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Interview with

James Cory

December 21, 1976

Place of Interview: Dallas, Texas

Interviewer: Dr. Ronald E. Marcello

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Approved: Jim Cory
(Signature)

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Oral History Collection

James Cory

Interviewer: Dr. Ronald E. Marcello

Place of Interview: Dallas, Texas Date: December 21, 1976

Dr. Marcello: This is Ron Marcello interviewing James Cory for the North Texas State University Oral History Collection. The interview is taking place on December 21, 1976, in Dallas, Texas. I'm interviewing Mr. Cory in order to get his reminiscences and experiences and impressions while he was stationed aboard the battleship USS Arizona during the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Mr. Cory was a member of the Marine detachment aboard the Arizona.

Mr. Cory, to begin this interview, just 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. Cory: I was born in Dallas at what was then St. Paul's Sanitarium. It's now destroyed--used to be over on Bryan Street. I was educated in the public schools of the city; my post-war education was at SMU, majoring in history.

Dr. Marcello: When were you born?

Cory: October 27, 1920.

Marcello: When did you enter the service?

Cory: June 12, 1940. This was two days after Italy invaded France, as I remember.

Marcello: Why did you decide to enter the service?

Cory: Two reasons: one, the frustration of the economic outlook at the time with my training, which was high school; and two, the desire to have a considerable amount of combat readiness for what I saw was coming.

Marcello: How closely were you keeping abreast of world affairs at that particular time?

Cory: I used to win all the contests later in the service, when they became popular, concerning current events, winning, oh, several hundred dollars from time to time, and I was sent as a unit contestant often in these things. At the time, I was quite alert and quite well-informed.

Marcello: When you thought about the possibility of the United States getting into a war, I assume for the most part your eyes were turned toward Europe, however?

Cory: Yes, this was the conflagration that we thought was the most rapid-spreading and the most threatening, but there was an element of us that thought we would have to fight Japan ultimately because of the conflict in culture that existed at the time. I would call it the arrogant attitude

of the Japanese toward America. At the time, I wasn't Pacific-oriented, but I was at least aware, and as I moved toward the Pacific in training and finally in duty, Japan became the major concern.

Marcello: Why did you decide to enter the Marine Corps as opposed to one of the other branches of the service?

Cory: Well, I first tried to enter the Naval service, but the quota was filled at the time. I was very fortunate there. I would like to have been a fighter pilot, of course, which was the glamorous thing from World War I that we read about all our youth. There was no chance for this without a college education at that time because the Army Air Corps was college-educated pilots.

So I enlisted, preparing about a week before the actual enlistment took place and getting parental permission. . . though I think I was nineteen. . . yes. . . and entering with their full consent just . . . Friday the 13th, come to think of it, was the day I enlisted rather than the 12th as I had told you. It was Friday the 13th. And I think that this was the day that France fell.

Marcello: You still haven't really mentioned why you entered the Marine Corps as opposed to any other branch of the service. You did mention that the quota for the Navy was filled, so why was the Marine Corps your second choice?

Cory: Well, training was the main thing. I'd always been romantically inclined toward the sea, anyway. The travel books of our day and adventure books and the books depicting heros often depicted the sea--this was typical of a landsman, a plainsman; many of our Naval officers who stood out in World War II were from the plains and inland areas who knew nothing about the sea--and romanticized. The sea to me . . . I had tried to run away to sea another time, and fortunately a German skipper on a private yacht kicked my fanny ashore and told me to go back to my cotton or potatoes or whatever the hell I did and stay there. The sea was what I wanted to get in contact with, and the Marines offered the other contact that was available, plus the glamour and the thoroughness of their training was featured at the time, as I recall.

Marcello: Where did you take your boot camp?

Cory: San Diego.

Marcello: Was there anything eventful that happened in boot camp that you think we need to get as part of the record?

Cory: No. We had some China Marines back, and Corporal Lowry was one of those, and they told us quite bluntly that we were headed for war in the Pacific, and very likely within a year's time. These were enlisted men and supposedly "dummies" and fit only for cannon fodder, but they were pretty astute men. And some of the people who'd been in the Philippines said the same thing.

Marcello: I assume that your boot camp was the normal Marine boot camp. In other words, at that date in 1940, would it be safe to say that there really was not a sense of urgency involved in your training?

Cory: Thoroughness would have been my impression of boot camp. These were seasoned career Marines, please understand. I believe we only had one non-commissioned officer that touched us that had less than one cruise in--four years at a time. And I don't think there was a sense of urgency there that later became apparent in our World War II training. Neither was this training as advanced in technique either, but it was very thorough training. We had the 03's and the old stovepipe packs and the World War I tin hats. And we had those wonderful Endicott-Johnson shoes that were made for Marines--both dress, and as I recall, the horseshoe heeled, so-called hobmail, although they didn't have hobmails on them, not like the British. But we had very thorough equipment with what we had and very thorough training.

I would say that it was a. . .well, with the attitude of the men who came in, it was a relatively pleasant experience. This doesn't mean we weren't tested to the limit of our physical abilities nor tested to the limit of less sharp men to their limits. As a matter of fact, we had two men who were eliminated. One of them was an imbecile from Alabama whose name I know

but there's no sense in repeating, and another chump who, it seemed to me, couldn't coordinate himself for some reason. This was just a common sense elimination. There wasn't any sort of medical anything or that sort of nature that later came about. I was a DI (drill instructor) later for a year between two cruises in the Pacific--two years each--and I got to know something about the latter--manpower training, syllabus, the various things that are involved in training boots. After the draft came about, we got, of all things, about a thousand in from Brooklyn out there, one platoon of which I had to train. Oh! (Chuckle)

Marcello: That sounds like another story in itself.

Cory: Well, I was taking up time that I really didn't intend to. But my boot camp, I just considered a routine training at the time. Sea school was also. . . there was no sense of real urgency in a sense of after we entered the war, I'm sure. But the effort to integrate the sea-going Marine to the Naval life and terminology was very thorough.

Marcello: Okay, let's talk a little bit about sea school. Now obviously, you still had this romance for the sea, and I assume that's why you decided to become a candidate for sea school.

Cory: I wanted this anyway. Yes, the basic cause was this. And, too, I read about many Naval battles and studied history, which is primarily made up of personalities and battles

(chuckle) unfortunately, and not so much economics and things that really matter. But in any event, it was primarily this.

And I asked for duty aboard the Arizona, too. And the Marine gunner--this was the warrant officer--who ran the sea school wanted to send his best students, apparently, to the Arizona, which was commanded by his old commanding officer. I think they'd been together on the New Orleans at one time. Now the warrant officer's name was Marine Gunner Martinez. He was from Argentina. Alan Shapley was his former commanding officer aboard one of the cruisers, and as I said, I thought it was the New Orleans. You'll find in the manuscript the proper designation on each of these officers that I mention. Alan Shapley later became the lieutenant general in charge of Marine Reserve training and is the only man I know of in the Marine Corps history that commanded two regiments of the line in combat at the same time--quite a distingushed career.

Marcello: Describe what sea school was like. What sort of training did you undergo there?

Cory: Well, primarily it was training in acquainting us with the role of the Marine afloat--aboard men-of-war, which at the time were capital ships. This is kind of just heavy cruisers and battleships. The role of the Marine at that time was to provide internal security for the ships afloat and to form what we would now call a cadre--we then called it a spearhead--

of a landing force for the ships should they ever form such an organization to take a hostile shore. This was World War I type thinking and had been superceded in the Marine Corps, but had not been made a part of Naval doctrine that separate amphibious divisions would be the thing that would take shore --hostile shore--from the enemy.

The role of the Marine aboard the ship itself, so far as internal security, is to provide certain watches like the brig guard, the time orderly, as he is called, who is in essence the man who rings the bells aboard ship, and communications orderlies who carry messages to certain officers and. . . oh, the Marine detachment provided certain watches at sea and certain watches in harbor. This was their non-combat duty, of course, in a sense, and just their regular duty. They provided the admiral's orderly and the captain's orderly. Now the admiral's orderly and the captain's orderly is not a servant nor an orderly in the sense of the British orderly. These were men assigned a duty either two hours each or four hours each. Then during the day, they'd serve another similar period of on twelve hours and off twenty-four hours normally in the average Marine detachment. The _Arizona_ was the flag for COMBATDIV ONE, and we had a large Marine detachment for a capital ship in that we were a flag-ship. Admiral Isaac Kidd was the admiral during the attack.

Admiral Turner had been relieved by Isaac Kidd, who was formerly the captain of the Arizona in, let's see, Long Beach in December of 1940, prior to the Arizona going back overseas after a refit at Bremerton Naval. . . what is it?

Marcello: Bremerton Naval Yard, I think, isn't it?

Cory: Yes, it is Bremerton Naval Yard. I was trying to think. Incidentally, we were always listed 32,600 tons and so on; we were close to 41,000 tons displacement when we actually went back over because I delivered the message from the dockyard superintendent to the first lieutenant. And if memory serves me, we were somewhere above 40,000 tons displacement at that time.

Marcello: How long did sea school last altogether?

Cory: I would think a month, but it could have been three weeks. It had not been accelerated at the time.

Marcello: Now when you came out of sea school, what rank would you have been?

Cory: Private! In those days (chuckle), to make a non-commissioned officer in your first cruise was. . . the Marine Corps had 17,500 men and was expanding to 35,000 as fast as they could train men, and they had not accelerated training a great deal.

Marcello: I gather that in all branches of the service, rank was very, very slow during that pre-World War II period.

Cory: Well, until the actual draft began. . . as a matter of fact, until the draftees began to hit the units, promotion in the

Marine Corps is very slow. To make PFC by the end of two years was very, very noticeable; to make corporal by the end of first four years was outstanding; to make sergeant in your second cruise was again outstanding; to make gunnery sergeant or first sergeant by the end of your third cruise was equally outstanding; and to be a master sergeant of either the gunnery or in the line. . . now there were certain specialties that they were expanding much more rapidly. Technical sergeant in mess was one; technical sergeant in music and in communications were others. People went up more rapidly in the specialties as is generally always the case than in line. Because as you know, line's only about 10 per cent of any armed group in our mechanized and technological warfare.

Marcello: Describe the process by which you got aboard the Arizona after you got out of sea school.

Cory: I believe that we boarded the USS Nitro at San Diego. If not, we were sent by train to Los Angeles and transported by bus to Long Beach, and there we boarded the Nitro. I cannot remember. But from there we went to Mare Island Navy Yard aboard the USS Nitro, which was an ammunition ship, needless to say, and loaded with fleet ammunition. And we sailed from there sometime in September. I had this all down at one time, but I don't have it available now.

We arrived in Pearl in October, losing two Marines on the way, by the way, to operational accident, wherein they were chipping paint on a large fresh-water tank that was being tested for pressure by inducing air into it from the engine room spaces. In so doing, they blew out the end of the tank, which was probably ten feet in diameter. . . and the end was semi-bell-shaped--by that I mean it was semi-domed. It blew out and sliced one of the Marines in two and severely crushed the other Marine that they died that day. Of course, there was a board of inquiry. I had just left that position, by the way--chipping paint on that particular thing--the watch before --two or three hours.

Marcello: Now to get aboard the Arizona, did you volunteer or were you simply assigned there?

Cory: I requested the Arizona. There were two reasons: one, that the chaplain who had been at the Marine Corps recruit depot, whom I had somehow met in some of the activity on the base, was a very pleasant chap, and he was going to be assigned to the Arizona and I liked him--I may have idealized him; and I was in the top 10 per cent, or maybe the 2 or 3 per cent, of sea school, which was a doubly effective thing in channeling my course toward the Arizona. I wanted to go, and then Martinez wanted to sent his top people to Alan Shapley apparently.

Marcello: Incidentally, was it quite an honor to be selected to go to sea school?

Cory: Yes. Only two or three men from each platoon--which at that time was a forty-five man platoon--were selected to go to sea school. They had to be a certain height. I think maybe they had to be a recruit squad leader; they had to be qualified in marksmanship in some manner. I can't remember all the qualifications, but it was a selective process.

Marcello: And I gather from what you've said, then, that you picked up the Arizona in Honolulu.

Cory: Yes. As I remember, we arrived on a rather warm afternoon and moored for what seemed like an eternal delay before the Arizona sent a boat to the Nitro to pick us up. We went into . . . oh, I guess it's East Loch. . . with the Nitro and moored away from all other shipping. This was standard operating procedure, I later learned, and it made sense at the time. Then we were taken by the Arizona's motor boat or motor launch --I can't remember but it was probably motor launch--to the Arizona and given hammocks, issued our . . . whatever they needed for us to be issued that evening so we could sleep that night. Then we were assigned our duties the next day after an initial breaking in by our first sergeant, John Durvene.

Marcello: Now what did you think about the idea of going to the Hawaiian Islands?

Cory: Well, this was, of course, of some romantic interest, but I had studied considerably before I went, so I didn't have any

idiotic notion of what I would find. I knew what I was going to find. It seems to me that we had an acquaintance--a friend here in Dallas--who had been to the Hawaiian Islands, and I'd had some prior idea what we were going to get into.

Marcello: Now what sort of a reception did you receive once you got aboard the Arizona? You mentioned this Sergeant Durvene awhile ago.

Cory: Well, Durvene's favorite expression was that he had a sea bag full of champions, which meant that he was a positive attitude-type first sergeant. . . that he thought well of his detachment and wanted them to think of themselves as winners and champions as we now relate it to, say, the football world or something like this. But this was a rare thing in the Marine Corps as a whole in that day, and I never heard of it on any other sea-going vessel.

Marcello: You're referring to this positive attitude.

Cory: Yes, of a non-commissioned officer, because Durvene was the non-commissioned officer in charge of the detachment. He was a very experienced man and a very fine first sergeant. The gunner. . . now Durvene was short and fat, and the Marine gunner aboard was tall and thin and a Polish immigrant. Now I can't remember his name offhand, but this was typical of an old Marine Corps-type NCO--they were either tall and skinny and spoke broken English or short and fat and spoke broken English (laughter).

Marcello: What was the morale like in the Marine detachment aboard the *Arizona* during that pre-Pearl Harbor period?

Cory: I would say that it was, with one short period as an exception, about as high as I've seen it in any unit that I've been any-place.

Marcello: How do you account for the high morale?

Cory: Leadership on the part of the non-commissioned officers and the officers. The only time I saw it drop was when the officers miscalculated the "dope," as we called it, that they put on the guns in range-finding and deflection for short-range battle practice which was fired in competition with other ships, as you recall, I'm sure. The Marine gunner. . . the captains or the guns. . . the pointers and trainers felt that they deserved better "dope" than the officers actually worked out. They did not win an "E." This was very disappointing --much like the Cowboys may feel today after this recent loss. But the officers felt down-in-the-mouth about it, too, because they felt that they'd put incorrect information on the guns. Gunnery--the sport of kings, may I say, which was the most fascinating thing we did, and every man should have a chance to do this in his lifetime--was to become our life in essence. Now even in the peacetime Navy, gunnery was the thing that everybody looked forward to. Gunnery was the thing that every-body sought to excel in, and it was the thing that got the awards.

Marcello: I gather that there was a tremendous amount of ship-to-ship competition in that pre-Pearl Harbor service.

Cory: Yes. There were two reasons for this. This was a husky, healthy group of young men. You'd better keep them busy or they'll start fighting each other. And there are no women around to speak of or too few, and they're not available much (chuckle). So you keep them busy--doing nonsense things if you have to. You have to keep them busy, or they'll begin to fight. This is just the nature of young, aggressive males the world over in any culture or almost any culture. All right, we had sailing whaleboat races; we had pulling whaleboat races; we had . . . Lord, I can't think of the competition--baseball teams. . .

Marcello: Boxing was also a big sport.

Cory: Oh, Lord! The fleet champ was a man to be envied, much as the boxers in Britain in, oh, the 1700's and 1800's were developed and thought of. Gosh, even the bands had competition!

Marcello: I assume that we'll talk about this a little bit later on when we get on to the eve of the actual Japanese attack.

Cory: Yes. This was. . . the Arizona, being a flagship, had a splendid band. I won't say that that's the reason she had a splendid band, but she did have and it was a point of pride of the battleship division that the Arizona's band was so outstanding. And at the time, music and radio were much more a part of our culture than they are today. Noise in this form

was important, and everybody. . . swing was the important thing at the time, and big bands. This was emulated to a degree in the service, I'm sure. It was an influence, anyway, from civilian life. But the competition carried on over into bars and other things ashore, and occasionally the boys (chuckle) got carried away with things.

Marcello: And a ship flying the "E" pennant--that was really something.

Cory: Well, it was <u>the</u> mark, whether it was in engineering or whether it was in gunnery or whatever the qualifications were. The two outstanding ones, of course, were always gunnery first and engineering second. I think there were other awards given in signaling and various other things, but I can't remember any "E" being given.

Then, too, qualifications within a professional status was an important thing, too. Now we had the type of leadership aboard that detachment that wanted everybody qualified to the maximum that they could be qualified. Gee, you went through a horrendous physical examination to determine eyesight capabilities, hearing and so on. And I think that a number of us took some sort of gunnery course that had to do with being rated as . . . oh, drat. . . either spotters or trainers or pointers. I think I became a Naval pointer at the time. This was an additional five dollars a month--a very sought-after thing, by the way.

Marcello: Why was there an additional five dollars a month involved in becoming a pointer?

Cory: I think because this was supposedly the sharpening of your technique in gunnery. I know that the "E" carried a five-dollar a month . . . if you were a member of a gun crew who qualified for an "E," you got five dollars a month additional for a year's period, as I recall. There was a reward in many ways, but the recognition among your fellows was probably the greatest thing.

And we had some outstanding. . . I even joined the boxing team. I weighed 123 poines and was six feet tall. And, of course, I got beaten to death by these more compact, shorter fellows everytime I stepped into the ring. But I had to compete in something; this was the rule. Boxing was the least strenuous. Finally, the detachment got me a robe--put "Sissy" across the back of it--and I became known as the one that everybody else could score points on, because I really wasn't built to be a boxer or anything else. Fencing would have been better, but the enlisted men didn't fence and the officers did. And heck, we had rifle teams and marksmanship and every sort of competition that you can imagine in the fleet that they could afford.

As time went by, we developed recreational centers on the windward side of the island, and we could go camp out for

a week or two weeks while the ship was in Pearl. Part of the detachment would go one time and part another time, and the officers would go with us, and we'd just camp out and live out. We were free to do what we damned well pleased within the limits of the recreational area. It was quite different from shipboard and was a very cherished thing. It was altogether a very fine, healthful, youthful experience, and I certainly recommend it to anyone who doesn't have four years of their life immediately charted out. . . for a young person --excellent, excellent thing.

Marcello: What were the living quarters like for the Marine detachment aboard the Arizona?

Cory: Well, by standards that later came about in the war, they were excellent in peacetime. The war crowded things up a great deal, and though they improved in some technical areas, they were terribly, terribly overcrowded. The Marines had the after compartment, which went from a beam of the Arizona --that was ninety feet by, I would say, fifty feet--for their approximately ninety men. In that and separated was the first sergeant's office.

Also indented into it off the quarter-deck. . . and the reason we were located on the quarter-deck of the Arizona was the tremendous number of ceremonies necessary for the guard on a flagship. Because for all the visiting officers, the

guard would fall out for them and present arms, and all the honors had to be done in the Naval tradition, which gave it some romance and enhanced the command prestige of the officers and served many useful purposes, which as youths we just didn't. . . we thought it was a pain in the ass and didn't realize what purpose it served.

Hammocks would be slung from the overhead at night on hammock hooks, and the mess tables were collapsable--very heavy tables, by the way--collapsable wire-legged tables that were brought down from the overhead in hangers that they hung up there during the times we were not messing. Right above us was the galley on the galley deck, and our mess came down hot, and it was very advantageous to us to be so located. And, too, the smells of the cooking bread and the pies and things floated down to you in the early morning.

There were other advantages to it in the sense that we could readily step out and see almost everything aft. Sunshine got into the compartment, and this was to our advantage. There were disadvantages in that it was the main passageway fore and aft on the main deck--the main deck's the last deck that goes from stem to stern on a battleship--and there was a lot of traffic through our compartment, which was bad. And there's another disadvantage in that when you're in extremely cold weather. . . the hatchways were double hatchways on one

side and single on the other, and you got a lot of cold air in the compartment.

We had ladders from above going up to our own casemates, by the way--it was a well-organized ship. The Marine detachment manned the secondary battery defenses--the 5.51-caliber guns on the starboard and portside directly above the Marine compartment. Now this would be gun seven and nine to port and six and eight to starboard. I can't remember whether it's even numbers to starboard, but anyway in my monograph I've got it correctly.

And then the ship's library was directly below us, which was very handy to me anyway, because I was the studious type. We were not far from any real activity, and we were close to "officers' country," where we had to serve much of our duty.

Marcello: Describe what it was like sleeping in a hammock because that's a part of the old Navy and the old Marine Corps.

Cory: I was rather tall, and I didn't particularly like it. The prime thing about hammocks was that the hammock itself was a very stiff canvas, and lashing up a hammock properly and storing it properly in the hammock nettings, as they were called--they were actually bins in the compartment--was a difficult task for one so light as I and so lacking in physical strength. But sleeping in them was no great problem. You had spreaders at both head and feet if you chose--you were issued

them anyway--and most of us just spread the hammock at the head because we wanted to be head-to-toe, head-to-toe in the normal sleeping conditions of any barrack or crowded area. To spread the toe area would gouge somebody else. I think we had thirty inches aboard the Arizona for sleeping space per man. Later, after Bremerton, we had fold-up hammocks that folded up against the bulkhead and that had a spring sort or thing and these "thirty-two"-pound cotton mattresses on them. I think it weighed more like five pounds. It was stuffed with straw, but eventually I got senior enough to get one of those bunks. I didn't like them as much as the hammock, but once I got in them, I couldn't get out of them. The guy below me would stick his knees in the middle of my back at night, and the guy above me would drop his hand down in my face if I were leaning over the eighteen or twenty inches of bunk space that I had.

Marcello: In general then, I gather from what you've said that accommodations aboard the Arizona were quite acceptable.

Cory: Oh, Lord, yes! I suspect this coming generation would accept them with alacrity in another ten or twelve years.

Marcello: Now what was the food like aboard the Arizona?

Cory: Excellent. This was the most frequently asked question among civilians--do they feed you well? Hell, yes! The Navy did a

good job. Now they had beans for breakfast on Wednesday. I didn't like this a bit. And they had canned milk, which was called Klim.

Marcello: Klim--milk spelled backwards (chuckle).

Cory: It was (chuckle) like nature's best. It was the worst stuff I ever put in my mouth. But eventually, because you couldn't get fresh milk in the Naval service except in the continental United States Marine barracks, you became accustomed to it, and you eventually put up with it. In six years, and four of it overseas, you became inured to almost anything, and you eventually drank the stuff. . . even with breakfast food.

Marcello: Now when you first went aboard the Arizona, I assume that you were being served family-style?

Cory: The mess tables were placed down upon the deck, and they had benches on each side. Chaps in our detachment normally were assigned the duty of being a mess cook as it was called. The mess cook went to the galley and got the tureens full of food, which were pots that contained, say, beans or potatoes or whatever they were--rolls or the meat dish--and brought them down to the mess table. There were so many messes in a detachment, and each mess was served an allotted portion. These were brought down in tureens, which were covered aluminum pots. A good mess cook was rewarded at the end of the month or at the end of the month or at the special requisition day--we

were paid twice a month then--by everybody in the mess table chipping in a dollar or a dollar and a half. I cannot remember the amount, but this was his only compensation. And aboard the Arizona, this was a position that was sought by the people who were energetic and enterprising and wanted more money. I served two days of mess service in my whole career of six years in the Marine Corps--active duty--and none during the reserve time, and this was much to my liking. I didn't particularly enjoy mess duty or messing with food even today. I do it on the outdoors but no other time.

Another duty that was sought was working in a laundry, because in addition to getting tips to do the laundry fast or a certain way or so on like this, the people who were allotted from each division and the ship's organization. . . we were in Division Seven and later Division Eight. Each division had certain areas to live in and certain duties to execute and so on and certain responsibilities, and two men would be alloted, say, from the larger divisions for laundry duty, and they would get an extra income of ten or fifteen dollars a month. . . generated by the money that was charged for the laundry.

Marcello: I'm curious as to how you would stow your formal and dress uniforms and so on aboard the Arizona.

Cory: We had metal lockers similar to the individual lockers in various industrial plants today. We had rifle racks for our

rifles, and our bayonets were hung in our lockers. We didn't have any metal helmets then, as I recall. If we did, they were stored down in Marine storage compartment forward. I don't recall ever wearing these things prior to the actual attack. Now on certain stations, they wore the World War I type metal tin hats--our antiaircraft crew for one--and most of the exposed positions had some sort of metal head protection, which was a psychological thing and not much value. The locker that I kept my gear in primarily was about eighteen inches deep and probably twenty inches in width and probably twenty-four inches in height. In it were several metal sub-divisions for your "housewife," so to speak, and your shaving kit; and I think that we had joint hanging lockers but they were very limited space. We had a place to put our overcoats, but I don't remember. . . because we did wear those in Bremerton and still nearly froze to death during those Pacific winters.

Marcello: You mentioned the "housewife" awhile ago. For the benefit of somebody who might read this a hundred years from now, what are you referring to?

Cory: A "housewife" was, in essence, a sewing kit. In it you had sufficient buttons to repair all particulars of your uniforms --thread, needle, thimble. It seems to me that there were certain . . . oh, shoe laces, for instance, and I cannot recall much more than this. But we did not keep, as in the

old Navy, our razors or anything like this in that particular . . . we had what would now be called a shaving kit. Most of us tried to get the single-bladed British Rolls Royce, old-fashioned razor that was not a safety razor. . . oh, drat, I can't describe that thing. The term escapes me at the moment. Then eventually, we graduated to what we. . . those of us that were shaving, I may say (chuckle), wanted to get the. . . the British influence, for some reason, on the Arizona was very profound; I don't know whether somebody had a relative in Britain or what it was. We wanted to get the Rolls Royce safety razor, which had its own stropping device--a small, compact, mechanical stropper. Once you got a blade, why, it would last for six months or a year if it were stropped correctly.

Marcello: I think you've mentioned a lot of things that probably would have contributed to the high morale aboard the Arizona. The living quarters were quite acceptable; the food was good and plentiful; the competition of all sorts kept the men occupied; and finally, at that particular time everybody was a volunteer --they were there because they wanted to be there.

Cory: Well, in a sense they were. This is true. But all of us were motivated in the enlisted rank. . . not all of us, but the majority of us, were kids who had--or young men really --who could not see an economic opportunity and could see war

looming ahead. Now this was a fact; you've got to give it credit because a lot of people don't give it credit. And we could see it looming ahead, and we wanted to get what training we could. Many of the men actually sought sea duty because they thought it would be the safest. They were not well-read in these matters. I knew, for instance, that in World War I the highest percentage of deaths occurred in the Naval service, even with the horrible trench warfare. In proportion to the total manpower engaged, the highest percentage of deaths in the casualties was in Naval warfare. It proved again the same way in World War II. There were far fewer total casualties, but a greater percentage. Somewhere in the 50-55 per cent range of those engaged in combat died in any particular engagement if there was any sort of . . . actually striking of the vessel. This is an astounding figure when you look at it. But the Kamikazes built that up toward the end of the war, I think, a great deal. Fire was the second biggest source of deaths.

Marcello: Okay, let's talk a little bit about the training routine that the Arizona underwent after it was more or less stationed permanently at Pearl Harbor. Describe what a training exercise or maneuver might be like. In other words, when did you go out, how long did you stay out, what did you do when you went out, when did you come back in? That's a lot of questions.

Cory: Well, generally it was a week out and a week in, as I remember. This was before there would have been some urgency. Then it began to be a week out and two or three days in and two weeks out and three days in and such stuff as this because the fleet was being brought to a point of readiness, and we were. . . we discussed the Japanese. Over the whole year that I was aboard the _Arizona,_ the Japanese attack on Pearl was a pretty well-discussed subject; and the officers remembered the exercises in which we had planned an attack on Pearl--a surprise attack. This was discussed on night watch among men, and it would lead to stories about action and previous things related to what you're doing now. Americans are primarily occupational-oriented; they're not philosophical. And this took place aboard the _Arizona._ Now when I had proved that I was absolutely incapable of being a sustained gunner. . . like I say, I couldn't handle the ninety-pound projectiles for any length of time like those six-foot, 220-pound-Marines that stood beside me could. At 123 pounds and six feet, why, I was eventually put on a phone. I was a good talker and was one that always participated in the ceremonies where awards were given and so on. I was the enlisted man's voice; I was chosen and told what to say. I had no choice in it. But I was made a talker on the. . . in the secondary aft. Then, as I said, with training and seniority I got to be either pointer or trainer. I

can't remember which. I think I was a pointer. A pointer elevates and depresses the gun, and a trainer moves it, in essence, horizontally as would be applied on the range-finder, and elevation would be one of those things that is cranked in by a range-finder. Then the talker would transmit this information to the guns, besides there being no repeater devices down at the guns that matched the pointers with the fire control device.

But a typical exercise. . . I cannot remember the early ones, but night battle practice was, for instance, one that we went out on just before December the 7th. I think we came in on December the 6th--that night--from six days out or four days out from firing night battle practice. We had fired night battle practice before for qualifications, but something was involved in it. I cannot remember which. . . I think we were in a collision with the USS _Oklahoma_ during night maneuvers, and that had negated the exercise, in essence. We had permission to shoot it over again. Well, in night battle practice . . . for a secondary battery, which we were concerned with, the battleship division went along in line of ships, and the _Arizona_ in this particular case, I believe, led this particular night, and the _Nevada_ was behind us and. . . drat, I forget the third ship in the division. It may not have been there. It would have been the _Oklahoma_ because it had a tripod mast. We were the only three old tripod masts in the fleet.

All right, a course was set on a firing range, it was called, and the battleship division steered along this course at a certain specified speed. This was all for safety precautions. A target vessel was towed out at a certain line and a certain angle to this track or course according to whatever the referees and the umpires and the ships' officers had agreed upon, and behind the tug was a target--a sled, as it was called in those days. It was above the water line, and it was a grid of wood just, let us say, two-by-two slats, say, with a five-inch opening in between the slats. It may have been fifty or a hundred feet long--I forgot the specifications--and say twenty-five feet high or twenty feet high. I think it was twenty-by-fifty feet. Below the sea, there was a very deep keel-type affair that held this thing upright--generally upright--in the waves, and there would be a steel wire cable leading to the towing vessel. This was towed on a certain specified course, and we were told to spot the target, to shoot at it, and to cease fire within a certain specified limit of time. I do not remember what this was. But we would be on course, and the safety officer would say to us, "Coming on the range," and we would probably be that time--no search lights or anything on--but it seems to me, if memory serves me correctly, we had the darn target spotted. There were officers

at each control unit and each firing unit to see that none of the weapons were trained toward, say, the towing target, even though there was a great safety factor in that tow line.

We were given illumination, range information, deflection information, and so on. Each gun would report to fire control when it was on target and when it was loaded and ready to fire. In our case, fire control was secondary aft. Now secondary aft and secondary forward--one on the main mast and one on the foremast, secondary forward being on the foremast --could take control of all guns on any given side of the Arizona. There were five of these 5.31 guns. These were called bag guns because the projectile and the powder bag were separate entities. Whoever the firing officer was. . . in this case, we fired by control points. The three guns forward were fired by the Navy up front, and two Marine guns were fired by Marines and were controlled aft. Then they combined them, it seemed to me, for another run, and they fired for a few rounds forward and then for a few rounds aft. But again, money was a factor. You don't go shooting off the king's treasury in one gunnery exercise.

All right, we make the firing run and. . . let's see, the commander says, "Coming on the range! Coming on the range! Stand by! Stand by! Commence firing." This was the safety officer's commands, and each time they were repeated in general

by the firing officer or battery control or whatever you want to call it. The mechanism going down to the guns, I can easily record for you, because it's overlearned. Of course, I was on one of the guns for six months or whatever, but it's not important to go through that.

We did fire the course, and then we were secured probably about midnight, and the gun crew cleaned the guns. Everything was secured and put back into regular shape before we left the station, and we retired from our stations and contributed our added manpower to whatever tasks were at hand. Then we secured from that.

In this particular case, it seems to me--the second or the third night that we were out--on the first run of this, the officers were handling the ships by divisions. And the Oklahoma rammed the Arizona at about frame 143 and put her in dry dock for two weeks. This was in October of 1941.

Marcello: Now as one gets closer and closer to December 7, 1941, and as relations between the United States and Japan continued to deteriorate, did your training routine change any? Now you did mention this night exercise, and I think you did mention that the duration of the exercises increased.

Cory: Yes, and they were less widely spaced. I think that only one main battery practice a year had been the practice before, but I believe we shot two while I was aboard the Arizona in

slightly over a year. Because I came in October 1940, and, of course, was blown off the ship in December of 1941. That amounted to a little over a year, and I believe we fired two main battery practices in that time. We fired at least one short-range battle practice, which, as I mentioned, was such a disappointment to all of us. We fired two or three night gunnery practices--long-range and short-range. We continually ran dummy runs on these things with real targets of the nature I've described. We continuallly had destroyer attacks with our own destroyers, all the while firing sub-caliber--.30-caliber --imitations of cannon fire. We continually had antiaircraft practice both towed from our own planes and towed from NAF Pearl.

Marcello: How much emphasis was given to antiaircraft practice during this pre-Pearl Harbor period?

Cory: Much, much toward the last month or so, but it was not in anticipation of the Japanese role. It was in appreciation of the Stuka and its use as field artillery, in essence, in front of the armored columns and the blitzkrieg. The thought was, with the sinking of capital ships by submarines and various other things, there would be much like a gunnery battle, and the aircraft was negated. But the recognized role of the airplane was coming along. You can't blame the Naval officers who had been trained a lifetime in gunnery for this because

our Naval bombing, when viewed as a spectator, was pretty inadequate. Later on, the actual surveys of war damage, with few exceptions, showed that it was a very wasteful method of delivering high explosives.

Now there's something I want to bring to your attention that I think has been overlooked in many of these cases. We went to sea--I know for a month, maybe six weeks--prior to December the 7th with ready ammunition in the trays of the 5.25 antiaircraft guns. Often they were pointed out to sea because there had been enemy submarines spotted in Hawaiian waters--or at least we thought there was--and there certainly was the week before. Unknown to me at the time, but later developed quite fully by Captain Zacharias and others, we had information on Japanese naval movements to a degree--what was going on--and we suspected a great deal more. This was openly discussed among the officers in the wardroom because I stood watch outside it many, many times and listened to it. But we knew what was going on, in essence--that the Japanese were extremely active. We actually went to sea with the guns manned with full gun crews--as our antitorpedo defense really--with twenty-five rounds on each gun, anyway, in the ready ammunition boxes. Now this was antiaircraft, understand. But we were trained in antiaircraft guns besides our own guns. We were relief crews on these guns--anticipating battle casualties.

They in turn were trained on ours, too. This was apparently relatively unusual. I say Battleship Division One did this. I don't know what Battleship Division Two or Three or Four or whatever we had over at the time did. But I know that in our battleship division, there was reciprocity in combat duty.

Also, some of the things that are overlooked by historians was the officers thoughts about the leadership of the country at the time--all the scrap being sold to Japan, all the oil being sold to Japan. Many of us in the enlisted crew reflected their attitudes. There was a considerable amount of resentment among the Naval officers at the time about this. . . but, of course, when we cut it off is when the relations dropped to a point where it eventually made war inevitable. Given Japan's probably certain earned economic interest in world trade, there was no other course for her but to take on the United States, regardless of what guise or alliances or anything else she went into. She probably had no other course open to her at the time. That's neither here nor there.

Marcello: But your training did intensify during those weeks immediately prior to the actual attack?

Cory: Oh, Lord, yes! Oh, yes. No question about it. We went on several landing force exercises on Maui. I can't remember exactly, but we participated in any number of intensified training programs during 1941. We were busy.

Marcello: Now normally, when the Arizona came in off these training exercises, was it usually on a weekend?

Cory: No, not necessarily. We happened to coincide with the week-end on December 7th. I quite frankly think that there was more to this than meets the eye. I think that often the fleet was brought in at certain periods of time not only for leave and recreation of the fleet, but also the clamor of the mer-chants in downtown Honolulu may have had something to say about this. This would officially be denied, of course, but don't think it wasn't a factor.

Marcello: I've heard this mentioned before. In fact, several of the Pearl Harbor survivors that I've interviewed mentioned that on many occasions the fleet--at least a portion of the fleet --would be anchored out at Lahaina Roads.

Cory: Yes. Yes.

Marcello: And obviously the downtown merchants were going to suffer when that took place.

Cory: And a lot of it was stopped toward the latter months of the war, I think, too, as a security measure. That was an open roadstead, you understand. And even though there were torpedo nets eventually brought over and constructed at tremendous expense, it was still an exposed anchorage. I don't remember whether there were torpedo nets or any of those submarine nets, but it was just too damned exposed later on. So the

fleet was brought into Pearl. Pearl is a long way from any place.

Now another thing that's overlooked in civilian accountability, and certainly was overlooked in any investigation--the Roberts Report and all this "BS"--that "whitewashed" Roosevelt, who made the ultimate decision. . . and I have no quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt; I think he made the correct decision, by the way. He exposed, let's say, 50,000 lives who were professionals in the armed forces--and should be the first thing to take the shock in any armed conflict--to awaken 140,000,000 people, which I think was roughly the population of the United States at that time. And in so doing this, he brought the nation awake. He'd been trying to awaken them, but nobody wanted to face the horrors that everybody else was facing. We wanted to make some money and supply the ordnance and forego the actual combat. But this is not the way things worked out, as you well know, in the turmoil of human events. When Roosevelt made the decision to expose the fleet--and that's what he did; no question about it in my mind--by not sending any more detailed information to the commanders in the Hawaiian chain, which he had available in plenty of time to transmit, then this opened up the debacle leading to our greatest naval defeat. Now we were very fortunate. First of all, no real damage was done to the fleet.

Marcello: Now we're kind of getting off the subject of your experiences at Pearl in this particular case. . .

Cory: Oh, I'm sorry.

Marcello: . . . and we can lead up to it a little bit later on, I think, when we kind of sum up the interview at the very end. At this point, let me ask this. You brought up the subject awhile ago and let me pursue it just a little bit further. How much thought did you give during that pre-Pearl Harbor period to the possibility of the Japanese ever attacking Pearl Harbor?

Cory: As I tried to intimate, it was discussed on these long night watches. When we went out to sea, we went out in Condition Two or Condition Three. Condition Two meant half of the guns of the ship were manned at all times with full crews and a Condition X-ray, Yolk, or Zed were set on the watertight integrity of the ship. At general quarters, all guns were manned, and all watertight doors were closed and reported, and all battle readiness was maintained. Condition Two was half of that. Condition Three meant that one-fourth of the guns and one-third of the watertight integrity of the ship were maintained at all times.

We were always from. . . gee, I can't recall ever going out on anything less than Condition Three on the Arizona. Now we may have in the early days, I can't say. But in the Hawaiian area, I don't remember going out in anything but a

Condition Three for a year before Pearl. I know for six to to eight months before Pearl, we never went out in anything less than Condition Three. Not until we left, it seemed to me, to come back to Bremerton for refit in November or December of '40--until we left the Hawaiian zone and entered the zone of communications, which, I think, was 1,000 miles to the east of Hawaii--did we just go into normal cruising with the portholes open at night and lights on and so on. In Condition Three you have no portholes open and no lights on except battle lights, of course, which are light blue, and red lights for night visual condition. But I think that we cruised with the truck lights off. I don't know whether we maintained radio silence, but I'm sure we did at various times in the exercises because there were more exercises than the ones that I participated in, obviously, for the training of the officers and communications people and engineering forces and so on. We were deck force gunnery.

Marcello: Did you think there ever was a possibility that the Japanese would attack Pearl Harbor?

Cory: We discussed it, even the very week. . . the Friday night before we came in, we discussed the possibility of it.

Marcello: When you discussed the possibility, what did you conclude?

Cory: That there was a very real chance of it taking place--a raiding force. We didn't picture aircraft entirely, though the officers

maintained this, but many of us thought there would be battle lines and raiding forces at least punching shells ashore and into the harbor. Many of us envisioned a raid such as the commandos later pulled or had pulled by that time--I can't recall.

Marcello: When you thought of an individual Japanese during that pre-Pearl Harbor period, what sort of an individual did you usually conjure up in your own mind?

Cory: Well, I happened to know some Japanese at Pearl and Hawaii and went with one of the Japanese daughters and knew a Japanese physician. They were grand human beings--there's no question about this--and people of integrity and people you desired to be associated with. They were very much desired as a young man to court the young Japanese lady involved. I did, as a matter of fact, court her, and she later married an American.

Marcello: Did you ever hear any of the old salts or the officers and so on talk about the capabilities of the Japanese military during that pre-Pearl Harbor period?

Cory: Well, some had been to China, and some had talked with others, and, of course, Carlson had been in China and was known to some of the officers aboard the _Arizona._ Roosevelt had various favorites that he would send on various scouting missions for himself. Every great man has this sort of thing. It was very well put in a novel by some Jewish writer in New York, by the

way--_Winds of War._ I can't remember his name. He wrote the _Caine Mutiny,_ too, by the way--perceptive Jewish author. Carlson was one of those chaps who was assigned a mission in China to scout things out and report back to the President, and he did. He formed Carlson's Raiders based on the same principle that Mao Tse-tung took his troops on the Long March. But in any event, there was certain knowledge of all this among the Marine officers because they'd had some Asiatic duty, among the older Naval officers because they'd had Asiatic duty, and among the enlisted men. This was not aboard the _Arizona_ but in other areas where we frequented. In Marine barracks and so on, there were people who had been there. Now their view was distorted because it was relatively "lower deck"--it was an uneducated view.

But nevertheless, the capabilities of the Oriental soldier were pretty well known. Now it was very popular to degrade and debase the Japanese at this time and think of them as an upstart monkey. But there was an underlying current there, in the Corps at least, that these were very capable soldiers. Even though there were many atrocities perpetrated by them, which our culture rejected at the time--and this was thought to debase the individual and so on--there was a current of concern, let me say, that these were very capable foe. Incidentally, they proved to be one of the toughest foes we ever

tackled, and you had to kill them to wedge them out of anyplace. There's no question about this. Very few surrendered.

Marcello: When you did think of a Japanese attack on the islands during that pre-Pearl Harbor period, did you think, as you mentioned earlier, mainly in terms of some sort of a landing party or a raid rather than an air attack as such?

Cory: Air attack, solely, was not ever envisioned by me. Now it was discussed by others. But it was thought that our antiaircraft fire--and we were led to believe this on purpose--and our armor decks which I could go into in some detail because I've studied it considerably starting before the Marine Corps with Jane's Fighting Ships and various things. . . but that's neither here nor there. We thought that we were capable of defending ourselves, in our ignorance, at the time. So we didn't envision it as a very serious thing. See, the Repulse and the Reknown had not happened yet, and neither had Pearl so we were relatively ignorant.

Marcello: Well, I don't think anybody really knew the capabilities of the carrier aircraft at the time and the role that the aircraft carrier was to play in future war.

Cory: No, the Japanese introduced the world to that and did a splendid job until the Battle of Midway--six months after the war started.

Marcello: Now when the Arizona came into Pearl, describe what your particular liberty routine would be like. First of all, when would liberty commence, how long would it last, and how often would you get liberty?

Cory: There was no overnight liberty. Since you had the duty every other day--at least in my area of responsibility--the admiral's and the captain's orderlies by that time. . . incidentally, I think I started as brig orderly and then communication orderly and then "exec's" orderly. I skipped time orderly because I didn't particularly like it. The "exec's" orderly was probably the most demanding role on the ship because you had to know every officer on the ship. The executive officer had intercourse with every officer on the ship. I think we had a first lieutenant's orderly, but he wasn't a very well-liked man at the time, and I skipped that through various things--I don't remember exactly how. We had duty every other day, and then for a while, Captain Shapley tried a running watch, in which there were a certain number of men assigned as admiral's orderly. If you didn't have the duty or were next coming in line for it--standby--you were free to go ashore. But you had to be back before one watch before that standby watch started, so that would be three watches in a row. If the watch was dogged, why, it would permit you to be two hours later than normal. But in any event, whichever watch, you normally had every other day in Pearl available to go ashore.

Marcello: So on a weekend you would probably have either a Saturday or a Sunday.

Cory: Yes. I was, in fact, due for Sunday ashore and went down to

see--as you'll see in my monograph--the ship's chaplain--Westbrook--who was a very good friend of mine. . . and a rather studious chap, and, incidentally, later did some very heroic things in the war. He was a yeoman--chaplain's yeoman--at this time. I think I wanted to borrow two bucks from him to go ashore. There were commercial lenders aboard ship who would charge interest, but buddies would lend each other two or three bucks, and that was about the limit, too, by the way. We were all (chuckle) on "short rations."

Marcello: You mentioned something awhile ago, if I may interrupt you here a minute. You mentioned that when one had liberty, he had to be back aboard ship at midnight. Why was this done?

Cory: I frankly think it was for the convenience of the people ashore. If I recall correctly, there weren't very many quarters. The YMCA was available, and there were a few commercial hotels; but on the income that the average enlisted man had, he would either be sleeping out in the parks or doing something of this nature, which was frowned upon by everybody in those days, by the way, including the enlisted men; or he would be drunk in some alley someplace. So the required liberty at midnight or whenever--I can't remember exactly--but it seemed to me it got to be midnight rather abruptly. Only those with special permission were permitted leave ashore for a full night.

Marcello: These would be officers or married men who had quarters ashore and people of this nature.

Cory: Absolutely. And senior NCO's who had proven their capabilities.

Marcello: What would you normally do when you went on liberty after being out at sea on one of those maneuvers where you had been working rather hard?

Cory: We would--if we had any money--go to a place and eat a big steak. This doesn't mean that our meals aboard ship was not adequate or anything.

Marcello: You just wanted a change of pace.

Cory: There was a change that was required. And big steaks in those days--a tremendous porterhouse steak or a T-bone steak--would probably cost $1.25, which was a considerable amount of money to a man. By this time we were making, say, thirty dollars a month as basic income for a private. I was a PFC and probably making thirty-six dollars a month, which was almost doubling my income. If you recall, I told you I had seventeen dollars or something like that to live on per month when I was a private. In any event, two or three of us who were friendly, generally from Texas or who had like interests--mine went toward books and intellectual things--would go ashore and take either a cab--seemed to me either fifteen or twenty-five cents for a group of us each--to go into town. I think it got to be a quarter before it was over with, in and out. Or we could take a bus for a dime, go into Honolulu, and get someplace, and either go to someplace like the museum or the YMCA or stroll

up and down the streets and go perhaps to Waikiki or to some other beach.

We might just take walks through the city or on the environs of the city or up to . . . oh, what was the name of that high school that this Hawaiian princess who married a bishop eventually gave to the boys and girls of native extraction? We'd go by this high school, which was a very lovely walk, and see the flowers and the trees and the things which were different from Texas, I'd say. Or we'd go to one of the public parks, which were relatively rare in Honolulu at that time--it was kind of surprising--and sit there and just talk and loosen our ties and take off our. . . get out of uniform to some degree. Or we might--if we were loaded--take a taxi around the island, which we could do for, I think, fifteen dollars apiece for five of us.

Marcello: Now when you mention when you were "loaded," you mean in terms of money (chuckle).

Cory: Yes. I don't mean in terms of . . . I didn't drink at the time. We lived a rather puritan life for a young male--the group that I went with. Now there were plenty roisters and bar-going chaps and people who went to cat houses. We'd go down to these areas to see what they were like because we were curious. We'd dare each other to go in the whorehouses and such things as this, but none of my particular group dared

to go in. We just weren't very adventursome types, to tell you the truth.

Marcello: This leads into my next question. When the Arizona would come in after having been at sea for so long, what would generally be the condition of the crew that returned aboard the ship, let's say, when they had been on a Saturday liberty?

Cory: I would have to assume--now I'm projecting perspective from later experience in life--that we had about the same number of drunks among those who were ashore that you would have in any given group of young males at the time anyplace in the United States culture. This would mean that probably somewhere between 2 and 5 per cent would come back in some degree of inebriation that was noticeable; and perhaps 15 to 35 per cent, depending on what money was available, would come back having had some sort of hard liquor or beer or something of this nature. Now I later got to drinking because I thought it was rather sophisticated, and tried to smoke, too, because I thought that was sophisticated, but with the war this went by the board for a while.

But there wasn't a great deal of misbehavior on the flagship. There wasn't a great deal of it. Later, too, there was a general order put out--it was put out by COMPAC--that any Naval personnel who got into a fight with the Shore Patrol was subject to a general court-martial automatically.

Now we had, very interestingly, on December 7th, a man down in the brig who was accused of murder in a barroom brawl and was subject to a general court-martial. I won't repeat his name, but he was a West Texan and one of the smallest men in the detachment, by the way, but much like some of these small West Texas athletes in pro football today. When you touched his arm--he was a very likeable chap in my opinion--it was like a steel band. There was a differenece in this man and other men. When he got drunk and mad, he was capable of licking anybody I ever saw. He never fought any other time or even joined the boxing teams or anything else, but he was a wiry, tough West Texan. We was probably killed--one of the first casualties aboard the Arizona--because the "torps" came in right at the brig. . . just under the stern of the vessel next to us which was the Vestal--a repair ship. Her stern was moored to our bow, and her stem was moored to our stern; and she was quite a bit shorter than we were--I'd say at least 200 feet, maybe 300 feet, shorter than we were. In any event, this particular party probably died very promptly in the attack--very early.

Marcello: Now you mentioned that this order concerning fighting had come down from COMPAC. Did this order come down prior to December 7th, or was this an order after December 7th?

Cory: As I remember, it came down while we were in Bremerton Naval Yard, which was the fall and winter of 1940. By winter I mean from January on, let's say. I can't remember exactly the month, but this can be readily established.

Marcello: That's an important point you've made there. For one thing, I've never heard of it before, and for another thing, that would probably have limited the amount of mischief that those people could have gotten into when they went ashore.

Cory: Well, it was eliminating that element from the fleet. It was designed to do that, and it was doing it. I cannot recall any real amount of misbehaving on the part of the fleet in Pearl.

Marcello: Even though there were wall-to-wall bodies in downtown Honolulu on a weekend.

Cory: Oh, my gosh! The culture was different from the way it is today. There was a general disapproval of boisterous, rowdy, loud conduct. It just was one of those things that wasn't done. Anybody in your own detachment who saw you misbehaving was likely to jerk you up quickly, particularly if they were senior to you, and called to your attention that you were a member of that detachment. We didn't act that way. Even skylarking aboard ship was suppressed. I think the whole culture from our grandparents to our parents and everything considered each child their responsibility, and it wasn't "I'll take you to your daddy." It was settled right here and right now between you and the adult, and generally in his favor and in line with generally agreed concepts of conduct.

Marcello: These are all important points that you mention here because many people assume that Saturday nights were a time of drunkenness and rowdiness and this sort of thing and that, consequently, these men would not have been in condition to fight on a Sunday morning. That just was not true.

Cory: That's just not the case. Now there were a lot of parties that particular Saturday night throughout the island because they'd just come off. . . the Army had just come off of maneuvers and were still engaged in them, but weekend was generally considered--this close to Christmas anyway--was generally considered a time when people got time to shop and so on. As I mentioned, the commercialism was there, and there was a number of other factors. I think they'd been in the field for two weeks. We were closed up on aircraft and various other things due to sabotage. There was a healthy guard around all this. We were receiving enormous reinforcements.

There was a tremendous influx of civilians. Now here you got a rowdy element--the construction group that came in to build Pearl, in essence, and the Naval housing which was just expanding and exploding. This element. . . even we, the Marines, later were called out to quell several riots involving construction workers and so on in their conditions, which were deplorable, I'll grant you. Immediately following the war they were civilian status, and they weren't given any recognition,

and they wanted to go on back to the States and they couldn't. There were a lot of factors involved in this. But the Marine guard was called out several times to put down riots involved in these areas where these people were quartered.

I didn't see any evidence of any rowdiness. Now along the West Coast, it was entirely a different story, but in Hawaii I didn't. . . there just wasn't this much stuff. It was more. . . "We're out here in the first team, and we're in some sort of a training schedule that says we're getting ready for a big game."

Marcello: Now on that weekend of December 7th, would you have had very much money in your pocket?

Cory: I think I actually was broke, and I wanted to go borrow some money from the chaplain's yeoman--Westbrook.

Marcello: Okay, this, I think, brings us in, then, to that weekend of December 7th, and what I want you to do at this point is to go into as much detail as you can remember concerning the events as they unfolded, let's say, from the time the Arizona docked when it came off maneuvers until all hell broke loose on Sunday morning. First of all, when did the Arizona come in? Or had it been in for a while?

Cory: It came in late Saturday afternoon or evening--afternoon, I would say. I was on the bridge for some reason. I can't

remember whether I had been temporarily relieving somebody or whether I traded watches with somebody in the captain's orderly--you had to do this with permission--but for some reason I was on the bridge when this particular maneuver took place. Coming into Pearl, you picked up a pilot at the gate --at the submarine gate at the mouth of Pearl--and though the captain was still responsible for his ship, the pilot took the ship around to its mooring at whatever place it was moored. Now we were moored at Fox 7. The mooring on Battleship Row was from seaward toward land in successively greater numbers. Fox 1 was the actual berth against Ford Island; Fox 2, as I remember, was where the Neosho was berthed; at Fox 3 was where the Maryland. . . no, now wait a minute. It was the Maryland on the outboard and the Tennessee inboard at Fox 3; Fox 4 was the Oklahoma. . . and somebody else. I can't remember who was inboard the Oklahoma. . .if I remember correctly. But anyway, I've got a chart of it; we can easily refer to it.

Marcello: Well, that's a part of the record, and I'm sure that scholars can find that.

Cory: Well, anyway, behind that and directly in front of us at Fox 6 was the Tennessee and the West Virginia. Then we were at Fox 7 with the Vestal moored stem to stern. Now they were facing land, you see. In most of the charts, these are incorrectly

done. The Vestal and some of the ships on the other side of Ford are incorrectly pointed bow toward various places when they were reversed, and this is bad business. But it's not . . . it's just technically bad business; it doesn't really mean a heck of a lot for the attack. Behind us was the Nevada at Fox 8.

Now alongside the island--this is overlooked--there was a dredgeline that went out into the harbor, and the dredge worked all the time keeping the channel open. This saved our lives, in essence, because it was probably twenty or thirty feet from Ford Island and probably no more than ninety feet from our ship. It stood up on wooden pilings driven into the floor of the harbor. Now when the vessels came in, they had about five foot clearance in draft between the harbor channel bottom and the keel of the ship.

When they went into the quays, they went at a very slow speed because this was a very massive structure. A 40,000-ton thing moving at two miles an hour generates a tremendous amount of kinetic energy. If it hits anything, it's going to . . . something's going to give, and it isn't that 42,000 tons.

But the pilot, in this particular case, brought the Arizona around the curve. . . it was one-way traffic. You went in around Pearl over toward West Loch and came back around by Ewa

and headed out toward sea, so you could sorte' readily. Okay, so he came around Ford Island and into your quays. You had to cut the starboard to get into your quays.

Now I remember we were still making ten knots when we rounded the shore-most side of Ford Island--the actual back-side of Ford Island toward Ewa. The captain was muttering to himself and practically dancing on his toes, trying to call to the pilot's attention that this was too much speed. It damn sure proved to be because the pilot had to throw the thing full astern for 200-250 yards--finally went to flank astern. This just stirred up the harbor bottom. I don't know what it did to it, but, of course, it ruined any chance of intake of water for some time. We were taking water in on the boilers then--they were active. And evaporators. . . the filters were ruined; it was a mess! The pilot knew it and the captain knew it. He got us in safely, but the ship vibrated . . . it was a real interesting excursion. This was coming in Saturday after we'd been rammed a month or six weeks before and gotten out to fire night battle practice the second time. There was a series of mishaps along in here which (chuckle) should have alerted us (chuckle). But in any event, we got in safely.

Marcello: Now did you berth at your normal space?

Cory: Yes, I would say this was normal. I can't recall whether we always berthed there. It seemed to me that this was. . . when the whole Battleship Row was in, yes. Fox 7 was not exclusively ours--don't misunderstand this. We could be berthed at Fox 6 or at 8 or something like this and frequently were at Fox 8, as I recall, which was good anchorage, by the way--got plenty of breeze and so on. Anyway, we came in and we were berthed, and I think that they dogged the watch that night because the admiral went ashore. He had had Miss Loretta Young out there as his guest the week before, and now he was going to do something. . . I only had to stand a twelve o'clock to two o'clock or a two o'clock to four o'clock watch that particular night. That meant that the midnight watch in its progressive rotation always has the next day off. . . completely. They were the watch below, in essence.

Marcello: Now did you notice anything extraordinary happening that night in terms of the drunks coming in or anything of this nature?

Cory: No, no, no. Get away from that because it's not a true picture of the situation! There just wasn't enough of that to be creditable. This was not a factor in the readiness of the fleet the next day. The factor that was involved was entirely different from that. We didn't have one-tenth the personnel to maintain patrol, one-fifth of the equipment to maintain patrol, one-fiftieth of the support nor the basing to maintain patrol

to warn us about Japanese penetration of the islands. We didn't have the physical nor the personnel capabilities of maintaining a guard on the Hawaiian Islands at that time. The American public were the people who were responsible for it.

Marcello: Maybe I didn't phrase my question properly awhile ago; but again, to get back to what I did say, did you notice anything extraordinary happening that night? Were there more drunks than usual or less than usual or no activity at all that was out of the ordinary?

Cory: No, only a restricted number of people were permitted to go ashore. I've seen figures as high as 200, but I think it was more likely 100 aboard the Arizona who would be allowed to stay ashore later than midnight. I had the watch either twelve o'clock to two o'clock or from two o'clock to four o'clock. I was awake when the last batch would come in or would be filtering through the compartment because you have to be awakened before your warch, and you have to prepare yourself and be in top-flight condition--accouterments, everything; and I would have been awake at the time that this last bargeload of--launch, I should say--of liberty-seekers were coming aboard from ashore. If there had been any disturbance, it would seem to me that I would recognize it.

Marcello: This was the point I needed to make.

Cory: All right. Now we heard all these rumors immediately after. Oh, my God, the things that flew around! But they aren't true! The officers that I knew were men of responsibility. Occasionally--and very rarely--would they get so that they were "feeling no pain" and come back from ashore. This was generally a mistake. I didn't see much of this in Hawaii. Now there was drunkenness and there was some rowdiness, but for the mass of young men involved, by today's standards that would be a miracle. You see more rowdiness at a high school football game today than you'd see in a whole fleet liberty in Honolulu--maximum liberty ashore for the fleet--in two days of a weekend. I swear this!

Marcello: Okay, so this brings us in then to the Sunday morning of December 7th, and once more I want you to pick up the story from the time you got up until the actual attack took place.

Cory: Well, let me mention one thing. The movie aboard the Arizona on the night of Saturday, December the 6th, was "Dr. Jeckle and Mr. Hyde." As I remember, it was Claude Raines, who was the star of that particular movie. Because I had whatever watch I had, I decided not to see it because it cut on my sleep so much. As I recall, I'd had some rather strenuous duties in the night battle practice. I can't remember what they were, but I'd been up a lot, and I didn't particularly want to do that.

Now I had the privilege of sleeping in that day. I slept until 6:30, I'd judge, because normal reveille was at six o'clock. I slept in and then I went down, as was my custom, and showered and shaved and had a late chow, which was the privilege of the mid-watch group.

Then I went . . . at about 7:55 just as "prep" for morning colors blew, I stepped out on the quarter-deck of the Arizona on the portside, which was a single hatchway with a combing and everything--watertight-type "dogs" on it; the other hatchway was two swinging doors, in essence, and wasn't a dogged watertight door. You could close them and it did have seals, but it was for a mass exit, say, for the Marine guard or something like this. That was the way it was designed. Anyway, I was on the portside of the main deck--the quarter-deck aboard the Arizona--when "prep" for morning colors began to sound. There's a ladder going up to the boat deck right beside it, and I stepped underneath it because I was uncovered --I was out of uniform. I was on the weather deck without a hat. The "preps" for morning colors meant that we were going to raise the colors in five minutes. Well, actually, this is when the attack fell on all the installations nearby, primarily the airfields.

Marcello: Now if Sunday were a good day to attack, it would have been a good day because it was a period of relaxation and leisure

for a great many people, isn't that true? In other words, you kind of get off your regular routine if you didn't have the duty on a Sunday.

Cory: This may be a fallacy. I'm reconstructuring here, but I feel that it is a fallacy. I feel that the only thing that could have been different would have been the attitude, not the actual function, because when you're in a harbor, there's a certain amount of work to be done whether it's Sunday or not. Everybody was awake aboard ship except some officers and some chief petty officers or senior NCO's who had certain quarters set aside for them that removed them from the rest of the activity of the ship. All right, that meant that 99 per cent of the people who were aboard were up and awake and alert and doing whatever they were doing on a normal Sunday morning. I'll describe it as I go through these various decks for you.

Well, there was no one asleep in the Marine compartment because I was the last one to get up that particular morning. Baker was shaking my bunk and raising hell because--Sergeant Baker, one of the probably six or seven sergeants in the detachment--they wanted to fold the bunks up and get more room there. All right.

As I mentioned, I shaved and showered, and I stepped out and I decided I wanted to go ashore, and I went down through the Marine compartment down to the next ladder and on top of

the first armor deck where the library office was. I tried to open the library door, and it was locked. I knocked on it and it dawned on me, "This is Sunday!"

This again emphasizes how routine the days were. There was no distinction aboard ship life, in essence. It was almost the same. There wouldn't be as many working parties on Sunday as there would be the other six days of the week. This is true. They wouldn't holystone anything but the quarter-deck that particular day, and only certain sections of it.

But they were rigging. . . he was rigging for church services aft. The awnings were already up over the stern of the _Arizona._ I don't believe we rigged anything forward except under unusual conditions, and it was, as memory serves me, quite cool this particular morning. So the only awnings we had were rigged aft on the quarter-deck where the movies would be shown, where the officers would have whatever activities they had for reception of guests that day, where church services would be held, and where perhaps the band would play on a Sunday afternoon, you see.

But I think that Saturday night before we'd had a contest--or a week before, I can't remember which--where the _Arizona_ band had competed in a "Battle of the Bands" in the Navy "rec" hall at Pearl. Westbrook had wanted to go, and I couldn't go because I had either the standby duty or . . .

something prevented me from going. Whether it was that particular night or the week end before, I cannot recall.

But in any event, I couldn't get to see Westbrook, so I wanted to see if I could get my laundry out. Appearance was something that was emphasized, and I needed to get some new freshly-ironed khakis and so on, and there were some that were preferred over others and so on. So I went below the first armor deck which would be the . . . let's see, there's the main deck, and the deck below that's the first armor deck. I went below that down to the third deck which was the second armor deck. Now the first armor deck, as I recall, was called the splinter deck, and it was either four or six inches--I think it was four inches--in thickness, and it was designed to keep the shells that were incoming and breaking up from penetrating down into the further spaces in the . . . or to break them up if they were armor-piercing, and they could not penetrate the next deck which, I think, was a six-inch armor deck.

Each one of these decks had hatches through it, but they were counterbalanced and they were very heavy. When Condition Zed was set, these were closed, and the only thing you could go through was a sail manhole in either that particular hatch or in some hatch nearby. There was not near as many openings. All right.

These were the two armor decks that composed the top of the armor box, which on the *Arizona* had eighteen-inch armor on the sides and then double-bottoms and any number of compartments down below to protect from mine damage and so on. We had the blisters on the side, antitorpedo-type devices which had air in them. Before the torpedo got to the armor plate, it would explode against the blisters in theory and would not be quite as effective as if the warhead hit the armor plate and had the wave of the water immediately behind it.

Now that meant that the *Arizona* was fairly well-protected as modern battleships are designed in armor plate, at least as it was in theory in those days. Now remember the *Arizona* was built in. . . I think it was 1914 when she was commissioned, but I'm not sure. She was built somewhere between 1910 and '12 and commissioned in '14, something like that. I can't recall all the details. But she was too late for World War I in essence, really, and had been modernized. She used to have the old cage-type mast and had now the tripod mast which was much more satisfactory from the point of vibrations for gunnery control.

Anyway, I went down and forward on the portside which seemed to me to be in accordance with traffic rules. On a ship that large with that mass of men moving at any one time,

say, to get to general quarters, you have to have traffic rules. It was down toward the port and up and aft on the starboard side. So I was moving according with the normal traffic rules at the time. I went down to the second armor deck, which would be the third deck, and forward to barbette two and around it.

Now a barbette is the armor cylinder that supports a turret, and the turret holds, in this case, three 14-inch guns. The barbette sinks down into this armor box, and on each side of the barbette, way down in the armor box--probably another twenty feet below where I was on this armor deck--are the magazines mounted on each side out from the keel toward the sides of the ship and the hull.

These are box-like compartments divided into other compartments with hatches with flash doors on them, and the magazines contain powder cannisters, which are metal containers with powder bags in them. Each powder bag is sewn into some silk probably, something that will burn completely, anyway, in some explosion, and they have a strap on the end of them. The chaps who handle the powder bags send the cannisters into the handling room, if I remember correctly, and the handling room strips the powder bag out of the cannister and puts the powder bag in an endless chain going up to serve the guns above in the turret.

In the shell hoist end of the magazine, where the projectiles are kept. . . these are 14-inch projectiles weighing, oh, above 1,000 pounds and below 2,000 pounds. There are two types of them: one of them is high explosive and the other is armor-piercing. Both of them have a long, pointed, cylindrical, dunce-hat-type ballistic shield on them which is nothing more than a thin metal shield that gives them some ballistic characteristics in their flight through the air.

The high explosive is filled with a great deal of high explosive and has a much more pointed cone to its nose--now this is not talking about the ballistic shield; this is talking about the real projectile itself hidden beneath this ballistic shield--than does the armor-piercing shell.

The armor-piercing type has a much smaller charge but a very heavy casing. The nose of the armor-piercing-type projectile is a very abrupt cone, and it is of a very special steel and is very hard. Now in theory, when these things hit anything, this cone--this ballistic cone of light metal, which you think is the pointed shell itself, which it's not--flattens out against the armor plate and the heat of the impact forms a ring of heated metal there and prepares this impact area for the entry of this cutting nose on the armor-piercing projectile and, in essence, serves to guide the armor-piercing projectile in theory. I don't think this is taking place in

a split-second to go through all this, but this is what the mind of man has calculated. It prepares it by pre-heating it and keeping the cutting edge into a certain circle, in theory, that permits it to go into the armor plate.

Through heat and impact--energy, in essence--it penetrates and the fusees. . .now fuse and fusee are two difffrent things. A fuse is merely an ignition device, generally of an incendiary nature, that has a certain set burning rate. A fusee is a mechanical device which may include an incendiary device or some fulmanating unit--generally chemical, mercury being the most common--but it's a mechanical device which has either a timing delay in it or a sensing device for . . . a proximity fuse, for instance, would be an example which was later developed in World War II. But in this case, there are two of these fusees in the base of this armor-piercing projectile--ours and the Japanese because I got to examine the Japanese. Several of them broke up and burned on, for instance, armor plate of the Tennessee. All right. But these fusees are triggered by the rifling of the barrel giving the projectile a concentric spin to the right, and this pulls away two little counter-weights and arms the device so that now a pin upon impact--or some sort of weighted device--can drive into a timing device and delay the explosion for the few 1/10,000 of a second that are necessary for the projectile, in theory,

to penetrate the armor and the explosion to take place behind the armor plate.

In any event, I can remember all this because of the overlearning in the Naval gunnery schools, you see. I was describing the feeding mechanisms because later it's kind of important. The magazines were not in, of themselves, armored, but they were below these two armor decks from above and inside that 18-inch plating on each side and above the double-bottoms below. When I say double-bottoms, there may have been fifteen feet of voids and compartments--very small--hardly large enough to hold, say, the body of a man doubled up in fatal position down below it. This was one-inch steel plate. It's not some little old something you can drive a fingernail through, although any shell, any projectile from 37-millimeter on up, would probably penetrate a one-inch piece of plating on a ship.

In any event, I went around turret number two to the starboard side and was still going forward, by the way, violating the traffic rules because beside barbette number one was the laundry, and it was closed, this being Sunday. I'd forgotten it was Sunday, you see, twice in a very short period of time. Or if I remembered it, I was just taking a chance that there'd be somebody by that particular thing. Well, anyway, as I was coming back past turret number two, barbette

number two on the third deck in M Division's quarters--motor division's quarters. . . they control the motor boats, and they were the mechanics, and they did the various things that had to do with electrical and small machinery aboard ship. M Division's quarters had a ladder from the compartment on the first armor deck or deck number two.

Some very husky sailor came down this in the uniform of the day, which was undress whites. This is skivvy shirts and white trousers--cotton trousers--white socks, and black shoes for the sailors. In this case, he was uncovered, and I recall he was a blond chap. He shouted,"Japs! We're being attacked by Japs!" Of course, there were people squatted around their coffee pots. Some of the senior NCO's of that division used to squat around in their skivvy shirts waiting for the coffee to brew in the morning. Apparently, they had just gotten up and were in this condition. They looked up at him and somebody started to say something in a kidding voice, and right behind him came another man saying, "Jap planes! Jap planes! We're being bombed!" Well, these guys were really moving!

I was convinced. It didn't take. . . as a matter of fact, I don't think anybody in the compartment took more than a second or two--from the sincerity of their voices and the condition of readiness that the Arizona was in--to be convinced

that this was an attack. I got the message instantly.

Marcello: In other words, these people were acting in a professional manner.

Cory: There's no question about that. They were excited--don't misunderstand me--but they were. . . the message alerted me instantly, and, as far as I could tell, everybody else in that compartment. There weren't too many in there--probably ten or twelve men. That's a large compartment.

Then right on the tail of this came the air raid siren. Now aboard the Arizona at the time, the quartermaster of the deck and the time orderly had a little compartment. In it was the public address system microphone, and all shipboard announcements were made there under the control of the officer of the day. This was on the quarter-deck right beside the Marine compartment and next to Sergeant John Durvine's office on the starboard side. These were all under the immediate control of the officer of the day. So the Arizona had for air raid a signal which was a siren like the old emergency vehicles used to have--not these electronic things we now experience--but an air siren, you know, that whining type of thing. All right, now that came over the loudspeaker almost instantly behind this word. Also, over the loud speaker came air defense call blown by the field music of the day, and that was a Marine.

Marcello: This is official now.

Cory: Oh, this said, "We're in business, boys! And no 'BS'!" When you're in port on a Sunday morning and this sounds, you're just almost certain that you're in business. There was no question in my mind because of the previous alerting by the sailors. I had to see this. I wasn't going to miss this. This was a ringside seat on the opening round of the biggest fight we'd ever see in our lives, and I was. . . the sense of history and so on that carried me on into the study of history later on said that, "This is something that you've got to witness, buddy! You can't sit down here!" And I wanted to see it.

So I rushed through the M Division's compartment to the next compartment because these guys were coming. . . they were violating rules, too. Do you realize that? This signals something instantly! Well, that meant that they weren't quite as professional as you'd expect--you know, you mentioned professionalism--but they were trying to alert their immediate companions--people in their own division, I suspect.

Well, I went up the ladder. I went on aft on the starboard side, which was correct traffic procedure, and up the compartment ladder in the compartment, back of M Division toward the stern, and then aft again on the second deck until I got to the compartment leading up to the starboard side of the Marines' compartment.

Marcello: Are you setting a fast pace?

Cory: Well, I wasn't loafing, but at this particular time there was no sense of urgency other than excitement. I wanted to see this! So I went up the ladder to the Marine compartment, and then immediately above it was another ladder, and I went up to casemate number nine, which was immediately above the Marine compartment on the starboard side. Now the casemate over there. . . I knew the Vestal was on the other side, and I figured it would screen my view, so I didn't go there. In this casemate--now a casemate's merely a compartment with a gun mounted in it--was a terrific big picture window, is what we'd call it, and a bay window, too, in essence, in the shape of a configuration of the hull. . . or the superstructure, really. That's what it should be called here. This gave you a bay window-type view out over Ford Island and of the Tennessee forward and of the sky up to, say, an angle of about fifty degrees.

Marcello: What was the weather like that day?

Cory: Well, I mentioned it was a bit cool. Now your official report won't say this. But to me--I'm cold natured anyway--it was a bit cool that morning, and I would have preferred to have a shirt on. I think I was still uncovered, by the way, and in khaki trousers and an undershirt and "sliders," as we called our shoes that were not polished to a spitting degree, and I think I had on the issue Marine socks, which were khaki socks,

as I remember--cotton--and a web belt--not of the type that carries your guns or anything like that--but just a thin web belt much like this dress belt which I'm wearing today.

In any event, it seems to me that some sailors said, "Look, there's a Jap plane," and we saw one. I was kind of hesitant to get right out toward the front of the port where the gun was because I didn't know what to expect, and I was excited, too, but I wanted to see. As I remember, immediately after that, they left this area trying to go out aft to the hatchway which led out onto the galley deck out of the after part of this casemate.

I went to this port--gun port--and looked out and saw a Jap plane very plainly with. . . it looked much like a Spitfire would look, except that the wheels were fixed-types sticking down with pants over them, and it just cleared the after deck of the Tennessee. I now know that it was a torpedo plane, but at the time I couldn't think what it was. I couldn't. . . there were no plane classifications in our minds at the time. I just knew it was a Jap plane. It didn't dawn on me at the time that this might have been a torpedo plane which had come down over Merry's Point, past the sub pens, and launched its torpedo in Merry's Loch so that it would come right up over the Battleship Row. In actual fact, I suspect the first weapon that was launched at the Arizona was

probably this plane launching its torpedo, which I'll tell you about in just a second.

We saw a plane over Ford Island start smoking, and then we felt the impact of bullets on the casemate overhead and on the. . . you could feel them hitting the quarter-deck and coming up the after superstructure and then pounding into your overhead in the teak deck above the metal overhead on this casemate. The sailors came running back from that hatch. They were white; they were scared!

And I hadn't seen a thing, so I rushed aft to see that, and I couldn't see anything back there. I looked all over it, and I noticed that there was a slow chatter of some of our .50-caliber machine guns from some of the destroyers moored off the landward side of Ford Island. That's a very slow chatter--a .50-caliber--if you've ever fired it. We had those water-cooled .50-caliber Brownings at the time--mounted on our ship--and we'd even practice with them, but it's neither here nor there.

Then I came back in the compartment, and the ship, it seemed to me, lurched to starboard, and you felt her decks being penetrated with an explosion that was a muffled-type explosion. Now in reconstructing this and from salvage reports and everything, I would say that this was the first torpedo

and the first blow that the _Arizona_ was hit that would have done any damage other than superficial.

Marcello: At what particular time might this have been? How much time has elapsed at this point so far as you can recall?

Cory: Now time factors in combat or in periods of great excitement whether. . . let me put it this way. Ten seconds under mortar fire is an excruciatingly long time; ten seconds of kissing your sweetheart or making love to her is an excruciatingly _short_ time. But it's still ten seconds out of your life. I would have to say that this was approximately eight o'clock --five minutes after I'd come off the main deck and done all this and come back aft.

Marcello: Incidentally, you had not gone to your battle station, is that correct?

Cory: No! The only thing that had sounded was air defense. All right, now in air defense we're relief crews on the 5.25, but we're not engaged. I had no duties whatsoever at this time. Now the standard rule in the Navy is, if you're not engaged, stand clear. Okay, I was in a sheltered place protected from, say, strafing and presumably from some bomb splinters and so on, but I could see some of the area. There was plenty of activity.

I began to get frightened about now. Now fear, the first time you walk with it in battle, is a pretty interesting

phenomenon. God, I don't know what happens to you physically, but I'd sure hate to go through it now.

Marcello: Did the Arizona shake and shudder when that torpedo hit?

Cory: No, no. Now that's not the way it. . . assuming there was a torpedo. . . I really think it was. And this is when I think this chap got killed down in the brig. I'm reconstructing things in my own mind and thinking about it many, many nights and days over the years. That would have had to hit right in the only . . . that was the only area they could hit on the Arizona because the restrictions of the various. . . the harbor configuration and various things would be our bow where the brig was on the portside forward. All right. And it was below the waterline. It was cold as the devil down there, because I hated to stand guard down there, particularly in Bremerton, and I had to then because I was very junior.

Anyway, as I remember, a plane dived over Ford Island heading toward us, and it was a dive-bomber. From it . . . you know, I called some attention to the sailors or tried to as they passed through the compartment. . . milling around. There was some confusion. This explosion that moved the Arizona lifted the ship and moved it against the quays. All right, it obviously heaved up the portside, and you could feel the decks--the compartments--being penetrated just like you could hold a taut piece of cloth or two or three pieces

separated by your fingers and feel a needle go through them or, say, a stick go through taut pieces of cloth or something that's tough. This was the way it felt. You could feel it.

You began to get. . . I began to get afraid. I don't know about other people. I thought, "Gee, I might get killed!" Then I looked out and saw this plane coming down toward, it looked like, some of the battleships forward of us. It released something from beneath it. I recognized that this was a bomb, but I was fascinated by the sight of it because this was the first bomb I'd seen in war headed in my general direction. And it got pretty god-blessed specific pretty soon because it looked like it was oblong when it left that airplane, but then it began to get like a basketball. It got round in shape, and then it very briefly--because you're just standing there fascinated at this thing--very briefly it turned oblong again and flashed into the sea between the stern of the *Tennessee* and the dredge pipeline. Now this was no more than 100 to 150 yards from where I was. The blast and the "whump" and the splashing water and everything *really* excited me then, and I turned around and said to whoever might have been in the compartment, "Hey, look, a bomb hit over there!"

About that time a Naval officer came through the compartment from the quarter-deck below. And this one was fully

clothed, and I don't remember who he was if I recognized him--I knew most of the officers aboard ship. He was waving his hands and saying, "Everybody below the armor decks! Get below!" Regardless of what you wanted to do, in the Naval service at that time, you didn't disobey an officer. If he told you to go jump out the port, you went and jumped out and worried about the consequences later.

But I went down the hatch. . . just as I put my foot on the ladder to go below to the Marine compartment, general quarters sounded. Now that gave me something specific to do, and I'm glad it did because at this point I'd already thought about the exploding battleships in the Battle of Jutland; about why he was sending us below the armor decks--to protect personnel; that we were really in a war and it was getting pretty serious very rapidly; and I might not live to tell my grandchildren about being at Pearl Harbor. Fear was a mounting factor personally. Now I can't speak for anyone else.

But when general quarters sounded, first there's an alarm bell. It rings 100 times, and you can certainly hear it over that speaker system anyplace in that ship, even in the voids around the conning tower that are part of the lower bridge structure because that's where I used to "fog out" when I wanted to to sleep and so on.

Marcello: Okay, at this stage general alarm sounded, and I'm going to turn over the tape. This is a good place to turn it over.

Marcello: Okay, when I turned over the tape, or just before I turned over the tape, you had mentioned that general quarters had sounded. So you can pick up the account from that point.

Cory: I went down the ladder from casemate nine in the Marine compartment and aft past the first sergeant's office on my left. Sergeant John Duvene--First Sergeant John Duvene--was coming out of his office in his skivvy drawers--our standard thing.

Now John wouldn't have been aboard that day if he hadn't missed the last outing of the USS Arizona. He'd overstayed his leave, and apparently the ship captain Van Valkenburgh, who was a splendid captain, by the way, had let the Marine major, Alan Shapley, who'd been promoted to major and therefore senior for this detachment, settle the matter with Duvene. So he'd restricted Duvene for a certain number of days aboard the ship. Now this was days of liberty in port. Duvene had a wife and a house and everything else over in Honolulu. I think he'd just gotten "tight" and missed his ship--that was all. He'd overslept the following day or something of this nature, and the ship had gone off without him and caused a scandal because it was a flagship and the major was well thought of. We had a lieutenant colonel aboard who commanded the whole Marine group in Combat Division One. He was on the admiral's staff. It was a scandal--a real scandal--that John

had missed the sailing of his vessel--a cardinal sin in those days.

But anyway, he had, and he was aboard this day because of that. Normally, he would have been ashore. All right, John died that day because of that. Okay, now Alan Shapley would have not been ashore today unless he had been Captain Earle's standby because the transfer of command had taken place Saturday afternoon after we had moored. I gave Shapley a watch, it seems to me, that Saturday afternoon in appreciation for his. . . well, his detachment telling their admiration of him. This was a standard form. A watch was a valuable thing in those days. Say it cost thirty or thirty-five dollars --a very expensive piece of equipment--and we'd all subscribed to it and had gotten it at a reduced price at the ship's store. Still I think the first sergeant had to put five dollars in because. . .it wasn't that anybody was trying to be cheap--we just didn't have much money. But in any event--it may have cost more than that--we gave Shapley a good watch, and he'd turned over his command in an official ceremony to Captain E. H. Earle, USMC, who was now ashore welcoming and settling his family. I think the Lurline had come in Thursday or Friday --it may have been Saturday--and turned around and was actually out to sea now. If memory serves me, she put on full steam and a zig-zag course and went blacked out on into the West Coast, but that's another story.

Marcello: These things are mentioned in your written account?

Cory: And this is an accurate reproduction of Marine Corps records because I sent to the Navy Department and got the actual Marine detachment roster.

Now there's another irony. On Saturday evening ten or twelve boots came aboard the USS Arizona from sea school for distribution throughout the remainder of the Battle Division One. They were given hammocks and temporary bedding for the night and bedded down that night. Now how many of them were distributed among the Nevada and the Oklahoma, I have no idea. But here are a dozen men--some for our relief, some for people who were just waiting for these people to get there--and they were all caught in this maelstrom of death by accident. Fate plays many funny things. But here's a dozen men that nobody had official records of, other than they were sent to the fleet on such-and-such a ship, and if that ship's log survives, it says that they were transferred at such-and-such a time to Flagship, Combat Division One, USS Arizona. From that time on, their records disappear completely. Now this is how you get your MIA's (Missing in Action)--one way. There are plenty of others. But think of those dozen Marines and God knows how many sailors--probably forty or fifty--that came aboard that particluar night from some ship or series of ships that came in that day, waiting for us to come in so

they could transfer these people to be distributed through the battle division. Okay, they suffered their fate because of this circumstance.

I went through that double hatch by the door of the Marine first sergeant's quarters--past his door. Right beside the ladder that led up to the galley deck from the quarter-deck. . . this is called the officers' ladder because it's the most direct passage from "officers' country" which was aft below the quarter-deck--first level below it. Normally, an enlisted man didn't use that ladder, but I was intent on using it this particular day. It would be going forward on the starboard side against traffic regulations, but it was the nearest thing that I could get to to get me up the leg of the mainmast--the starboard leg--to my battle station.

A sergeant-at-arm. . .sailor. . . I think he was a first class, and I knew him and liked him. I forget his name at the moment, but he came through that hatchway with his arms outspread and said, "Get below! Get below!" Because those were his last orders, and he could see the indignity that was being inflicted on us from a better perch than I had.

I pushed his arm aside. . . well, normally, I wouldn't have defied him at all, but I pushed his arm aside and said, "G.Q.!" by way of explanation and didn't even pause. I had a purpose now. I ran as fast as I could up the officers'

ladder, and I think that the foot of the main mast ladder . . . maybe I had to . . . no, I had to go up another ladder to the boat deck, and from the boat deck you went up the starboard leg of this tripod mast.

Now on your tripod mast, I think the first thing you'll come to is a range-finder platform which has a range-finder sticking out aft of the whole structure itself, and it can train the whole after portion from ninety degrees starboard or even forward of that--perhaps, say, to fifty-five degrees with zero as your bow and 360 degrees coinciding with the bow again, or from the starboard side, say, fifty-five degrees forward on around to 270 degrees, maybe 285 degrees on the portside--clear, no obstruction. That's the first range-finder platform.

Then above that is a sort of cloverleaf arrangement, say, twenty feet farther up in the structure. On it are four searchlights. As each of these cloverleaves come out of the structure, there's a searchlight stuck on them. On either side you get two of them with full range of a 180-degree arc. . .approximately 180 degrees or some have more.

Then above that you find the second range-finder platform. Now you're getting into, oh, heights of such as seventy feet above the waterline.

Then above that--up a vertical ladder this time--is your secondary aft which is the fire control mechanism for the port and starboard batteries of which we were apportioned two guns on each side of a ten-gun unit.

All right, above that is battle lookout. Now this is a very large compartment--half as large as this room (gesture). Let's say it's sixteen feet by twenty feet. It's octagonal in shape, really, but it's not quite. . . it has longer fore and aft bulkheads than it does, say, other bulkheads. They're windows, not ports, but windows that can be lowered so that the lookouts can stand there with mounted binoculars and scan the horizon, and also they look independently of this. I think there are normally about thirty lookouts up there during any course of action or general quarters. Anyway, there were a heck of a lot of sailors due up there.

Above that is spot two. Now spot two is a device similar to a range-finder. It's quite long, and this is a circular room. It has windows, also. These are not ports; they're windows that can be lowered by straps. They're made out of metal and glass, and just as ours were windows and could be lowered if the paint didn't stick. . . because we painted them practically (chuckle) everytime we turned around and then chipped it off and painted them again--part of keeping young men busy and the ship in shape, too.

Then above that was what we called the "birdbath." It was a bathtub-like affair but, oh, a third as large as this room (gesture) with sort of a cloverleaf design on it. . . bulges in four places where .50-caliber machine guns were mounted with metal devices that kept them from shooting into our own superstructure and the mainmast which was forward of us.

Okay, that gives you a picture of the tripod mast with various supports holding these three tripods together--two legs leaning aft and coming up from the outboard sides of the vessel toward the center and the main one strut coming straight up from below through the quarter-deck. Now it was ninety feet from the waterline to where our feet stood in our fire control compartment.

I started up this inclined leg on the starboard side, and Crawford was ahead of me. Now this was Lamar S. Crawford, who was the clerk in First Sergeant John Durvine's office, and a fellow who I'd gone through boot camp and sea school with, and a very intelligent man and a very fine man. Crawford was up ahead of me, and at the time I just registered this in my mind and dismissed it because as I went up the ladder, you could feel the impact of strafing bullets coming into the mainmast. You didn't know whether they were coming toward you from your protected area, which in this case I was facing the

leg of the mast and the machine gun bullets wouldn't have bothered that. Academically, you dismissed this. But you couldn't tell that. So I was frightened even further, and I was moving about as fast as you can move at that age under the impetus that we had at the time.

When I got about--I would say--two-thirds up that first leg, there was a "slap" aft--a very heavy "slap"--and then you felt that the deck of the Arizona penetrated and then a bomb explosion. Now later, I know what happened because I observed this on other vessels. A bomb had hit aft on the slanting part of turret number four, on the side of it--it was trained fore and aft. . . and I saw this when I looked down later on. There was a bomb "splash," as we called it, because the armed bomb or the bomb had hit that slanting side of the turret and glanced off of it and exploded in officers' country and literally wiped out most of the officers aboard the Arizona. This is an assumption but it's a very valid assumption from discussing things with others that were aboard at that time. All right, now somehow in that bomb explosion, in front of my eyes on that leg, completely protected on the opposite side, a holiday appeared in the paint surface--just like that (snaps fingers). Now whether it was vibration, a splinter from some other action, or what, I can't say.

Marcello: For our record for those who read this in later years, what is a holiday?

Cory: A gap. The paint was gray there. All the sudden there was no more continuity to it. It was an interrupted surface, and in the paint layer below it or several paint layers below it, the details escaped. But nevertheless, a holiday appeared --about two inches in length and probably varying from points to an inch in width. It appeared in front of your eyes! Right in front! The ladder. . . you know, you're hanging onto the thing, and you're going as fast as you can, and all the sudden, "woosh!" There it is! And there's no sensation other than this "slap" and "bloom" aft.

Marcello: How loud a noise is this? Is it ear-splitting?

Cory: No, no. No, none of this. Of course, at this point mentally, you're removed from a lot of things. You're very selective in what you hear, and time seems to stand still. Now remember, the whole attack didn't take but about fifteen minutes. Our watches stopped between 8:13 and 8:15--those of the people who had watches. That meant that they'd already backed down in the water by that time, and the water had had to take effect on the watches. So this was a very brief period of time in a livetime, but, Lord, it seems like it was an hour or two in taking place! You can almost re-create every step, every muscle movement in your memory of your first time in action.

Anyway, later on, of course, I'm sure there's a change.

But this particular time, I ran on up the ladder just as fast as I could and came to a rest against Crawford's back because he was blocking my way onto the first range-finder platform. I started to step around him. . . it was very crowded right at that point, and I saw the reason for his delay. There was Lieutenant Carlton E. Simonton--first lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps and probably one of the most popular officers on the Arizona--lying face-forward, going toward the next ladder, in a pool of blood--an ever-widening pool of blood and a big thick pool of blood. I said, "Oh, my God!"

Crawford helped me roll him over. Crawford was stronger than I, and more alert, probably. As I remember, he rolled him over and got his hat and put it underneath his head. Now his wounds are mortal; you can see this instantly. His whole abdomen and lower chest were just torn to bits--probably by splinters. I can't say for certain, but it looked like they were ripped holes. He was obviously losing blood in such volume that he couldn't last much longer. He was getting pretty pale. He tried to say something--both Crawford and I later constructed this--and we thought his lips warned, and as we reconstructed this, he said, "Leave me. Go on." His eyelids were flickering at that time, and we realized this

was a hopeless case. There wasn't any sense in us. . .there wasn't anything we could do for him because we didn't have anything. So we left him and walked around the pool of blood, which was a bit difficult, as I remember, and up to the next ladder.

By this time--I can't speak for Crawford, but I'm sure he was in the same state I was--I was literally scared out of my wits end. There were bullets ringing into secondary aft, and you could feel the impact of them on the metal as you went up these various ladders and into secondary aft, which had a trap hatch--you had to push it back to get in. I did that as accurately as I could, and I was on station.

All right, now you knew what you were trained to do in combat. Now it may not make sense, but you do it anyway. I knew that the guns were masked by Ford Island down there, and we wouldn't be shooting over Ford Island. It was senseless to train that dad-gummed gun director out starboard ninety degrees where it should have been and put it there and rig the phones and do all the things that weren't done. If the other guy had been there he would have done it and so on. But we prepared. I lowered and Crawford lowered the starboard windows, and I tacked some of the windows forward.

By this time Major Shapley was up there--it was his command post--and Young was up there, I think. Young and I had gone

to boot camp and sea school together with Crawford; the three of us went aboard the _Arizona_ out of sea school. Drat, I can't think of Young's first name now, but it's in the monograph. I reported to Shapely that I couldn't get those forward windows down. He said, "Well, get help!" We couldn't pull them down more than just a few inches, anyway. They were jammed in with smoke particles and paint. We normally didn't open these forward windows anyway. We got one of them part of the way down on the starboard side and the next one, I think, came down some of the way, and the other one was immovable. But we wanted to have full training power all the way around, so I suggested we attack the after windows. We went aft to do this, and I think I came back to report to Shapley that we were having a hell of a lot of difficulty. This is a compartment no bigger than this room (gesture), I'd say, maybe two-thirds as large, which would be, let's say, twenty-four feet by twelve feet. It's a relatively large compartment up in that thing.

The bomb struck. Now it struck forward--forward of us. We're in the mainmast, and we're two-thirds of the way back in the ship from the stem. They struck forward of us, and immediately there was a . . . you could feel them penetrating the decks, and then there was this big "whoosh!" Now it wasn't a "bang"--I want to emphasize that. It wasn't a "boom";

it was a "whoosh!" You could hear the bombs whistling down and feel them hit and penetrate and then this "whoosh!" It was all very rapid and almost simultaneously. But it was a succession.

Marcello: Is it almost like a huge amount of air flowing into a vacuum or something of this nature? Out of a vacuum?

Cory: Well, at the state fair there are some of these confounded cars that are whooshed up in the car by hydraulic air pressure, and it would be similar to that multiplied, say, several times. Have you ever heard this sort of a thing at the state fair?

Marcello: I know what you're talking about, yes.

Cory: All right. It'd be very similar to that. Simultaneously with this, the planes from the forward area--from forward of the bridge--just captured your eyes and took them up until you couldn't see anymore because you were restricted in the top of the compartment you were in. The tops of the window frames and so on just restricted this vision. But the bridge shielded us from any of this flame coming aft, you see--that and the boat deck and the galley deck below it and the boat and the stack and all this stuff that was between us. There was several hundred. . . at least 800 feet of very massive structure that shielded us from this. But still around the edges in these open windows came the heat and the sensation of the blast. We cringed there, I think. I know I believe I did.

Marcello: How intense was the heat?

Cory: I cannot accurately answer that, but it was intense enough to cause an instantaneous reaction of cringing away from it. The noise itself was not that. . . of course, you have an instant automatic response to noise. Even a child has that. But the heat was noticeable.

Well, I think that at this moment I wanted to start fleeing, but, of course, this was impossible. You're on station; you're in combat; and you can't leave your station until you're given permission to; and nobody's going to ask permission to leave. So in desperation for something constructive to do, I went aft and looked out aft. About this time--it was all in a matter of very compacted time figure in seconds probably, but I can't tell you what the time factor was--I strode aft and looked aft and saw the bow of the Nevada explode forward of turret number one. I thought, "My God, there goes another battleship!" But it was a bomb hit. It was obviously. . . and she sank down under the impact of that explosion and came up out of the water. It amazed me because these are big pieces of equipment, you know. A battleship is not just something you toss around. This bomb hit I reported to Shapley.

I said, "Major, the Nevada has taken a hit forward," and as I turned to look. . . down aft because I was thinking of

those after magazines, and at that very instant flame and smoke curled out of the engine room ventilators which are elevated--the intakes--ten or twelve feet above the quarter-deck because this is a fairly low deck and no more than ten or twelve feet itself above the waterline. So I looked toward the quarter-deck and saw the flame and the smoke come out of the after engine room ventilators. I should say these were the intakes because the blowers are much. . . they're located much lower than the intakes to the engine rooms and the fire rooms. They are. . . they forced air out, and water would have a hell of a time getting into them. These were between us on the mainmast and on each side of turret number three. Now I actually prayed at the time that whoever was in charge of those turrets would flood those magazines before I turned around. That's when I reported to Shapley, "Major, the Nevada's been hit forward, and I've seen flame and smoke coming out of the after engine room intakes." And he said, "Very well. Carry on."

Marcello: This is all done in a rather calm, matter-of-fact manner?

Cory: Well, you don't make a report in a screaming voice. You try to control yourself. I was trying, I think, unconsciously to keep control. I wanted to flee--make no mistake about it--because I was very, very scared. I wanted to flee my post, and I was trying to do the things I was trained to do. I

don't know of anybody else who was doing any of this. I was solely subjective; I was not really observing much of other people's conduct.

Well, about that time the major said, "Abandon ship! Let's get below!" Well, you knew he wasn't going through there until everybody else was out of that area. And there were some Marines on the other side, too, and sailors had begun to come down from the battle lookout above us. . . down the vertical ladder. I waited until six men got through that hatch. I was right beside it, by the way, and I wanted to be the first out; but I forced myself to wait until some other men had gone first. Needless to say, I was confused along with this being scared, too, but not so confused that I wanted to run. Because fear had now taken hold completely but not to the point to destroy discipline in this particular case.

I went down the proper ladders until I got to--they were all vertical--until I got to that searchlight platform where Lieutenant Simonson's body was, and I went around to see if he were still alive. I was now on the starboard side, and that's the aft and up side, but it was the side nearest the island. There was nobody using it, so I said, "To hell with traffic rules! I'm going down this ladder!" All this is taking place as soon as I saw Simonson was dead. I didn't feel his heart

or anything else, but it was obvious he was dead. And he was dead. I think that we reported Lieutenant Simonson's injury to the major when we came up, too, and I think this kind of put him in a state of shock. But it's difficult to remember this.

I didn't face the mast this time. I turned and faced forward because I wanted to race down that ladder holding myself as I leaned out away from it with my hands on the rails loosely and racing down the ladder. I did that successfully, which is a miracle, until I hit the boat deck; and I went down that ladder on to the galley deck. The man in front of me, whom I think was Sergeant Baker, put his hands on the very polished brass rails to go down from the galley deck to the quarter-deck and burned them.

Marcello: The ship is that hot from the fires and the intense heat.

Cory: All I know is that instantly when he put them on there, he jerked them back, and they were red and raw for several days later. This is all I can report to you because I never asked whether he burned them. I didn't make any calculations; I didn't go through any pain experience. I know I remembered, myself, not to touch those hot rails as I raced down that ladder, facing aft, onto the quarter-deck, and there beside the 1.1 pom-pom mounts. . . the mounts were there, and that's the reason the Vestal was aboard. She was preparing them to receive the 1.1 pom-poms. I think the reason the Tennessee

went uninjured was because it had those quadruple 1.1 British pom-pom mounts, and they were working. I forgot to mention that our antiaircraft gun got into action while I was in compartment one, that we were shooting, and that the Arizona was in action. I really felt pretty comfortable about this until that bomb came down and exploded aft of the Tennessee.

But in any event, there were bodies of men. Now I'd seen this from above, but it didn't register quite as clearly as it did until I got down there on the quarter-deck. These people were "zombies," in essence. They were burned completely white. Their skin was just as white as if you'd taken a bucket of whitewash and painted it white. Their hair was burned off; their eyebrows were burned off; the pitiful remnants of their uniforms in their crotch was a charred remnant; and the insoles of their shoes was about the only thing that was left on these bodies. They were moving like robots. Their arms were out held away from their bodies, and they were stumping along the decks. Now these were burned men.

Marcello: But alive.

Cory: You bet! But some of them, in their effort to find shelter or surcease from their hurt or something, had tumbled underneath the overhang of this 1.1 pom-pom mount, and they were stacked there just sort of like cordwood, each trying to get away from whatever their torment was. There among all this and in the debris (chuckle)--stuff from what was left of the awning and things--was the Commander Fuquay, who was the new

first lieutenant of the ship. And old "Sam" had his glasses askew (chuckle) kind of across his nose, and I think he had on suspenders over his skivvy shirt. I remember he had a hat on but no shirt, it seemed to me. He was waving his arms and saying, "Over the side, boys! Over the side, boys!" and stuff like this--very calmly, no sweat to him. Well, he didn't have to tell me.

Marcello: Now has the Arizona gone down by this time?

Cory: It is going. . . it's settling now.

Marcello: Is the deck hot as you're walking across it?

Cory: No, no. It's a teak deck. And I'm fully clothed and I have on shoes, remember. I was fully clothed in the uniform of the day which I described to you. The problem now is that the ship is settling, and the mooring lines are beginning to get very taut. The gangplank has broken and turned over on its side. Now it's merely a twelve-by-two board, in essence, going across to the quay, which is a cement rectangle filled with sand and has some bollards on top of it to which you throw your lines and the loops and take up the spring lines and various things of this nature around the bollards. These bollards are as thick as your and my body put together, by the way. They're great big steel posts, in essence. This sand-filled cement quay is on pilings that are driven down--great big telephone pole-like structures--driven down through the

muck and mud of the harbor. It must be thirty by, say, twenty feet and has a fender of cement around it. On the fender of cement is a wooden fender laced with--on the outside--with, say, oh, fire hoses or something like this that would fend off the ship and keep from abrading the metal. I was ship side of the fenders.

I didn't want to make that trip across there, but I didn't want to get crushed between the ship and the quay should the ship go back the other way for some reason. But remember, she's settling forward and out away from the quay at the same time, I judge, because of the slope of the harbor floor. But I had to do something quickly, so I just made up my mind and trotted across that piece of two-by-four just before it fell off on from the major top of the quay down onto that cement fender. And as I was going across it, one of these six-inch cables--a rope, manila rope--six inches in diameter spatted past my head. And I mean it missed by a very small margin. Now if it had have hit me . . .

Marcello: Those are lethal weapons.

Cory: . . . I don't know what would have happened, but at least it would have knocked me off of that and probably back into the ship and if, in fact, it had not killed me, which I think it would have. To part of six inch manila cable--new one--takes a terrific amount of force. They were breaking all around by that time, but this particular one came back by my head just

no more than a foot away, I'm sure.

I made the quay and I scrambled across and down to the fender on the other side, and here just forward of me were sailors and others scrambling into motor launches and people trying to start motor launches, and I'm sure they weren't trained. This was the first thing I thought: "That's a non-motorman. He's not part of that boat's crew, and I'm not going to get into that mess." So I dived out into the harbor water.

Marcello: Did you literally dive into the harbor water?

Cory: You bet your boots! Most Marines were trained in swimming, but I already knew from my Texas background. . . many of the Eastern people, we found, who never got out of the city, never saw a cow, didn't know what a barbed wire fence was, had to be taught to swim when they got into the Marine Corps. Well, those of us who were fortunate to live in a sunshine climate already knew how to swim because we grew up in creeks and ponds and so on. If there was any water around (chuckle), we played in it because it was a rarity.

Well, I dived into this thing, and I was in shock by this time--I mean, the physical of shock. When I hit that cold water, I wished I had taken off my shoes because I simply could not swim with those heavy brogans on in the condition I was in. Here I remembered my father saying, "If you ever

get in trouble in water, turn over on your back and throw your head back as far as you can and inhale and try to duck your head and keep your mouth above water until you can think your way out of it." Well, this is a form of floating, needless to say. What with paddling and trying to unlace my shoes and so on, I eventually made it over to this. . . I floated and swam over to this dredge pipeline pier.

Marcello: About how far away is this?

Cory: Ninety to a hundred feet.

Marcello: Is the surface of the water beginning to take on oil and so on and so forth?

Cory? During this swim some Filipino mess boy came by me at 100 miles an hour swimming like a duck. I asked him for help, and he ignored me. I'm glad he did because I'd probably drowned both of us. But there were bomb splashes nearby; there was strafing in the water. You could feel the impact of the bullets and hear it. . . tremendous amount of confusion and noise and all this sort of thing. Our own oil was bubbling up from forward, and the wind was blowing from aft forward and would continue to for several days, by the way. There was an increasing welling up of this congealed oil. Now people who have never seen this at sea cannot imagine what oil is like once it is exposed to cool sea water. It becomes a glob-like carpet about six inches thick. It may be a foot

and a half; it may be two feet in some places; it may be two inches or an inch in others. But it's a globular. . . it's not. . .

Marcello: Gelatinous?

Cory: Gelatinous--that's a very good word. It was catching fire slowly from forward aft. You know, the burning part was forward, and it was incinerating slowly toward us. Our motor launches and motor boats were getting underway in this mess, and they'd run you down without a moment's hesitation because they couldn't see you for one thing and. . . once you got the thing turned around in this very narrow area. And there were a lot of things to think about and be scared about.

But I got over to this piling and got underneath the line to be sheltered from the view of strafers--which was one of my major thoughts, by the way--and attempt to get my shoes off. I think I succeeded in getting my shoes off and tied them together and put them around my neck, as I remember.

In the meantime, why, Colonel Shapley and Sergeant Baker were swimming over to the piling next to me, forward of me in relation to the *Arizona*. . . that is, seaward. We were in shock, really. It's a recognizable state when you're in it. The major was very white, and Baker, who was a very red Irishman, was very white. McCurty, who was a private and a very strong individual, he dived into this oil. Now where he came from, I can't say.

Marcello: Is his name mentioned in your monograph?

Cory: Oh, yes. All these. . . the proper names are in there, and the fact that I saw Admiral Kidd going up to the bridge and O'Brien beside him. And if there hadn't been a mistake in the watch list, that would have been me going up there. Or if I hadn't traded off or whatever I did, I would have been dead aboard the Arizona that day.

I think McCurty cried out for help. The major said, "Can one of you swim to him?" And here the major was a tremendous athlete. I couldn't even speak, but Baker said, "I can't!" So they started shouting encouragement to McCurty. He made it through this oil and up to the next piling forward--seaward.

Young then swam over by me and didn't hesitate but a moment. Young was in better shape than we were. I don't know what the cause was, but he was in much better shape. He swam on over to the island. It seems to me that he took off his shoes in the process and threw them away somewhere in this swim or there or something. But when he hit this coral around the island, I could tell he was reacting adversely. I resolved to keep my shoes or do something. I had them around my neck. When I got to the coral, I saw why he was reacting adversely, because it was sharp and penetrating and our feet were not tough. So I put my shoes back on, I think, even in

the water there, protected as I was by some degree being in defolade in that part of the island.

Then I climbed ashore and went looking for Young. I saw him wretching beneath a palm tree, and I said, "We'd better get under cover!" and went into a garage. He said, "I've got to get something," and he started throwing up again. We went outside underneath this tree again in probably just momentary confusion, and he said, "Help me get my trousers off," because they were oil-soaked and they were burning his legs. I didn't realize it at the time.

But we started to get these trousers off, and a bomb exploded quite near. Now how near I can't say. But we were lifted up into the air and flung down to the ground again. Young got up crying--not in a sense of . . . crying in anger more than anything else. And his trousers were up again around his abdomen, and he says, "Goddamn, Cory, I'm having trouble today! I can't even get my pants off!" I said, "Well, leave them on until we get into a house, and let's see. . . we just ignored the bomb after that, you know. We were alive and still functioning, and it hadn't hurt either one of us as far as we knew at the time. We went into some house there--I think it was the admiral's quarters--and tried to find Young some new trousers to put on. They were all girls' or young children's equipment, and we couldn't get into any of those.

Marcello: Is there anybody in this house?

Cory: No, no. No, they're all evacuated. We couldn't find any shoes to fit him. Finally, we found a woman's pair of tennis shoes, it seemed to me, and put them on Young's feet--they were still too small for him. Somebody came up into the house, it seemed to me, and said, "Come with me," and apparently it was some of the admiral's staff or some of his family. They could see what condition we were in. There was no thought about our stealing anything. We were trying to get ourselves in shape to go on to duty. They led us down a stairs--or we found this stairs--into what was an old gun emplacement. This was underground and the gun emplacement had never had a gun mounted in it, but the casemate faced aft toward Ewa and away from the harbor entrance completely at the after end of the island. In it were refugees in an ever-increasing flow of people from both Ford Island--primary civilian and wounded sailors--and people in our condition from the ships that were coming ashore. The major came there and saw them. By this time all I wanted to do was get as far down to the earth as I could do and without seeming to be a coward.

Some lady must have seen my condition and said, "Here, you take care of these children and take them back into this magazine," which was the deepest part of the thing. She said, "Keep them calm." Well, she gave me something to do when I

needed it to do. I did this for a while, and then I realized what was happening, and I regained some of my sanity, shall we say, and went back outside. Nothing was happening as far as we could tell.

So I sought the major out. I said, "Major, what do you think we ought to do?" He said, "You ought to get to the Marine Barracks as fast as you can get there. And I would suggest you stay there and make yourself at home in one of the companies. Don't go back aboard the ship." I didn't know how to do that. By that time Commander Fuquay had come down and about. . . I would say it was 9:30 by now. I went out upon a ramp--a concrete ramp--and sat beside the major until there was evidence of some aerial activity. . . or I heard a car in very low gear in four-wheel drive that sounded like a diving aircraft--I can't remember which--and I siddled back inside.

At that time, one of the officers of the ship rounded all of us up, and we went to a pier, it seemed to me, on that particular side of Ford Island. They were using the Arizona's motor launches--or some motor launches--and we were taken to the receiving station. We were told what was going to happen to us. We were taken to the receiving ship in the Naval base, which is all the way up in Merry's Loch--no, Merry's Point--whatever loch that is that runs up to Merry's Point--and we were put ashore there and given a meal in the receiving station.

There's where we were captured by the first lieutenant of the USS Tennessee, who grabbed up all the Arizona sailors and Marines he could put his hands on, and we were taken aboard the Tennessee. We were given clean clothes and showered and shaved and put immediately into the watch list and put . . . I think I had a "Belgian rattlesnake." Do you know what that is?

Marcello: No, I'm not familiar with that.

Cory: It's an air-cooled .30-caliber machine gun from World War I that has a drum-type magazine with fifty rounds on it--on top of it. And it has a bipod. I was put on the bow of the Tennessee with no more than. . . I think at this time, come to think of it, I hadn't been issued clothing. I had no more than that skivvy shirt and those khakis on this very cool evening. Well, I can't remember whether I was below or whether I was actually on watch--I think I was below--when six of our own planes came back in from searching, and in that night's activities somebody who was trigger-happy opened up. They had on their landing lights; they had on their navigation lights. . . no, they didn't have on their landing lights; they had on their navigation lights. And somebody opened up and the whole damned harbor responded. Everybody was trigger-happy--just one of those casualties of war--and we shot down four of our own planes.

Marcello: Did you actually witness the fireworks that took place?

Cory: Some of it. But I don't remember how much because I was still shell-shocked, as the expression would go in World War I. I didn't. . . I wanted to cringe and hide if there was any way to do it. I guess I was below. I saw the activity--both reflected in whatever was there to reflect it and some of it out of a port. I remember at least seeing enough of it so that I knew that we were shooting, and I knew it was our own planes--instinctively. I didn't have to hear the story. I knew these were our own planes that had gone out searching for them and were coming back in, and some fool had cut loose on them. We were shooting them down out of just pure reaction.

Marcello: And that's all it took, that is, one person to fire, and then everybody opened up. Well, you can't imagine what it was like. This was the first time, but not the last time, I witnessed this in the war. Now the fire discipline was very good in the Marines and the British divisions, but it was not too good in the Navy, and with damned good cause, I may say. It was not too good among some American divisions. But normally, Marine fire discipline was very good, and the British divisions are just comparable.

Marcello: You mentioned awhile ago that you had been fed a meal sometime after you got ashore. . .

Cory: At the receiving station?

Marcello: . . . at the receiving station. What sort of an appetite did you have?

Cory: Well, I don't recall at this time, but I'm sure that we ate sufficiently to see us through the rest of the day, having been cautioned to do this, I think, because we didn't know when the next meal would come. I think we were told this. I don't recall eating aboard the Tennessee that night at all. I think we had, perhaps, cold sandwiches and hot chocolate or something of this nature. But normally, Sunday meals are not very elaborate, anyway, until the final meal which is the . . . I'm sorry. The big meal's in the middle of the day. I think at supper you're served what in slang language we called those days "horsecock" and potato salad and something like this, which is bologna and various cold slices and so on. The remainder of the time after that first night, I was convinced that we weren't going to be attacked again. The wildest rumors were going around that night.

Marcello: What were some of the rumors that you heard?

Cory: Oh, that the Japs had landed on the other side of the island, were pushing across the island, and we'd soon be captured; and they'd sunk all the carriers; and they hadn't got the Enterprise and it'd blown the hell out of the Jap fleet and so on. They sent some of these inter-island seaplanes. . . they were passenger craft for flying the football and baseball

teams between islands. We sent some of the men out with B.A.R.'s--Browning Automatic Rifles--in these things out to the Jap fleet. And we heard the most fantastic tales about the accomplishments of these unarmed aircraft shooting down numerous Japanese planes. By and large, it was a bunch of stuff you recognized--you didn't want to believe--but you wanted to hear everything. This is a perfectly normal condition after something like this and after every other battle or near combat that I've been in. You have to learn to weigh this, and most reasonable men come to discount 99 per cent of what they hear at best.

The next twelve days, as I remember it, until the . . . that was the 7th and twelve makes it the 19th. We served aboard the Tennessee cleaning up their officers' quarters which was aft, as well as I remember. Our planes had burned these things, and we had to chip a tremendous amount of paint. The captain of the Tennessee had got his propellers working to keep the oil from actually coming around the ship, but the flames had blown forward. As I told you wind was from aft toward the harbor entrance, and it was considerable. It was enough to keep me awake just by being chilly that night. Perhaps my shock hadn't worn off anyway. But in any event, we stood watches at night and worked all day, and I think we ate two meals a day.

We were re-outfitted by the Marine detachment, and we were taken ashore on the 19th and turned over to the Marine detachment at Pearl Harbor to increase their strength because now they had not only to guard the harbor--internal security for the Navy yard--but they had the Naval housing to patrol, the tank farms to patrol, the old coaling rails and docks which you will see in some of these pictures (gesture) of Hickam Field--terrific perimeter to patrol. Everybody was trained in internal security--internal guard duty--to handle that chore, and it was obvious the Tennessee or any of the other ships were not going to get underway right away. Now I'm reconstructing this in lieu of subsequent events, but that's what actually happened, and the causes I'm projecting from my own knowledge of events later on . . . assumed knowledge of events.

From there I served the remainder of my tour. First, I had about a year in . . . let's see, November, December. . . by that time it was late December. I had a year and two months of a two-year normal tour overseas in. Well, by next November, I was shipped back to the States. By that time I was a corporal.

The Battle of Midway had ensued, and we had learned what had happened at the Battle of Midway. Some of us, believe

it or not, were able to deduce that the effectiveness of the Japanese Navy was destroyed. Now this was a supposition on our part, but from what we could gather, why, their carriers had been sunk. As far as we were concerned, after the Trincomalee affair and the Repulse and the Reknown, this was the Japanese fleet. We didn't consider the gunships much of a threat, and it proved to be true except in our cruiser engagements in the South Pacific, where they beat the hell out of them. Their Torpedo Division Thirty-two, or Torpedo Squadron Thirty-two. . . if you could ever get a history of that, you'd have the history of the most effective unit in warfare to date. Now they had the long-lance torpedoes. This is getting away from the subject, but the Japanese Navy in night tactics--night gunnery--had at least a fifteen-year jump on us. And they had this long-lance torpedo. I think ours were twenty-one inches and theirs were twenty-three, and they could go 22,000 yards at thirty-five knots and 11,000 yards at forty-three knots. And 22,000 yards is about the end of the range of an 8-inch gun, do you realize that? So they had the reach on their torpedoes alone of our maximum gun reach on these heavy cruisers. They ate us up in the "slot;" there's no question about that. But we were training our pilots on these raid missions to Wake and Guam and all this early crap which most of us recognized.

After Midway, why, of course, our immediate contact with this was the 1st Raider Battalion, which was split up into companies and sent to French Frigate Shoals and to reinforce the 6th Defense Battalion or the 3rd Defense Battalion, which, I think, then was at Midway. Joe Bibby, who is here in town, who later became a Marine major as a pilot and who was a schoolmate of mine at North Dallas, was in this raider battalion and did go to Midway and participated in that battle. It was possibly only a company or a reinforced company that went to Midway out of this raider battalion. But anyway, most of us knew that the course of the Pacific turned at Midway--even at that early date.

Marcello: In the immediate aftermath of the attack, did your attitude toward the Japanese change at all?

Cory: Well, I was fearful of them at that time and certainly didn't want to go back into combat with them, and I don't think my attitude ever changed to one of respect for them, even though I was in the occupation of Japan and could recognize a different culture and one with some value in it. . . and certainly one of the most beautiful spots on the face of this planet--Japan--at that time, even though it was Oriental in its desolation and war-striven, too, and been burned out. But still it was one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life. The platoons that were quartered among the peasants

surrounding Sesebo, where we landed, and occupied Sasebo and later on Shimonoseki. The railroad junction that goes underneath the Straits of Shimonoseki itself were occupied by various units of our battalion. I was in the 5th Marine Division, 28th Marines at that time, in King Company. The 32nd Divison, United States Army came and relieved us from this duty. Then we had an exchange of personnel. The 2nd Marine Division people came up from Nagasaki, and the 5th Division was de-activated. The 2nd Marine Division personnel went back as the 5th Marine Division organization. Our personnel, which was junior, filled in that division and became occupation forces. This was in January of 1946.

Marcello: Did you have more of a hatred of the Japanese in the immediate aftermath of the attack?

Cory: Well, I can't exactly explain it. I was more respectful of them than I had been before. I was a bit contemptuous of them even with all the stuff that the Asiatic Marines had told us. But I was a bit more fearful of them than I was any other way at that time. Now I swallowed some of this war propaganda over a period of time because it was just the thing to do and came to feel some animosity toward them later and came to respect their fighting qualities.

I was on several evaluation boards and groups of gunnery to examine captured weapons and various things of this nature

and had to . . . as a matter of fact, it says in my discharge "Weapons Qualifications: None," but this is because my records were destroyed. But I was part of an evaluation board on their field pieces and on some of their projectiles and some of their small arms and, as a matter of fact, learned everything we had in Naval gunnery from the 3.25 in detail--by this, I mean I can take it apart and put it together again within the limits of what one man can do on those things--on up through the 7.49's which were the seacoast effect at Midway. Now these were taken off the old cruisers that the Dewey fought at Manila and mounted as seacoast defense. I went to Midway on my second tour of duty in the Pacific because of my gunnery experience. I came to respect them a great deal more than anything else before the war was over.

By the end of the war I didn't want to associate with them because they were our enemies. In this sense I hated them. But I could recognize that they were brave people believing differently from the way we believed, and I don't think hatred was the word. This is not my reaction. My reaction is slightly different from that. Now it was popular to go around watching these monkey cartoons and things that were part of our propaganda effort and referring to them like that. "Japs" was certainly a derogatory word, and certainly we used it that way. But there are connotations there that

bear both fearful respect for them and recognition of some of the qualities they had that were equal to anything that I ever had. I want to say this, that other than their cavalier treatment of human life, which we value highly or did value highly at that time, or at least operated under the illusion that we valued it highly. . . outside of that and their cruel and brutal treatment--useless cruel and brutal treatment--of other human beings and their useless cruelty to animals--carving the steaks off of living cows and that sort of thing--I couldn't see much. . . that was bad, but I couldn't see much to that. But I don't recall ever actually feeling a real great hatred of the Japanese.

Marcello: Well, Mr. Cory, what else can I say? I think you've gone into a tremendous amount of detail, and, of course, this is the sort of information that we're looking for in these interviews. I'm sure that someday when historians use this material, they're going to find it quite valuable in writing about Pearl Harbor.

Cory: Well, I hope so, but I doubt seriously that this little bit . . . in that carefully researched monograph, except the subjective materials, the statements of fact are backed by original records or direct recollection. That monograph may ultimately be more valuable than this small recording. Anyway, both are available.

Marcello: Okay, thank you very much.

Cory: You're welcome.

A P P E N D I X

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
WEATHER BUREAU

Pacific Supervisory Office
P. O. Box 3650
Honolulu 11, Hawaii

December 19, 1960

Mr. Jim Cory
4817 Abbott Avenue
Dallas 5, Texas

Dear Mr. Cory:

This refers to your letter of December 14, 1960, inquiring about weather conditions here on December 7, 1941.

The only information that we have available is that which appears on the weather maps for 1200 and 1800 Greenwich Time on that date, which corresponds to 0130 and 0730 Honolulu Time and the hourly climatologic values that appear in our log book. The map information, which is given below, evidently refers to conditions at the airport (John Rodgers Field). The hourly values refer to conditions on top of the Federal Building in downtown Honolulu.

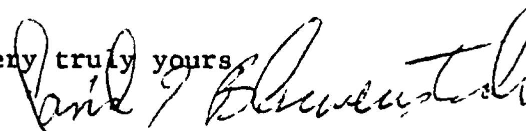
The following information appears on the map for 1200 GMT, December 7, 1941: About 3/10 sky cover with low, small cumulus clouds. Surface pressure 1017.6 millibars. Surface wind ENE at Beaufort 4. Temperature 73°; dewpoint 57°. Visibility 30 miles. The wind at both 2000 and 3000 feet was ENE at a force of Beaufort 5.

At 1800 GMT conditions were as follows: There had been a light shower within the preceding hour giving a trace of precipitation. Sky cover was about 5/10 with strato-cumulus at a height of 3000 feet. Visibility was 30 miles. Surface pressure was 1018.0 millibars. Surface wind was NE at Beaufort 4. Upper winds were as follows: at 2000 feet NNE Force 3; at 4000, NE Force 6; at 6000, E Force 6; at 8000, E Force 6; and at 9000, E Force 5.

The enclosed photocopy from our log book gives the climatologic observations referred to above.

I hope this information meets your needs.

Very truly yours,



David I. Blumenstock
Climatologist

Encl.

RESTRICTED

December 16, 1941.

MEMORANDUM to All Hands:

1. We are at war. Our ships must be maintained in complete readiness for efficient offensive operation. We must be alert and ready to go into action against the enemy at the drop of a hat. Our lookouts must be alert. Gun watches as ordered must be at their guns and controls and ready. Our personnel must be kept in fighting condition as well as our ships and armament. "Men fight, not ships".

2. To maintain the keen edge of fighting condition, to maintain alertness in spite of the monotony of repeated watches with no enemy attack or threat but still being ready for that instant when he does come, is our mission. Upon our doing it depends the safety and honor of our country and our families. That our officers and men have an indomitable and unsurpassed fighting spirit that will eventually win this war is a fact.

3. (a) First priority will be given to work or drill that maintains fighting condition and fighting effeciency.

(b) The ship must be cleaned up, put in order and maintained that way. All hands must give their closest co-operation in carrying this out.

(c) All hands must keep their persons clean and wear clean and proper uniform, appropriate for the conditions in which they are employed. No soiled clothes will be worn except for dirty work.

(d) Bedding must be maintained clean.

(e) Men may wear blue uniforms when the coolness of night or other times indicates that as desirable. Wear pea coats as necessary.

(f) In action men's bodies must be covered as much as possible to reduce casualties by burns.

(g) Be certain that you have a gas mask and steel helmet available at all times and particularly on watch.

(h) All important war news will be published immediately upon its receipt, either by memorandums or over loud speakers.

4. We propose to win this war decisively however long it may take. We know it won't be a short war. With the indomitable spirit our officers and men have already shown they possess, we know we will win it.

5. Lastly, <u>it must be constantly borne in mind that we are at war with a wily, unscrupulous enemy and that unrelenting vigilance in all duties is called for.</u>

U.S.S. TENNESSEE

December 8, 1941.

MEMORANDUM REGARDING U.S. MAIL CENSORSHIP:

1. All mail must be censored and will be delivered to the Post Office without being sealed.

2. Letters should not be dated but the name of the ship or some reference, such as, "Write me same address", may be put on letter.

3. Each man should put his name at the lower left hand corner of his letter as indicated below:

Doe, J.B.

4. Your rate or rank must be omitted.

5. Letter should contain no reference to naval action or damages sustained.

6. Name of writer and ship may appear on outside of envelope. Rank or rate must not be used.

7. Location of ship is not to be indicated.

8. If the envelope is lined, the lining must be removed.

9. A sample letter which is shown below is acceptable:

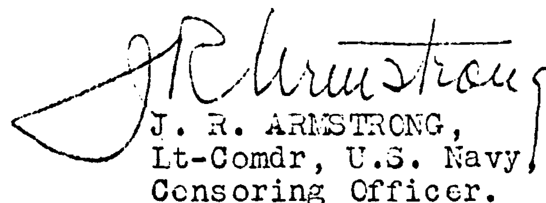
" U.S.S. Tennessee

Dear Mother:

I am fine but wish I could see you. Tell Martha I will write her as soon as I can. Give her my love.
Write to me.
A Merry Christmas to all--

Love,
Sam.

Parker, S.R. "



J. R. ARMSTRONG,
Lt-Comdr, U.S. Navy,
Censoring Officer.

NEWS BULLETIN

From: OpNav.
To : Cincpac.

While you have suffered from a treacherous attack your Commander-in-Chief has informed me that your courage and stamina remain magnificent. You know you will have your revenge. Recruiting stations are jammed with men eager to join you.

Official British Report:

132 Officers and 2200 Men have been rescued from the Prince of Wales and Repulse. 595 are still unaccounted for.from these ships.

One more larg e Japanese submarine was sunk off the coast of Oahu yesterday by one of our destroyers.

Radio Broadcast:

The U.S. Marines at Wake Island are continuing to resist. Wake has been subjected to four separate attacks. An enemy light cruiser and one destroyer have been destroyed by planes from Wake. It is believed that more attacks are imminent. Wake Island is 2004 miles from Oahu and is one of our newest bases in the Pacific. The above four attacks have taken place within the last 48 hours.

SHIP'S NOTICES

Arrangements have been made so that Reese or Struck will be in the Chaplain's Office throughout the day and night. Passengers or Ship's Personnel are reminded tht the Chaplain and his yeomen are anxious to render, as at all times, the greatest possible service.

Printed one cent postal cards are being prepared in accordance with Bureau of Navigation Instructions and are for sale at the Postoffice window. Passengers or Ship's Personnel without funds may obtain these cards free in the Chaplain's office, as well as writing material and envelopes.

The Ship's Library will be open at the regular day time hours as posted on the Library door.

Drop into the Chaplain's Office for information, to use table for writing cards or letters, or for any other service we can render.

Doothit
Harris

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARIZONA

While Americans were at their midmorning tasks Wednesday, Dec 7, 1966 a Marine Field Music will stand at attention above the hulk of the battleship Arizona in Pearl Harbor and sound "Prep" for morning colors. Five minutes later, at 0800, just as better than a century of Naval orders dictate, a ball of color will burst into the breeze that blows from the land toward the sea, as the ensign is jerked from the hands of the Color Guard and the Music sounds "To The Colors".

So the Navy will honor the brave men who died fighting for freedom 25 years ago on December 7th, 1941, in the action that marked the change in the lives of every American surviving the grim three years and eight months of World War II and the struggle that continues.

The Battle of Pearl Harbor marked the end of political and diplomatic mistakes for both Japan and America, and a command error by the American Commander-in-Chief, but it showed anew that quality of spirit which Americans have called to the fore in every crisis in the history of this great country.

Sometimes in the conversations that attend mention of the atom and hydrogen bombs I feel that people forget the quality of the human spirit that is within every generation of Americans.

Pearl Harbor was an American Naval disaster. Of the 2,403 Americans killed in the attack, almost half were aboard my ship, the USS Arizona. Forty-seven officers and 1,057 men died in the Arizona's destruction. About ninety men got off the ship, though about one hundred of the crew were ashore on Oahu or in boats and motor launches of the ship. It was the most catastrophic war loss of the United States to date. It was over in about fifteen minutes.

But, these men did their duty. They fought, and fought well, and some of us lived to fight again and some of us died in the battles that followed. But most of the survivors lived to meet other challenges equally as great as those we met that day 25 years ago. Some of us fight today.

This tremendous personal disaster was not the end of the world, while flesh and blood held together the spirit carried us on. So it will be in any other disaster we may ever face.

A twenty year old Marine Private First Class, I stepped onto the quarterdeck of the Arizona just as "Prep" sounded for morning colors on Sunday, December 7th--~~25 years ago~~--1941. It was 0755, the moment the Japanese attack fell on the airfields nearby. The fate of the Arizona was sealed, but I remained unaware of the danger.

Seen from the air, Pearl Harbor might be compared to a skillet with a pork chop (Ford Island) dropped in the middle of it. The narrow handle of the skillet would be the bottleneck entrance to the great harbor. Battleship

row was along the concave side of the pork chop figure of Ford Island. Other ships were moored or docked about the harbor.

Stem to stern, the repair ship Vestal was moored to the port side of the Arizona at Fox-8 berth. The Vestal's crew was installing radar and the 1.1-inch pom-pom rangefinding gear.

The ceremony of the raising of the colors was just an annoyance to me then, besides I was uncovered.

I ducked for cover to avoid the ceremony of raising the colors. My thoughts were of liberty and a Sunday in Honolulu. Perhaps Jackson, the Chaplain's assistant, would go ashore. I went down a ladder to the ship's library, but Jackson was gone. Of course, he was busy, rigging for church services, aft, on the quarterdeck.

I clambered down another ladder to the third deck. Both the second and third decks were of armor. They formed the top of the Arizona's armor box. I hurried forward (down and forward to port, up and aft to starboard) to barbette number two and around the barbette to the ship's laundry on the starboard side.

The laundry was closed. I'd get no laundry in this Sunday.

I walked aft, into "M" Division living spaces. Suddenly, the scream of a siren blasted through the compartment, signalling "air raid". The first notes of the Duty Field Music's Air Defense Call sounded instanter.

Sailors in skivie shirts and undress whites (the peace-time tropical uniform) poured down the ladder from above. They were moving fast. A husky sailor shouted, "Japs! We're being attacked by Japs!"

I did not intend to miss this, so I dashed for casemate nine. A

casemate is a compartment with a gun in it.

The Arizona's Marines, ship's division eight, manned the secondary battery 5-inch surface-defense guns nearest the Marine compartment. These were guns seven and nine starboard and eight and ten to port.

My battle post was a fire-control director for these guns some ninety feet above the waterline on the mainmast in "Secondary-Aft".

Though the Marines were stand-by relief on the 5-inch anti-aircraft guns, air raid called for no active part from me. The standard rule in the Navy is--if not engaged, stand clear.

Casemate nine contained the aftermost gun on the starboard side. This was on the first superstructure deck, the deck above the main deck, and the deck that shears into the hull amidships to give the Nevada class wagons that beautiful line they had.

Above this deck, called the "galley deck", because the galley was located on it amidships, was the boat deck. Here were mounted the eight antiaircraft guns, numbered two, four, six and eight to port, and one-seven to starboard.

Rising through the boat deck was the stack, almost joining the foremast and the bridge, just forward of it. Above and to each side of the bridge loomed "Sky Control" for the antiaircraft guns. On the foremast were "Secondary Forward", "Battle Lookout" and "Spot One".

Capping the foremast was the new mounting for the radar antenna.

I felt protected as I stood by the gun port in casemate nine and tried to spot some activity. Milling through the casemate were a few shipmates who were as excited as I. Some wandered aft from the gun port to the galley

deck hatch, and a few, with puzzled expressions on their faces, came up from the Marine compartment below.

War made itself known. We heard and felt the impact of bullets on the boat deck and casemate nine. The sailors in the hatch ran for the ladder below. I hadn't seen a thing. This would never do!

I ran for the hatch the sailors had vacated.

The first American guns that I heard reply to the Japanese onslaught were from a group of destroyers moored off the Arizona's starboard quarter. They were .50-caliber machine guns.

As I tried to locate the source of their slow chatter, planes burst through the overcast above Ford Island. They dived from inland toward the sea, strafing as they passed.

One of our 5-inch blasted. Gun number one seemed to fire first. American sailors are no slouches, and the "At-'Em Maru" had the best. Gun number five shook the overhead. Twenty-five rounds of semifixed ammunition was in readyboxes beside each gun. The Arizona was fighting, minutes after being attacked.

A Jap plane began to smoke in the air over the tip of Ford Island near the channel. Some sailors near the gun port shouted when they saw the smoking plane. It was almost as if the crew had scored on the first counterpunch. Surely, no living man can say.

I saw a plane zoom clear of the Tennessee, just forward. It passed twenty feet above the after crane. A big red circle was painted on the wing and tail. It resembled a Spitfire, but it was very slow.

(Who knows the frustration of our port gunners, masked by the

Vestal, aiming at the low flying torpedo planes and seeing in their sights their own ships and shore installations?)

The slow moving plane passed from view over Ford Island.

Another plane came into sight above the island. From beneath it a dark object fell. This changed in size and color as it fell. From dark to silver in color, from oblong to spherical, to a flash of oblong again, it changed. The object disappeared in a geyser of water that blasted up inboard of the Tennessee, near the pipeline. A "whish" and a "whump" assailed me.

Now I was excited! I shouted and pointed that a bomb had hit "over there". Hot Dog! Here I was witness to action on the first day of war, wouldn't I have something to tell my grandchildren! I was in a sheltered place, with nothing to do but observe and remember, and the old "At-'Em Maru" was fighting.

Millionths of a second later, my attitude changed completely.

An explosion took place quite near. The Arizona heeled to starboard, and I could feel her decks being penetrated. I do not know yet where the Arizona was hit, nor how. I got the idea that I could get killed.

A Naval officer passed through the casemate ordering all hands below the third deck. I thought of the stories I had read of the Battle of Jutland and the crews saved there by shelter within the ship's armor box. A fleeting thought about the British ships that blew up crossed my mind, but orders were something to be obeyed.

As I passed below into the Marine compartment, my personal confusion and growing alarm ended momentarily.

"Clang, clang, clang..." the brass notes of the "general alarm"

gong rang throughout the ship. The opening notes of the call to "General Quarters" sounded from the Music's bugle. Magnified a hundred times by the speaker system, the voice of the Boatswain's Mate of the Watch bawled the time honored words that were to send American sailors and Marines into battle for the next three years and eight months...."All hands man your battle stations! All hands man your battle stations!"

"General Quarters!", someone shouted in pure joy. I ran past First Sgt. John Duvene, standing beside his office. At the quarterdeck hatch a master-at-arms, arms outstretched, barred my way. He urged, with his usual authority, that I take cover. Shouting, "GQ", I pushed his arm aside and ran aft onto the quarterdeck and up the officer's ladder to the galley deck.

I do not know to this day if the alarm gong rang its usual one hundred times. I do not know if the Marine Field Music finished his call to "General Quarters". I passed within five feet of the Music and the gong on my way up that ladder and I never heard either again.

Time and space factors seemed to lose perspective. From the master-at-arms to "Secondary Aft" is fifty feet horizontally, and about eighty feet (eight stories) vertically. I do not believe that I ever moved faster in my life, yet my mind seemed outside my body, detached, observing absurd things.

I recall such sights as Admiral Kidd buttoning his blouse and skipping a button, as he and his orderly hurried toward the bridge; the "holiday" that appeared in the paint in front of my nose when a bomb hit aft.

The boat deck loomed ahead. There stood the almost vertical leg of the mainmast with its long ladder. I was really moving.

When I was about halfway up the ladder, a bomb hit aft and exploded. There was a distinct slap from this bomb, then the blast. Not all

armor piercing bombs that hit exploded, but this time the *Arizona* shuddered and the mainmast shook. Momentarily, I clung to the handrails to maintain my balance and that "holiday" appeared right in front of my nose.

How did that happen?

Now I was scared!

~~Speed~~ Run, speed, speed! Get a move on! Up the ladder and onto the rangefinder platform and to a full stop against the broad back of Pfc. Lamar S. Crawford, Marine payroll clerk. Where Crawford came from I do not know. But, I do know that war came home to me at this moment. As I tried to push past Crawford, I saw the cause of his delay.

One of the best liked officers aboard the *Arizona* lay on his face, before us, in an ever widening pool of blood. First Lieutenant Carleton E. Simenson, USMC, had fallen forward, going to his post. He, too, belonged in the "tops".

Gently, Crawford rolled Mr. Simenson on his back. It was obvious that his wound was mortal, for his left abdomen was open in red gaping gashes. His expression was one of shock and puzzlement. He stared at us; tried to say something... I think... "Never mind me, go on..."

Crawford placed the Lieutenant's hat beneath his head and we left him. It was useless, we had nothing to aid him. Ten seconds, twenty seconds to aid a friend? "Man your battle stations"... "go on"... hummed in my mind.

The impact of bullets upon the mainmast spurred us on. Four ladders and two landings rang to our pounding feet. We rammed ourselves through the trap hatch into "Secondary Aft" and were "on station".

What now?

I was scared I might die. I was scared beyond belief, more scared than I have ever been since. I wanted to run, to run and run and never stop running. Where, did not matter, nor did I give it a thought. I just wanted out of this inferno of bombs and bullets.

What does a man do during his first battle in the moment of truth?

He does what he is trained to do.

I swung the fire-control director to bearing 90 degrees relative. I dropped the three starboard windows.* It does not matter that these actions were senseless (the guns were surface-defense and masked by Ford Island), who could tell what the future held?

I tried to drop the forward windows. Fortunately, they were stuck. I moved to an after window. It was stuck. I reported the difficulties to Major Alan Shapley, USMC, former commanding officer, Marine Detachment, USS Arizona.

(By a fluke of ill luck, Major Shapley saw his detachment destroyed. He was relieved Saturday morning by Capt. John H. Earle, Jr., USMC, and was awaiting transportation to the states. He was Capt. Earle's stand-by, while Earle was ashore preparing to receive his family.)

"Get help," the Major said.

"Crawford, Young! Bear a hand," I said.

We three tugged on the stubborn forward windows. The windows remained stuck. The after windows appealed.

The bombs struck!

Who knows what happened? Salvage evidence indicates a torpedo

* correct term

hit on the port side forward (the plane I saw over the Tennessee; the explosion I felt "quite near") and a large armor piercing bomb penetrated the Arizona's armor box to a point near the forward magazines.

I heard a "swish" of bombs. Several bombs struck at once. I felt them strike forward (and amidships, along the boat deck). Instantly, so that the impression is one, a great "whoosh" surrounded me, ~~and penetrated me~~, the force of it breaking my grasp on the window and throwing me against the fire control director.

The mainmast shook as if it were a limber buggy whip in a strong hand.

Flame blasted from the forecastle. Smoke followed. Up, up, higher than the foremast; up, on up, higher than two foremasts the smoke and debris shot.

"Oh God, will it never stop?"

A blast of heat hit the forward windows and swirled around them into "Secondary Aft". I cringed from it. The ship was a mass of flames from the foremast forward.

A flare of flame caught my eye. I looked aft, then below. Flame rose from the after engine room ventilators on the deck eighty feet below. Black smoke followed the flame.

Another bomb hit aft.

AH, the forecastle of the Nevada rose into the air.

I prayed. I prayed a selfish prayer of the scared. I prayed that those after magazines would not go up. I prayed that someone would flood them.

Don't stand here foolishly, coward, make your report.

"Major, flames shot out of the engine room ventilators below, and

we received a hit on turret number four. The Nevada took a bomb forward."

"Very well, carry on." Time honored words, for just this situation.

I looked again. The view of the quarterdeck of the Arizona, seconds after the blast that destroyed her, was terrible. Men stumbled, men crawled, men fell on the quarterdeck. Their clothes were burnt off, leaving only the charred insoles of their shoes and the remnants of cloth in the groin and under the arms. Their skin was white, their hair was burned away. Their movements were stiff and robot-like.

Sailors poured into "Secondary Aft" from "Battle Lookout" above.

The Major gave the word to go below.

I wanted to go first, but I forced myself to wait until six men had gone through the hatch, before I hit the ladder. I faced forward that I might run the faster.

The ship forward of the mainmast was an inferno. Directly below, the boat deck was wrecked. Motor launches, motorboats, splintered and tossed off their ways, lay among winches, ventilators, guns, radio antenna and other smoldering gear. Out of this chaos, rose the intact, but splinter-riddled stack. The two ship's cranes appeared untouched.

Bullets whanged into the mainmast as the rungs of successive ladders rang to my pounding feet. A pause to check Lt. Simenson. He was dead.

To hell with traffic rules! I went down the starboard leg ladder.

The Marine ahead of me burned his hands on the handrails of the ladder to the quarterdeck. I was very careful to avoid those hot handrails

while running down this ladder at full speed.

White bodies, with the pitiful charred remnants of uniforms, were stacked (I know no better word) beneath the overhang of the 1.1 pom-pom mounts on the quarterdeck. For the first time I heard cries of men in pain.

Lt. Commander Samuel G. Fuqua, USN, (Medal of Honor for his work this day) walked among the dead, wounded, and the wreckage, calmly directing survivors over the side. He appeared slightly ridiculous in dress white trousers, suspenders, skivie shirt, with his spectacles askew.

-quay

The Arizona was settling and the gangplank to FOX-7 was shattered, lying on its side. I "tightroped" across the plank, and jumped for the quay's fender. While I was in the air, a six-inch hawser spatted past my face. I could laugh at this. It was ridiculous...getting killed by a snapping hawser after this!

I scrambled across the sand-filled quay and down among the burned and dead on the fender nearest Ford Island. Some men clambered into motor launches moored there. I dived into the muddy water of Pearl Harbor and struck out for Ford Island.

Immediately, I wished I hadn't. The weight of my shoes pulled me down and I rapidly lost strength in the cold water.

Here my father saved my life.

Years before, he had said, "If you get into trouble in water, and you can, turn on your back, inflate your lungs and try to duck your head backwards. You'll float. Float and think your way out."

It worked.

I floated and swam through moving motor launches, bomb

explosions, around black glue-like fuel oil to a piling supporting the dredge line near Ford Island. I could go no farther.

The pipeline offered some concealment from strafers and the pilings were support while I tried to remove my shoes.

The Major and Cpl. ~~Earle G.~~ Nightengale swam up. The Major was helping Nightengale. We gasped for breath. None of us could speak. We shuddered and watched our ship settle in the black carpet of her own fuel oil. The oil congealed from the effect of the cold water and caught fire slowly from the blasted, blazing forepart of the wrecked Arizona.

Men died there.

Out of the smoke of this steadily increasing inferno, swam Pvt. Russell J. McCurdy. He swam slowly. He saw us and cried for help.

Nightengale and the Major shouted encouragement to him. I could not speak. None of us could move. We were in shock.

Slowly, McCurdy made his way to the piling next to us.

Pfc. Don C. Young swam to "our" piling and paused momentarily before swimming on to Ford Island and climbing ashore. I followed him.

We ran for cover. First a palm tree, then a garage offered cover. The garage was beside one of those neat white cottages that dotted this side of Ford Island.

Young was retching from the oil he had swallowed.

Bullets hit the trees nearby and we ducked.

In a moment Young arose and tried to drop his oil soaked trousers. I started to his aid.

We were lifted off the ground by an explosion. We fell together

in a heap. When we arose, Young's trousers were waist high again.

On the verge of tears, between retches, he gasped to me, "Damn, I'm having trouble today! The first day of war and the bastards won't even let me take my pants off."

Humor in the midst of disaster, such was the spirit of the men of the Arizona on the first day of our war, twenty-four years ago.

Though December 7th reminds many of us of the relative few who guard and fight in every area of the world, we at home are not untested.

For the handfull of men who survived the attack on the Arizona on the seventh and the subsequent actions have faced and met other, perhaps greater challenges. They have been tested in the struggle for economic survival, in the building of successful marriages, and in the greatest test of all, the proper training of their progeny. I have no doubt that they will be relieved and that they will pass on to the sentinals who relieve them the same spirit that they were handed by their parents.

Should the terrible days come again, duty will be done, honor and the will to fight will survive. Bombs and blasts and poisons may destroy the bodies of Americans in the tests to come, but the stuff of God will endure forever.