now. You didn't have any other choice. It was pancakes and eggs, straight up or over or whatever. This was something we kind of looked forward to. But that's not really what got us out of bed. A lot of fellows had a habit of getting up on Sundays the same time they did on the other six days,

I was up early, and the way they served this breakfast, you went outside the barracks and filed in through the kitchen right by the cook--from the outside--and then into the dining

room. It was kind of like cafeteria-style. You'd grab up a platter, and the guy had a stack of plates, and he put your pancakes and eggs on the way you wanted them cooked. You'd go on through and get your coffee and go into the dining room and take your seat and enjoy your breakfast.

Well, to start with, there must have been seven, eight, ten, twelve other guys out in this chow line at the same time I was. It was early. There was no sun coming into the quadrangle. I don't know whether the sun was up then or not, but there are mountains east of there. There's the barracks right there. We were inside the quadrangle.

It wasn't unusual to hear a lot of airplanes in Hawaii because there were several military bases where they kept airplanes, and the Navy was always around with all these aircraft carriers in the area. You know, airplanes were just commonplace. But having studied the silhouettes of Japanese aircraft and German aircraft and American aircraft and British aircraft, for that matter, it was kind of my thing to look up when I heard a...when a plane goes by--I hear a lot of planes--my reaction is to look. You kind of do that automatically if you spent some time studying them. So when I heard all of these planes, it was just a natural thing for me to look and see if I could identify them, you know, just in my mind, with no comment while waiting in this chow line.

Well, of course, it sounded as if there were quite a few

of the planes, and they were south, coming from the direction of Pearl Harbor or Honolulu, up the mountain range, over the Koolau range, which kind of runs somewhat north and south. They were coming, more or less, up that mountain range, and they were so far away that they just looked like little specks in the air. There were a number of them, and there was some kind of formation involved. But this wasn't an unusual sight in Hawaii. It's hard to identify aircraft by sound when there are a lot of them. Now if there's just one, well, yes, you could do it, but not when there's a lot of them.

When these planes got to a certain point, they did a left turn and rolled off and set in on Wheeler Field, which was making a left turn for them. Well, of course, Wheeler Field was exactly a quarter-of-a-mile from our barracks, according to the scale on the map, and they started dropping bombs. They began to peel off and follow the leader and this, that, and the other and were dropping these bombs. Well, I could see the silhouette of them good then, but before they dropped the bombs, I just knew they were SBD's because the Japanese had an airplane that was copied, actually copied, after our SBD, and the silhouette of it was almost identical. We studied the features of it, and it was basically the same plane, so far as features are concerned. This is what they had, but when they started dropping these bombs, then that began to take on a little bit of

a different interest.

Marcello: Describe what these planes did when they came over Wheeler Field. In other words, what sort of maneuvers or tactics did they use?

Beasley: They came over Wheeler Field from an easterly direction. They dove over at, let's say, a forty-five-degree angle, and they dropped their bombs. Of course, as soon as they dropped their bombs, they circled around, following one another right on around, and did some strafing in the area, both at Wheeler Field and at Schofield Barracks.

As strange as it may seem, to anyone now, those of us waiting in the chow line, even after the bombs were dropped, we remained right where we were.

Marcello: In other words, you were interested spectators at this point yet?

Beasley: Well, we weren't only spectators; we were interested in food. I think I can speak for the other group. I think their interest was the same as mine.

Marcello: What was your first reaction when you saw these planes? What did you think they were?

Beasley: I knew what they were. After they dropped the bombs, then I knew what they were. I couldn't see any identification markings--not then--but I did just a moment later. Just moments after they dropped these bombs...and, of course, some of them continued to drop bombs. I didn't count the planes, but there looked to

be at least fifteen or something like that, or maybe more, that came into that area.

The first ones that dropped bombs started strafing, and they continued in formation. One of them came right almost over our barracks, and he was rather low. He had those brake flaps open--I think they're called that--which tends to pitch the plane forward and slow it down, and this makes it easier for strafing. They use those, also, for other purposes--those brake flaps, I could see all of this then. It was perfectly clear: the emblem on the plane, I could even see the man, and he was wearing goggles. He was just that close up.

But even before that, I knew in my mind that there was a war on. Someone might wonder how in the hell you can stand in the chow line outside when somebody's up over your head strafing. In case anybody does wonder about that, all of us were waiting for that food because once we realized there was a war on...and no official alert had been sounded. In a situation like that, and being at the grade level at which you have no authority, you don't make a move. You stay put until somebody gives an order or makes an alert. Now once the bugle blew, once the alert was sounded, we knew what it was all cut out for, and we knew what to do. Well, I particularly, myself--and I think it was true for the other fellows that were outside in that chow line--we knew that once that alert sounded, God only knows when you'll get any chow. As far as there being a war on, we

knew the war was on. We knew it wasn't going to be a two-day war or a one-week war. We knew it was going to be a war because here they were, bombing Wheeler Field, and we knew that if they were sending fifteen or twenty planes to Wheeler Field, they must have a hell of a lot of them at Pearl Harbor and Honolulu and across the island at that other air base, which they barely didn't bomb. Anyway, the thing to do right now is to get some chow under our belts.

Marcello: Now when this plane came over, did it do any strafing along in the area where you were?

Beasley: Yes. However, there were no hits made right in our immediate area. I Company, which was like seventy-five yards down, got a few of those .50-caliber slugs in the barracks, but most of them went beyond that even.

Marcello: What did you guys talk about there in the chow line?

Beasley: There wasn't any conversation. Everything was quiet. Nobody was saying anything.

Marcello: And how long after the bombs hit did the alert sound?

Beasley: Well, that I don't know, but I'm going to guess it was about eight minutes.

Marcello: And then what did you and the rest of the troops do?

Beasley: As soon as the alert sounded, everybody...I was second from the cook. Two more people and I would have gotten eggs and pancakes, which I never got. But as soon as the alert sounded, of course, everybody went to their Phase Three thing, getting

ready to move and go into position and this type of thing.

Marcello: Describe, then, exactly what you did from the time the alert sounded.

Beasley: Okay, what I did do was return to my bunk, get my pack, check my weapon out of the supply room (which was still in the supply room), and report over to 3rd Battalion Headquarters.

Marcello: Now did all this proceed in a rather routine, professional manner? In other words, you mentioned that you checked out your weapon. Did you do the regular procedures in getting your weapon?

Beasley: Yes. We'd done that before--with live ammunition.

Marcello: In other words, did you have to sign for the weapon or anything of that nature?

Beasley: No, it was just a matter of reaching and getting the right one.

Marcello: It was not under lock-and-key or anything of that nature?

Beasley: It had been under lock-and-key, but when I got there, it was... of course, when the alert call sounded, there was one or two men whose job it was to unlock those weapons.

Marcello: And that had been done by the time you got there?

Beasley: It had been done by the time I got there, right,

Marcello: And you did get your own particular weapon?

Beasley: Yes, right,

Marcello: The one you'd always had?

Beasley: Well, of course, the only weapon that I had at that time, or was

carrying, was an M-1 rifle.

Marcello: They had replaced the old Springfields with the M-1's?

Beasley: Well, the rifle companies--three in each battalion--I believe, still had some Springfields, I'm not sure. But the one I was issued was an M-1. All of the Springfields may have been replaced. That I don't remember,

Marcello: The reason that I asked you if you got your specific weapon is that I remember when I was in the service, everybody had a particular weapon, and you had to memorize the serial number and all that sort of thing.

Beasley: Oh, yes,

Marcello: So did you get your own personal weapon?

Beasley: Yes, I got my own weapon; I got the right one. I don't remember whether I reached in the rack and got it or if somebody handed it to me. But after you live with a bunch of guys awhile, it's surprising how many of them the supply man would know. "His is 87, his is 99, and his is number 101." I don't know this went off, but the supply room was open when I got there, and I had no trouble getting my weapon.

Marcello: Okay, you've got your weapon. Now what happens at that point?

Beasley: From there I reported over to 3rd Battalion Headquarters, which was in an adjacent building, and, of course, this was my assignment. I wasn't really dutying with M Company; I just lived there. My job was to report over to 3rd Battalion Headquarters and proceed from there with whatever orders might

be issued,

Marcello: What was going on at 3rd Battalion Headquarters when you got there?

Beasley: Well, when I walked in there, there was a few of the officers there. Some of them hadn't arrived. There was some dog-fighting going on at the time. You could see it out the window toward Wahiawa, in that general easterly direction. Some P-40's were having it out with those planes. There was some officers there. Sergeant Rader was already there, and he was my superior. He'd made sergeant by then. Rader was a little guy from Pennsylvania, from Butler, I believe. He really headed up a group of S-2 people. He was there already. He lived, I think, in Headquarters Company, over there in that building. Some of the officers were there,

There was a little bit of commotion, confusion, but not really all that much because we'd been through this before a few times. But the one difference was that the word was being passed--unnecessarily--that this was a Phase Three. The phone was ringing a lot.

Marcello: In the meanwhile, what are you doing?

Beasley: Well, I'm just sitting around there waiting, which wasn't very long. Of course, the fighting troops, the rifle and machine gun companies, were loading on trucks during this time. There was a captain--I forget his name--who was one of the officers in the battalion, the 3rd Battalion...the battalion commander

was getting everything and everybody ready to move. Always surrounding him is a S-2 officer, a S-3 officer, and a supply officer. These people were there--I wish I could remember their names--and the orders were given for this captain to remain, and I was ordered to stay, and a few other people. As a matter of fact, probably twenty or thirty or fifty--I don't know--was ordered to stay because we weren't really people who was going to jump in a pillbox and man a machine gun. The idea of the whole unit was to get the fighting people in position right now. We can take care of the back up and the details later.

So I didn't move out right then; I stayed there with the captain that was in charge. He was a somewhat unsteady fellow. He didn't have the respect of a lot of people. He was a West Pointer, however, unlike most of the officers. That wasn't true of 99 percent of our officers at that time. Anyway, this guy was left behind. I heard the commanding officer...I overheard the order for him to stay behind, and he just said, "Take so and so and stay back here. Beasley, you stay. So and so" and, you know, they were gone.

So we stayed back there. I don't remember what we did, but there was something to do, though, Specialized equipment, you know, something other than guns, were to be moved--like records, like equipment for setting up a message center. This was to be moved. The kitchens...of course, I never had nothing to do

with that, but the kitchens were to move later. The main thing is the people who man guns--get them into positions right now. The idea was to get them there as soon as possible, and they were gone, it just seemed like, in a flash. This remnant force that was left, which I got caught up in, stayed there. We got some things together, put them on trucks--things that weren't needed immediately. These people went to the beach, prepared to shoot. It wouldn't have surprised anybody, had they met an invading force. The surprise was that we didn't.

As a matter of fact, one thing that I recall...about 10:30, 11:00 that morning, back at the barracks, this captain--and I wish I could remember his name--came out of the building and called everybody he could see together--all of these remnant people, as I call them, supply people, whoever was left. He called us together in a group, and he was very shook up. He announced officially--he made one of those official announcements--that we were to be calm and not get off the deep end, that some paratroopers had landed on the north shore of Oahu--he was talking about that area up there around Kahuku Point--but the situation was not expected to get out of hand. He encouraged calmness. Of course, this never happened. Where he got his news from, I don't know.

Marcello: So the rumors had already started by that point?

Beasley: The rumors had already started, right.

Marcello: But you had no reason not to believe those rumors.

Beasley: I had no reason not to believe it, no, none whatsoever.
As a matter of fact, I still don't know why they didn't invade.

Marcello: Now by this time...

Beasley: I do know, too. It was a natural thing to do at that time--
in our mind.

Marcello: Now by this time, that is, by 11:00 that morning, is there any
enemy activity taking place over Schofield Barracks?

Beasley: No, that was over. As soon as these airplanes dropped their
bombs and all the bombs were dropped, then the strafing was
over. See, the strafing was done to maintain their formation.
The first ones to drop bombs didn't leave the area until they
were all dropped, and when they were all dropped, they left
and they disappeared. The strafing was somewhat on the minor
side. A couple of P-40's got tangled up with some of them that
tried to hang around, but as soon as their bombs were dropped,
they were just interested in getting out, and they apparently
left.

Marcello: So there really wasn't too much strafing or hostile activity
as such there at Schofield Barracks?

Beasley: Not at Schofield Barracks. There were some strafing. There was
some buildings strafed. I heard about a couple of guys that got
hit, but I didn't know who. Some bullets penetrated I Company
and went through some guy's shoe rack. There was a little bit
of that but not really a lot of strafing.

Marcello: So what happens, then, at that point? What do you do the rest

of the afternoon and into the evening?

Beasley: Well, the afternoon is somewhat blank. I don't recall what we did, but we were busy. Our task was to get so much done and then go to the beach. I don't recall just what we did. We must have been involved with getting some back up supplies, this kind of thing. Of course, somebody there was in touch with the people at the beach. I guess it would have been practical for us to stay put until we were ordered to go to the beach. We didn't pull out for the beach. I wish I could...I wish I wasn't so blank on the afternoon, but I feel confident that we were to stay there until we were ordered to move this paraphernalia to the beach and come to the beach.

And, of course, we got orders to go to the beach very late in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, the highway leads down south from Schofield, and it goes around Pearl Harbor and cuts over to and through Hickam Field to get to our beach positions. As we went around Pearl Harbor, just skirting the harbor--I don't know what they call it, Kamehameha Highway or Dillingham Boulevard or whatever it's called--it was getting pretty close to dark. Of course, there were no lights, but normally lights would be on at that time. Ships were burning. It was obvious then that the Navy had taken a beating. There were some ships partially sunk; several fires were still going; smoke was still rising. There were no aircraft in the area that late; there were no aircraft flying. As a matter of fact, there wasn't very many aircraft left

on the island able to fly.

Marcello: How close were you to this scene at Pearl Harbor? How close did you get to it?

Beasley: Well, just,..we were going along the highway, which in spots just skirts the water around by Aiea. Pearl City and Aiea is around there. Then we went on around the highway, going toward Hickam. So just how far it is from there to where the main ships were tied up and anchored, I don't know exactly. It must have been a quarter-of-a-mile, a half-a-mile.

Marcello: But you did have a fairly good view of things.

Beasley: Yes, we had a good view of the harbor from that point right there along the highway. And, of course, it was almost dark, but you could still distinguish water from objects in the water...land and so forth.

Marcello: Okay, so what happens when you get to the beach?

Beasley: Well, we get to the beach, there's some unloading to do, and there's a tent to set up, which was to serve as a Battalion Headquarters office in the algarroba trees there. All this was to be done. There was some ammunition involved, if I remember correctly. Of course, troops carry a lot of ammunition with them, but there's also some brought in to stockpile.

Marcello: Now were you with M Company at this point?

Beasley: No, I was still with Battalion Headquarters.

Marcello: In other words, you did not go from Battalion Headquarters to the positions that M was occupying?

Beasley: No, I went to Battalion Headquarters,

Marcello: They had a position on the beach, also?

Beasley: Back off the beach is where the battalion people was to bivouac. It was right off the runway in the bush, in the algarroba trees, from Hickam--between the runway and the beach. There was rather thick growth there at that time and scrub-looking trees, if you know what an algarroba tree looks like.

Of course, there were no lights; you couldn't use lights. We were feeling around in the dark and trying to get settled down and trying to get up some tents for the officers and also fixing a place for your own individual self. About ten o'clock that night, I found this pile of coral rock that had been piled up a long time ago. Bushes were growing over it, and mosquitoes were in there. Not having the time or the energy...I still hadn't eaten anything, by the way, all day long. I still hadn't eaten. I think I did eat that night. About 10:30 I got some canned ration or something. I tackled this pile of coral rock which had been piled up way past sometime--I guess when they built those runways--and I just started uniling it in a fashion and laying it on either side.

Marcello: You mentioned that you were forming some sort of a shelter for yourself in this coral.

Beasley: It wasn't exactly a shelter; it was a means of protection instead of digging a foxhole, as a lot of people had done if you could find soil. There was a lot of coral rock in that

area. So I just tackled this pile of quarrel and laid it out in humps, you know, and kept laying it out until I got a little dish-like effect in there that I could lay myself down in and have some sort of protection from the sides. I wasn't worried so much about the top as I was the sides. So that's how I managed to improvise a way to...it was kind of rough, though, laying on rock, but you can make a pillow out of a pack and wrap a raincoat around you and suffice.

Marcello: And you were there alone at that point?

Beasley: No, I was in there with the other battalion people, the battalion officers. Usually, the group that I was with usually could have been found hanging around with was the battalion officers, the battalion commander and the other officers, and the few other people who had to do with getting information from yonder to here and getting it to the right people.

In this small group that I was in, there was always one man out of our squad attached to each company. His job was to be kind of a liaison somewhat. It was to find out and keep us informed, whoever was back here. Sometimes I was out there. It was more or less handling information. We were responsible to stick by the commander out there. Whatever we could learn from overhearing and asking and quizzing him was to get back to the battalion level. We had a man attached out there with each company, who hung around with the company commanders. Sergeant Rader and I usually stuck around with the battalion

officers, One or the other of us always had to be there carrying along maps or aerial photographs or whatever might be involved.

Marcello: But this particular night, you were in that...

Beasley: Rock pile.

Marcello: ...rock pile basically by yourself. There was nobody in that rock pile with you.

Beasley: No. Everybody else had already improvised a foxhole, a dugout, or something, you know.

Marcello: And what was supposed to be your function out there?

Beasley: Well, I was just dealing with information, getting it from wherever it happened back to the battalion commander.

Marcello: And this is what you were doing at this particular night?

That's what I'm referring to. What were you doing that night, is what I want to know.

Beasley: I didn't do much that night. That night, my activities were confined to getting there and getting this equipment or whatever it is that we carried with us and getting it there and getting it unloaded and then providing safety for myself, because this was way in the night, and there was nothing happening.

Marcello: What kind of armament did you have other than the rifle?

Beasley: I had an M-1. That's all.

Marcello: What kind of ammunition? I hear a lot of these guys talk about having bandoleers of ammunition and all of that kind of thing.

Beasley: Well, I guess we must have carried one bandoleer or something

like that. I don't recall just exactly how much.

Marcello: What kinds of thoughts were going through your mind that night?

Beasley: Well, I hadn't eaten anything since supper the night before, and that's unusual in the Army. Usually, back there in peacetime, you always got three square meals a day plus. I hadn't eaten anything, and I was tired. I hadn't had any rest that day, and I was absolutely ready to just...this is what drove me to that rock pile, because this to me looked quicker and easier than getting over here and digging a hole out and possibly getting two inches into the ground and running into a rock. So I was just trying to get myself through that period into some safety.

Marcello: What was the weather like that day and that night?

Beasley: Typical for Hawaii. There was no rain showers. Just a light breeze and a balmy breeze. Maybe a few clouds.

Marcello: Could you hear any sporadic gunfire or anything like that that night?

Beasley: No...let's see...yes. On one occasion, way in the night--it must have been around midnight--a PBY came in. I don't know whether it was coming off patrol or from some other location, but it came in and tried to land in that harbor. Of course, we had troops with live ammunition, of course, at all these installations and a lot of other key points other than on beach positions, and it got shot down--I was told--by a B.A.R. I did hear the fire, and it crashed over in the area near Aiea. Everything was

so quiet, and no traffic was moving, no nothing moving. We heard the gunfire. It sounded more like a .50-caliber to me, but the rumor was that some guys with some B.A.R.'s shot it down.

Marcello: I guess it wasn't too safe to move around. It was best to just stay put that night.

Beasley: Well, it would have been unsafe to move around. Everybody was jittery; everybody was expecting troops to come in. It was time for them since they didn't come in during the bombing. They could come in anytime, so far as we knew. Everybody was jittery; everybody was tired; and no doubt there were others hungry other than myself. You know, when there's no food and there's a lot of slack in your belt, you don't take on the same attitude exactly as you do with a tight belt.

Marcello: You have different priorities (chuckle).

Beasley: Yes, right.

Marcello: Did you get very much sleep that night?

Beasley: Yes, after I got bedded down, I didn't have any trouble sleeping at all. Those rocks didn't bother me a bit. Of course, I was as stiff as a board and could hardly move the next morning.

Marcello: And what does happen the next morning? What do you do?

Beasley: Well, the next morning things are routine. We were kind of putting some finishing touches on setting up a message center. Every message that might come through had to be recorded and filed and this kind of thing. Sergeant...he was first sergeant

at 3rd Battalion Headquarters. He was already setting up his little office and little operation, you know. He's got things to do. Morning reports still have to be handled, you know, even then. There was almost a constant communication with beach positions, especially with the key beach positions.

The beach positions were being improved. I knew what was going on, but I didn't see it. In the position that I was in, you hear just about everything; and even a lot that doesn't pertain to the purpose, you hear about. You hear about things as it comes through from high up and going down below; you hear things coming from down below and going high up. It comes right through you. Everything was kind of routine, as it would have been on a training program, but, of course, everybody was jittery, and everybody knew they had a long war ahead of them.

Marcello: Do you recall any of the specific tasks or functions that you were performing on that Monday of December 8?

Beasley: On Monday, December 8, no. I can't say that they'd fall on that date. It was a few days after arriving, after this got started, that I went down to one of the beach positions. It was on a very small island out in the mouth of that lagoon. You could walk over there on very low tide. A truck or jeep could go across on very low tide, but that's the only time you could go. We had one company that had a couple of gun positions over there in dugouts and sandbags and so forth.

Occasionally, I might go over to some gun positions to

get some information, to better pinpoint it on my map. A lot of my work from time to time involved keeping an accurate map, and what I'm talking about is what we made. We sketched--we drafted--from a military map, but to set in positions had to be done pretty accurately, not just somewhere in the area, you know. Occasionally, I'd go out to a gun position and take some compass readings and come back to better pinpoint that and get it better situated on the map. Maybe I'd draft in objects that might be facing the guy.

A unit commander had to have a lot of back up. By that, I mean, he has to be able to look at a map or an aerial photograph and see exactly what's there. It might even require panoramic sketch, which I was fairly good at, having had some training in that. Man-made objects or natural objects or whatever that may lay in the firing range of this gun position, he would not only want to know about it, but he would want to know about it without even going there, probably. In this small group that I was in, there was numerous ones of us involved with this type of thing. There had to be maps available with all the information on it that was relevant for this unit commander and S-3 officer. I was involved quite a bit with that.

On December 8, I just don't recall any specific things. I do recall going out to that island for some reason or other. I was just out there for a couple of hours. We had field telephones. The communications section that we had in our battalion was skilled

in running and stringing wire, you know, for these little sound-power field telephones. We didn't have any walkie-talkies then; we got them later. We did have some SCR-125's, which is a pack-type of walkie-talkie, not those little hand-jobs. On December 8, I can't really put anything on that date.

Marcello: When did you finally leave the Hawaiian Islands?

Beasley: We left Hawaii sometime in December, 1942.

Marcello: So you were there almost a year after the attack?

Beasley: Just a little over a year. I'd say a year.

Marcello: And where did you go from there?

Beasley: We went from there down to the South Pacific.

Marcello: Well, that's probably a good place to end this interview, since that's another story altogether.

Beasley: Yes, it is--quite another story.

Marcello: Mr. Beasley, I want to thank you very much for having taken time to talk with me. You've said a lot of very interesting and important things.

Beasley: On thing I recall, and I have thought about this several times since, took place probably a week after Pearl Harbor was attacked. We were still camping in these algarroba trees. It was my turn one night to stay awake for a period of time and stand guard. We had these people all up and down the beach that were awake; they took turns about sleeping through. But back here in the bush, in the camp, we also had people...we took turns

about,

One night when it was my turn to stand guard, I heard something in the bush over here where I knew there were none of our people. It sounded like,,well, it could very well have been somebody crawling. I knew it was an area where we had nobody, or we were supposed to have nobody. And this noise kept getting a little closer and a little closer. When it sounded like it may have been too close for comfort, I let go at it, and it got quite. I never heard it anymore. I mean, I let go four or five rounds. But it kept me awake the rest of my turn, too. Nobody would dare get up and go over there and see what happened. You had to wait for sunlight to do that.

The next morning, I hadn't gotten around to going over there yet, or even thinking about it, because it didn't bother me (chuckle). Somebody went over there the next morning and discovered that I had shot a dog and killed him just like that (laughter). He hadn't even barked or nothing. They kidded me about that for a long time, too.

Marcello: Well, again, that's probably a good place to end this interview. I want to thank you very much for having participated.