

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE PACIFIC WAR

Nimitz Education and Research Center
Fredericksburg, Texas

An Interview with

John P. "JP" Boswell
Ormond Beach, Florida
October 11, 2011
USS Bennington, CV-20
Marine Detachment
Admiral Nimitz Orderly

Mr. Misenhimer:

My name is Richard Misenhimer, today is October the 11th, 2011. I am interviewing Mr. John P. Boswell by telephone. His phone number is 386-677-2753. His cell number is 386-295-2432. His address is 185 Grove Street, Ormond Beach, Florida 32174. This interview is in support of the National Museum of the Pacific War, the Nimitz Education and Research Center, for the preservation of historical information related to World War II.

J.P., I want to thank you for taking time to do this interview today, and I want to thank you for your service to our country during World War II.

Mr. Boswell:

My pleasure.

Mr. Misenhimer:

The first thing I'd like to do is read to you this agreement with the museum. If this were in person, you could read it and sign it, but let me read this to you.

“Agreement Read.”

Is that okay with you?

Mr. Boswell:

Absolutely.

Mr. Misenhimer:

The next thing I'd like to do is get an alternative contact. We find out that sometimes several years down the road we try to get back in contact with a veteran he's moved or something. Do you have a son or a daughter or someone we could contact, if we needed to, to find you?

Do you have any children?

Mr. Boswell:

I had five children. Would you prefer that?

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yes sir, I'd prefer that.

Mr. Boswell:

I have a daughter Megen Boswell. I don't know what you want from there.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Address and phone number or just a phone number if you don't have the address.

Mr. Boswell:

I'll give you her cell, it's the best way to get her at all times. 386-212-6200.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Where does she live?

Mr. Boswell:

In Ormond Beach. All my children, well, I shouldn't say *all* of them. I have another son who lives here and another son who lives here.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Well, hopefully we'll never need that, but you never know. Next question, what is your birth date?

Mr. Boswell:

10/20/24.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Where were you born?

Mr. Boswell:

Westborough, Massachusetts.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you have brothers and sisters?

Mr. Boswell:

I had a sister.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Was involved in any war work in World War II?

Mr. Boswell:

United State Marine Corps in the first contingent out of Hunter College. She joined the Marine Corps in the first contingent of the women Marines.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Is she still living?

Mr. Boswell:

Yep.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I'd love to interview her. Can I get her name and phone number?

Mr. Boswell:

Claire Krizoy. She lives in Concord, California. She's part of the story if we get to it. Her phone number is 925-689-0941.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What is that number?

Mr. Boswell:

That's her home in Concord, California. It's the only phone number I have for her.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now we mentioned the Depression a while ago; how did the Depression affect you and your family?

Mr. Boswell:

Well, like everybody else we were on the "peas porridge cold and peas porridge hot" but my dad was the state veterinarian and we had a lot of farmers and he used to keep the large animals up and most of the farmers couldn't pay him so they'd pay him something. I'd go down to get the milk in the morning, that was perhaps frozen (laughing), there'd be a fifty-pound bag of potatoes or a hundred pound burlap sack of

cabbage there. We'd call all the neighbors and distribute it and that sort of thing. Like everybody, and that's the sad thing today. We knew everybody in my town and everybody knew us and we took care of each other. We heard about somebody that wasn't feeling good or they didn't have any money or they needed some food, we just did it. That's the way it used to be. My dad was very generous with his time. He wouldn't charge a lot of people. I used to make a lot of trips with him, and he'd spend two hours cleaning a dozen cattle and standing up to all the waste, etc. and the farmer would come out and ask him how much he paid, Dad would say, "Well, not this time, Frank. Next time." That's the way it used to be.

Mr. Misenhimer:

It was a different world then.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. He was also a Captain in the Cavalry. He was a Captain in the Cavalry in World War I and World War II. He was activated, then I joined the Corps, and my sister came home and said she just joined the Corps and my mother went ballistic. (laughing)

Mr. Misenhimer:

I can imagine.

Mr. Boswell:

Tough war.

Mr. Misenhimer:

It was, right. Korean War was tough.

Mr. Boswell:

A lot more drastic than a lot of people knew only because I was so close to the history of Chesty Puller and his gang and the Chosin Reservoir. The cold was just terrible. Go ahead, I'm sorry to interrupt.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That's fine. Where did you go to high school?

Mr. Boswell:

Westborough High.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What year did you finish there?

Mr. Boswell:

1942.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now December 7, '41 when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, do you recall hearing about that?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah I was at the Strand Theater watching a movie and they interrupted the movie.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How did you feel that would affect you when you heard that?

Mr. Boswell:

I was pretty upset only because I was of a military mentality. My dad having... I used to polish his riding boots and get his riding crop out and go to camp with him every year at the Massachusetts National Guard Camp. I was a militaristic person to start with and I had nothing against the Japs, I had against anybody that would dare attack us.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You had just turned 17.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Then you finished high school in '42. What did you do when you finished high school?

Mr. Boswell:

Went to work in a machine shop at night to make some money to pay for my college. I was going to college in the fall at Notre Dame.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you go?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. That's where I joined the Corps.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Oh? At Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. We all get charged up listening to all the Marine Corps hymns and all. They had a recruiting guy that came by. A bunch of us joined. Angelo Bertelli joined right there. He was a great All-American football player. Moose Krause joined there. He was a great athlete and former coach. Just a bunch of us got charged up.

Mr. Misenhimer:

When did you go in to the service then?

Mr. Boswell:

I got activated in June. They sent us home after the Christmas holiday and said, "We'll call you." I wouldn't go back to school, I hung around Westborough and they called us one day and said, "Take the Greyhound bus to the Federal Building in Boston." I had visions of staying in a fancy hotel and they put us up at the Salvation Army hotel on an iron cot overnight (laughing).

Mr. Misenhimer:

What date were you inducted?

Mr. Boswell:

June of '43.

Mr. Misenhimer:

And you went into the Marines.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. Put on a train and rode to Parris Island, South Carolina. I thought Abe Lincoln was running the train, it was so hot we kept the windows open all the way.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Probably one of those old coal-fired trains.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. (laughing) There was more black on us than there was outside on the highway.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That wasn't very pleasant in those days.

Mr. Boswell:

These cars were so old that the kerosene lanterns – of course they didn't have kerosene in them – but they were still swaying from the ceiling. That was because they had to put every cattle car they had in motion.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You made that in one day, did you?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh no, we stayed aboard the train. We made it overnight. I remember they woke us up at midnight or one o'clock in the morning and said, "We're in Rock City, anybody want to get out and take a look in Rock City?" (laughing)

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you?

Mr. Boswell:

I said, "What the hell is Rock City," or something to that effect and some guy said, "This is the home of Kay Kyser." I wasn't very impressed with Kay Kyser either so I didn't get off the train to look at Rock City at midnight. You can imagine what it was at midnight in 1943.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What happened when you got to Parris Island?

Mr. Boswell:

They dumped us and off, it wasn't Parris Island, it was Yemassee and you wouldn't believe Yemassee. It was one step removed from nowhere and it was the end of the line. They hustled off of that and put us on a pontoon raft and took us to Parris Island and the DIs started in.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Have you been to the Marine museum in Quantico, Virginia?

Mr. Boswell:

No. I'm not big on this afterthought stuff. What they do here take all the World War II vets to Washington on what they – we call it the "Honor Air" but twice a year they gather up a bunch of us old guys and when we landed they called us heroes and they cheered and clapped and want to give you a cap and a shirt and stuff. They quoted me when they wrote it up because the guy I was riding with was one of the sponsors and I was just so overwhelmed when we got to Washington, people at the airport cheering and clapping. One woman ran up and hugged me. And they all, you know, "heroes." So I said to this guy, kind of on the side, "God, I didn't know we were such heroes." He said, "You sure were." Well, we didn't think we were. We didn't come home screaming for a band and a parade. Hell, I got off a ship in San Diego, I guess, and overnight I hung around in a bar and we got on a train and seven days later I got off in Cambridge, Maryland and went home.

Mr. Misenhimer:

At this museum in Quantico, they show that when the recruits get off of the bus or whatever, they've got some yellow footsteps painted on the floor that you have to stand in. Did they do that when you were...

Mr. Boswell:

The DIs made us stand up. We didn't have the little footprints but since then they do that.

Mr. Misenhimer:

They showed they had footprints painted that you had to stand on, there at the museum. What all happened in your boot camp there?

Mr. Boswell:

Just to reminisce for a moment, I understand, only because I belong to the Seagoing Marine Association of course, they are no more, Bill Clinton got rid of all the Seagoing Marines on capital ships, we have dedicated the entrance to the Marine Corps Museum with a great big, white, tri-cornered alabaster I guess you'd call it headstone, donated by the United States Seagoing Marine Association. It's a very beautiful white marker right at the museum. Go ahead back. What happened when we got to Parris Island?

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yes sir.

Mr. Boswell:

We got a haircut, then they deloused us, brushed off all the hair that was stuck on our naked body, and then we were introduced to the "Drill Instructor", the senior Drill Instructor. I was very fortunate I had two superb Drill Instructors, both of them were old Corps. They were older men, you know 28, 30 years old, served maybe ten years in the Corps. One of them Trammyle, Gunny Trammyle, he had traveled the world with Biddle. Biddle was the Colonel that kind of went around the world looking at other militaries and he developed the Biddle Bayonet System. Gunny Trammyle had traveled with him and said there was lot of historic lore, so to speak, about Trammyle and he'd weave us stories and he was just a great guy. The other guy was Gunny Roundtree. He was built like a bear. He played football for the Quantico Marines when they used to take on the service academies. That's how good they were. LeBaron was the great quarterback of the Quantico Marines, so they had a hell of a football team and Gunny Roundtree, you could tell, he must have been a guard or a tackle. My God he was just built like a tank. And again, a hell of a guy. They were both southern boys. Most of the Drill Instructors that we inherited were all old Corps and all the old Corps were southern boys. They were all from Georgia and the Carolinas. That's what a lot of people in those days, prior to the war, did with their young sons: put them in the military.

Mr. Misenhimer:

During the Depression there weren't that many jobs.

Mr. Boswell:

That's correct. They went in for life. These guys were all lifers. They didn't just join the Corps, they made a career out of it. That's why they were so good at what they did. That was one of, I can't remember, the preamble that all of our Drill Instructors took, but it was quite emphatic that you've got a hell of a job here and you get it done and done right, according to the rules and regulations that we stipulated, the United States Corps.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You mentioned something about bayonet. What was that, bayonet?

Mr. Boswell:

Biddle. The Biddle Bayonet System.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What is that?

Mr. Boswell:

It wasn't just a thrust, a step and thrust. You used the weapon for more than that. You used the stock to belt somebody. It was a defensive weapon as well as just a stab weapon. That's what Biddle... you've seen it in movies where you use the rifle for more than just a bayonet. You know, it was step and thrust, withdraw, step and thrust, withdraw. That's all they did, they stabbed people. With the Biddle system you use it as weapon, it was like a boxing weapon. You've seen all the Japanese people with a staff that they could use. That was part of the system that was developed and Biddle just incorporated it into the bayonet.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What did you live in there at boot camp?

Mr. Boswell:

Tents.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How was the food there?

Mr. Boswell:

It was okay. We never bitched. We didn't have enough time to bitch, number one, and we didn't know we had a right to bitch.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What all did you do during boot camp?

Mr. Boswell:

I don't know that I can elaborate on it. It was just typical, pretty rugged boot in those days and there wasn't much that you could find fault with. Get up early in the morning, worked all day, if you couldn't swim you went to the swimming pool at night. Everybody had to swim in the Marine Corps. That was after hours, part of the punishment, after everybody else was lying around after hours. In my day we used to call them ducks and we made them waddle to the swimming pool. You had to hit the lower end of the pool and swim the length of the pool with ninety pounds on your back. If you couldn't, you were out of the Corps. We were an amphibious landing group. You had to be able to swim. I couldn't believe – I remember when that was one of the first things... 'cause sometimes it took a long time to teach somebody to swim and even when I was a DI the first thing we used to say is – “Two things: Everybody who's left-handed and everybody who can't swim put your hand in the air.” Having grown up in the east coast and spent my summers and all on Cape Cod, I couldn't believe all the people who couldn't swim. Nimitz said he'd never seen the ocean. Anyway, we made them waddle to the swimming pool and called them ducks and they quacked all the way. We had to make them learn to swim and let's get the hell going, you know, get them out of here. Anyway, keep going.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you have quite a bit of weapons training?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh yeah. Well, we were on the '03, the Springfield, and that's when the Garand, the M1, came in to

popularity so we trained on both. That was another thing we used to ask: the left-handers. 'Cause it was hard to be a left-hander and use the Springfield '03 which was a bolt-action and you had to reach up and get hold of a bolt and flip it over and reinsert a cartridge. If you're left-handed, you punch your eye out half the time. We made them fire right-handed, but that was kind of difficult for a lot of people who, you know, if you're left-handed, it's like if you're right-handed and you try to teach you to put swing golf club left-handed, it must be hell.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I'd never thought about that, yeah, that would be a problem.

Mr. Boswell:

Of course, we had a hell of a time with the M1, putting that clip into the thing, get your thumb out of the way. We had a lot of guys sucking their thumbs.

Mr. Misenhimer:

We called it the "M1 Thumb."

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, well, saw a lot of them.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you have machine gun training?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What kind of machine gun did you train on?

Mr. Boswell:

.30 caliber.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Air-cooled or water-cooled?

Mr. Boswell:

Air-cooled. Almost portable. You could pick them up and run with them, if you had to. Of course we field stripped the Colt .45; the carbine came in to play. It was a lousy weapon in my book, but the officers didn't want to carry the heavy weapon so they developed the carbine to use in close. The M1 was cumbersome, particularly if you didn't marry it was we were made to – we slept with them.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You didn't dare call it a gun, did you?

Mr. Boswell:

Never.

Mr. Misenhimer:

(laughing) No sir, you had to call it a rifle.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. This is my rifle and this is my gun.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I remember that little rhyme. Okay, what else happened?

Mr. Boswell:

Well, probably because of my militaristic background, I knew how to parade and march and I knew a lot of the commands and cadence and all. Very few of us graduated boot camp PFCs. I was a PFC with a stripe, you know, you get your first stripe your first hitch in the Corps. You get your second stripe, your second hitch. They didn't promote everybody overnight. Getting graduated PFC out of boot camp was quite an honor. That's one of the reasons... we were all ready to ship out, I got my orders to report to DI school and I said, "That's bullshit. I'm going to out to kill Japs with my buddies." So I went down to DI school, walked up to the Major, he was in charge of the thing and gave me the speech and all, and I said, "With respect, sir, I don't want to be a DI. I want to ship out with my platoon." He said, "Son, one of the

first things you want to learn is we don't care what you want. You do what the Marine Corps says you do. Repeat after me: 'yes sir.'" I repeated after him, "Yes sir," and went to the DI school.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How was DI school?

Mr. Boswell:

More boot camp, actually, except much more instructive. We got a lot more weapon stuff and command stuff and just more of the same, only much more rigid and much more instructive, so to speak. We got a lot of, I guess you'd call it, what I'd call it, was PP. We got a lot of personal pride that we were to inculcate into the recruits. We adopted these kids. We were adopted by the DIs. I mean other than the fact that they were tough on us, every waking minute the DIs were concerned about the recruits.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How long was that DI school?

Mr. Boswell:

I think a little over maybe sixty days. I don't recall.

Mr. Misenhimer:

About two months.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. And then you became a Junior DI and you were assigned to a Senior DI.

Mr. Misenhimer:

So then what did you do?

Mr. Boswell:

What a DI does every morning: roll them out and put them to bed. Move them around all day long somewhere. Keep them moving.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How long was boot camp?

Mr. Boswell:

Ninety days.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Three months, okay.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, three months. Many of them, of course, they were assigned to something that put them right back in to some part of the service. But again, we didn't have all the schools that they do today. The Marine Corps were rifleman. First, last and always. Julian Bloome and some others used to complain the first duty they got, they got shipped to some ammo depot in New Jersey instead of going overseas, you know. Guard duty was very primary and MP duty on most of the posts. Unless you got lucky and got into FMC, which is Fleet Marine Corps. That was overseas.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How long were you a drill instructor?

Mr. Boswell:

Not too long. I got cut out of my second platoon. The casualties were running pretty high in Guadalcanal and Tulagi and the word came down anybody under 20 years old, get their ass on a boat overseas. Again I lucked into it, I got sent to Sea School. That was the pride of the Marine Corps. Of course, some of that was just a carry over from being the pride of the Corps, which was the DI. Of course, Sea School is the top of the rung, according to the Marines. I got sent to Norfolk, Virginia. Portsmouth - Norfolk, that was the big Navy base, but that was also the Marine Corps – there were two Sea Schools: San Diego and Portsmouth. That was another ninety days, I guess. I can't remember, again. It was pretty rigid and, of course, spit and polish. Drill, drill, drill. Rifle drill, parade drill, drill, drill, drill. Spit and polish. All the Naval lingo and about battleships and cruisers and destroyers and aircraft carriers, etc. Then I got sent to (laughing)... I thought we were going overseas, I got sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and I said, "Oh God, we got guard duty." Well, that wasn't the case at all, but they were building a brand new aircraft

carrier, an *Essex*-class, one of the last of the great carriers of the Pacific War. The *USS Bennington*. I went aboard there as the Marine detachment. We commissioned it and went overseas on it.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What was the number on that? CV-what?

Mr. Boswell:

CV-20. As a matter of fact, kind of a unique thing, and I didn't know it because I wasn't more so, but it served all the way through the Vietnam War and apparently, I don't know how, but it got renamed and the only reason I knew that – I was some place one day and I happened to have one of my caps on and it was the *USS Bennington*. The guy, a young man, stepped up to me and said, "You were on the *Bennington*?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "Well, they don't call it that anymore." It was recommissioned after it was stripped and it went all the way through the Vietnam War and it was probably the last active *Essex*-class carrier. Most of them are in some major city as a WWII memento. This was scrapped well into the late '70s after having been active. Of course, it was cut up and sold to Taiwan or some place.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What was your job on the *Bennington*?

Mr. Boswell:

I was anti-aircraft or gunnery. That was a major thing. Of course, all Marines on all capital ships served as the MPs. We were in charge of the brig and we were in charge of all the PALs – Prisoners At Large – that got all the dirty duties every day aboard ship – cleaned the trash cans. And of course when we docked some place, they had to load and unload and they were in groups of eight or ten and we were assigned in charge of. We were primarily gunners aboard, and that's what our job was. Of course, ready at all times to go ashore.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How many Marines on the *Bennington*?

Mr. Boswell:

Most of the complement – the Marine detachment was like eighty men. Sixty, sixty-five enlisted, a Captain and two Lieutenants, primarily, and a Gunny Sergeant and all. There were probably seventy-five to eighty guys. A little less in the early days, but as time wore on, apparently they got a lot of land duty, parades and stuff. I'd say a normal Marine detachment was sixty enlisted and ten or fifteen officers and staff officers, non-comms. A Gunny Sergeant, two or three Buck Sergeants, three or four Corporals and the rest of us were Privates and PFCs.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What was your rank there? PFC?

Mr. Boswell:

No, I was both. I was promoted from PFC to Corporal.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What kind of anti-aircraft gun were you on?

Mr. Boswell:

We were on what we called the – all along the portside of a carrier there's a big sponson with the 20mm and .30 caliber machine guns. .30 caliber anti-aircraft, actually what it was.

Right along the – as a matter of fact, we used to duck when a plane landed in case one of those cables broke – it'd take our head off. Our heads were probably right at the deck level so there was a big they called it sponson. The gun sponsons. The Navy manned most of the quad 40s. Of course, there were no cannons on aircraft carriers.

Mr. Misenhimer:

About when did you join the *Bennington*?

Mr. Boswell:

We commissioned it. I think in, I'm going to say, either late '43 or '44. I got stuck again only because of being PFC and all. I got to be the Captain's orderly. He was the first Captain – Sykes – Captain Sykes,

and that was his first command as a Captain of an aircraft carrier. They were pushing the aircraft carriers, you know. We were raising hell in the Pacific. The carrier won the war in the Pacific.

Mr. Misenhimer:

If you went in June of '43, it would have probably been up in the Spring of '44 before you finished all your training, right? Maybe even the Summer of '44 before you joined the *Bennington*.

(Editor's Note: *Bennington* was commissioned on 6 August 1944).

Mr. Boswell:

You can look it up. I don't know when. I'm trying to remember when the *Bennington* was commissioned.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I don't know either.

Mr. Boswell:

We joined it well ahead of time. We bunked in the Brooklyn Navy Yard in the Marine Headquarters at the Brooklyn Navy Yard because the *Bennington* wasn't finished enough for anybody to bunk aboard. Boy that was pretty good duty, I'll tell you. The Marine contingent that was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, they lived like kings. We go down to breakfast in the morning and there were five or six fruit juices there. You could yell your order through a hole in the wall in to the cook and tell him you wanted your eggs over light. We were disappointed when they said we could go aboard the *Bennington* in those damn bunks. (laughing) They were nothing but iron cots with rope webbing. Of course there was a stingy little mattress on top of that.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Where did you first sail to on the *Bennington*?

Mr. Boswell:

We did a shakedown cruise, went all through the southern Caribbean. Then we went back, and we were last capital ship size-wise to be able to go through the Panama Canal. Anything bigger had to go down

around Cape Horn. That's why the *Essex* was so popular and they kept it in that size. The *Roosevelt* and the *Eisenhower* and the *Reagan* and these things could never go through the canal. We just squeaked through. We needed a shoehorn.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I have heard they had to take some of the gun tubs off of some of the carriers to get them through.

Mr. Boswell:

Anything that was hanging over the side we scraped.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Was that the first place you went after the shakedown was through the canal?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, and we wound up, of course, in Ulithi. I've got a picture, an airplane photograph, of Ulithi. The largest concentration of Naval ships in the history of the world. It was also the supply depot. Everything that came from anywhere, that's where all the supply ships were. That's why there was so many of them. And oilers, tankers. My God. There were tankers there, but you know, we consumed a little fuel. Actually, when we got there, they said we were going to have a little liberty. (laughing) We're all going to go ashore. Of course, we pictured some tropical island with a beautiful beach, palm trees. After fifteen, eighteen, twenty days or thirty days aboard for that first time, or more, I can't remember, when we became shellbacks and went across the equator, I guess we'd had been at sea fifteen, eighteen days then. Anyway, they told us we were going to go ashore, so the first liberty side, we went to Mog Mog. Mog Mog was a rock in the middle of nowhere and there wasn't a tree in sight. It was literally a coral reef. Of course, you spend a day on a coral reef, you didn't really have liberty, I'll tell you. They gave us two cans of warm beer. They were painted olive drab and they were the little squat – they weren't the tall, thin beer can of today – they were the little squat, round cans. Like if you've ever seen the baked beans today in those little squat cans. It was a little bit bigger than that. It was painted olive drab, and of course they had the block stencil on it "Beer." You can imagine what it tasted like, and it was warm, to boot. There

was no ice on the rock of Mog Mog. What I really felt sorry for, and they had a heck of a problem, so many of the Naval personnel who'd been below decks, so to speak, they were whiter than sheets, and of course they stripped and laid on the beach. I'll tell you, sick bay was a busy, busy place when they went back ashore. They were burned like lobsters. Any Marines that did it, you got brig time in the Corps, you know, if you – if you got sunburned so badly in my day in the Corps, you did brig time for every day that you were out of action because you had a sunburn. So if you got stuck into the Sick Bay for two or three days, when you got out you get brig for two or three days. The poor Navy guys. The Marines were above deck pretty much and we did all our drilling and all on the carrier deck and all, so we were out in the sun pretty much. But those poor guys, they really got fried. You can imagine.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How was it going through the Panama Canal?

Mr. Boswell:

I don't know what you mean other than squeaky. I was quite impressed. I didn't think we'd get through it. Of course, we were allowed to get up on deck. Our gun sponsons literally touched almost the sides. They had mules pulling, you know, they called the mules, those little motors or those little engines. It was so tough the engines apparently didn't have enough guts so they had mules that would pull – that's how those little engines got the name "mules." Mules used to pull boats through the canal, you know. It was pretty squeaky. Like I say, we were the largest ship that could ever go through the canal.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you get liberty on either end?

Mr. Boswell:

We got liberty, somehow, in what they called Tortola. That was some place on the east side. I think it was Tortola or whatever the heck the main city or town was. I think they called it Tortola.

Mr. Misenhimer:

When you crossed the equator, what kind of ceremony did you have?

Mr. Boswell:

We had the shellback – we jumped into water and get out and they gave you a certificate that you were now a shellback. We didn't all get jumped, but the Navy loved to pick on the Corps. Whenever they could jump on us, they did, so a hell of a lot of the Marine detachment got dunked. It was just kind of a, you know, big time, noisy affair.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did they cut your hair and stuff like that?

Mr. Boswell:

I don't recall that.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I've heard they make some of them crawl through the garbage or do things like that.

Mr. Boswell:

If they did, that was more of what they didn't bother – they were pretty respectful of us, being the Corps, because we're the police as well. If they gave us a lot of crap, some time down the road, we'd be in charge of them and they'd pay for it.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You'd get even, huh?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, yeah. There was always that possibility, so. As I say, like when we had the PALs – the Prisoners At Large – if one of them had given us a bad time or one our guys a bad time in some other type of activity they'd pay for it. I've never heard that they made them run through the garbage and stuff, but whatever.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Probably on smaller ships. They had more time to do it, right.

Mr. Boswell:

Well that may be, yeah. We had about forty-four, forty-five hundred guys aboard an aircraft carrier even then. It's up to six thousand now.

Mr. Misenhimer:

When you got to Ulithi what all happened there?

Mr. Boswell:

We just had to resupply and we joined the task force group – we were assigned to Task Force 58.1. That was Marc Mitscher. We were – all of these raiders, actually. That's all the carriers did was just going zooming around: the Marshall Islands, the Gilbert Islands strafing and bombing and whatever.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now you said Mitscher was one of Halsey's favorites?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, 'cause he was a scrappy guy just like Halsey, you know. I don't know that, Bull Halsey never sat down and said to me, "J.P., Marc Mitscher's one of my favorites." I could just tell he was. Halsey's got formed up the task forces and we were 58.1. That meant we were the lead of the point and that's quite a compliment. Anyway, yeah, Mitcher was a scrappy guy, and I'm sure Halsey appreciated it.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What did you do after Ulithi?

Mr. Boswell:

We just went out cruising around the Pacific attacking with our fighter squadron, looking for people to shoot. If you're going to look Mitscher up, he's got a tough spelling to his name. Mitscher, no "n". I mean, everybody used to call him "Mitchner." It isn't "Mitchner," it's Mitscher.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What was the first engagement you all had? What was the first island you attacked or what?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh, hell, I don't know. We were attacking all the time. The Jap planes would just come zooming over. I don't remember chronologically. All of the islands had been and were still manned by the Japanese. Guam was a gigantic Japanese, not stronghold... you had Truk and you had Rabaul. Whenever we went any place close to where our fighter planes would take off to go bomb and strafe, we'd be under attack. We supported a number of landings: Okinawa, Iwo, because our planes were required to assist in the attack, so to speak. All the big naval battles, like the Battle of the Philippine Sea and the one that supposedly turned the tide at Coral Sea, those were all fought in late '42 and very early '43. That's why I said we were kind of like Halsey's raiders only because the carriers could go so fast and they'd just go zooming. We'd get a radiogram or something that there was an entrenchment or a Japanese airfield on someplace, we'd go raid it. President George Herbert Walker Bush, he got shot down at Chichi-jima. We were strafing Iwo Jima that day. There were three Jimas: Haha, Chichi, and Iwo. When George Bush, the first president, got shot down, he was raiding in... he took off, I forget, I think he was on the *Hornet*.

Mr. Misenhimer:

No, he was on the *San Jacinto*. It was a CVL. *San Jacinto*.

Mr. Boswell:

Oh, you know this.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yeah.

Mr. Boswell:

Oh, okay. I don't know the designation, but anyway, he was on a raid on Chichi-jima. That's what it was. You couldn't call that a naval battle or something. It was just another day when we went by. Chichi-jima had some big naval installations on it apparently, that was the program the day he was shot down. They were bombing the naval guns. Iwo had a small airport but it wasn't a big one. That's when we went by and strafed and bombed Iwo. Long before we decided to invade it. That's the reason we invaded it, actually, to get that damn airfield.

Mr. Misenhimer:

The Battle of Tarawa was in November of '43. Was that before you all got out there?

Mr. Boswell:

November of '43? Yeah. Oh yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That was before you got out there.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Saipan was June 15th of '44.

Mr. Boswell:

We assisted Saipan, Tinian. When was Tinian?

Mr. Misenhimer:

Tinian was just after that.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. Oh, the three of them: Saipan, Tinian and Guam were...

Mr. Misenhimer:

Guam was July 21st. June 15th was Saipan and Tinian was just after Saipan.

Mr. Boswell:

When I fax or email or send you this copy of this business card that they had made up for us, there's another little picture and it shows CINCPAC Marine Detachment. When Nimitz set up his forward headquarters on Guam and it was in a... well, we, who were assigned to CINCPAC, the Marines that were assigned, we were in a separate Quonset hut and I happen to have a picture of that, as well. Whether it comes through okay or not. It shows you, if nothing else, that Nimitz was a big shot. He didn't have a gigantic, big building made up just for him and his crew. Okay, I'm rambling a little, go ahead.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That's fine, no problem. That's good. Now, the Great Marianas Turkey Shoot, were you involved in that?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That was on June 17th, 1944. What all happened there?

Mr. Boswell:

Well, just more of the same: landings and take offs like how fast can these guys get out and dump their load and come back. It's quite impressive, really, and I'm not being an aviator, you can just appreciate, it was just hell bend for election. These guys, they blow the whistle, we'd line up, the air officer would line these guys up and take off and we'd cruise around waiting for them, and they'd come back. They'd land, we'd rearm, we'd refuel, and they'd take off again. Turkey Shoot was absolutely the right terminology. They just couldn't do it quick enough, fast enough, and even the landings. These guys, some of them never got out of the plane. They'd taxi over and two or three of these airdales would jump aboard and rearm them. Somebody else would be pumping fuel in them. Of course, that's now the *Franklin* got in trouble. They had just refueled, the *Franklin*. They had every plane on that deck; when it got strafed, it was a burning inferno with the gasoline. That was the biggest spook on a carrier, I guess on any ship but a carrier particularly, was fire. We'd talk the rigid rules. If you got any place close to where you could have caused a fire, you were reamed a new one I'll tell you.

Mr. Misenhimer:

There at the Turkey Shoot, Mitscher did something quite dramatic, didn't he?

Mr. Boswell:

I can't... maybe you know, I don't. I do remember.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That's where he turned the lights on so the planes could find the carriers.

Mr. Boswell:

The landing lights on, that's right. For some reason, we didn't know it or something, I guess the fog came in and these guys had no place to go and damn low on fuel. When you light up a carrier, with all the submarines, the Japs subs and all, you're pushing your luck. He was also a pilot. Mitscher, apparently, we all respected him but he just wasn't about to have these guys ditch.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What happened, as I understand, is he sent them out on a raid quite late in the afternoon and they were not going to be able to get back before dark. So when they were coming back, that's why he turned the lights on so they could see to get back in.

Mr. Boswell:

I do remember the controversy that he turned them on and it was dark and of course that'd just set up the carrier to be a target, but he didn't care.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You mentioned that you were attacked by Japanese planes quite often. Did you ever fire at the Japanese planes?

Mr. Boswell:

Did I?

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yes sir.

Mr. Boswell:

Every day.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Tell me about that.

Mr. Boswell:

Actually, they couldn't bring the quad 40s... the Japs were pretty smart, they used to come down, until we hit the kamikaze clowns, they'd come in pretty low because number one, they had torpedo bombers, and the quad 40s were pretty tough to drop down to sea level, so to speak. We could. Our mounts were on swivel. We could probably shoot the bullets in to the water 500 feet outside of our ship. We could get down that low, so when the torpedo bomber's coming so low, we could pound them. I think, I'm trying to remember, I think we had eight machine guns and we could concentrate – we could put a lot of brass into a plane coming in.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you ever shoot any planes down?

Mr. Boswell:

That I know of?

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yes sir.

Mr. Boswell:

No.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You never know.

Mr. Boswell:

You never know. I'm sure I caused... I'm sure we caused a hell of a lot of them to go in, but I could never say, "Look at my tracers, look at my shells, we just took that one down."

Mr. Misenhimer:

There were just so many you don't know.

Mr. Boswell:

That was the other story. Sometimes it was a turkey shoot on our side. If we got close enough to some

larger Japanese airfield, hell, they'd have fifty or sixty planes out there coming in at us. Our Task Force 58.1, we had the *Wasp*, the *Hornet*, the *Bennington*, the *Franklin*, and I think the *Boxer*, maybe. Japs'd love to attack that gang, so to speak. So, hell if they had a hundred planes ready to fly, they'd all come in like hornets. It could be a turkey shoot in that sense for us as well.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Was your ship ever hit?

Mr. Boswell:

My a bomb, you mean? No, we didn't even get hit with a kamikaze. We had a number of near misses. As a matter of fact, the *Hornet*, their quad 40s, I guess, caught two kamikazes and blew them up right over us. As a matter of fact, I think we had some almost what you'd call debris that was floating around.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Was your ship ever strafed by the Japanese?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh yeah. Well, as close as they could get, yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Was anybody on your ship injured or killed?

Mr. Boswell:

To my knowledge, no, unless it was some pilot that died after he landed and was shot up.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yeah, of course, I'm sure they lost a number of planes.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, as a matter of fact, our squadron, one of the squadrons on the *Bennington*, was responsible – they were the first guys to hit the *Yamato*, the battleship, and they claim that one of our pilots was the guy that dropped a couple of them that caused the great explosion to sink the *Yamato*.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That was in April of '45 there when they were heading towards Okinawa. What's some other things you were involved in? How about Iwo Jima.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, well, we of course supported the invasion, and we were all ready to go ashore, as a matter of fact. All of the Marine detachments were supposed to be ready to go ashore at any given time, but I never went ashore, no.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How about Okinawa? Were you around Okinawa?

Mr. Boswell:

No, that was too late. That's when I'd got assigned to Nimitz.

Mr. Misenhimer:

When did you get assigned to Nimitz?

Mr. Boswell:

I don't really remember. I went though a bunch of stuff yesterday to find out. I had got in a little trouble on the *Bennington* with my Captain. I got disciplined. There's no sense in going into a lot of detail, but my top kick woke me up one morning about five o'clock said, "Boswell, you're going over the side." I rolled over and said, "Top, you're drunk or something." He kept shaking me and shaking me, "Get your gear together, you're going over the side." I said, "What are you, crazy? We're in the middle of the Pacific Ocean." He said, "You're going over the side." I go up, got all my gear in a sea bag, and "Go up on deck," so I went up on deck and here's this... there's was a tanker on one side and we were refueling. On the other side was a destroyer that's protecting us. *Boom!* A rope came over from the destroyer, and then they hauled in a line and they set up a breeches buoy. Of course, everybody that was on deck, that could be on deck, we always used to yell and holler back and forth, screaming at the guys on the one side, the oiler, and pretty soon Tops, said, "You're next, Boswell." "What you mean I'm next? For what?" "Get in the breeches buoy. Grab your sea bag." I grabbed the sea bag and put it in my lap, get in the

breeched buoy and they ship me over to the destroyer. They were getting rid of me. I was trouble, I guess. We had a very spit and polish type CO and I got nailed for – I would roll my sleeves up - and it was quite popular in the Corps – if you can get punished for something nobody every heard of it was called “silent contempt.” I guess that was my crime. They didn’t know what in the hell to do with me, and they had just set up, they were setting up Nimitz’s headquarters on Guam and that’s where the destroyer went, I guess, to refuel. They dumped me ashore. Nobody knew I was coming or what I was doing, and the next thing I know, only because I was seagoing and top of the class and former this and former that, they were setting up the bodyguard system and I was one of the twelve guys picked. They had brought some of them from Honolulu, and I got assigned to the orderly group, staff. It was quite a surprise to me. I had no idea where the hell I was going when I saw the breeches buoy, I’ll tell you, but I lucked into it. Of course, it was this great duty. I guess I was very, very proud to have been chosen, one of them, and of course because I was seagoing and they weren’t going to pull some guy out of the trenches with mud on his boots. That was a pretty crisp group. We were all assigned an iron, and there was no laundry there to begin with. You had khakis that had to be pressed and all. This is funny, he was a great walker, and he used to wear shorts. Of course he had his top on, though. We’d be in starched khakis or pressed khakis. You’re walking around the streets and the hills of Guam, and Guam was nothing but hills. It’s a beautiful, beautiful island, actually. And you’d be kind of sweating (laughing). Nimitz would... you had to walk three paces to the rear and three paces to the right with a sidearm and a rifle... he’d always kind of look back over his shoulder. He was the most common man. I have never met a man who had more humility. He was a very stoic, very humble man. He’d kind of look over his shoulder. He’d say, “You keep up, Corporal? You keep up, Corporal,” or something like that, or he’d say, “Rather hot this morning, Corporal,” kind of snigger because he knew we were getting soaked. I’ll tell you a little anecdote, I don’t know whether you can publish it or not. One night, somebody on guard duty heard a noise and they emptied their carbine or Tommy gun and it was nothing. Of course, they called the Sergeant of the Guard and the Corporal of the Guard, and everybody’s yelling and

hollering. In the morning, Nimitz kind of – we walking and he said, “Corporal, tell whomever was on duty last evening the way you say it is ‘Tally-ho,’ and not ‘kill the son of a bitch.’” It happened right outside his quarters and he heard some guy that hollered and yelled and something like that, and so he said, “The saying is ‘Tally-ho,’ not ‘kill the son of a bitch,’” or something to that affect. I thought that was just so typical of him. You know, he wasn’t raising hell that somebody woke him up and had everybody all stirred up over nothing, so to speak. Of course, it wasn’t nothing. You didn’t take any chances. There were a hell of a lot of Japs still living in the caves on Guam well after we secured it. They used to come out at night and try to steal food from the Seabees camp and all ‘cause the Seabees were all very forward when we were kind of rebuilding Guam, so to speak. As a matter of fact, one of the last guys that ever surrendered came out of a cave on Guam like twenty-five years later.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I think that was 1974.

Mr. Boswell:

Okay, well, whenever. So, there was good reason for whomever fired that weapon that night to take no chances, so to speak.

Mr. Misenhimer:

About when did you go on Nimitz’s staff there?

Mr. Boswell:

I can’t tell you. As a matter of fact, I’ve often wondered. I’ve drawn a number of blanks. When we were back in Honolulu when the war was over, what in August and the word... the celebration in Honolulu was wild, of course... and I’m trying to remember when we got the word. We were to go aboard the *Missouri*, four of us, we were present on his stay, so to speak. It was an overnight thing, kind of. I just happened to be in the 4-8 watch that caught us leaving and I’m trying to remember, and I’ve never been able to – either I was so excited or what – but it’s a total blank. I can’t remember. We used to fly in the PBV a lot and I can’t remember whether we flew on the PBV or we left Honolulu on a destroyer or some other

smaller ship. I just... it's just absolutely – and I've tried a million times to remember and I can't. Isn't that funny? It's just one of those things that you draw a blank. I've been told you can draw blanks, though. That's one of them. The other is I can't – no way can I tell you – of course this didn't mean anything to me anyway, so.

Mr. Misenhimer:

About when you joined Nimitz: now, Iwo Jima was February the 19th. Where you still on the *Bennington* when they attacked Iwo Jima?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. The *Bennington* didn't attack it. We supported... you know, the aircrafts supported it.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That's what I mean, you supported it – the attack – right. Now, April 1st was when the attack on Okinawa was; where you on the ship when they supported that attack?

Mr. Boswell:

I can't remember, nor can I acknowledge that. That's the other thing, and I just said it a minute ago, we never knew where the hell we were half the time. The ship or the group Task Force 58, they didn't announce, you know, "We're going by here today and we're going to do this and that." We had no idea where the hell we were half the time. We just knew the planes took off, and unless you were privy to the Officer of the Day and Captain of the ship, Captain or Mitscher, we had no idea where the hell we were half the time. So, I couldn't tell you yes or no, although just having known that the *Bennington* says it supported the invasion at Okinawa, then yes, I was there, I guess.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You mentioned about the *Yamato*. Where you on board the ship when they were attacking the *Yamato*?

Mr. Boswell:

Presumably, although I never knew about that until I read some of the history of the *Bennington*. Again, the pilots land and there's no scuttlebutt they're going around after, "Boy, did you hear that Lt. So-and-So

bombed the *Yamato*?” No. I mean, it’s big deal of later on, so to speak, but at the time none of us knew where they’d been or what the hell they were doing. The only reason that I know we were attacking... I can’t, I’m blank. I was talking about... I was impressed that Chichi-jima was, President Bush. I just happened to know because one of the dive bomber radiomen on our dive bombers was a Navy guy that I knew, and he had said something to the effect that the heard, during the attack on Chichi-jima, two or three of our pilots – meaning our Navy Air Corps pilots, not our *Bennington* pilots – had been shot down. That’s all we knew about that until history or something. I say this in all respect for everybody, we weren’t all caught up in the daily routine of what’s happening. We didn’t know what was happening. We didn’t know we were in the South Pacific as compared to the Sea of Japan. We’d get caught in a... they don’t call them hurricanes, they call them typhoons. I’ve got pictures of the *Bennington* being caught in a typhoon and it rolled the flight deck back like a carpet ninety feet. I never knew when that happened. I never knew we were in the South China Sea until I saw a picture in the newspaper that my mother sent me. We had no idea where the hell we were. It’s just a great big body of water out there.

Mr. Misenhimer:

No street signs anywhere. (laughing)

Mr. Boswell:

No. No. As I say, they didn’t spend their time on the loudspeaker, “We’re cruising into the South China Sea this afternoon, crew members, and this is – the island you are looking at is called Okinawa.” They didn’t tell us anything. We didn’t know, nor did we care, quite frankly, I didn’t. I’m an 18, 19-year-old kid having the time of my life.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you see many kamikazes?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh yeah. I belong to the Kamikaze Association. Yeah, when we were off on the initial landings, the kamis were, they did a hell of a number on us.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Okinawa was where they were so bad.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. They claim that they lost 32 ships in Okinawa. That wasn't the first time. These guys – if one of them – if some plane was strafing us, or coming in to bomb us, they just did a heck of a job and of course there was no way to stop them other than blow them out of the sky, in that sense, because they kept coming right until they either hit the ship or hit the water. We're very lucky. It wasn't a kamikaze, I don't think – I wasn't there, but we went alongside to get wounded and all – the *Franklin* was strafing, they got strafed so badly, and as I mentioned, all of their tanks were full of fuel so they caught on fire. It was fire that did a number on *Franklin*, and of course that's really obvious, the *Franklin* made its way all the way back to, I think, Bremerton with its own power, so to speak. That was an inferno, but I'm certain it wasn't a kamikaze although I don't know.

Mr. Misenhimer:

It was two bombs. Two 500 pound bombs. One of them towards the rear and one of them towards the front.

Mr. Boswell:

Okay, well you know more about it than I do, then.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I've interviewed four or five *Franklin* survivors.

Mr. Boswell:

Oh really. As a matter of fact, I just found out that our new, I guess he's our publicity director at the United States Seagoing Marine Association, I understand he was on the *Franklin* and survived it. Just terrible.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yeah, getting burned was bad, right. So you were there at Okinawa when all the kamikazes were coming in, was that correct?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

So then you would have joined Nimitz after that.

Mr. Boswell:

Whenever. I really can't tell you, and I have nothing in my record that is recorded by the military. I never kept a damn diary or anything so I have no idea.

Mr. Misenhimer:

There were twelve of you that were serving him, right?

Mr. Boswell:

That was usually the group. We were four on and eight off, so to speak. There could have been – there was a three stripe Sergeant McBride and there was another Sergeant Paulus, so there was probably 15-20 guys in that group, overall, but again I don't really know. Have you ever – well, you may never, I don't know whether he's still alive – have you ever talked to Hal Lamar?

Mr. Misenhimer:

Oh, I know who you're talking about, yes.

Mr. Boswell:

He lived with Nimitz. He was almost Nimitz's son, I mean, Lamar was – he was absolutely the most dedicated young man, he was a young man, that I ever saw. My god, he protected Nimitz like a mother hen.

Mr. Misenhimer:

He wrote a book.

Mr. Boswell:

Have you ever talked to him?

Mr. Misenhimer:

Lamar wrote a book.

Mr. Boswell:

Oh he did? Oh.

Mr. Misenhimer:

He had been a speaker there at the museum several times.

Mr. Boswell:

God knows he knew Nimitz. I can just look it up – Hal Lamar.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Something like that. You can look on your machine there and find out.

Mr. Boswell:

He was really a prissy guy, too. He just – he'd eat us alive if... our field scarf, that's a necktie – we called them field scarves, we never would tuck the field scarf in as the Army does it, it's a sign of defeat. They used to say, "The Army can tuck their field scarf in because they have been defeated. The Marine Corps has never been defeated." Once in a while, if we were spit and polish, so to speak, he'd say, and maybe the wind was blowing and field scarf would be blowing, he'd turn to somebody and say, "Tuck that field scarf in," and we'd just ignore him. He was that much of a stickler, so to speak, for detail. He was a very... he was absolutely the lifeblood of Nimitz in a sense.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What were some of your experiences with Nimitz?

Mr. Boswell:

Nothing on a personal basis other than I just admired him so, because I'd seen so many of the other general officers that showed up either on Guam or in Honolulu. They all expected, and deserved, their

rank and their – not privileges so much – but Nimitz never did. He didn't care whether they had the flag flying for him or... there was no, what's the word I want... his humility was such that he just never let it infringe in any way on his conversation with anybody, being a buck-ass Private or... just in general he was so basic. He was never impressed with himself. I remember Hap Arnold would fly in and boy there'd be ruffles and flourishes in the airports – he was there in Honolulu in one of the airports – my god they'd be all over him. And Hap Arnold wasn't a blowhard either. There was just so many flag officers or high ranking officers that... I don't know that they demanded it, but they certainly expected it. Nimitz never did. He was just that humble.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you ever have any personal conversations with Nimitz?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah a couple of times, but I don't know what the hell they were about. I do remember once he said – I did something, I don't know what the hell it was, I just didn't get it done right or something. Oh, I know, I didn't cover the five-star flag on his car once when I took it. Somehow or other he just said that it was a minor slip, but always remember to cover the flag. Somehow or other I said something about it was just one of the things that I neglected to do or something. Even then, it wasn't, "You know I graduated as third in my class at Annapolis and so and so and so..."

Mr. Misenhimer:

Then you were with him there at Guam. Tell me about going to the *Missouri*.

Mr. Boswell:

That's what I said, you know, it's a total blank. I can't remember how we got there – whether we were on... as I said, he used to fly on a PBY a lot. That was that flying boat, so to speak, whatever they call it. PBYs, and or, I really can't remember, but I think because the entourage, we must have gone on some sort of a ship. I know the *Missouri* didn't come to Honolulu and go back out there. So, I have no idea. It's an absolute, total blank whether we flew there or went there on some other ship and then he went aboard.

Mr. Misenhimer:

But did you escort him aboard the *Missouri*?

Mr. Boswell:

Well, I followed him, yeah. A bunch of us did. There were five or six of us.

Mr. Misenhimer:

That's what I mean. You went with him on the *Missouri*.

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, yeah, I did. I've got a couple of pictures of my standing above and behind where they were signing the surrender. But again, it's a total blank. At that particular time, Richard, I never thought that was a big deal. Do you understand what I'm saying? I never had a camera, anyway. I never had a camera in my whole time in the service. I never got somebody with a camera to take pictures of this and that and the other thing. One day, a guy sent me a bunch of pictures from the newspaper in Colorado. In one series I think there were 89 pictures that the newspaper, I'm going to say the Denver, Colorado *Banner* or whatever, they had just released these pictures. They found them from some guy that died that was an Air Force photographer or something. I happened to look at this one picture and I thought, "That's familiar in my mind." I went back two or three times and kind of kept looking, looking, looking. In the background, I'm standing behind this, I guess he was a Japanese interpreter. We blew it up, and sure as heck, I'm standing on this thing behind the desk and before they all sat down. Of course, everybody on the ship at that particular moment was a correspondent of some sort or a photographer of some sort. It was never a big deal. Being as young as I was, nothing was a big deal. Every day is a day that, you know, you lived. What the heck? What's tomorrow?

Mr. Misenhimer:

When did you all go back to Hawaii?

Mr. Boswell:

Right after the signature.

Mr. Misenhimer:

He moved his office back to Hawaii?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh, it had always been there. Guam was what they called the Forward Headquarters, but his base was always Hawaii, Honolulu. Makalapa Hill was the very famous section of greater Honolulu. The Walkers and the Dillinghams, they owned Dole Pineapple and everything else, I guess, in that whole area. They used to entertain him a great deal.

Mr. Misenhimer:

He actually was on Guam for quite a while, wasn't he?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah, that was his Forward – I don't remember... when I went aboard, they were just setting up. That's one of the pictures that I took of this Quonset hut the sign "CINCPAC," nobody realized who or what CINCPAC was in that sense. They'd say, "My god CINCPAC's here?" It's like MacArthur being in Melbourne or someplace. He roped off a whole section of the city.

Mr. Misenhimer:

When he moved Headquarters back to Hawaii, you went with him back to there, right?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. That's where we... as I say, we were driving. He had – his primary staff car was a Chrysler Airflow. It was deep maroon, as I recall, and he had the big five-star plate. We used to go down, a couple of the guys, a couple of my buddies that were also on staff, and we'd go down and there was a – I think it was a Lt. Commander or Commander in charge of the motor pool. When we were off duty, we'd get all dressed up and we'd go down to the motor pool and I'd take the staff car out. This Commander would always stop us and say, "Do you have authority? Do you have permission?" I'd look him right in the eye and say, "Why don't you call the Fleet Admiral?" He'd pass us through (laughing).

Mr. Misenhimer:

When did you finally get out of the Marines?

Mr. Boswell:

1945, I think. I can't... I know I got home two days before Christmas. I think I was discharged on the 21st or the 22nd of December. Of course, I went to Westborough, to my parents. They had a big sign in the Westborough paper, "Doctor Boswell's Son Returns," like I was some kind of a hero. (laugh)

Mr. Misenhimer:

So then you stayed over there with Nimitz until December, is that right?

Mr. Boswell:

Yeah. As a matter of fact, that's... I don't remember, but from the time, by that time I was with him well into December until I was discharged. See, they had a point system, and they added up points, and depending upon how many points you had – and you get points for this and you get points for that and days overseas and time overseas, etc – and somehow or other, they started looking at some of us guys that had been... hell, I was overseas for two, two-and-a-half years, give or take, if you call being aboard a ship.

Mr. Boswell:

Only that I say it took, I think, five days on a train from, I think, San Diego, but I'm not certain it could have been San Francisco, on a troop train. That's what they called them. I wound up four or five days later in Bainbridge, Maryland. That was the Navy East Coast whatever they called it to get me out of the service. Of course, we were part of the Navy, you know, the Marine Corps has always been part of the Navy. So then I went to a Naval base in Bainbridge, Maryland, which was a dump. Of course, at that particular time it was Christmas and it was nothing but cold and slop and snow and just rotten. I was only there a couple or three days. They processed us out. They asked me to ship over and they said they'd send me to some college in Monterey, California, and I said, "What's there?" They said, "We want you to go to a language school, but you've got to agree to sign to learn either Japanese or Chinese or Russian." Well, I'd had all I needed of the military at that particular time in my life. I look back and thought maybe

I should have, but hell, I'm still alive and I'm 87 years old this month, so I guess I did something right some place along the line.

Mr. Misenhimer:

When you were with Nimitz there in Honolulu after the war was over, did you have to guard him everyday or what did you do then?

Mr. Boswell:

Whenever. We were on duty. See, we all caught four hours on, eight hours off. Whenever he wanted to go some place, if it was between eight and twelve or twelve to four, he wanted to do this or go there, he just said, "Get the car," and we'd get it. Two of us always rode- one up front and one drove. My two best buddies at that particular time, and they were both in the group, was a guy by the name of Richard Bridgforth - they were both Southern gentleman. Dick Bridgeforth was from Kenbridge, Virginia. And the other guy was Lee Peck Whitcomb, III, and they were both Southern guys. I used to kid them all the time why they talked so funny. You know, like so many of us, we never kept touch. I never followed up, I never kept touch with anybody anytime and of course nobody wrote letters in those days and telephone calls long-distance were expensive, so I never, ever followed through with anybody. One day, I'm going to say two or three years ago, now, I had gotten a computer by then and somebody said, "Hey, you just put in somebody's name or town and up it'll come." So, I put in Kenbridge, Virginia Bridgeforth. My god, his name came up. Richard T. Bridgforth. So I called and I talked to his wife. She was so thrilled to hear from me. She said, "Dick talked about you forever, Jack, but I hate to tell you, Dick passed away four or five months ago." So, you know, you just wait so damn long. I have no connections. One of my buddies just passed away a year ago, Tom Tierney, he was a DI in Parris Island with me, and we went up to Parris Island and I bought a brick and put his name on it. It's on the - there's a monument at Parris Island for the Drill Instructors. You could buy a brick with a name inscribed on it. "Tom Tierney and his buddy Jack Boswell, DI" '42 or '43 or whatever it was. With that exception, I have no connections with anybody that I never knew, per se, in the service.

Mr. Misenhimer:

But you go those reunions, right?

Mr. Boswell:

I go to them every other year. That's when I said to you, there's a new DI – East Coast Association of DIs, but the first one that was formed was the WWII DI Association. Tiny Renekei formed that. It was nothing but World War II DIs, '40 – '45. I was considered the youngest DI in the Corps, in that sense. I think I was 19 when I was at Parris Island as a DI.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now I understand that Nimitz liked to go to the shooting range and shoot his pistol or something, is that right?

Mr. Boswell:

He was a, not a devotee, but he carried... he had a sidearm at all times. I never went to the range with him, however. I never caught that duty. I caught a lot of his dinner parties. As I said, the Walkers and the Dillinghams, and they were like King Farouk and what's his name Buffett.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Oh, Warren Buffett?

Mr. Boswell:

Warren Buffett. I mean, they were nothing but money. They had admired Nimitz so much because he was a real gentleman, a real class act. They did a lot of entertaining. He had to, in retrospect, re-entertain them, so to speak. His place on Malakapa Hill was a pretty decent housing. He had a hell of a cook that traveled every place with him. So, he did a lot of entertaining in that sense. I don't mean drunken brawls, but whenever some other... if Halsey was going to be in Honolulu, Nimitz would have a dinner party. He'd invite the Walkers and the Dillinghams and some other people like that. He was a very gracious host, and I guess set a hell of a table. I never was invited (laughing).

Mr. Misenhimer:

What's your favorite remembrance of Nimitz?

Mr. Boswell:

His stoicism and his humility, more than anything else. As I said, being a cocky Marine, I was ready not to appreciate any big time brass. That was something that was inculcated in all of us Privates, so to speak. I was so impressed with Nimitz and his humility. He never demanded that he deserved anything. Along with humility, he was such an unruffable guy. I think there's a quote that I've read some place, and it's just so typical of him, when he saw the destruction at Pearl Harbor. And he'd seen it all. They took him all over the place. Somebody said to him, "What do you think?" He said, "I think the Japs made three mistakes." He wasn't all excited about having lost the Navy and all the battleships sunk and all the carnage and all the airplanes and the screwups with Kimmel and Short, and he explained the three basic mistakes he immediately saw the Japs missed. I'm sure you've seen them and read about them. Again, unperturbed, Amen. He was the essence of imperturbability, in that sense. I never heard him holler at anybody or holler at Lamar, "Get this" or "Do that." I don't know. I mean, that was his upbringing, too. You know, he was hardscrabble German Texan. He never grew up with a silver spoon in his mouth. The other thing that's a real sleeper that people don't realize, you know when Ernie King pulled him – it was like when Roosevelt pulled Eisenhower. He pulled him over a couple hundred Admirals. One of the reasons, along with his other accomplishments, he'd been a diesel proponent and a diesel guy in the Navy before, and of course King thought the subs were going to be a big – you know, they fought the carrier to beat hell. They thought that the submarine was going to be the great weapon. Well, it was a hell of a weapon, but nothing like the carrier.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What's your favorite personal experience with Nimitz?

Mr. Boswell:

I think it's that morning that he said to me, "The saying is, 'Tally-ho,' not, 'Kill the son of a bitch.'" That just hit me, my god, this is Admiral Nimitz kind of really speaking to me and telling me kind of a half-ass joke. That just grabbed me, and even as a young guy, I was always impressed with Nimitz. Not because of what he was but how he was.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What did you think of Halsey and Turner and some of the other Admirals?

Mr. Boswell:

Well, I never got a chance to talk to any of them. Halsey was, to me, the Navy's Patton. But, we needed guys like that. I remember Nimitz got pretty upset, in a way, and please don't, unless you look it up, don't quote this in a sense. The word got out the Texas Navy had made Halsey an Admiral in the Texas Navy. The newspapers picked it up and they gave him – they called it a sterling silver saddle. Well, I don't know that it was sterling silver, but apparently it was embellished like Tom Mix's saddle. It was silver. Halsey was supposed to have said, I didn't hear him say it, that he was going to ride the Emperor's white horse down the streets of Tokyo with this Texas Admiral saddle. Nimitz was smart enough, and you just asked for my favorite impressions in a way, Nimitz was such a smart man, and the minute he heard this, it's my understanding, I didn't hear him say it, he must have said it to Lamar, probably. "Get in touch with Halsey and tell him to retract that statement immediately. The Emperor is a god to the Japanese and we're going to have to spend a lot of time living with the Japanese. Let's not insult the entire race," or something to that affect. And Halsey did recant that statement. Nimitz was smart enough to recognize that. He's the one that insisted on unconditional surrender. I also heard, and I can hear Nimitz saying it. I didn't, but I can hear him saying it. When the surrender ceremony was being set up, they wondered who was going to sign first. I can just hear Nimitz, only because of his attitude and his acceptance of who MacArthur was, he's supposed to have said, "Let Douglas do it." And Douglas did sign first, but he signed as the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Services of the Southwestern Pacific. Nimitz signed for the United States of America. Those are my favorite recollections of a very human,

brilliant, humble man. Those are the three words, and imperturbable, I guess, those define Nimitz in my opinion.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What would you consider your most frightening time?

Mr. Boswell:

I don't know. I guess standing on the side of an aircraft carrier and watch these clowns shoot at you. I don't know that I ever – you don't think – I don't know that anybody thinks about that at the time. What was the most frightening? I never had a Jap try to stick a bayonet in me. I don't know that I'd be frightened. I'd kill him. We were trained to kill. That was the Marines' job. We weren't cartographers, we weren't artillerymen, we weren't sonar operators. We were riflemen. I don't know that I was ever scared, and that isn't 'cause I'm such a hero. It's probably 'cause I was such a mental lightweight. I didn't think about those things. I think that would be, in all honesty, anybody's who being honest instead of trying to impress you with having been... you know, you were pretty scared when you see 15 or 18 Japanese torpedo bombers and you're in the middle of the damn Pacific on a boat and if they hit it, you're going to have to do a lot of swimming. But you don't think like that. Or I didn't, anyway. My mother was always so worried about me. I'd write back and say, "Mom, don't worry. Don't worry." My father used to say to me, later on, "God, your mother could never understand. She'd read the paper everyday and there's hell breaking loose all over and you keep writing back 'Don't worry, Ma, don't worry.'" Well, that's the way most of us young people were. That's, I think, that's why they hired us. We were too dumb to know better. By the same token, it's what got a lot of us through whatever we did have to go through. I say this in all great respect, but you didn't see it as much in the Korean situation, but the guys coming home today, the suicide rate. I never knew of anybody that committed suicide. The Vietnam hangover was so horrendous, but that's because I think you had to know the group of guys and the draft people who, well, they went in the service, they were drafted, they didn't go in with esprit de corps or,

you know, “the hell with it, I’m going to take it.” You just had the whole world full of those in the military in World War II. We were all young.

We stopped at, I’m going to say, Rapid City, North Dakota. Wherever.

Mr. Misenhimer:

South Dakota, okay.

Mr. Boswell:

There were ten of Army guy, and of course I could shoot the breeze with an Army guy any day, but I could unload and he could unload on me, but we had a few Marine Raiders with us, and they’d all gone over the hill, you know. The Raiders, they were goofy. So, they stopped having liberty in Honolulu. They were choking cab drivers because they looked like Japs. Anyway, two of these guys got off the troop train and we were told not to, and I don’t know whether it was Dodge City or Rapid City or whatever, and both of them tried to hit a whorehouse or something and they both got killed. All the way back across the States, everybody had in their mind, “Here are these guys, they spent two-and-a-half or three years risking their life every damn day, and they come home and get killed in the States.” It just shook people up. You can imagine the mental anguish. I didn’t even know these guys and I could feel for them, in that sense. I don’t know that they were looking for a cathouse, either. I don’t know. That was the story.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What outfit were you in when you were on the *Bennington*?

Mr. Boswell:

Just nothing. There were no outfits. I was in Marine Detachment, that’s all.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You were not in any division or anything like that.

Mr. Boswell:

No, no. Nothing like that. As a matter of fact, it's another thing. When you go to... I'm a VFW, American Legion, and all that crap and they say, "Before you join, you have to give us your DD-214." I said, "What the hell's a DD-214?" "Well, that's your discharge papers and all." We didn't get anything like that. I got a letter from Harry Truman, "Thank you for your service, and here's your discharge paper, which is an Honorable Discharge." That was it. It didn't have all this other garbage in it. Nor did we have all of these designations that the Army and the Navy have. I noticed on the *Bennington* when some guy, they sent us an e-mail when some guy died, he was Division so-and-so of Such-and-such a department. My god, they had more departments in the engineering and some of the engineering departments had departments. We never got that caught up. Hell, our best day they only had a million Marines.

Mr. Misenhimer:

When you were on the *Bennington*, how was the morale in your outfit there?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh super. Super. Two things: it was a brand new ship, and we were gung ho and ready to go and hell, I never saw poor morale with the exception of a couple of times on a field hospital on Guam, and that was only because the guys were so kind of disgruntled that they didn't get – their wounds weren't a trip home, kind of sort of thing. But I never saw poor morale anywhere.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Were you ever under friendly fire?

Mr. Boswell:

Not that I know of, no.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Some times in those battles out there, I know some of the ships would, not intentionally, fire on the other ships. Some of them would be hit that way or something.

Mr. Boswell:

Well, if we did, I wouldn't know it. That's long distance stuff.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you get home with any souvenirs from World War II?

Mr. Boswell:

I've still got my K-Bar knife. They took a lot of stuff away from us. When we landed, they put us in a damn chow hall, I think in San Diego, and the cooks and the bakers inspected all our stuff. We had to dump our sea bags on the floor. Anything we had – I had a couple of .45s. I had a full-length leather Admiral's jacket with the alpaca collar. They took all that stuff away from us.

Mr. Misenhimer:

(laughing) They kept it for themselves.

Mr. Boswell:

I don't know who got it, but we didn't.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you ever see any USO shows anywhere?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh yeah. One night in the pouring rain, two nights in pouring rain. Once, we're sitting upside down on our GI buckets in the pouring rain in ponchos and they told us Roosevelt died. One night, they played it up, we're getting a USO, and you're old enough, I'm sure, to appreciate this. We were all hopped up. We thought Gypsy Rose Lee or somebody was coming. We all got set and we didn't care about how wet it was, and I mean I was wet, and Charlie Ruggles and Charles Lawton were the big billet there. We said, "You guys have got to be out of your mind. Who the hell wants to see Charlie Ruggles or Charles Lawton?" Some guy said, "Who are they?" And that was the USO show that we saw. But again, it was pretty tough to – I shouldn't say it that way, I'm not denigrating... the USO did a hell of a job. Just getting to some of the places we were, hell the only airstrip was you're lucky to get out of the airplane.

When they built that north field on Saipan, that was nothing but a great big flat thing to accept B-29s. Nobody in their right mind would try to land a small plane there, so to speak. I never saw any USO shows. They used to show a movie once in a while on the carrier.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you have any experience with the Red Cross?

Mr. Boswell:

No. No, but I did go to a – when we were in the Brooklyn Navy Yard – I went to a – I saw Bette Davis at a – what do you call it... not USO... the canteen. Stage Door Canteen. I saw Ray Moran there one day. I saw Bette Davis there one day. I saw maybe Hepburn. They were working the tables and shooting the breeze.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you ever hear Tokyo Rose on the radio?

Mr. Boswell:

Oh yeah, all the time when I was aboard ship, yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What did you think of her?

Mr. Boswell:

We all laughed. She knew she was lying.

Mr. Misenhimer:

When you got out, did you have any trouble adjusting to civilian life?

Mr. Boswell:

No, I went back to school.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Back to where?

Mr. Boswell:

I didn't want to go back to Notre Dame. They didn't want me back there anyway, probably.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Where did you go?

Mr. Boswell:

John Carroll University in University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What did you major in?

Mr. Boswell:

Labor law, at the time I was pre-law in labor law.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now you mentioned when Roosevelt died. What kind of reaction did people have when they heard that?

Mr. Boswell:

We were stunned. Just stunned. There was hardly any emotion. We were just numb. Most of us had grown up with Emperor Franklin. We didn't know anybody else. He'd been there, the Commander-in-Chief, a long time. Really, it was so unemotional it was emotional.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What ribbons and medals did you get?

Mr. Boswell:

Hell, I don't know. Whatever the ship was designated. I've got a copy of all of it. They printed it out on the *Bennington* thing, but nothing. You know, all the regular ones.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Do you know how many battle stars?

Mr. Boswell:

There were, I think, three battle stars, so to speak. I don't know what the hell they were for in the sense that it wasn't the Battle of the Coral Sea, so to speak. The *Bennington* was awarded for, I don't know,

whatever and we were part of it. No big deal. We got a tremendous break, the greatest legislation ever passed, in my opinion, by the United States Congress was the GI Bill. I signed up for the GI Bill and went through three-and-a-half years of college on it and they paid for every damn cent and I got 52-20 Club after that. I had a job all during that time, I formed a company with a buddy of mine, and we took down storm windows and put up screens and cleaned the storm windows and took down the screens and cleaned them and put up the storm windows. Veterans, Incorporated, I'll never forget that.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What was the highest rank you got to?

Mr. Boswell:

Corporal. Hey, it took a lot to get there.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I'll let you go, JP, that's about all the questions I have. If I think of anything else, I'll call you another time.

Mr. Boswell:

You're doing a good job and you're very intuitive in a way. I've enjoyed it. You've kind of awoken my memories for a little bit. I will make these two or three copies of these pictures, perhaps.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You can fax them to me sometime when you get around to it.

Mr. Boswell:

You can do with them whatever you want.

Mr. Misenhimer:

We'll put them in a file with your interview.

Mr. Boswell:

The only reason I'm mentioning these two pictures, and they're official Navy photographs, one of them is in kind of the back porch of the house on Malakapa Hill. Nimitz is there, Forest Sherman, who succeeded

Nimitz as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and Hal Lamar is there, then there's Nimitz and Nimitz's best advisor and Nimitz just thought the world of him was an Admiral called Soc McMorris. I've got a picture of Soc McMorris and it's signed "The Ugliest Admiral in the Navy." He was an ugly looking guy. Nimitz's doctor is next to Soc McMorris. These are just causal – they're all in khakis. Nimitz is in shorts. He always wears shorts as much as he could. The other one is in the back yard of the house on Malakapa Hill and you can tell from looking at the house what a nice property it was. It's the entire United States Navy CINCPAC group: "Howling Mad" Smith is here, General Vandegrift is here, Nimitz is here, Halsey is here, Jack Towers, COMSUBPAC, they're all here. Somebody could tell you who the rest of them are. Lamar is kneeling in front of them like the mascot. (laughing) He's kind of funny. It's just a great picture of the entire CINCPAC staff, and they may not be... these pictures may not be public. You may not have seen them. I just thought if you wanted them, you could use them. If you don't, don't use them.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Oh no, we can use them, thank you. Thanks again for your time.

Mr. Boswell:

Maybe somebody that knows who the hell these people are.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I'm sure somebody there at the museum will know.

Mr. Boswell:

I can't identify all of them. I can see "Howling Mad" Smith and I can see General Vandegrift and those guys, and I know who Jack Towers was COMSUBPAC. Halsey, for example, wasn't in it. Forest Sherman is the midget standing in the second row behind Nimitz. Of course he succeeded Nimitz. Admiral Kelly Turner is here. Somebody will know these guys. It's a very impressive photo, is all. I'll get them copied and send them to you.

Mr. Misenhimer:

I'll be looking forward to getting those.

Mr. Boswell:

If they don't come through, I'll leave the proper information so you can say, "They're too lousy a copy or something."

Mr. Misenhimer:

I can get back in touch and you can mail them to me if you have to. I'll let you go.

Mr. Boswell:

Do I have a phone number for you?

Mr. Misenhimer:

Do you have a pencil and paper? Are you ready? 361-701-5848.

Mr. Boswell:

I got you. You're down in infamy here.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Have a good meeting.

Mr. Boswell:

Incidentally, the guy that's taking me to lunch was a professor at West Point and he was a Judge Advocate at West Point. He, in his own right, was quite a guy. Thank you. It's been most enjoyable and someday, somehow, I'm going to get to the Nimitz Museum.

Mr. Misenhimer:

We'll keep in contact.

Mr. Boswell:

Very good, please do that. And you've got my email address when I send this stuff to you somehow. I'll put it on the fax thing. Thank you again, Richard, have a good day.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Thank you, bye.

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