

*National Museum of the Pacific War*

*Nimitz Education and Research Center*

*Fredericksburg, Texas*

Interview with

**Mr. Archie W. Scott**

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**Interviewer: Mike Zambrano**

Mr. Zambrano: This is Mike Zambrano and today I'm at the home of Mr. Archie William Scott, Jr. Today is the 23<sup>rd</sup> of November 2015. This interview is in support of the Nimitz Education and Research Center Archives for the National Museum of the Pacific War, Texas Historical Commission, for the preservation of historical information related to this site. Good morn--er, good afternoon. (Mr. Scott laughs). Can you tell me where and when you were born?

Mr. Scott: Born June 30, 1924.

Mr. Zambrano: And where were you born?

Mr. Scott: In San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. Zambrano: Not too far from here.

Mr. Scott: Santa Rosa Hospital, third floor, east wing. I bet not many guys my age can tell where they were born and when they were born.

Mr. Zambrano: Is that hospital still there?

Mr. Scott: Oh, yes. Santa Rosa's still there, sure is.

Mr. Zambrano: What were your parents' names?

Mr. Scott: Well, my father died quite young. In fact, I was 2 ½ years old, well, about three years old when my father died. That was in '27.

Mr. Zambrano: What did he die of?

Mr. Scott: He had a childhood disease that finally took him. I honestly don't know; it was some problem with his heart, but I'm not sure.

Mrs. Scott: Rheumatic fever.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, okay.

Mr. Scott: What was it?

Mrs. Scott: Rheumatic fever; left his heart damaged.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: I'm sorry, what was his name?

Mr. Scott: His name? Archie William Scott.

Mr. Zambrano: And your mother's?

Mr. Scott: (Chuckles) Liggen Elise Jergen Scott.

Mr. Zambrano: Did you have any brothers or sisters?

Mr. Scott: I have one brother, Victor Allen Scott.

Mr. Zambrano: Older or younger?

Mr. Scott: Younger.

Mr. Zambrano: So, you were pretty much raised by your mother?

Mr. Scott: Yes. Mother and grandmother.

Mr. Zambrano: What did they do to support the family?

Mr. Scott: My grandmother was the head of the telephone company in Schulenburg, and my mother was the chief operator.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, really?

Mr. Scott: Uh-huh, back in the days when they said, "Number please." (Laughs). And you had to ring the phone and the operator would say, "Number please," and you'd tell her what number you wanted, and she'd plug into that number and ring it for you.

Mr. Zambrano: Wow! So, between you, your brother, your grandmother and your mother, how did all of you fare during the Depression?

Mr. Scott: How did we fare?

Mr. Zambrano: How did you do during the Depression?

Mr. Scott: Very well. In fact of the matter is, my grandmother never let a hobo come through town that came by our house that she didn't give a piece of bread and a piece of cheese to. Not one.

Mr. Zambrano: So it sounds like you had plenty of food to eat?

Mr. Scott: Oh, yes. We had no problem. I mean, (chuckles), those two ladies were very, very frugal.

Mr. Zambrano: Did your mother keep her job with the phone company through the Depression?

Mr. Scott: Oh, yes, uh-huh. After dad died, we moved back to Texas and mother went to work for my grandmother, and I was raised, like I said, I was raised there in Schulenburg.

Mr. Zambrano: So, you're here in Texas. Do you go to school in (unclear), middle school, high school?

Mr. Scott: I went all through all the grades and graduated from high school in Schulenburg. Then I went off to college.

Mr. Zambrano: Do you remember where you were when you heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). I sure do! I was home on a weekend, and the local druggist knew that I was working my way through college, and he hired me. Every time I came home, he hired me for 25 cents an hour, which were top wages back in those days, to operate his soda fountain. I'd come home on a weekend so I could see her (laughs), and make a little extra money, then hitchhike back to college.

Mr. Zambrano: How old were you when you went off to college?

Mr. Scott: How old was I? Sixteen.

Mr. Zambrano: Wow, that's pretty young. (Mr. Scott laughs).

Mrs. Scott: We had 11 grades, not 12.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, really? Okay. By the way, just for the record, this is his wife, Edith, you hear in the background. (Mr. Scott laughs). That's fine. I didn't know that there were 11 and not 12.

Mrs. Scott: That's right. I don't know what year; I believe it was '42 or '43. Did they have the (unclear) with Jane? It was Jane's class that had to go that extra year.

Mr. Scott: It had to be in '43.

Mrs. Scott: Maybe that's it; okay. They changed to 12 years total.

Mr. Zambrano: Okay. What college were you going to?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Tender Loving Care--Texas Lutheran College.

Mr. Zambrano: Texas Lutheran, Seguin.

Mr. Scott: In Seguin.

Mr. Zambrano: What were you studying?

Mr. Scott: Well, there I was studying what they called pre-engineering.

Mr. Zambrano: Pre-engineering? I assume you wanted to be an engineer.

Mr. Scott: Yeah, mm-hmm, electrical engineer.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, electrical, okay.

Mr. Scott: Well, they didn't have that; they just called it a pre-engineering course. I took mathematics and physics and all those courses that you needed as a background in engineering school.

Mr. Zambrano: Okay.

Mrs. Scott: T.L.C. was only a two-year (unclear, both speaking together.)

Mr. Scott: Yeah, it's a junior college. Well, it is a senior college now; at that time, it was a junior college.

Mr. Zambrano: Okay. So, you come back on the weekend, and did you hear about Pearl Harbor on the radio?

Mr. Scott: On a radio (laughs). On a radio. Like I said, this druggist hired me whenever I'd come home on the weekend; he'd hire me, 25 cents an hour, to come down there and run his soda fountain for him. That's what helped me get through school, until I joined the Marine Corps.

Mr. Zambrano: Why did you choose to go into the Marine Corps, as opposed to the Army?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Well, that's a kind of a freakish accident. I really wanted to be a Navy pilot, and back in those days, they had recruiters coming to all the colleges to recruit young fellows like myself into the different branches of the service. This Marine Corps recruiter came to the college there, and was talking to us, you know, and he said, "Oh, I hear you want to be a pilot." I said, "Yeah," I said, "I want to be a Navy pilot. Anybody who can land a plane on one of those little old bitty aircraft carriers has got to be

a dang good pilot and I want to be a good pilot.” And he said, “Oh, that’s wonderful.” He said, “In fact of the matter is,” he said, “if you’re in the top ten percent of your graduating class,” he said, “we will invite you to become a Marine, because we only take the top ten percent of all the graduating classes in the Navy.” He said, “But if you want to shortcut that thing, join the Marine Corps, and when you get through boot camp, tell them you want to be a pilot and they’ll put you in pilot training; you’re already in the Marine Corps.” And I bit on it like everything (laughs). I got through boot camp and went in to the area there where they were giving you your places that they were going to train you for whatever position you were going to be in. I got in there, and this guy looks at my paperwork, and he says, “You want to be a what?” I said, “I want to be a pilot.” He said, “Man, you’ve been studying engineering.” He said, “There’s no way in the world we’re going to send you off to be a pilot.” I said, “What?” He said, “We’re going to make a communicator out of you” (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: Ohhh...were you disappointed, angry, both?

Mr. Scott: Well, I was kind of disappointed, yeah (laughs), because like I said, I wanted to be a pilot. They gave me a job of piloting wire all over the south Pacific (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: Did you ever get to fly later in life?

Mr. Scott: No. Nope, darn it.

Mr. Zambrano: Where did you do your basic training at?

Mr. Scott: San Diego.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh. Was it Camp Pendleton?

Mr. Scott: No. Diego. At the Marine Base there in San Diego.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh. Okay.

Mrs. Scott: You didn’t go to Camp Pendleton?

Mr. Scott: I went to Camp Pendleton, yes, but not until I got out of boot camp. I went to boot camp--they only have two places in the

United States to go through Marine Corps boot camp. One is at Cap Pendleton--Camp Pendleton; there we go again--one is in San Diego at the Marine Base there in San Diego, and the other one is at Parris Island in South Carolina.

- Mr. Zambrano: It wasn't like Camp Elliott?
- Mr. Scott: Camp Elliott? Yeah, there was a Camp Elliott.
- Mr. Zambrano: Is that where you had your basic?
- Mr. Scott: No, no. That wasn't a basic training. There were only two basic training places in the United States.
- Mr. Zambrano: Okay.
- Mr. Scott: Now, after you got out of basic training, then you went to the different camps.
- Mr. Zambrano: Okay. Can you tell me a little bit about your basic training experience?
- Mr. Scott: (Laughs). I learned how to say, "Yes, sir" and "No, sir."
- Mr. Zambrano: How were you with a rifle?
- Mr. Scott: I was a sharpshooter. I got whatever you call it, a sharpshooter's medal and extra pay for it.
- Mr. Zambrano: How long were you in basic training?
- Mrs. Scott: Six weeks?
- Mr. Scott: No, it was longer than that, a little longer--yes, I guess it was about six weeks. Yeah.
- Mr. Zambrano: Do you remember when it was that you enlisted?
- Mr. Scott: When I enlisted?
- Mr. Zambrano: Where and when?
- Mr. Scott: I enlisted in San Antonio, Texas.
- Mr. Zambrano: Do you remember the month?
- Mr. Scott: Hmm...
- Mrs. Scott: What year was it, even?
- Mr. Scott: In '42.
- Mr. Zambrano: Well, you would have been 18 in June of '42, if that helps you any.

Mr. Scott: Yeah. Her dad was the head of the draft board in our home town, and the day I turned 18 was the day they dropped the draft age from 19 to 18 (laughs). I went in to see him; I said, "Mr. Speckle, I want a draft card." He looked at me and he said, "What do you want it for, boy?" I said, "Because I'm supposed to get one." He said, "How old are you?" I said, "I'm 18 today." He says, "Here, that's a hell of a birthday present" (both laugh). I never will forget that.

Mr. Zambrano: That's a funny way to remember your father-in-law.

Mr. Scott: Yeah. Oh, he was a fine old man. Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Anything else that you recall about basic training?

Mr. Scott: No, not much. Basic training really wasn't much for me, because I had already been in the Marine Corps for oh, four or five months, anyhow. I was in what was called at that time, the V-12 Program.

Mr. Zambrano: What was that, the V-12 Program?

Mr. Scott: That V-12 Program was a training program for young men to become officers, who were in college. The Marine Corps sent me from the college I was in to a college in Georgia, to Georgia Tech. I became a Rambling Wreck.

Mr. Zambrano: A rambling what?

Mr. Scott: Rambling Wreck, from Georgia Tech.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, okay.

Mr. Scott: And a hell of a, hell of a, hell of an engineer! That's what they were. They were an engineering school. Well, I mean, you could get other degrees, but they were mainly an engineering school.

Mr. Zambrano: What did you do there at Georgia Tech?

Mr. Scott: I went to college.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, but, under this V-12 Program?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Just like regular college?



Mr. Scott: Yeah, except we had dormitories and we had to get out and march with rifles and drill and stuff like that, besides go to class.

Mr. Zambrano: Huh! How long did that last?

Mr. Scott: Well, it lasted for about one semester (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: What happened?

Mr. Scott: My roommate and I decided that we joined the Marine Corps to fight a war, not to go to college. We just closed our books up and said we're quitting college. Our commanding officer says, "Well, okay." And shipped us off to San Diego.

Mr. Zambrano: So, by this point, you still thought that you might be a pilot, right?

Mr. Scott: Well, that's what I wanted to be, yeah. They told me I could--when I went through basic training, all I had to do when I got out of basic training was to tell them I wanted to be a pilot.

Mrs. Scott: It didn't work that way.

Mr. Scott: (Laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: So, since you weren't going to be a pilot, you said they wanted you to do something in communications. Is that right?

Mr. Scott: Yeah. Well, when I got through basic training, I went in to this big room where all these guys were, and sat down at a table, and the guy picks up all my paperwork and everything and looked at it, and he said, "You want to be a what?" I said, "I want to be a pilot." He said, "Man, you haven't got a snowball's chance in hell of being a pilot." I said, "What are you talking about?" He says, "Man," he says, "You're an engineering student." He said, "We're going to put you in communications." I said, "What?" That's how I wound up in communications.

Mr. Zambrano: So where did they send you from there?

Mr. Scott: From San Diego, they sent me to field telephone school there on the base in Diego. They were going to teach me how to climb poles and string wire. I said, "Man," I said, "You can't teach me a damn thing about climbing poles; I've been doing that almost all

my life.” (Laughs). I put on a pair of climbers for them and went around the pole a couple of times, up and down, and came back down and said, “Now what else do you want to do?” They looked at me and said, “Where did you learn that?” I said, “Man, I’ve been climbing poles since I was 16 years old”(laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: How is it that you knew already how to do that? I mean, you climbed poles before the war?

Mr. Scott: Oh, yeah. Yeah, I worked for the City of Schulenburg Electric Department as a lineman.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, okay. Is that before you went to college?

Mr. Scott: Yeah. I did that my last--started doing that my last year in high school. I worked during the daytime for the city; when I wasn’t in school, I worked for the City of Schulenburg as a lineman, and then when I got off of that in the evening, the druggist across the street from there allowed me to come over there and work in his soda fountain as a soda jerk. Twenty-five cents an hour, man (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: Good money.

Mr. Scott: Boy, it was top money back in those days. I could take my honey out and she could come down and have a soda with me, and it didn’t cost me a penny. (All laugh.)

Mr. Zambrano: What else did they show you in field telephone school?

Mr. Scott: Nothing much. I mean, just how to run wires and hook up telephones, and I already knew all that. Field telephone school for me was just nothing.

Mr. Zambrano: It was just repeating what you already knew.

Mr. Scott: Yeah. I knew everything about it. I knew how a telephone worked; I could take it apart, repair it and everything, when I walked into the school. Because I had been doing that as a youngster.

Mr. Zambrano: Right. So, how many weeks were you in this school?

Mr. Scott: I'm going to say it was six weeks; that's about what it was.

Mr. Zambrano: Where did you go from there?

Mr. Scott: From there, they put me aboard ship, and I went to the South Pacific.

Mr. Zambrano: You don't remember the name of the ship, do you?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). USS Rochambeau (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, so you were on the same ship as Mr. Nemeč.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Wow! When did you meet him, by the way?

Mr. Scott: I don't know. That was a very, very large troop ship. We got up in the morning and got in a chow line, and we went to bed leaving the chow line at night. I mean, it was just a continual thing.

Mr. Zambrano: Did it take a really long time to get chow?

Mr. Scott: No, it didn't--well, it took probably an hour to go through the chow line.

Mr. Zambrano: What would you do in your spare time? You're crossing the Pacific; I mean, you're eating, you're sleeping.

Mr. Scott: Well, the first time I went over, we had to clean our weapons, and we were shown how to break down a machine gun and change oils and things like that on it. We did--the ship's captain would take and throw overboard a canister of cans that would float, and we'd get on a two-inch gun that was on the fantail and shoot, practice shooting, just to be able to give us some protection if we got attacked by a sub.

Mr. Zambrano: Would you--in your spare time, would you play cards or anything like that? Read?

Mr. Scott: I guess they did. I'm not much of a card player, so I didn't do much of that, but there was quite a bit of card playing and things like that.

Mr. Zambrano: What did you think of the food?

Mr. Scott: The food? (Laughs). It was something to put in your mouth (laughs). No, I can't complain too much; it was pretty good. The thing is, you know, you got in line, stood in line and everything, and finally got through the chow line and got your food and everything, and then you tried to find a place to eat it. After you got through eating, you had to take your plate, whatever you want to call it, your mess gear, back and wash it and everything, and clean it up and everything, and put it in the wash area where they put them through a regular dishwasher.

Mr. Zambrano: What was it like sleeping on the ship?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). It was hell. You just hunted for a place to put your head.

Mr. Zambrano: Really?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: It wasn't like, you knew where you were going to sleep every night, or was it just (unclear, both speaking together)?

Mr. Scott: There wasn't any room! There wasn't any room. You stood in line to go to the head (laughs). The ships at that time were just loaded. I mean, you didn't have a bunk for every man.

Mr. Zambrano: Wow! That sounds pretty tough.

Mr. Scott: It was! It was tougher than anything. Of course, like I said, we were fortunate. We didn't get attacked, and that was the biggest thing, because--I was one of the crew of an eight-inch gun on the ship. We had one eight-inch gun, and I was on one of the crews. We had; I think it was four crews that changed over the 24 hours.

Mr. Zambrano: So, Marines who are being transported would also help defend the ship if they had to.

Mr. Scott: We had to! They just had enough sailors aboard the ship to run the ship.

Mr. Zambrano: Huh! Interesting.

Mr. Scott: We had our own--the galleys and everything were all manned by our own men. We didn't have--they didn't have ship's galleys; the galleys aboard the ships were manned by our men.

Mr. Zambrano: Interesting.

Mr. Scott: The ship crews, they just didn't have enough sailors. Like I said, we manned all the machine guns; we manned the eight-inch gun, and we had--we had one eight-inch gun and we had four anti-aircraft guns.

Mr. Zambrano: Where did the ship land? Where was the ship going to?

Mr. Scott: To the Pacific.

Mr. Zambrano: Where did you land first, when you got to wherever you were going? Where was that?

Mr. Scott: Well, the first time over, I went to Guadalcanal.

Mr. Zambrano: So the ship went straight to Guadalcanal?

Mr. Scott: No, it went to Pearl Harbor, and got some crews and some more equipment and food and stuff like that, and then we went on to Guadalcanal.

Mr. Zambrano: Did you get a chance to get off the ship at Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Scott: No, sir. (Laughs). No, sir.

Mr. Zambrano: I didn't think so, but I just wanted to ask.

Mr. Scott: Not only no, but uh-uh! (Laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: When you get to Guadalcanal, is that when you joined the First Marine Division?

Mr. Scott: Yes.

Mr. Zambrano: Just to be clear, you were the First Marine--?

Mr. Scott: Third Battalion, Seventh Regiment.

Mr. Zambrano: Okay. I'm just going to add something here to the recorder. We had mentioned Mr. Frank Nemec earlier. He was an individual we had interviewed about a week or so ago. So you get to Guadalcanal, and what do you think? Being from Texas, this is a totally different environment.

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Yeah, it was a whole--the whole South Pacific was an environment.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, yeah. Do you recall what you thought when you got there?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). No. Where the hell are the Japs? (Laughs). They were all every place.

Mr. Zambrano: Do you recall, was it still 1942 when you got there?

Mr. Scott: Yeah. Wasn't it?

Mrs. Scott: I think it was '43.

Mr. Scott: Was it '43?

Mrs. Scott: It had already gone into '43, after all that college. If you're really interested, I can go down there and find all his letters, because he wrote once every two or three weeks, and I could keep up with him. I don't know what year. I was in nursing school, though, and I didn't enter nursing until '43.

Mr. Zambrano: But you enlisted in June of '42. I'm guessing it was probably very late in '42 or very early in '43?

Mr. Scott: I enlisted in '42, November 2, 1942.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, okay. Then, yeah, maybe it was '43 when you got to Guadalcanal.

Mr. Scott: '43? Yeah. There were still Japs all over every place; I know that (laughs). That's where I first ran into Chesty Puller.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, really?.

Mr. Scott: Yeah, it was on Guadalcanal.

Mrs. Scott: Tell him why you ran into him.

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Chesty was walking down a road in full summer dress uniform, with--I don't know what you call it--

Mrs. Scott: High socks, knee socks?

Mr. Scott: No, the leggings, the leather leggings on, with a damn swagger stick in his hand, walking down a road with that swagger stick, beating on the side of his boot. And Japs all over every damn place. I never will forget that.

Mr. Zambrano:

Did you walk by him?

Mr. Scott:

No, he was in a--when I first met him, he was in a recon vehicle. You know what a recon vehicle is; it's a little larger than a jeep, with three sides on the back. You usually had a radio, and you had a damn whip antenna on that dang thing. My colonel was on my fanny all the time. I was a wireman in the service. You know what a wireman is, a communicator.

Mr. Zambrano:

Yes.

Mr. Scott:

Okay. My colonel was on my fanny all the time because the line going back to the headquarters from our battalion was always getting knocked down. I was coming back from troubleshooting it, and the Tenaru River is a very narrow river, deep, but it didn't have a lot of water in the thing. It was more of a slew than it was a river. The road came and went down like that and through the Tenaru River and then back up again and back along there. Chesty was in that recon vehicle and I had just finished hooking it back up again and getting us back in communication with regiment, and he comes through that damn thing and hits my wire and knocks it down again. (Mr. Zambrano chuckles). When he did, I grabbed my--I carried a Thompson submachine gun on a--I don't know if you know what a Thompson submachine gun looks like, but it's not a very long weapon. It had two types of cartridges. They had either a round cartridge like that or a straight cartridge. I carried the one with the straight--I always carried a straight cartridge because it didn't bother me when it was hanging down beside me. He comes up like that and hits my wire and knocks it down again, and I grabbed my Thompson (laughs); I stopped that recon vehicle coming up out of the Tenaru, just coming right up almost to the top of that ridge there, and I was out there in front of that thing. I had it aimed at them. About that time, at that time, Chesty was just a colonel, a bird colonel, and he flips up that collar like that and I see

a great big old bird. “Oh, my God, Scott, what are you doing now,?” you know, I said to myself. I let him come on up, and he told his driver; he said, “From now on, I want that whip antenna tied down to the side of the vehicle. These communicators have a hard enough time keeping their lines up.” He said, “Son, you’re doing a good job.” About, oh, several months later, we had finished up our operation and everything, and we were out in division formation, and Chesty was pinning all of our--we were in formation there and he was pinning all--he pinned a Purple Heart on me and a star on me. He recognized who I was, and when he got through pinning the medals on me, he patted me on the chest like that, and he said, “Good job, son,” and he winked at me (laughs). He remembered who I was.

Mr. Zambrano: Wow! That’s quite a story!

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: How did you earn the Purple Heart?

Mr. Scott: Which one?

Mr. Zambrano: How many do you have? Wow, well how did you get the first one?

Mr. Scott: The first one I got on Peleliu, machine gunned, and the second one I got on Okinawa from a screaming Mimi; landed right behind me and blew me off a 60-foot cliff.

Mr. Zambrano: What kind of injuries did you receive in that attack?

Mr. Scott: Well, just (laughs), just--I didn’t get any shrapnel or anything like that; I just got physically broken up for that fall.

Mrs. Scott: The phosphorous.

Mr. Scott: Yeah, the phosphorous, burn.

Mrs. Scott: He carried that ‘til he got back to the states, and a doctor friend removed it for him.

Mr. Scott: (Chuckles).

Mr. Zambrano: Phosphorous was still in your arm?



Mr. Scott: Well--

Mrs. Scott: Something was, because Buddy, he was a physician down in Galveston.

Mr. Scott: He took it out

Mrs. Scott: It wasn't healing, and it was a piece of (unclear) shrapnel, you know. You can't see it at the elbow.

Mr. Zambrano: Right, not something you're always going to look at. How long do you think you were on Guadalcanal?

Mr. Scott: Oh, young man, that's a--

Mrs. Scott: Did they ship you to that rest and recover island after Guadalcanal or after Peleliu?

Mr. Scott: After Peleliu was when we got to that--well, no, we went from Guadalcanal over to that rest--hah!--Marine Corps rest area. It was a slave labor camp is what it was, but (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: After Guadalcanal?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Why do you say it was a slave labor camp?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Because we had to clean up the island completely, and I don't know whether you know what coconuts smell like or anything else when they're on the ground for a long time, but they stink pretty good. We had to clean up the island completely and build roads and everything, and set up our tents and our showers and commodes and everything. There was nothing there when we got there, and there was a complete camp when we left.

Mr. Zambrano: Do you remember what the name of this island was?

Mr. Scott: Pavuvu? Was that Pavuvu? Yeah, that was Pavuvu.

Mrs. Scott: Pavuvu; I think you're right.

Mr. Scott: P-a-v-a-v-a-u. {Transcriber's note: P-a-v-u-v-u is the correct spelling.}

Mr. Zambrano: What did you live in? Did you live in like those big eight-man tents?

Mr. Scott: Squad tents, yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Squad tents?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Okay. Did you have friends at this point? Did you share your tent with friends?

Mr. Scott: Well, I don't know if you'd call them friends or not; they were your (laughs); yeah, I guess so.

Mrs. Scott: They tried not to get too close to each other, from what he's told me, because you never knew when he'd get his head shot off or something.

Mr. Scott: You never got too close to anybody over there, because nobody lasted too long.

Mr. Zambrano: Really?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: When you get to Guadalcanal though, the island's supposed to be secure, though, right? But there were still Japanese running around?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). There were lots of Japanese running around, yeah. It was secure; the Japs couldn't get reinforcements in anymore, but there were lots of Japs on the island.

Mr. Zambrano: Did you ever see any Japanese POWs?

Mr. Scott: Yeah, at a distance, not up close. They didn't have us doing anything.

Mr. Zambrano: Nothing close to where they were kept?

Mr. Scott: No, no. They were kept in a separate area completely from us.

Mr. Zambrano: Did you ever get shot at while you were on Guadalcanal?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Yeah!

Mr. Zambrano: Snipers?

Mr. Scott: Yeah, snipers, yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: I was going to ask if you recall any particular incidents while you were there with the Japanese?

Mr. Scott: No, because the Japs were in a--when we took over the island completely, the Japs retreated back into the bushes. They were more protective of themselves. They weren't trying to kill anybody; they were trying to keep themselves alive. We got more damage from falling coconuts than we did anything else (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: So, from Guadalcanal, you go to Pavuvu, clean up the island. Where do you go after Pavuvu?

Mrs. Scott: Peleliu.

Mr. Scott: Peleliu, yeah.

Mrs. Scott: I've never heard of it.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh. I've heard of it. That is--where are we here? So that's about September 1944. What do you remember about landing on Peleliu? I mean, as far as leaving the ship to go in?

Mr. Scott: Do I remember it?

Mr. Zambrano: Yeah, because you know, the ships, they come up to the island. Did you get on the island on one of those--well, how did you get to the island?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Yeah, we were chauffeured to the island.

Mrs. Scott: What did you call those landing boats that you were put on? What's their name?

Mr. Scott: The LSTs?

Mr. Zambrano: Did you in on an LST?

Mr. Scott: I went there aboard a ship, and then went from the ship to an LST, and we went into--they opened the bows up of the LSTs and we came out of their in amphib tanks.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh. Hmm. What kind of tanks, Sherman tanks?

Mr. Scott: No, amphibious tanks.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, okay, okay. I think I know which ones you're talking about.

Mr. Scott: They're amphibious tanks; the tracks act as a--and they have propellers on the back of the things. They engage the propellers when they're going to land, and when they get close to the land, they engage the tracks and they start, as soon as they get to where they can get on anything, then they pull (unclear), and they cut the propellers off.

Mr. Zambrano: Were you in the first wave?

Mr. Scott: Young man, I'd lie to you if I told you I was in the first, second or third. There was so much going on on the beaches; I don't know what it was. But I was up there pretty high.

Mr. Zambrano: Well, that's a good, honest answer. I mean, I could imagine there's a lot going on and it's a lot to take in.

Mr. Scott: Yeah, yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: You're a lineman, or a wireman, you're in communications. So what do you do on Peleliu?

Mr. Scott: What did I do? I kept my commanding officer in contact with the regiment office, my company commander with the regimental office. That was my job: to keep a--we had the famous walkie-talkies. You ever hear of those?

Mr. Zambrano: Uh, yeah.

Mr. Scott: Well, they were a tube-type device, and if you know anything about electronic tubes, they won't take a lot of shaking. They were put in the containers and held in there with springs, so you could shake them, but the tubes would stay pretty much in socket. You know what a small tube looks like, a peanut tube looks like; it hasn't got very much of a hold in the socket, so it has to be held pretty much straight up all the time. You can turn the radio over, something like that, it won't fall out of the socket, but I mean, it was the best that we had at that time.

Mr. Zambrano: It doesn't sound like it was that reliable.

Mr. Scott: No, I mean, it was the most reliable thing that we had, but it wasn't very reliable. The telephone wire was actually the best communications we had.

Mr. Zambrano: Were you just responsible for this one line?

Mr. Scott: I was responsible for all the lines coming from regiment to my company.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh. Okay.

Mr. Scott: Sometime it'd be one, two; sometimes three or four, depending on just what it was, how fast we were advancing, how many lines we had.

Mr. Zambrano: How do you manage that if you're advancing quickly? I mean it sounds a crazy job!

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). It was; it was a damn crazy job, yeah! I had a little--a roll of wire was about that long and about that big around, and it had a carrying case, like a handle on the thing, and you did the best you could.

Mr. Zambrano: What would you do if one of the wires wasn't working?

Mr. Scott: I followed the wire from one telephone along back to wherever the switchboard was or wherever the other end of the line was, and wherever I found it broken, I put it back together, patched it.

Mr. Zambrano: What would generally break that line?

Mr. Scott: Hah! Damn near anything. We had two types of wire. We had one, what we called combat wire, which was a small roll of wire. Like I said, the roll was about that long and about, at the outside, about that big around, and it had a handle on the thing. You pulled it along like that and the wire strung out. That was combat wire. Then we had regular telephone wire, which came in a reel about that big around with a handle through it like that. It normally required two people to handle it. Most of the time, we had only one guy; when we had the whole dang thing, it was hard to do. We did most of our wire with the little communication wire.

Mr. Zambrano: Did you every have any strange experiences going out to repair a line?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Oh--

Mrs. Scott: It's been so many years since he's thought about things like that.

Mr. Scott: Well, let's see. On the 'canal, like I said, my run-in with Chesty Puller--the only island I was ever on that was a secure island, was Pavuvu. Otherwise, all the rest of the islands, there were Japs on.

Mr. Zambrano: Right. Okay, you're a lineman, but do you work with a squad? Do you have an immediate superior? It was just you, just you for the company? Or for the regiment?

Mr. Scott: No, well, I was with a company. I was a communicator with a company, but I was part of a regiment.

Mr. Zambrano: Okay. So, in every company--

Mr. Scott: Actually, I shouldn't say a regiment; a battalion. A regiment has three companies, and I was in one of the companies. I was in one of the--I was the communicator for one of the companies.

Mr. Zambrano: And did the other companies each have one also?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Peleliu took a lot longer than, I think the commanders thought it would.

Mr. Scott: Oh, yeah (laughs), yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: What else do you remember about it?

Mr. Scott: Young man, all I can really remember is there was just Japs all over every place.

Mrs. Scott: How about your souvenirs? Will that bring back anything? That medal that you got off one of the Japs, and that rifle. He brought back, not numerous, but several souvenirs that they'd take away from the Japs.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: I guess--this might seem like a silly thing to say, but you must have seen some dead Japanese lying around.

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Yeah, a couple (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: How did that make you feel?

Mr. Scott: Glad it was them and not me. (Mr. Zambrano laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: I'm just curious; I mean, I've never really seen--

Mr. Scott: You've never seen dead people laying out on the ground?

Mr. Zambrano: Well, not a lot. I mean, you can imagine. I've seen pictures. Personally, I'm not sure how I'd feel if I saw something like that, but you're right, you know. You're probably thinking, well yeah, better him than me.

Mr. Scott: Yeah. You know, there are lots of dead people all over everything. A lot of them are Americans and a lot of them were Japanese. The bigger part, of course, were Japanese.

Mr. Zambrano: From Peleliu, you go to--where do you go from Peleliu?

Mr. Scott: Let's see. Cape Gloucester, I believe.

Mr. Zambrano: Cape Gloucester.

Mr. Scott: New Guinea.

Mr. Zambrano: Is that an amphibious landing?

Mr. Scott: No, it was--well, it was a landing, but I didn't make the original landing.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, okay. So, what did you do at Cape Gloucester?

Mr. Scott: Just the same thing.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, but Cape Gloucester was already secure at that point?

Mr. Scott: Well, it wasn't secure, but it was pretty well occupied.

Mr. Zambrano: And you said that this was after the initial landings?

Mr. Scott: Yeah

Mr. Zambrano: Okay. How long do you think you were there?

Mr. Scott: Young man, it's been so many years ago (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: I know; I'm sorry. If you don't know, that's fine.

Mr. Scott: I really don't. I'd story to you if I told you any length of time. It wasn't very long; it wasn't very long.

Mr. Zambrano: From there, do you end up going to Okinawa?

Mr. Scott: We went back to Pavuvu, and from Pavuvu to Okinawa.

Mr. Zambrano: What did you at Pavuvu again?

Mr. Scott: That was just a rest area.

Mr. Zambrano: This time it was a real rest? (Mrs. Scott laughs).

Mr. Scott: Young man, there was no such thing. It was a slave labor camp. I don't give a damn what they call it; it was a slave labor camp.

Mr. Zambrano: But the second time you went back to Pavuvu, were they still cleaning the island? Did you instead do training or what?

Mr. Scott: Well, yeah, we trained all the time when we were not in combat. The Marine Corps had a saying: If you weren't in combat, you were in training.

Mr. Zambrano: So after Pavuvu, you go to Okinawa.

Mr. Scott: Mm-hmm.

Mr. Zambrano: Can you tell me what that's like from the very first day you get there?

Mr. Scott: Well, two days before we got there, we went by another little Marine Corps expedition on Iwo Jima, and we were steaming by Iwo Jima watching all the action. We could actually see the battlefields on Iwo. It was pretty bad. We steamed on by there, went on up to Okinawa. We landed on Okinawa on, you know what day?

Mr. Zambrano: April 1<sup>st</sup>?

Mr. Scott: April Fool's, you effing Japs! (Laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: What was it like your first day on Okinawa?

Mr. Scott: Just like it was the first day of all the other landings. I mean, just a heck of a lot of guys getting killed.

Mr. Zambrano: Do you remember the naval bombardment?

Mr. Scott: Oh, yeah. Yeah. I'll say this for the Navy. Those rascals were really good. I mean, they dropped shells on the beaches and everything when we were within--and they stopped when we were



within 40 or 50 yards of the beach, before they stopped. I mean, they had the beaches cleared for us when we landed.

Mrs. Scott: Mike, he's missing a real interesting story, and that's something he learned in the Boy Scouts. What island was that on? Boy Scouts, the flags.

Mr. Scott: Oh, oh, semaphore?

Mrs. Scott: Yeah, where were you all going?

Mr. Scott: That was on Okinawa.

Mrs. Scott: Was it on Okinawa? Well, tell him.

Mr. Zambrano: What happened?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Well, we had landed on the beaches there and everything, and we were running out of ammunition. We didn't know how in the hell we were going to get ammunition. There was ammunition all over the ships out there offshore and everything, but they were out there, and we were on the beaches there, and we were needing ammo badly. My commanding officer was having a fit there; the radios didn't work. I went up to my commanding officer; I said, "Sir, would you like for me to semaphore to those guys out there in those little boats to come in?" He looked at me and he said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Sir, I'm an Eagle Scout and I know semaphore." I said, "Would you like for me to stand up there and semaphore them to come in and bring us some ammo?" He says, "God's sakes, Scott! Get your --- up there and get with it!" So I got up there and semaphored them to bring us ammo; semaphored "Need ammo," and they brought us ammo.

Mr. Zambrano: Wow! Did you get some kind of medal for that?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs).

Mrs. Scott: There were too many (Mr. Zambrano laughs) heroic deeds.

Mr. Zambrano: Wow! That would have been terrible if you had run out of ammunition in the middle of all that.

Mrs. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: So you were an Eagle Scout?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Huh!

Mrs. Scott: From Austin.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mrs. Scott: The connection from Schulenburg who, when he got the Eagle Scout, when he came up here to Troop 1 down at the Methodist Church, and got him recorded there because he was in the Council. And then his son, and then his grandson, all of them.

Mr. Zambrano: Wow, that's very impressive! What else do you remember about Okinawa?

Mrs. Scott: Is that where you got that medal?

Mr. Scott: No, I got that on Peleliu. I got that from a Jap officer on Peleliu.

Mr. Zambrano: A ruby?

Mrs. Scott: I'll show it to you. This is what the Japs claim; we don't know, but it was--tell him the name of it.

Mr. Scott: It's an Order of the Rising Sun with Lotus Blossoms, is what it's called.

Mr. Zambrano: Really? It's part of the medal?

Mr. Scott: Yeah. It is a medal.

Mr. Zambrano: Huh.

Mr. Scott: She'll bring it out in just a minute.

Mr. Zambrano: And it was on a Japanese soldier?

Mr. Scott: No, it was in a--well, it was in one of the commanding general's stuff I caught, that I killed.

Mrs. Scott: It's probably fake, because the Japs...

Mr. Zambrano: So, you found this on Okinawa.

Mrs. Scott: In a cave, he told me, with a dead Jap.

Mr. Zambrano: Can I take a picture of it?

Mr. Scott: Sure.

Mr. Zambrano: That's pretty amazing!

Mrs. Scott: Did you tell him the name of it? Something about lotus blossoms.

Mr. Scott: It's the Order of the Rising Sun with Lotus Blossoms.

Mrs. Scott: Okay. We've got all kinds of mementos, as far as scrapbooks, and his medals.

Mr. Scott: Take it out.

Mrs. Scott: Take the whole thing out. I had it disconnected and wore it as a pendant for years.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, really?

Mrs. Scott: Yeah, see, take that ribbon off and you've got a perfect pendant. We never, I guess it's just silver, and probably a fake red stone of some kind.

Mr. Zambrano: It might just be the--well, I don't know.

Mrs. Scott: Check it out sometime.

Mr. Zambrano: Maybe find out what the writing means on it.

Mrs. Scott: Oh, it's probably the name of the medal, because like he says, it's called Lotus Blossom or something. I never thought of that, about the writing.

Mr. Zambrano: I had a fellow come to my house, because I thought squirrels were getting into my attic. So he was just letting me know what I needed to do.

Mr. Scott: (Laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: Anyway, were you on Okinawa until the Japanese surrendered?

Mr. Scott: Oh, yes. Yeah, we took Okinawa from the Japanese.

Mr. Zambrano: And you said it was there that you got your second Purple Heart, right?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: You were knocked backward; you tumbled down a 60-foot incline?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: It sounds like you walked away from it, right? You were just bruised and--?

Mr. Scott: Yeah, it just--it shook me up pretty bad.

Mr. Zambrano: Did you have to go to an aid station?

Mr. Scott: Oh, yeah. I don't remember; young man, you've got to remember, that's been a long time ago.

Mr. Zambrano: I know. I've got to ask. (unclear, both speaking together.)

Mr. Scott: I don't want to tell you; yes, I went to an aid station. I don't remember just exactly what happened. I went from there--we went from there and I got back to my outfit and we started back, and we went up to Shuri Castle, took Shuri Castle and everything on Okinawa.

Mr. Zambrano: I've heard of Shuri Castle. I remember you had that other Purple Heart that you said you got at Peleliu. But you were shot that time, weren't you? Where did you get hit?

Mr. Scott: In the leg--I mean they blew my--a Nambu machine gun hit me in the back of the--blew my shoe off and took this thing and wounded me in the--

Mr. Zambrano: Like the heel?

Mr. Scott: --the heel.

Mr. Zambrano: Okay. I imagine you had to be carried back to an aid station then?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: (To Mrs. Scott): Thank you.

Mrs. Scott: I don't know what we'll do with those, maybe give them to some museum or something.

Mr. Zambrano: Do you two have children?

Mrs. Scott: Four, three sons.

Mr. Zambrano: You should keep it in the family. Sometimes I see things like this in like thrift shops, and I think it's kind of heart-breaking to see someone actually let it go.

Mrs. Scott: Well, yeah but the boys, we had one son in the Navy, a grandson in the Navy and the Marines. And my father was in World War I, so we've pretty well covered most of the wars.

Mr. Scott: (Sneezes.)

Mr. Zambrano: Bless you.

Mr. Scott: Danke.

Mrs. Scott: Do you know German?

Mr. Zambrano: Yeah. Well, I know what "danke" means. (Mrs. Scott laughs). So, is there anything else you remember about Okinawa?

Mrs. Scott: (Unclear). He was (unclear) in the Marines in China, and then when he was in Austin in the Reserve and he was back over across to Korea

Mr. Scott: Korea.

Mr. Zambrano: Korea, as in the Korean War?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mrs. Scott: Yeah! He was in the Reserve; they sent the whole reserve unit from Austin over there. The kids never even had been to any kind of training camp.

Mr. Scott: I never will forgive the Marine Corps for that. We took kids--I took kids over to Korea and took them into the front lines that had never been to boot camp. They didn't know how to field strip an M-1 rifle. I had to teach them how to field strip an M-1 rifle.

Mrs. Scott: And to shoot over the fantail, you said.

Mr. Scott: Yeah. Aboard ship, on the fantail, I was the gun captain, being an older guy, I was one of the gun captains of the eight-inch gun we had on the fantail. I'd bring the kids back there--kids.

Mrs. Scott: Well, they were; they were 18!

Mr. Scott: Eighteen to nineteen years old, I was teaching them how to field strip an M-1 rifle. Take them into combat. Isn't that something?

Mr. Zambrano: That's something.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Where did you go after Okinawa?

Mr. Scott: From Okinawa? I don't know whether you remember or not, whether you've read your history, but Okinawa was where the Enola Gay, you remember that name?

Mr. Zambrano: The Enola Gay?

Mr. Scott: Uh-huh.

Mr. Zambrano: Yes.

Mr. Scott: You know what it did?

Mr. Zambrano: Atomic bomb.

Mr. Scott: That's right. I'm one of the few guys that say I got up there on the Enola Gay, before it took off and dropped it.

Mrs. Scott: But you boys were trained to invade Japan.

Mr. Scott: Yeah, we were ready. We were all ready to go to Japan when they dropped the bomb.

Mr. Zambrano: Where were you when you heard that they dropped the bomb?

Mr. Scott: There on Okinawa. Like I said, we didn't know what that was. We knew it was something very special, because they had lots of guards around the area where the Enola Gay was there on Okinawa. It took off, and our division was just north of that, at the end of the island away from the airfield, and it came over the PA system that they had dropped a bomb on Hiroshima, that had destroyed the city. Well, you've got to be crazy; there ain't no such thing as that! It came on that the Enola Gay dropped it. I said, "Oh my God; that's what I saw, down at the airbase down there."

Mr. Zambrano: I imagine you were still on Okinawa when you heard that the war was over?

Mr. Scott: Yeah, uh-huh. Yeah. And they loaded us aboard ship and took us to China.

Mrs. Scott: Ask him why he went to China, or do you know?

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, I know, but I want to hear it from him. (Scotts both laugh).  
So, why did you go to China.

Mr. Scott: To repatriate the Japanese back to Japan. We took over all of north  
China.

Mrs. Scott: The Chinese were killing the Japs.

Mr. Scott: Yeah, we had to try to stop them from killing all the Japs after the  
war was over with. They counterattacked the Japs.

Mr. Zambrano: So what was that like? I mean, your ex-enemy; now you're going  
to protect them?

Mr. Scott: Well, it wasn't (laughs).

Mrs. Scott: Tell him when they put their guns down and all that business.

Mr. Scott: Oh, yeah. When we came into China, we got on the trains and  
went into Beijing. We lined up right in front of the Forbidden  
City, to receive the formal surrender of the Japanese, and (laughs),  
the Japanese Army, not all of them but a great number of them,  
were lined up right in front of the Forbidden City. We were in the  
review area right in front of the Forbidden City, and the Japs  
wanted to put on a big show for us, that they were surrendering,  
you know (laughs). They ran their great big two-man tanks up in  
front of us up there, and this little Jap was running--we liked to  
die--I mean it was a shame because we had to sit there and keep  
from snickering, giggling and snickering and everything else. But  
these Japs ran these big old tanks of theirs. They were probably  
about that wide and from that wall to about here long, and had a  
little-bitty 20-millimeter cannon sticking out of the front of the  
thing, and a Jap running behind it now, running behind the tank,  
with the lid open, poking the coal in the back of the tank to form a  
fire back there to boil the water to make the engine run.

Mr. Zambrano: Oh, my God! (Both Scotts laugh).

Mr. Scott: Like I said, it was something else.

Mrs. Scott: It was sad.

Mr. Scott: It was something to see (laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: Wow! So you actually witnessed their surrender in Beijing.

Mr. Scott: Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

Mrs. Scott: We went back a few years after he came home, and went through all of that.

Mr. Scott: We went back over to the Korean--I was called back to the Korean War and went over to Korea. After the Korean War is over and everything, the Koreans wanted to thank us for coming over there and helping them and everything. They had a special flight out of, what was that, that was--

Mrs. Scott: I don't know, but it's still going on.

Mr. Scott: --It was an honor flight back to Korea.

Mrs. Scott: We landed at Seoul.

Mr. Scott: Yeah, in Seoul. You've got a picture around here someplace, haven't you?

Mrs. Scott: (Unclear). Yeah, but it doesn't make any difference (unclear).

Mr. Scott: A lady in the airport, an elderly lady, saw Edith sitting there, and she started drawing a picture of her, and gave it to her.

Mrs. Scott: She gave me slanted eyes. And I threw it away, a long time ago.

Mr. Scott: Then we went all the way up to where, up to the 38<sup>th</sup> Parallel, up to where the Chinese came into Korea, and visited all up in there and everything. While we were there, Edith and I flew into China, to let her see where I was in China.

Mr. Zambrano: How long ago was this?

Mrs. Scott: Ten years, maybe.

Mr. Zambrano: Ten years ago?

Mrs. Scott: Uh-huh, something like that. I've got a scrapbook of that, too. Scrapbooking's a hobby of mine.

Mr. Zambrano: Well, that's good. Did you do this? Did you put this book together? Its very nice; it's very thorough. What else do you recall about your duty in China?



Mr. Scott:

We took over from the Japanese. I never will forget that. We took over from the Japanese at oh, about three or four weeks before Thanksgiving. We took over the--when the Japanese took over the area that we went to there, the area they took over was an orphanage. They took all of the--they had milk cows, barns, an area away from the area there, that the sisters milked to get milk for the children in the orphanage. When the Japanese came in there, the Japanese took all of the orphans and sisters and everything, and put them out there in the barns where they kept the cows, and killed the cows and ate the beef off the cows, and made the sisters and children stay there, and they took over their quarters. When we went to repatriate the Japanese back to Japan and everything, we moved in there and our commanding officer had all the sisters and the children, and everything moved back up into their quarters and everything. We set up our tents and everything out in back, back where the old quarters were where they kept the cows. We set up our tent area back there and that's where we stayed. I was a communicator, and I was in charge of all the telephone equipment and everything, so I got to stay up in quarters, up in the area near where all the children were kept and the sisters. I made friends with a Chinese engineer who was--the area we were in was the coal mining capital of China. It had coal mines that went down 11 and 12 miles down into the ground, digging coal out and bringing it out to run their industries. The young man, who was the electrical engineer who was in charge of all that, and I became very close friends. A guy who was the--he was the head chef for the American Consulate in Beijing. He came over and opened up a restaurant outside of our compound there, and made a soup that I brought back the recipe for and everything. It's made of chicken, cabbage and bean strings.

Mr. Zambrano:

Sounds interesting.

Mr. Scott: I used to make it so much, it got to where they got tired of it around here (laughs). But I really do like that; man, that was something.

Mr. Zambrano: Where did you go after China?

Mr. Scott: Back to the states.

Mrs. Scott: Out of the Reserve. No, you went into the Reserve.

Mr. Scott: Into the Reserve.

Mrs. Scott: That's how you got to Korea.

Mr. Scott: I came back and--

Mr. Zambrano: Did you come back through San Diego?

Mr. Scott: Yeah, I came back to San Diego and that was in '46.

Mrs. Scott: '46, yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: When did the two of you get married?

Mr. Scott: In '46.

Mrs. Scott: June.

Mr. Zambrano: Was it just a couple of months after he got back?

Mrs. Scott: It was more than that.

Mr. Scott: Not much more. I got back in February.

Mrs. Scott: I was still in school, and I had to stay down in school 'til November of '46, and he came up here and went to the university in Austin. Then in November, after I graduated, then I joined him up here.

Mr. Zambrano: So, you're a UT graduate?

Mrs. Scott: Hah! Korea interrupted that. He lacked a semester, and by the time he got out of the service, we had two children.

Mr. Zambrano: Ah. So, you never got to finish?

Mr. Scott: I got stupid; I opened up my own business.

Mr. Zambrano: What kind of business?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs.)

Mrs. Scott: Electronics, TV.

Mr. Scott: You know the name Michael Dell?

Mr. Zambrano: Yes.

Mr. Scott: I'm the one that taught him how to put information on magnetic tape.

Mr. Zambrano: Really?

Mr. Scott: He used to come into my store, just bugging the hell out of me. You know where he grew up?

Mr. Zambrano: Um, wasn't it Austin?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Yeah, my wife worked for Dell for a while.

Mr. Scott: You know where the 1100 block of Airport is?

Mr. Zambrano: Roughly, yeah.

Mr. Scott: There's a walkover across Airport Boulevard, the 1100 block, and Neil Thompson Drive runs east and west, and comes in right there at where that walkover bridge is. Well, he grew up on Neil Thompson Drive, right behind my store.

Mr. Zambrano: Really!

Mrs. Scott: (Unclear) Michael Dell comes from Houston. His brother is an ophthalmologist here.

Mr. Scott: That's right. They grew up on Neil Thompson Drive.

Mrs. Scott: I'm not going to argue with you. Don't get into that, anyway; doesn't have a thing to do with World War II.

Mr. Zambrano: I assume you used the GI Bill to go to school. Was that helpful?

Mrs. Scott: Oh, yeah, if I worked, and being a nurse, I didn't have any trouble finding a job. I finally ended up doing private duty, being paid \$1.00 an hour, every day, no days off. I went to the home. He was quite a wealthy man, had pneumonia and all that stuff. I took care of him for a couple of years 'til Texas City blew up.

Mr. Scott: Have you ever heard of Austin White Line?

Mrs. Scott: Austin White Line Company right here. No? Well, anyhow--.

Mr. Zambrano: It sounds familiar.

Mrs. Scott: This was the man that founded it.

Mr. Scott: He's the gentleman who started Austin White Line, was the one (unclear) and his wife--

Mrs. Scott: Two years with no day off.

Mr. Scott: --his wife was the sweetest old lady. I'd come to pick her up in the evening and she'd meet me at the front door, "Come on, Scotty! Let's do the Irish Jig." And we'd have to do the Jig there.

Mrs. Scott: Eighty years old.

Mr. Scott: She was eighty years old, yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Sounds pretty active.

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). She was something else!

Mrs. Scott: So, what more do you want to know about the war?

Mr. Zambrano: Well, what rank were you when you got out?

Mr. Scott: Master Sergeant.

Mr. Zambrano: How long were you in the Reserves?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs). Forever!

Mrs. Scott: Fifty-one. No, let's see. He got out of the service in--

Mr. Scott: --I didn't get out. I was released from active duty.

Mrs. Scott: Yeah. And then we came up here to go to school, and to get a little extra money, he joined the Reserve.

Mr. Scott: The active Reserves. I was in Reserves; I just joined the active Reserves.

Mrs. Scott: You went to California every summer.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Is there anything else you recall about the war, any interesting stories or anything we might not have talked about?

Mr. Scott: (Chuckles).

Mrs. Scott: It was interesting, the letters we would get from them, because they were very, very censored. I mean, they were completely blacked out, you know, lines. They could not tell where they were or anything about their work or anything. So I felt that was always

interesting, but it that was the big propaganda the United States put out: “Don’t talk,” you know.

Mr. Zambrano: Did you two write to each other a lot?

Mr. Scott: (Laughs).

Mrs. Scott: No. I was in school and he was fighting the war. I would say, about every two or three weeks, something like that.

Mr. Zambrano: Is there anything else you’d like to add, sir?

Mrs. Scott: What are you going to do with this?

Mr. Zambrano: Well, what I do is, there’s a little chip in here, and when I fill the chip up, I send it in to the Museum, and they download it in a digital archive, and from there--

Mrs. Scott: My goodness! There’s still a lot of these guys around! You’ve got yourself quite a job, because we attended this year, right around Georgetown, they honored all these World War II vets. There were quite a few there.

Mr. Zambrano: Was it Georgetown or Cedar Park? I know Cedar Park had an event.

Mrs. Scott: No, I think it was Georgetown.

Mr. Scott: Well, it was Cedar Park—

Mrs. Scott: No, it was Sun City. We were in Sun City, yeah. Isn’t that Georgetown?

Mr. Zambrano: Yes. Yes, it is. You’re right.

Mrs. Scott: It was Sun City is where they had all the banquet and the other stuff that they did. They had some general talk. It was just real nice. Of course, these Marines celebrate, they just got through November 11<sup>th</sup>, the 170<sup>th</sup> or something like that. What is it they say, Semper Fi or something like that? But that Museum is really doing a workup, because you know, there’s so many things that don’t even mention the red cap of Peleliu.

Mr. Zambrano: The Peleliu survivor? The cap.

Mrs. Scott: That was really the extremely--do you remember the number of men you lost?

Mr. Scott: Oh, gosh!

Mrs. Scott: It was a tremendous number.

Mr. Scott: We lost the biggest part of our outfit.

Mrs. Scott: Yeah. It was really an extremely bloody battle, hand-to-hand.

Mr. Zambrano: Yeah, from what I've read--

Mr. Scott: That's where I got my first Purple Heart.

Mr. Zambrano: Actually, is that where the landing craft are coming in, but they have to stop on the coral reef?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mrs. Scott: Yeah, I think so. You told me it just tore those boots of y'all's to pieces, that coral.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: So did you have to walk up to the shore through the water?

Mr. Scott: (Chuckles). Wade, yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: So you tore your boots up? It was cutting right through your boots?

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mrs. Scott: What'd you do for shoes if the whole island's--what did you do to protect your feet after you lost your boots?

Mr. Scott: Wrapped them with duct tape.

Mrs. Scott: Well, that's innovating.

Mr. Zambrano: How deep was the water going in?

Mr. Scott: Well--

Mrs. Scott: To your knees?

Mr. Scott: --yeah, about knee deep. That's where we had to get out. Couldn't get (unclear).

Mrs. Scott: He went on that honor flight, too, incidentally. That's a nice thing that Austin is doing.

Mr. Zambrano: Do you mean the one that goes to Washington, D.C.?

Mrs. Scott: Yes, he was on the second flight, about a year or two ago.

Mr. Scott: Yeah.

Mr. Zambrano: Yeah, it's a really great organization (unclear, both speaking together).

Mrs. Scott: He really enjoyed it; I think. Rather tiring, because they did everything in two days, but they had wheelchairs and individual people to take care of them.

Mr. Zambrano: Well, I think that pretty much wraps up everything. Those are all my questions. Let me just, thanks for your time, and your service.

Mr. Scott: Thank you, young man, for--

Mrs. Scott: (Unclear) be amazed. (Laughs).

Mr. Zambrano: I needed it

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