

National Museum of the Pacific War

Nimitz Education and Research Center

Fredericksburg, Texas

Interview with

Mr. Paul Hatgil

Date of Interview: April 29, 2015

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Interview with Mr. Paul Hatgil

Interviewer: John Fargo

Mr. Fargo: Today is April the twenty--

Mr. Hatgil: Ninth, April twenty-ninth.

Mr. Fargo: My name is John Fargo and I am a volunteer at the National Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, Texas. Today I am interviewing Paul Hatgil concerning his experiences during World War II. This interview is taking place in Mr. Hatgil's home in Austin, Texas. This interview is in support of the Educational and Research Center for the National Museum of the Pacific War, Texas Historical Commission, for the preservation of historical information related to World War II. With that out of the way, Paul, let me start with asking you a little bit about your early years. When were you born and where?

Mr. Hatgil: I was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, in 1921, and then we moved to Boston because the mills in New Hampshire had closed. My father was working in the mills, as my mother was, and from Boston, that's where I grew up, in Cambridge and

Boston. I went to high school in Brighton High School, graduated in 19--

Mr. Fargo: Is that in Boston?

Mr. Hatgil: In Brighton, Massachusetts, which is right outside of Boston. I graduated from high school and immediately tried to convince my mother to join the Navy. My brother was also in the service; at first he was with the CCC, if you remember that.

Mr. Fargo: What year was that?

Mr. Hatgil: 1939.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, 1939, you graduated from high school?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: And at that time you wanted to join the Navy?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: What made you think about doing that?

Mr. Hatgil: Well, I always had a yen for the sea, I guess.

Mr. Fargo: Growing up in the (unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. So anyway, I took the eye exam in a doctor's office and he said, "Son, (laughs) a torpedo would be hitting the boat by the time you noticed it was there" because my eyesight was so bad (both laugh). So I said, "Well, I'll try the Marines." So I went next door; it was the same doctor.

Mr. Fargo: The same doctor?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, who examined me, and he said, “We can’t--.” He says, “You can join the Army if you want.” The Army had a terrible reputation at the time. I says, “No, no thanks.” So I get a job in the, what would you call it, the war industry. There was no war industry yet but I had this big press that was about six-seven feet square with a big die and it would take about two minutes to come down and smash the stuff. It would smash metal that was about a half-inch thick, maybe more. They were pins for the torpedoes and I worked there for a while.

Mr. Fargo: This was right in Brighton?

Mr. Hatgil: No, it was outside of Boston. From there I almost lost my finger, so I says, “I’m not--.” My brother says, “No, you can’t work anymore.” Anyway, meanwhile my mother--

Mr. Fargo: How did you do that?

Mr. Hatgil: Well, as the press was coming down I (unclear, both speaking together), because everybody in the shop had left (unclear). But anyway, meanwhile my mother passed away from cancer and that left my brother, my father and I. My father, he was ailing and he didn’t feel so good. My brother was in the Navy; he joined the Navy, so I was living alone in an apartment house. My father was in the hospital, and I couldn’t join the service because I had to watch him, you know, I was the only member of the family. My brother came home on leave once and he

says, "Have you seen Dad yet?" I said, "No," and he got perturbed about it. I says, "Well, I don't want to go see Dad because he's not my father; he's just skin and bones." He said, "Well, you better go see him." Well that night before, I get up in the middle of the night at three o'clock in the morning and I distinctly heard glass breaking inside the apartment. I looked in the kitchen at all the windows, nothing was there. It's three o'clock. So in the morning, I went to see my Dad, and he wasn't in the room, and the nurse said, "Your dad died. He died at three o'clock." Which is rather curious; some people believe in this sort of thing. Maybe it happens; maybe it was--.

Mr. Fargo: You think that was a connection with the windows breaking?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, I think it was a spiritual thing but (unclear) anyway. So I was going to join the service, as I said before. Oh, after he died, I went downtown Cambridge to see my buddies, and they all had joined up, enlisted. The fellows I went out with, we used to go dancing and everything.

Mr. Fargo: What year was that?

Mr. Hatgil: It was in forty-one.

Mr. Fargo: Forty-one.

Mr. Hatgil: So anyway, I went in--all these stores were closed at that time of night so I walked into one of the empty stores, in the entrance, and I just cried my heart out. My friends were gone, my father

had passed away, and I was alone. I met this other fellow; he was going to join, so we went to a tavern and we both got stinking drunk (laughs). In the morning I went and enlisted in the Air Corps. It was the Air Corps at the time.

Mr. Fargo: Well, actually, could you (unclear); you had to go into the Army first?

Mr. Hatgil: Well it was the Army Air Corps. It wasn't the Air Force.

Mr. Fargo: Okay, but you could determine that, or tell them you wanted to go into the Air Corps?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. The Air Corps. So I went to Camp Devens. From there--that was the basic training--and then they sent me to Miami Beach (laughs) believe it or not. That was the great basic training place for all members of the Air Corps. We used to go down to the beach and do our calisthenics and everything. From there, I wanted to be a gunner in the Air Corps, so they sent me to Rantoul, Illinois. There the quota had already been taken up so they put me in communications.

Mr. Fargo: Communications?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. What I knew about communications you could write on my thumb. (Laughs). So they sent me to Rantoul for communications.

Mr. Fargo: Where did they send you?

Mr. Hatgil: Rantoul, Illinois.

Mr. Fargo: Okay.

Mr. Hatgil: And when I got through with the communications--

Mr. Fargo: What did they teach you there?

Mr. Hatgil: Oh, learning how to--dit, dit, dit, dah, dah, dah, dit, dah.

Mr. Fargo: Morse Code?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, all that stuff. Machines, what do you call them?

Mr. Fargo: Teletype?

Mr. Hatgil: Teletype machines. And I was a good typist anyway. So from there they sent me to Marietta, Georgia. And there was the Bell Bomber Plant and they were making and putting together B-29s. They didn't have an outfit, a B-29 outfit, at the time. And then from there, there were only about--

Mr. Fargo: What was your job there?

Mr. Hatgil: I was supposed to be in communications but there were only five of us at the base. They were beginning a base there.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, starting up.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Only five of us and this first lieutenant there, he said, "Paul, you're good at drawing," because I was the best artist in high school and so forth. "Would you draw me a table of organization?" And at the top, he had himself as a major, and at the bottom he had all of us enlisted men as officers, lieutenants, and so forth. And the Air Corps wouldn't go for that. They sent the wrong men in. So anyway, and besides what does the Air

Corps do with an artist? You know, this was my forte. So while I was there I was painting all the mess halls with insignias of the Air Force--Air Corps. They had me in the camp paper and everything. From there, I went to Harvard, Nebraska; that's where the first B-29 base--rather, B-29 outfits were beginning to be based before going overseas.

Mr. Fargo: Were there any flyable airplanes at that point?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, they were beginning to--in fact, the 505th, the 505th, 20th Air Force, Air Corps. It was the 525th Group, 505th that I was in. I guess I honed in and we began to practice what we went to school for. Then from there we went to Seattle, Washington. That's where we shipped out.

Mr. Fargo: Shipped out to where?

Mr. Hatgil: Well, they didn't tell us at the time, but while we were en route they told us where we were going to land. We left Seattle in LSTs. And you should have seen; we hit some bad weather. Boy, we were bouncing all over the place. To Pearl Harbor, that's what our destination was with the LSTs. But anyway, after the LSTs, we stayed at Pearl Harbor. While the LSTs were going to come into the harbor, the lieutenant who was in charge of the LST, he cut this submarine off and submarines had priority to come in first, and the officer on that submarine got in the hatch and he says, "You get back there and I'll tell you when

you can come in!" Boy, he was really riled about it. But anyway, we stayed about four or five days in Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Fargo: When you say "we," who's--?

Mr. Hatgil: The whole 505th.

Mr. Fargo: How many people were in that?

Mr. Hatgil: Well, the pilots were not in that group. It was just all enlisted men like myself, and NCOs. The pilots came in later, because the planes hadn't gone to the Marianas yet; they were all stationed in Pearl Harbor or in Seattle.

Mr. Fargo: My research is incorrect then. I read that the 550th was flying B-17s.

Mr. Hatgil: No, 505th. The Group.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, I had five-five-oh.

Mr. Hatgil: No.

Mr. Fargo: Five hundred fifth.

Mr. Hatgil: One of my best friends went down with a B-17 and he was a prisoner of war for two or three years. I've got his book over there. He wrote--

Mr. Fargo: While he was a prisoner of war?

Mr. Hatgil: Well, no, while he was an artist, because we went to art school together. I meant to say that I spent four years at the Massachusetts College of Art, but that was after the war. I'm

getting ahead of myself. From Pearl Harbor, we finally left, heading for Tinian.

Mr. Fargo: What year was that, Paul?

Mr. Hatgil: That was 1940--late '42. Wait a minute, I'm sorry; early '43. It was early '43. Okay, early '43.

Mr. Fargo: And this was, again, everybody but the pilots?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Crew members.

Mr. Fargo: But no airplanes yet?

Mr. Hatgil: No planes yet. But it's a funny thing; we had to stop at Eniwetok first before we headed for the Marianas, because the Marines hadn't taken Guam, Saipan or Tinian yet. They're still fighting. We tied up with another ship that was full of Marines, young Marines, and they were right out of Parris Island, kids eighteen, nineteen years old, and they hadn't gotten paid. So all of the fellows on our ship, we went down to the ship's store; we bought out the whole ship's store and passed it on. And they were giving us their rifles and everything, and then an officer got on their ship and says, "Anyone who doesn't have his complete equipment will be court-martialed." (Laughs). We didn't want the guns anyway. We were giving them back again, you know? But anyway, those poor kids (unclear) in Iwo Jima (unclear, both speaking together). The Marine Corps, they're the ones that

really got battered on Iwo. Those Japanese were really entrenched in that island.

Mr. Fargo: Saipan was bad, too.

Mr. Hatgil: Saipan, yeah, but Tinian, what happened on Tinian, they didn't bother Tinian so much because, while we were en route, Tokyo Rose got on the radio and she says, "I'm going to welcome the boys from the 505th Group. They will be arriving Christmas." Can you imagine that? She knew when we were going to get there.

Mr. Fargo: You didn't know yourself.

Mr. Hatgil: Well, we knew it a little after that. And God, it frightened the hell out of us, you know. She knew more than we did. But anyway, it's (unclear) aboard ship. I didn't have much to do so I was drawing pictures of my friends on E-mail blanks. Remember those E-mail blanks? They would send them off because they didn't want to take too much space on them. But I used to draw their photos, you know. (Unclear). Everybody wanted his picture drawn. Anyway--oh! While I was in Harvard, Nebraska, this is rather interesting. Being an artist in communications, not too much to do, so they needed a person in the emergency room, what do you call it--the hospital. And the major, he was a real nice guy. They all went to lunch one day and I was the only one left in the ward, and a brash young

lieutenant came in with a fifty-mission hat. He says, "Where is everybody? I need some shots." So I says to him, "Let me see your shot record, lieutenant." So he showed it to me. He needed a booster and tetanus and some other shot. Well, I watched them do that (unclear); it's no big deal. So I didn't realize it was a big deal, you know. So I tried to puncture his arm; I stabbed him about two or three times before I got it in and I gave him the shot because he needed one cc. He said, "Would you put the shot in the other arm please?" (Laughs, unclear). Well, that night he went to officers' club and he saw the surgeon. He said, "Say, who's that guy that works in your place?" He says, "Well, what time did you go?" He said, "Well, I went at lunchtime." He said, "We were all at lunch, but the clerk-typist was there." He says, "I'm going to kill that little bastard." (Laughs). (Unclear) and the surgeon got a big bang out of that.

Mr. Fargo: Could he lift his arms?

Mr. Hatgil: (Unclear). But anyway let's see, where were we? We were still on Eniwetok. They gave us hot beer, until we could get started again when Saipan and Guam and the rest of the islands were taken. Finally we left and we didn't leave on LSTs; when we left Pearl Harbor we left in a big transport. I've got pictures of it in here. Anyway, we get to--as we were coming into harbor in Tinian, the Japanese started coming over. They were fighter-

bombers, and they started bombing the place. They said, "Everybody down below." Well, I wasn't about to get caught down below. I stayed above in case I had to jump in the water, you know. But anyway, they left and--

Mr. Fargo: Your ship wasn't touched?

Mr. Hatgil: No, they hit just one ship because we were able to ward them off, because it was a long--but they had to get back because they had too much gas, you know, to come all the way from one of the near islands, from Iwo probably. So we disembarked and we were in little pup tents. Meanwhile, on the island we had all these, what they called gooks. They were actually Koreans and they were all mostly women and children in a tent emplacement. We started to get organized on Tinian; then the planes started coming in from, I would say, from the states. We began training like we were in basic training; we were marching up and down the fields. That island, there was no room for hardly anything. The runways ran from one end of the island to the other.

Mr. Fargo: So you could handle a ship the size of a B-29?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, that's what they had to do, they had to use complete--the entire island. We saw many times, when they'd come back from missions, they couldn't make it, and we could see them when they went over the edge and fire bursting. So we lost a couple of ships that way. Finally, they put us in Quonset huts, which is

much better. With Quonset huts, at least--with the little pup tents all you had was your head in the tent. When it rained the rest of you got wet. At least with the Quonsets--because these Seabees came aboard on the island, and I helped them decorate a couple of the plane noses, you know. But when the nurses came on the island we had to cover up the girls on the ships. You'll see some of them in the book here.

Mr. Fargo: So, you had a little hospital on the island?

Mr. Hatgil: Oh, yeah. It was really good. But anyway, I spent most of my time with the communications, so then--

Mr. Fargo: Doing what, exactly?

Mr. Hatgil: Watching all the people who were working the teletype machines. See, when I get in Florida for my basic training, they asked, "Anybody been in the service before?" And I raised my hand because I was a captain in the high school ROTC program. So immediately they made me a barracks chief. Well I didn't want to become a barracks chief, because in the morning I had to get these guys out of bed at five o'clock in the morning for calisthenics, and (unclear) the lunch wagon. Anyway, they used to throw (unclear) as soon as I blew the whistle, then they'd get up. They'd throw all--and they were all from Georgia, and I was the only Yankee in the barracks (laughs). You can imagine what happened then! So anyway, they needed a person at

headquarters to take over the teletype machines. We had four fellows there. So they elected me; I didn't volunteer for the job. In that room, John, was a wall that was about thirty feet high, and the office adjacent to it was Curtis--General Curtis LeMay. He was in charge of the whole Pacific theater.

Mr. Fargo: So you saw him?

Mr. Hatgil: Oh, yeah, because--and a couple of times I also saw, oh who was that great guy that was in charge of the planes, the B-25s, that flew off the carrier?

Mr. Fargo: Doolittle?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, Doolittle. He used to come--I saw him--I saw his face a couple of times in the offices there. So anyway, one evening, it was evening, Curtis LeMay came over to me. He says, "Paul," he says, "I'm expecting a very important message. Don't read it." Well, if a message is coming in, what the hell, you don't read it. You have to read it, right, in case it's an error. But most of the work we were doing before that was air-sea rescue. If a plane went down after--returning from bombing raids, we'd get their coordinates and send either a PBY or ship out to pick them up.

Mr. Fargo: Okay. So, during this period, there were bombing raids with B-29s?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, they had started bombing Japan.

Mr. Fargo: That has got to be 1944 or '45, right?

Mr. Hatgil: It was '44, yeah.

Mr. Fargo: '44? They started in '44?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, in fact I've got a picture of (unclear) over there. (Unclear) my buddy in the Marines. I'll tell you this story--it's amazing--later. Anyway, the Air Corps at that time, needed a base in the event that they couldn't make it back to base; they needed a landing place, and that's why they took Iwo. They needed the base there. It was a very costly thing, too; I don't know how many Marines died there. And they were the same kids that we dropped the food off and stuff, the ship--remember I was telling you? We were tied up; I think it was the same group of young people. Now with us in the Air Corps, we weren't seventeen and eighteen year olds. We had some as old as forty, thirty-five, you know. They were maintenance people; they're communications people. I was--how long was I--let's see, 1921 to 1944; well, I was about twenty-two, twenty-three years old, twenty-three probably.

Mr. Fargo: Probably you were one of the youngest, huh?

Mr. Hatgil: Probably, yeah. Because the crewmembers were young, especially the gunners, and I thought maybe if I had gone into gunner they would put me in the tail because you've got to be small, in that little place, you know? It's a good thing; I thought

maybe that's what saved me; I don't know, maybe someone's watching over me. Anyway, we started bombing Japan with incendiaries first, and we burned the hell out of the place, after they took Iwo, of course. At that time, I used to wander, because I used to play poker with some of the fellows down at the strip, where all the planes were. One morning I went there and I wasn't allowed to get close to some of the buildings, and I noticed they had a backhoe there and they were digging a big hole, and they had a Marine stationed about every fifteen feet around the place. Of course we didn't know what they were doing. Anyway, what happened, they were preparing to put a hydraulic lift in there. What they needed it for, they would put the atomic bomb on the dolly and it would go over the hole and they would lower it onto the hydraulic lift, and then because the bomb was bigger than one of the holes in the B-29, they had to cut the partition between the two bomb bays to get the bomb in there. Then they would bring it up into the bay. And that's what they were doing. We didn't know that because they did it when we weren't there.

Mr. Fargo: Unclear.

Mr. Hatgil: So anyway, that evening at the headquarters, LeMay came over and says, "Paul, I'm expecting a very important message. Don't read it." I says, "Okay." So, we earmarked which machine it

was coming in on, and the first words were, "Oh my God." It was from Colonel Tibbets, who was flying the Enola Gay. His instructions were, when you get to the I.P. point, which is the initial point before they go for the target, put on these dark glasses and fly at a certain elevation, and when you drop the bomb, get the hell out of there fast! Just bank the thing and go as fast as you can away from the detonation, because I guess the repercussion would have just thrown that plane around.

Mr. Fargo: So this message came through from who?

Mr. Hatgil: Well, it came back from Colonel Tibbets.

Mr. Fargo: From Colonel Tibbets?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, but when it came into our--it was garbled. The machine garbled it as soon as it left Tibbets. And when it came into our machines, it would ungarble it, in case it was intercepted. The machines were used before the bomb was dropped, because, you know, giving instructions for the bombing raids, whatever. One of the planes might have had problems; they can teletype into the headquarters and we'd go after them with air-sea rescue.

Mr. Fargo: So Colonel Tibbets wrote that message and sent it to LeMay?

Mr. Hatgil: In the mike; and put it on the teletype machine. The machine (unclear) and it went to Curtis LeMay. He's the one that received it, through our teletype machines.

Mr. Fargo: Through your teletype machines.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. You know--I don't know whether I should say this. I was curious, a young guy. I wanted to know what was in that message. I could have been (sent) to Leavenworth, you know, for reading it, but how could I not read it?

Mr. Fargo: That's true.

Mr. Hatgil: So I read the thing, and brought it into Curtis LeMay, and he closed the door, and that was it. Now let's see--I was going to say after the bomb was dropped--I guess, what else could I say about my experience on Tinian?

Mr. Fargo: So you were still there when the second bomb was dropped?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, Nagasaki, yeah. Same sequence of things, you know.

Mr. Fargo: It wasn't Colonel Tibbets at that point.

Mr. Hatgil: No, it was another--

Mr. Fargo: Another crew.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, another crew.

Mr. Fargo: What was the reaction by the troops on Tinian?

Mr. Hatgil: Oh, they were elated because they knew that it was going to have some effect on the peace treaty. After the first one was bombed, the Japanese didn't declare peace, you know. It was after the second one was dropped. And actually, the one they dropped on Hiroshima wasn't the initial target. The initial target, I don't know if it was (unclear) or some other target, but they had to drop it because the other target was clouded over.

So they dropped it on Hiroshima. Hiroshima didn't have any military significance, you know. It was kind of a tragic thing. Oh, I was going to tell you about my experience in Pearl Harbor. I had a Marine (unclear). We used to go dancing together, chum around together before we went in the service.

Mr. Fargo: Before you went in the service?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, so he joined the Marines and I went into the Air Corps. He was stationed in Pearl Harbor, so when I got mustered out, we left Tinian aboard ship; it was a big battleship, really.

Mr. Fargo: Really? A battleship?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, it was the North Carolina, a battleship. And all the decks and everything, it was crowded in the daytime, the whole top of the ship, because the whole 505th is coming back, you know. So--

Mr. Fargo: The whole unit was going back to Pearl Harbor?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, the crewmembers.

Mr. Fargo: The crewmembers, and the headquarters crew.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, right. So anyway, I was communicating at the time with John in Pearl Harbor, and I says, "You know, John," I says, "I think I'm coming back to Pearl." He says, "Let me know when you're coming." So we ended up in Pearl; we're going to stay there a couple of days. I called him up, I says, "John, I can't get out of the base. They won't allow us." So, what did he do?

We're about the same size--he brought me a Marine uniform (both laugh). This is funny. So I put it on and we walked out of the base and as we're walking down one of the streets in Hawaii, who comes walking on the opposite side? My commanding officer!

Mr. Fargo: No kidding!

Mr. Hatgil: And we both threw him a salute; he was with another officer and I started to (unclear) and I noticed he looked back and he must have said, "Geez, that guy looked like Hatgil." (Both laugh). That's funny!

Mr. Fargo: But he didn't really recognize you.

Mr. Hatgil: No, well I mean, he would (unclear). It was a funny experience. Let's go to the book and maybe we can--

Mr. Fargo: I can't do anything about pictures.

Mr. Hatgil: No, but as we look, we can see things and we can talk about them.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, okay.

Mr. Hatgil: You put this in front of you.

Mr. Fargo: Before we do that though, Paul, how long were you at Pearl on the way--

Mr. Hatgil: On the way back?

Mr. Fargo: Yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: Three days.

Mr. Fargo: Only three days? And then what?

Mr. Hatgil: Then we landed in, I think it was San Diego, I think.

Mr. Fargo: San Diego?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: How do you come back to San Diego?

Mr. Hatgil: And then from San Diego, we went to Chicago.

Mr. Fargo: How did you get from Pearl to San Diego?

Mr. Hatgil: On a big battleship.

Mr. Fargo: The same big battleship?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Right.

Mr. Fargo: Okay.

Mr. Hatgil: So anyway, we pulled into Chicago by train and the son of a guns, they took the engine off that train. We were all going back to camp Devens, in Massachusetts, and so anyway, we said well, hell, we're going to get off the train. We went downtown, and all these people, all these guys in these bars and everything, they were so willing and helpful, buying us drinks and treating us like gods, you know. We were (unclear), then we get over the radio in one of the bars, it said all the boys from the 505th get back to the ship--the train, because it's leaving in a day or so. So we had to go back and then we went back to Devens.

Mr. Fargo: You got discharged at Devens?

Mr. Hatgil: Yes.

Mr. Fargo: What year (unclear, both speaking together).

Mr. Hatgil: I was still a corporal. Let's see, well--oh, we were supposed to come back on Christmas Day of '45 and just about made it, even though we got tied up in Chicago.

Mr. Fargo: So, you got discharged in '45?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Late '45, Christmas.

Mr. Fargo: Late '45.

Mr. Hatgil: Christmas of '45.

Mr. Fargo: And what was your rank at that time?

Mr. Hatgil: I was a corporal.

Mr. Fargo: Corporal?

Mr. Hatgil: Mm-hmm. I wasn't a hero, you know.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah, yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: I could go on some other incidents and stories (unclear) but I'm not going to go into that.

Mr. Fargo: It's fun, though; it's interesting.

Mr. Hatgil: Well, I was stationed in Marietta, Georgia, and I was a corporal at the time. I was going to get my third stripe. Well, I should have known better, but I was a young guy and we weren't really into discipline and so forth. I shaved and I threw the razor blade in the toilet. It wasn't a toilet; it was open, you know one of these long box things. The sergeant, he had (unclear) for a

reason (unclear). He reported me to the lieutenant. Why? I guess he wanted to--I don't know why, why should he do that?

Mr. Fargo: You threw a razor in a toilet?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, yeah, right. Now that same lieutenant cracked up a plane at that base. It was a small Piper Cub. He never got disciplined for it, because he was married to the general's daughter! (Laughs). But I got my stripes taken away. So I had to start all over again, but I didn't care because I knew eventually I'd come out and my forte was to be an artist. So when I got out of the service, I had five years of education coming to me. So I went to the Massachusetts College of Art for four years and in summertime, I had to (unclear) the college did not have academic courses so, since I lived in Cambridge, I went to Harvard and took sociology and psychology and all the academics from Harvard, and then I got my advanced degree at Columbia.

Mr. Fargo: You got your undergraduate degree from Harvard?

Mr. Hatgil: No, that was summer courses.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, just summer courses.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, at Harvard. I could have gone to Tufts, that's another college, but I figured I was so near--I lived in Cambridge so it was Harvard. But it was a very interesting course, John. (Unclear), the sociology course, for instance. They had--no, that

was at Columbia. At Harvard, we had a series of lectures that included Dr. Harvey Buchanan, the most eminent surgeon in the United States, maybe in the world; we had John Kennedy; we had the president of Chase National Bank, all these famous--we had to read a book on all these people who lectured, and (unclear) the lecture and that was the exam--select one of the lectures and recount--

Mr. Fargo: Who did you select?

Mr. Hatgil: I selected, I think it was the rehabilitation of the veteran, and that was at that time revolutionary--putting ears on people and reconstructing noses and everything--very interesting. John Kennedy spoke on--and he was just a senator at the time--spoke on public housing. That experience led me to something when I started teaching at UT. Maybe it was something that prepared you; sometimes we don't realize what's happening because, you know, the worse courses I ever took was math. I hated math! And then what do I do; I'm a practicing artist. I'm doing geometric shapes (laughs). You don't realize, you know, there may be somebody gets you by the nose and leading you to something and that's what I was doing to my students. But anyway, and I went to Columbia. Columbia was a lecture course. They had four professors on the stage and they would discuss a certain issue, and we would break up into groups of

eight and go to a room in the school and discuss the same issue, and then come back and select one person who would be the spokesman. Then from the stage, they would select maybe five or six of the students and they would speak about their conclusions they had reached. Now, the guy who was sitting next to me was an FBI agent, he told me later. One of the persons, the professors, he wrote a book that exposed the true workings of our government, you know, if there's such a thing. And they burned all his books.

Mr. Fargo: Who burned all his books?

Mr. Hatgil: The government confiscated his books, you know. It was a high school book. But anyway, when I started teaching here, I was teaching--I came here to teach ceramics--oh, after I got my master's degree--

Mr. Fargo: From Columbia?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. The chairman was very nice. He says to me, "Paul," he says, "Why don't you stay on and get your PhD? I'll give you a scholarship and you can work on your PhD." Well, I was married at the time. I got married in my junior year at art school, and I had started a family. I said, "Doc, thank you but--besides, I'm not a desk person. I want to be a practicing artist and teach at the same time." He says, "Well, whatever Paul." But he was a very nice person, Dr. (unclear). We visited all

these homes built by--oh, I just drew a blank--one of the famous architects in the United States. But anyway, we used to go on tours in New York and surrounding areas. But anyway, after I got my master's, I went back to Ipswich and I wrote a lot of letters to various universities and schools, and I got one from the University of Texas, and it said we're interested in you teaching here; we looked at your resume and would you be interested in a position here? So I says to Kate(?), "Look, I always wanted to be a cowboy. Let's go to Texas, and I can get some experience and come back to New England and teach." So we left--they wanted me to teach two days later. We packed just my books and necessities in the car we had and off we went; drove day and night. Finally we got to Texas and we found a little apartment where the LBJ Library is, \$25 a month, run-down places. We had \$10 in my pocket, believe it or not. Oh, when I got into Columbia, my wife dropped me off on 135th Street and Broadway. Now I was supposed to find a place to live while I'm going to school. I would go into these apartment houses and ask for the superintendent, and ask if there's a room available. Well, as I was coming out of one of them, a cab pulled up in front of the building and this guy came out with about three bags full of groceries. He couldn't handle them all, so I went down and helped him. I said, "Do you want some help, sir?" So we went

up and he says, "What are you doing here?" I said, "I'm looking for a place to live." I told him I'm looking for a room, because my wife couldn't stay with me. She was going to stay in Ipswich with her mother and father. He said, "Come with me." So I went upstairs to the third floor and get into this door; the door was ajar and I could hear him talking about this thing. And I heard her say, "But I wanted a girl." He said, "Well, let's give him a chance and see what happens." So he says, "Come on in, Paul." So he says, "Look. We have two little kids; one's two and a half and the other's four--maybe three and a half." And he says, "I'm a motion picture producer and director, and Lucy here, Mrs. Solo, is getting her master's in photography at Hunter. I need someone to watch the kids, while we're away." That was great because I had my own room, and I used to go in there and the kids would come in and they'd sit next to me with their books upside down (unclear). They were nice kids. So anyway, it was quite an experience, because occasionally he would knock at the door at night and say, "What are you doing, Paul?" I says, "I'm studying." He says, "Come on out." Groups of people in that place, movie people, actors, actresses, photographers, all--everything to make a movie because, you know, that was his business. And champagne and caviar, he was a Russian, I think he was Russian Jewish, and she was Italian;

Lucy was Italian. And I learned a lot from just being in there and chit-chatting with those people, because they were in the arts, too, you know? It was a nice experience.

Mr. Fargo: This was--how old are you now, twenty-eight, thirty?

Mr. Hatgil: No, I was--let's see--1921 to 1945 was what? From 1921 to 1945 when I got out of the service, I was twenty-four. And then by the time I finished my schooling, I was twenty-nine. I was twenty-nine years old when I came down here, twenty-nine, thirty something. I got married when I was twenty-four--twenty-five, twenty-six, something like that.

Mr. Fargo: What were you supposed to teach down here?

Mr. Hatgil: I was supposed to teach ceramics and sculpture. No, I'm sorry, sorry. Art education.

Mr. Fargo: Art education.

Mr. Hatgil: That means teaching art to prospective teachers. Well, when I got down to Texas here and we found that little apartment, I looked over the (unclear) and the school was in barracks, wooden barracks. The Drama Department and the College of Fine Arts were housed in barracks. I went into the building where the Art Department was--we only had about six faculty members at the time--and the equipment, they hardly had any equipment to teach or anything. I said, "How am I going to teach this?" So I tried it one semester and I had about six

students. Now there's a rule, if you don't have at least ten, they shut the course off. But anyway, I went into the chairman's office, I said, "Bill, I can't continue teaching here." He said, "Why not?" I said, "I don't have the equipment." I had a small kiln, about fourteen inches square, and I was firing a whole class of work. But my mentor was Charles Umlauf, you know the Umlauf Gardens here in town. He was an international figure doing sculpture. And I learned a lot (unclear) because I was teaching--

Mr. Fargo: I've heard that name.

Mr. Hatgil: --I was teaching sculpture on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and he was teaching Monday, Wednesday and Friday. But he was always so anxious to go back to his studio and work, so I used to prepare the whole business of preparing clay and everything in his area as well as my own. Anyway, he says, "Write down what you need," Bill said to me, "and we'll see what we can do." Well, he managed to get a budget going and the budget (unclear) involved four professors. They were the ones who decided whether you stay or not, whether you'd be named permanent. In other words, they governed your future. People who were instructors like myself, bottom of the ladder, we sort of felt, what would you say, ill will towards them because they were governing our future. We hoped--it was a

good thing because they kept you on the ball. At the end of each year, you had to write on this form how many exhibitions you attended, in our case, maybe how many books you wrote, what was your contribution to the community, all this. One went to the dean; one went to the chairman of the department, one went to the budget council and one went to the president's office. Based on what you had on that form, depended on whether you were going to stay or get an increment. So it kept you on the ball; it was a good thing, because If you look at my resume (unclear), it starts from 1921 and I stopped doing it in 1986 I believe; retired in '85. Someone told me once, you ought to run for president with that resume, because it lists every year I did something. It's about eight pages long, the resume is. I had to keep a record of everything, you know? It was a must. But anyway, where was I? Oh, I was teaching. So they gave me all the equipment I needed, but Umlauf used to have his work fired by a person in San Antonio by the name of Harding Black, a great potter. What an experience. When I was teaching one of the semesters, one of the students, I'm still an instructor, came into--the second semester I think it was--I was teaching sculpture that day, that Thursday, and the student came to my class and said, "Mr. Hatgil, can I work in your class? I got time off this hour, and I could work on my work. I'm a student in Mr.

Umlauf's class." I said, "Well sure (unclear). You're not going to disturb me or the class." So in a little while she came over and she says, "Would you mind giving me a little critique on my work?" I says, "Certainly. That's my job, teaching, right?" So she was making a duck, and it's supposed to be a creative project, and I said, "Look, you can't make a duck out of clay, because the clay won't quack and doesn't have feathers." I says, "Just give your own interpretation of the duck, you know. You feel, treat the feathers decoratively and so forth, and take liberties with appendages and so forth." She says, "Well thank you." Well, the next day I was in the ceramic room because I used to close the door; I didn't have a studio at the time, and I got a call from somebody (unclear), "Mr. Hatgil, are you in there?" I said, "Yes." "Mr. Umlauf would like to see you in his office." He was the chairman at the time. Well, this was a learning experience. As soon as I opened the door, he said, "Close the door!" with that tone of voice, you know. And I didn't know what's going on. He said, "Sit down." He said, "If I ever hear that you're criticizing my student work, you're going to go out. You're going to be fired." And I said, "Well sir," I says, "I was hired to teach, maybe not in your class." He says, "Well, not in my (unclear), not in my class; I do the teaching of

my students.” So I learned something that way. You know, I learned a lot of things on the way to a full professorship.

Mr. Fargo: Paul, before you get (unclear). And talk a little about the war?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, okay. (Considerable background noise at this point; difficult to understand and follow conversation. Apparently they are looking at a scrapbook of some sort).

Mr. Hatgil: There was my patch.

Mr. Fargo: Did you design that?

Mr. Hatgil: No. I did design one, though, and I’ll show it to you, but it wasn’t approved. That’s Eisenhower.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, there’s General Eisenhower.

Mr. Hatgil: Here’s Colonel Tibbets with the crew and the Enola Gay.

Mr. Fargo: The Enola Gay, huh? Who are the two ladies?

Mr. Hatgil: I don’t know what they’re doing there, to be frank with you, because that’s after they dropped the bomb. (Unclear, heavy background static). What was that? Oh, that’s the signing of the peace on the battleship West Virginia. [Actually, USS Missouri].

Mr. Fargo: Admiral Nimitz.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, Admiral Nimitz. But anyway (unclear). Ah, there’s some of my medals.

Mr. Fargo: So you men had three battle stars.

Mr. Hatgil: Yes, on Tinian, yeah. Now these--this row here actually is from the U.S., because I used to wear this when I wore my uniform. After I came home and I lived here, I bought a big boat. I had three boats, in fact (unclear). I joined the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary because I always loved the sea, and I joined in order to find out about rules of the road, lighting requirements, all that sort, on my own boats. My boat was thirty-three feet long, a big boat. So anyway, then I found myself teaching classes in there after a while. And I ended up being a Lieutenant Commander in charge of education for six states. (Laughs). Can you imagine that? And my chairman says, "Paul, you're spending too much time with that organization. Better get back to your teaching." I was allowed to put these here when I had my uniform on.

Mr. Fargo: So the first two rows are World War II experience.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, and the President's Citation is, too.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, is that right? You got that for the bombing of Japan?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, that's the 505th Bomb Group award, with two oak leaf clusters. Here's the Enola Gay. (Background noise increases; difficult to follow conversation).

Mr. Fargo: You took this?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, on the apron on Tinian. If you people--you know, I was saying what am I going to do with this? I don't have any

children. I thought of it before (unclear), I'd like to come to Fredericksburg some day and let them take what they want from this book.

Mr. Fargo: They would do that; they would be very appreciative.

Mr. Hatgil: It's me in the Coast Guard Auxiliary.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, the Coast Guard Auxiliary. Lieutenant Commander, that's (unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: That's me in high school. I was a captain in the ROTC. (Unclear; long stretch of static, then difficult to understand and follow the interview).

Mr. Fargo: You had what?

Mr. Hatgil: High School ROTC.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah, and here you are.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, and giving a medal; I was a captain, and giving a medal to the Chinese boy. Now this is a yearbook from the high school. (More static with some conversation in the background but difficult to follow). There he is. That was an instructor in high school.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, I see, Captain Robert Callaghan, United States Marine Corps. "Cadet Captain Paul Hatgil, President of the (unclear) Officers' Council, 1939. To him much of the success of the Cadet Officers' Club belongs. Sincerely, Robert Callaghan."

Mr. Hatgil: That's nice.

Mr. Fargo: (Unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: That's why they gave me the corporal and made me the barracks chief. (Unclear), that's the one I designed, but they never accepted it.

Mr. Fargo: The 505th Heavy Bombardment Wing on Tinian Island and you designed this patch--

Mr. Hatgil: To go on our jackets.

Mr. Fargo: --to go on the jackets, but they didn't accept it?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, because it was too, what would you say, dated, you know. If the plane was there it's something else, but it was something pertaining to the bombing of Japan.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah. I suppose the--

Mr. Hatgil: (Unclear, both speaking together). I painted it on leather.

Mr. Fargo: Did you?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. And there's the memorial right now on Tinian, and here's some of the planes on Tinian. Oh that's the Enola Gay. I related my war stories to this young man; you want to read it?

Mr. Fargo: (Unclear) in my Sopwith Camel.

Mr. Hatgil: You know what a Sopwith Camel is?

Mr. Fargo: No.

Mr. Hatgil: It's the early plane the Red Baron was flying (laughs).

Mr. Fargo: "I looked down and in an opening in the overcast, I sighted him. It was the Red Baron, the Ace of Aces. I waited for a clearing

and made a loop, and by sheer luck I was right on his tail and in my sights. I let go with both .50 calibers and down he went in a cloud of smoke. It was when I returned to my base that I learned I had downed the Fokker responsible for shooting down more than 100 of our planes. It wasn't much of a dogfight but I was lucky to be the one spared."

Mr. Hatgil: (Laughs). And this kid is transfixed at the story, you know?

Mr. Fargo: I'm sure he is.

Mr. Hatgil: And I said, I should have said, "Now that one belongs to the fairy tales." (Both laugh). What does that say?

Mr. Fargo: (Unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: What does that say, war something?

Mr. Fargo: War at 7:00 pm and 9:30 Sunday chronicles the events of World War II from September to December 1944. The world, the war and Texas--

Mr. Hatgil: You don't have to read the whole thing. What does that say?

Mr. Fargo: The world, the war and Texas at 9:00 pm Friday tells the story of World War II through the eyes of Texas. You were on that program?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Why don't you read it? (Unclear). Look at all the planes we had on Tinian. Like a carpet.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah, boy I'll say. North Field. And here's the Enola Gay in 1945. That's you as a corporal.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, the first time I went in.

Mr. Fargo: What do you mean, the first time you went in?

Mr. Hatgil: As soon as I enlisted.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, you were a corporal?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah, you were a handsome guy.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Now this church in Boston where I came from, the cathedral, they made a wonderful book about all the veterans, Greek-American boys that were in the service. That's my brother, in the Navy. He was a boxer, you know.

Mr. Fargo: Was he?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Now some of these pictures are shots that were taken from some of the planes, either the islands the Japanese were still in control of, or of Japan itself. This is the harbor in Tinian. See the Quonset huts? [Mr. Hatgil is showing Mr. Fargo a photo album from his time in the Pacific].

Mr. Fargo: Yes.

Mr. Hatgil: And these are taken over Japan. There's the LST's.

Mr. Fargo: That's the LST you crossed the Pacific in?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. No, out to Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, out to Pearl Harbor, right.

Mr. Hatgil: There's the transport they brought us in, and there's the beaches where we had some time off.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah, nice beaches.

Mr. Hatgil: One of the naval ships bombed this island, blew a hole right through that concrete.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: A Japanese cemetery. These are the gooks--they called them gooks, but they were Korean. You see this guy here?

Mr. Fargo: Yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: Okay. (Unclear). Now, I was on Tinian and someone called and said, "Hey," at the base, "someone named John is looking for you." Well the only John I know is my brother. And he's in the Marines, so what's he doing here? Anyway, before I went in the service, I double dated; I dated Kay, my wife, and this other guy, Johnny, his name was Johnny too, he dated Kay's friend, and then we both parted ways after that date. I didn't see him again until we were on Tinian. He was coming back from India, because he was in the B-29s, too, but he was in the outfit that was bombing the--I don't know, the Japanese bases in India. And they stopped there to refuel, in Tinian. They were going back to the states. It was after the war was over, and it was good to see him.

Mr. Fargo: That's the first you saw him since that time.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: [Looking at photographs], Big airplanes.

Mr. Hatgil: Now, all these photographs, there was a photographer in my Quonset hut, he was from Boston. He was the official photographer and he took all these pictures, and he used to give me copies. Mustang.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: And this is a Marine, what do they call it?

Mr. Fargo: Corsair.

Mr. Hatgil: Corsair, yeah. Look at the base, the apron where all the planes were.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: Practically the whole island. Now this is--first we were in pup tents, then we went to these kinds of tents.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah, pyramidal tents.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, is that what they called them?

Mr. Fargo: Yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: And look what they had us doing. We just suffocated with the heat.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: And this is us in the Quonset hut. But in the way back here (unclear) it's the airstrips on Tinian.

Mr. Fargo: You actually painted some of that art on the noses of the planes?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, a couple of my (unclear). I'll show you something. These are Army bombs here.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: These are on a mission. This is takeoff, early in the morning. See, the sun is just coming up. It's a series of a mission, and you'll see what happens next to one of them. See the flak?

Mr. Fargo: I sure do.

Mr. Hatgil: Now see what I was telling you about, how some of the planes went over the edge.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, that's when they went over (unclear)?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, a few of them did. Some of them were like this.

Mr. Fargo: They blew up.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Look at the flak hole.

Mr. Fargo: How many planes did you lose?

Mr. Hatgil: I think we lost about three on the island.

Mr. Fargo: On the island? And how about over Japan?

Mr. Hatgil: I think we lost a couple over Japan, too. And say, here we go.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, here we go.

Mr. Hatgil: I did this one: Audrey and his Angels.

Mr. Fargo: Audrey and his Angels. Lucky Lady.

Mr. Hatgil: Lucky Lady.

Mr. Fargo: Did you do that one?

Mr. Hatgil: No, no. See, we had to dress them because the nurses (unclear). She was actually nude. And this one, too.

Mr. Fargo: (Unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: Now, on some of these planes, you notice, this one, too; on some of these planes, you notice, let me get to them.

Mr. Fargo: You really had--

Mr. Hatgil: Oh, right here, you see this? These are bombing missions, and when you see a heart on top, it means someone in the plane was wounded or got killed. Here's one that had to ditch (unclear).

Mr. Fargo: Oh, yeah, when it landed.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. This is the first group to return from the mission over Japan.

Mr. Fargo: (Unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. Look at the missions here.

Mr. Fargo: Wow!

Mr. Hatgil: You see the camels?

Mr. Fargo: Yeah; what does that mean?

Mr. Hatgil: Those were missions over the hump, into India.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, before they got to Tinian?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah--no, no, no. These are from Tinian and then they went to India and you see, they performed missions over the hump.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, okay, okay.

Mr. Hatgil: And these are the missions.

Mr. Fargo: But they were still based in Tinian.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, right. Look at this one.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah. "Better Than Nuttin'."

Mr. Hatgil: Here they captured some Japanese, the Navy did. A couple of the lieutenants, not in our outfit, in another outfit because there was a 503rd--because the one's that bombed Nagasaki wasn't the 505th, that was the 502 that did that. But this Navy, these two lieutenants were looking for souvenirs, and they went into one of the caves, they were looking for souvenirs, and their heads came rolling out.

Mr. Fargo: Really?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, and the Marines had to go in and they dynamited the cave.

Mr. Fargo: And there were Japs in there.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. They told us to keep away, to stay at the base, don't go looking in the jungles. These are all over Japan, and then they caught this Japanese cruiser right next to (unclear) and bombed the hell out of that. Now here, they're dropping packages over a prison camp in Japan.

Mr. Fargo: You know, an interesting thing. Have you ever read the book, "The Unbroken" about Louis Zamperini?

Mr. Hatgil: I saw the movie, I think.

Mr. Fargo: You saw the movie was out.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: Well, you know, there were a lot of Japanese POW camps, and these were American POWs. Were there any instructions to the pilots; did they have any idea where they were, these--

Mr. Hatgil: We were never involved in those missions, and I don't know whether they knew or not, because when they bombed Japan, they must have hit some camps, right?

Mr. Fargo: Yeah, they did; they had a lot of them. And the POWs, according to the book, were scared silly that they were going to be bombed by their own people.

Mr. Hatgil: Well, you know what happened in Europe; we bombed our own men. Give you an idea how many men were on Tinian.

Mr. Fargo: Is that all your operation, the 505th?

Mr. Hatgil: No, each one is a group.

Mr. Fargo: Okay. Yeah.

Mr. Hatgil: Hey John. (Unclear). These I took; I took all these pictures.

Mr. Fargo: "Dynamite." "Lazy Jane."

Mr. Hatgil: Here are the gooks. One of the Marines got friendly with one of the (unclear, considerable static).

Mr. Fargo: Sounds like a Marine.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah. (unclear) court-martialed. Here's our ship, going from Pearl Harbor to Tinian. And that's (unclear). I had a very good friend here. I don't know if you knew him or not. (Unclear) Oh, what's the last name? He was a Marine (unclear); we were very good friends (unclear) and I gave him one of these and I gave him that flag that you put in the back. It said in Chinese, if you bring me back to an American base you'll be rewarded.

(Unclear). Anyway, he died a couple of years ago. Oh, there's my buddy, remember he gave me the uniform?

Mr. Fargo: Oh, that was the Marine?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, John.

Mr. Fargo: That saw you in Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Hatgil: (Laughs). Yeah. (Unclear, background static). When the USO used to come on the island, (unclear). Remember Louis Prima?

Mr. Fargo: Sure.

Mr. Hatgil: Well, that's him.

Mr. Fargo: Yeah, right here, Louis Prima. (Unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: This kid here, he was one of my buddies in Cambridge, and he was stationed in India (unclear) and communications on Tinian.

Mr. Fargo: One, two, three, four, five, six.

Mr. Hatgil: (Unclear). There's John (unclear) again. (Unclear).

Mr. Fargo: This is you, too, eh?

Mr. Hatgil: No, (unclear).

Mr. Fargo: (Unclear). Do you ever see any of these guys? Keep in touch with them since the war?

Mr. Hatgil: I saw Johnny in the Marines, but that's it.

Mr. Fargo: That's it?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: How many years did you keep in touch with him?

Mr. Hatgil: He's dead now.

Mr. Fargo: He's dead now?

Mr. Hatgil: This is in Florida, basic training. You know something? When I began teaching here at the University, there were six faculty members, and it grew--today there are sixty-three.

Mr. Fargo: In your school?

Mr. Hatgil: In my art school.

Mr. Fargo: In your art school.

Mr. Hatgil: Not the college; the school, there's sixty-three. Anyway, do you know that I'm the only one left from that era?

Mr. Fargo: (Unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: I'm going to be ninety-five.

Mr. Fargo: You're going to be ninety-five.

Mr. Hatgil: So that's (unclear) on the back of the jacket.

Mr. Fargo: (Unclear).

Mr. Hatgil: (Unclear) suggests to me what was I inquiring about?

Mr. Fargo: Is there an association of the 505th? I'm sorry I can't--I remember Doolittle being on Tinian but do not remember the occasion. (Unclear). Is this your wife?

Mr. Hatgil: Yes, Kay, yeah.

Mr. Fargo: Very charming lady.

Mr. Hatgil: These two guys are dead (unclear).

Mr. Fargo: Officers' club; this is in art school, right?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: This is the old Coast Guard situation?

Mr. Hatgil: Coast Guard, yeah. Coast Guard Auxiliary. Here's my boat.

Mr. Fargo: Ah. This is the same one--

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, that's the one. This is our local church in the morning on Veterans' Day. Good thing I sold that.

Mr. Fargo: You sold that?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: When?

Mr. Hatgil: Oh, gosh, before I moved--oh, I told you I moved to Europe?

Mr. Fargo: No, you mentioned that you came, and you bought this house on the way back.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, we were in Europe, and before we left for Europe--we were going to retire there.

Mr. Fargo: Where about?

Mr. Hatgil: In Greece.

Mr. Fargo: Where?

Mr. Hatgil: In Greece.

Mr. Fargo: Greece?

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, because we both speak the language. You know what that is, don't you? It's the memorial in Washington.

Mr. Fargo: Oh, yeah, the World War II Memorial.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah.

Mr. Fargo: Did you ever go on the Honor Flight?

Mr. Hatgil: You know, a strange thing. I've been there, right? So I was going to go on the Honor Flight. So I get to talking with the woman who's in charge, okay? Now, the woman in charge, I guess it's a state--where's she based?

Mr. Fargo: She's in downtown Austin somewhere.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, okay. I got to talk, and she says, "Well, you're an artist. What things have you done?" And I started listing things in Austin. I says, "I did a commission for Mrs. Lyndon Johnson; it's in front of the Faulk studios downtown. You can go see it." I says, "I did a mosaic for the Walter Webb Building on the campus. It's downtown with the University. I did another mosaic now in Maynard, and I did five mosaics in St. Paul's Lutheran Church." She says, "You did those?" I says, "Yes." She says, "Well, I've been going to that church since I was a little girl." And she says, "I've always admired those mosaics." She was in charge of this program, right? So I told her I was interested in going to Washington. I didn't tell her I was there before. I belonged to an education organization in Washington and we used to award these student scholarships and I was on it for six years. But anyway, so I was there; I went to see the Memorial. And then I told her I was planning to go to Boston this summer; first I wanted to go to Europe since I can't walk too

much, I figured I better go to Boston (unclear) and be with my sister who will be celebrating her ninety-eighth birthday.

Mr. Fargo: Wow!

Mr. Hatgil: My brother died in '95, two years ago, so I said, "I think I should be with her," so that's why I was doing it. So I wrote to her and I never got an answer, about changing the date. I never got a date.

Mr. Fargo: Well, I'll tell you. If, in fact, you still want to go, I'm going Friday.

Mr. Hatgil: I'll go with you.

Mr. Fargo: They opened it up to Korean War veterans, okay. So this flight is the first flight of Korean War veterans.

Mr. Hatgil: Oh, I didn't go to Korea.

Mr. Fargo: No, but they're still having the World War II.

Mr. Hatgil: Yeah, I know they do. I can't understand why I never got an answer.

Mr. Fargo: Well, do you want me to pass your name on?

Mr. Hatgil: Would you please?

Mr. Fargo: I absolutely will. Well, let me just end this thing and we can talk a little bit, Paul. Certainly, thank you for your service, You have an impressive World War II career here and obviously since the war ended, even more impressive. So I thank you for your time this morning, and what we're going to do is mail you a

CD of today's interview, so you can have it to pass on to your sister, if she's still with us--

Mr. Hatgil: I have two from Baylor.

Mr. Fargo: Okay. Well, that's good. Add this to it, okay? Thanks again.

Mr. Hatgil: Okay, John, and thank you for your time and a pleasure meeting you.

Mr. Fargo: Same here.

OH04378 - Mr. Paul Hatgil
Transcribed by: Joel Keefer
Fredericksburg, TX
October 10, 2016