

On that Sunday morning, more men lay dead and wounded on Oahu than had fallen in any of the heaviest attacks on London. Men died lying on lawns waiting for beds. Inside, floors were slippery with blood. Boys bit through their lips in agony, then died. There were lads from ships scalded and seared with burning oil. They joked with lips that cracked open when they grinned, and asked to have their buddies attended to first. No where in all the world are there such fine, brave boys. The Red Cross and our civilian doctors and nurses worked all day and all night long, saving many lives. A friend of ours, a nurse, went out on a hospital ship to help during the attack. Such awful stories, she told us. Never again, should these despicable, treacherous people be permitted to repeat such acts of infamy. It was a shocked and revengeful Hawaii born that day.

Many people, all over the city, hurried to the height, where the first bombs fell, to watch the battle, just as they hurried to the volcano when it burst forth. Many remembered the words of Kamehameha: "Forward my brothers until you drink of the bitter waters, for there is no retreat." Few made remarks about the Army or Navy, because they were caught napping. All were angry at the Japs. For somewhere in the unfrequented seas, south of Hawaii, far from shipping lanes, they had lain in wait to speed forward beneath shedding darkness, to launch at dawn, the swift bearers of death, with the insignia of the Rising Sun, even as they were planning peace in Washington. High naval and military officers had said, that war in the Pacific, when it came, would be fought far beyond Hawaii, and that no hostile fleet could approach near enough to attack the islands, that we had reefs, mountains, and narrow beaches for protection. They told us that we were heavily guarded night and day by air planes, artillery, and by war ships at sea. They said that it would be impossible to land troops in force and that it would take fifteen transports with fighting craft and supply ships, days to unload, and meanwhile the fleet and air force would be battering them. Now, we know that they were all wrong, but that is not comforting news.

The assault came with devastating suddenness. The Matson Company had thirty ships in the Pacific - and the Lurline was on her way to San Francisco. We heard that day, that the Japs had bombed the ship and all were lost. That was not true but later we learned that she was near another American ship that got hit by a torpedo and sunk, but the Lurline went on.

Night came, everywhere it was black, and very black, a total blackout. Just before darkness came we had put blankets and canned food in the car in case we had to leave in a hurry. Our electric stove wouldn't work because of bombing at Waikiki. We dashed out to a neighbor, where they had gas. We heated some soup and boiled some water for drinking, as we had been told that the water might have been poisoned. Then came the complete blackout all over the city. Not a gleam. We had no flash lights, so stumbled to bed in the dark. We left our shoes and slacks by the bed. During the night I was awakened by powerful search lights shining directly in my face, and the drone of air planes overhead. My first thought was the "Japs are back." With most of our planes and ships destroyed, we all knew that the Japs could take the Island - a ghastly

feeling to be on a small island, far out in the Pacific with little protection. We knew the toll at Pearl Harbor had been terrific, and braced ourselves for the next attack. However, the Japs aren't as smart as they are cunning. Although they could see all Pearl Harbor burning and knew that they had destroyed all the air bases and were far more successful than they gave hope, they failed to finish their terrible job.

December 8, 1941

All schools were closed by military order. Lucile White and I went out in her car. First, we must find some canned milk for the baby as they were all out. We found all the stores closed and long lines of people waiting to get in. There wasn't any shortage of food in the Islands but all the stores had loaned their trucks to the Army, so they couldn't get any supplies from the store houses for days. All night long the people in Nuuanu saw trucks carrying the dead to the cemeteries. Then, we drove around looking at the damage. At Waikiki a house was wrecked by a bomb which exploded in the yard, a nearby coconut tree had the whole top blown off. We saw a house where a bomb had torn away the whole end, but the dining room was unharmed where the family were having breakfast. On McCully Street, a whole block was in ruins. By an irony of fate all the people living there were Japanese. Even Washington Place, the home of the Governor was bombed, but their aim was poor and the house was not damaged but a dead Chinese lay in the gutter near by. In one place in the poorer section of the city, the gutters were red with blood from the wounded and the dead. A terrible sight! Most of the people were Japanese. There were few white people on the streets so early on a Sunday morning. On Judd Street a car was struck killing four men. In a home nearby, a woman was killed, while talking on the telephone. Many people on the mainland think that the only damage was at Pearl Harbor. Many lives were saved in strange ways, however; thirty four men were rescued by cutting a hole in the bottom of the capsized "U. S. S. Oklahoma." They had been in utter darkness for forty-eight hours. In two days men aged a dozen years.

We sent cables to relatives and friends as soon as we could but it took three days as cables about the wounded and dead went first. My sister, on the mainland, wrote that the radio kept saying that civilian casualties were heavy. They also said that the Jap planes came from the direction of Koko Head. So she was not comforted by the news that they flew right over our house. She was so upset, and tried to telephone but never did get the message through.

December 14

The day after the blitz of December 7 all schools in the Territory were closed by military order. And so I was out of a job, as no one knew when they would reopen, if ever. Teachers at Punahou and the University of Hawaii were asked to serve on the Information Control Branch of the U. S. Army. We didn't have time to file application, but were sponsored by Mr. Atherton. We started to work Sunday December 14, and worked like mad for weeks, including Saturdays and Sundays. There 500,000 letters in addition to parcel post and printed matter piled up ahead of us. At first we didn't even have a room in the Federal building, but worked on a long balcony. Often it was very windy and hard to keep the letters separate. Everything had to be very secret.

Interview Report
of
Mr. Toraichi Kagihara

January 14, 1947

Miss Hattara
Daughter of Saito

Hawaii War Records Depository

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII
P. O. BOX 2110
TERRITORY OF HAWAII

On the morning of December 7th, 1941, My sister, Mrs. Kisa Kagihara Hatate, was killed by anti-aircraft shell fragments, which fell thru the basement wall of the duplex apartment which she and her three children and my younger brother occupied at 944 McCully Street.

As Pearl Harbor was being raided, everyone around the neighborhood were all excited and talks of evacuating the premises were spreading, so my sister hurriedly were packing the necessary belongings of her family upstairs. Her youngest child Elinor, eight years old at the time, tried to be helpful to the Mother gathering things, running from one room to another. In the midst of her packing a shell (presumably fired by our anti-aircraft gun from Punchbowl) pierced the side wall of the basement hitting the concrete floor and exploding. The concussion was so terrific that my younger brother Harry who had just stepped out of the basement was lifted off the ground from the pressure and he held on to the pear tree that grew near the front step. The exploding fragments flew upward hitting my sister on the leg. Her left leg was broken near the pelvis without any external wound. Elinor miraculously escaped without a scratch, so did Harry. Elinor rushed downstairs to tell Harry what had happened to the Mother, and with the neighbors' help, rushed her to the hospital, but she probably died on the way to the hospital from loss of blood. By the time Harry returned from the hospital, the house was completely destroyed by the fire. Not a single thing was saved as the fire spread too rapidly. Tony Oshiro, next door neighbor, who was reading in bed was hit on the heel of his foot, hospitalizing him for many weeks. He did not know that he was hurt until he tried to run out of the house when he fell at the door step.

See letter to Maj. Chang - June 4, 1947

My brother Harry came to notify me of my sister's injury around 1:30 P.M. Up to that time I, like many others, believed that all the excitement that was going on was only the usual manuevers, and never did I dream that one of my own member of the family would be one of the first casualties of the war. Only when I saw my brother's Harry blood-soaked trousers did I realize that war was really on! On arriving at the Queen's Hospital grounds, I noticed unusual activities with all types of vehicles rushing back and forth. I could hear some crying and yelling coming from the emergency section, and It was sure a grim experience. Blood donors were lined up at the hospital entrance and in the lobby nurses were busy going back and forth with stern serious looks. I realized this was all really serious. I made my way to the entrance and inquired at a desk where they already had an alphabetical list of the casualties admitted. The nurse could not locate my sister's name so I was told to come back later after about an hour. Miss Bungo, one of the nurse, told me that her body was sent to the Hosoi morgue, so I immediately rushed there to inquire of my sister. The attendant was busy dressing the different people and after giving the description of my sister, I was allowed to inspect the five or six persons that were already dressed by the attendant, but couldn't identify anyone resembling her. Hope came to me that she was not sent to the morgue and that she was still alive, thinking that the hospital could have been mistaken with her identity. Mr. Hosoi told me that some more bodies were on their way. I was hoping that my sister will not be among the new arrivals, but none arrived. While waiting at Hosoi, a young man approached me realizing that I was in the same predicament as he, and directed me to the Kukui mortuary where there were some more casualties. On arriving there I found my sister already dressed along side of two others. The attendant showed me her injury which caused her death. The manager of the mortuary told me that he wasn't sure whether the city and county will take care of the burial, but

as it was getting late and as there were to be blackout that night, he told me to come back the next morning. My brother Harry and Raymond, the oldest boy, 12 at the time, were at my home; the other two children were sent to stay with my other brothers. I did not tell Raymond of the death of his Mother, that night, but gently broke the news to him the next morning. Although funeral processions were not allowed, we had a regular service and her body was cremated. A few days later my two boys and Harry went digging around the remains of the burned house and managed to find a few dollars worth of coins melted together. Some were usable. Later the Social Security division refunded me \$100 of the funeral expenses.

The children are now being cared for by my youngest sister, Mrs. Ruth Horimoto, who was appointed guardian by the court. A monthly allowance of \$13.33 for each child is being given by the Social Security until the children attains the age of 18. Claims for the loss of Household effects were settled through the War Damage Corporation representatives. I put in a claim amounting approximately ^{ly} to \$2,000, but they settled with a little over \$600.

I have written to Delegate Farrington in Washington, D. C. regarding the death claim on behalf of the three children. I hope a substantial amount will be granted for by Congress the education of the three children. At the present time Raymond 16 now is attending the Iolani High School through the generosity of Father Bray who has arranged for his free scholarship. Richard now 14 and Elinor now 12 are attending the Pohukaina School.

Honolulu - December 7th, 1941
(From the Diary of A. A. Kempa)

In the calm and peaceful security of the Paradise of the Pacific, the soft, morning rays of December's sun smiled upon the city as it slowly awakened from a restful night. A cool mist that overhung the island of Oahu was quickly dispelled. Several thousand workers hurried to their jobs at Pearl Harbor but most of the populace was still inoculated with the laziness of Sunday morning. My wife and I were awakened about 7:30 by a far away rumble of gunfire. We paid little attention to this other than thinking, "how strange for the Navy to hold target practice at this hour on Sunday morning." As I mulled over this, I thought to myself, "Lahaina Roads is a hundred miles distant - too far to hear even the biggest salvos - and the restless channel between Oahu and Molokai is no place for target practice. Surely the Navy would not hold target practice near Honolulu without previous warning." Gradually the far away rumble became a roar with frequent sharp explosions as if from rapid fire cannons. Suddenly we heard a shell with its strange, dying whistle, pass through the air. Then I said to my wife: "Maud, this is not maneuvers." I sprang out of bed and rushed to the radio. Sure enough it was war! The announcer kept shouting in a nervous, breathless voice "Pearl Harbor is being bombed. This is war - no fooling - this is not maneuvers - it is the real McCoy." Bob (our 17 year old son) got out my Russian field glasses, (which, by the way, had once before served me on a like occasion as the Japanese pulled their sudden, unprovoked attack on Vladivostok on April 4, 1920). From the lanai of our home we saw the skies to the north filled with smoke and scores of pearl gray pock marks of bursting shells. Far to the Ewa part of the city and over Pearl Harbor the sky was full of droning, buzzing, fighting planes and dive bombers. The continuous booming of guns and exploding shells kept up an ever increasing roar. The family went into the house for a jittery breakfast. The morning prayer helped to steady our nerves and then we planned our first emergency steps as we ate breakfast. Every now and then we heard the rattle of machine guns and the loud explosions of incendiary bombs. One of these bombs fell a half mile Waikiki of our neighborhood and another fell half a mile Ewa of our home on Beretania Street. Others fell indiscriminately about the center of town - one in the Palace grounds and another near the governor's mansion. The latter killed a Chinese man as he was walking on Beretania street in front of the Schuman Auto Co. There must have been fifty buildings hit by shells or destroyed by fire. Many of the shells proved to be duds or unexploded shells from our anti-aircraft fire. One of these plunged through the roof of Lewers & Cooke right in the heart of downtown. Innocent men, women and children were blown to bits or badly injured. Fire department sirens and ambulances screamed as their cars speeded to all parts of the city. Policemen and guards were hastily summoned by radio. Legionnaires, civilian defense workers, red cross men and nurses, laborers and high officials, army cars filled with steel helmeted soldiers and machine guns - all hastened to their assigned tasks of emergency duty. I ran over to Central Union church to find out what was the latest news and also to see if there would be services. There were about twenty-five people there waiting for the service. I told one old gentleman what I had heard over the radio and saw over Pearl Harbor. His reply was this: "It is only the Navy giving us a scare, but I think they are carrying it too far." Many of the people there still believed that it was maneuvers. A block warden came running into the church grounds. He seemed nervous and angry because we were there. He made us hasten home.

I arrived home at 10:45. As I entered the house I was told that the radio was calling all Legionnaires to assemble at once at their club house on McCully Street. I bade my wife and family goodbye and backed the car out into the street. Just as I did this there was a terrific explosion near by. It seemed only a block away. My wife called: "Don't go now. Wait until it is calmer." (Perhaps she meant wait until You are calmer.) I'll admit that last one made me shaky. But I kept going since I

knew my duty was with the Legionnaires - bombs or no bombs. As I crossed King St.-- another terrific explosion a few blocks to my left. Then I saw two great fires only several blocks away. One of them was the Lunalilo School. I kept going until I reached the club house at the Ala Wai. There I helped organize a detail of forty men to fight the nearby fires. We jumped upon the running boards of several cars and some ran to the school - others to the corner of King and McCully where the stores were rapidly burning. Here from the corner drug store they carried a little girl with legs badly mangled. I think she was Japanese-American. I was told she died. There was no fire apparatus in sight. A high wind carried the flames to the rear and ewa side of the stores. There was little we could do - so the gang got to work and carried every bit of furniture - bag and baggage - from at least three houses. As soon as we would get one house empty, the roof would be in flames. After twenty minutes of this one piece of fire apparatus came screaming down King street. A near-by water main was spouting water fifty feet into the air. I can't say how it got that way - so at least two-thirds of the block burned to the ground. The school building was saved except for the roof and one wing.

So that was the start of that fateful Sunday for me and the fifteen hours that followed - filled with anxiety - and a determination to be of utmost service in a situation where for the early moments all of us seemed as helpless children - nervously pacing about waiting for orders that did not come. Some of us went out into the streets and did what we could to help the traffic, assist the police reassure the frightened Oriental women and children and organize small details of Legionnaires for hurry-up calls. It was not until 4 P.M. that most of us were assigned to definite tasks. I was assigned as an aide to the co-ordinator of Civilian Defense, Mr. Thomas Walker. My shift was from 6 A.M. to noon. After that I went to my job at the Y. Six Legionnaires stayed on this job for ten days - day and night, and we had many strange duties to perform - ranging from orderly, standing long hours at the Co-ordinators door, to taking care of panicky men and women. That first night I went out for two hours trying to trace blinking lights in the Kakaako district. This is a tough part of town and near the water front. It was a dark, drizzling night. Time and again we were challenged by soldiers, or startled by the sudden crack of a rifle. The rattle of machine guns near Kewalo basin made us turn around and hasten to the city hall, where I arrived at 12:30 a.m. The rumor spread that the Japanese were trying to make a forced landing at Kewalo basin. This proved false. Dizzy rumors filled the air. In fact the fear stories and rumors of the past two weeks have been of such a quality and intensity that our fair city has easily won the title of "undefeated rumor town of the U.S.A."

But let me get back to Sunday. After 15 hours of duty, I returned home, weary, headachy, pains in my legs and too tired to sleep. I went to bed at 1:30 a.m. All night I tossed and ached - no sleep for me - or for Honolulu that first night. I awakened my wife - she is the champion sleeper of all time, I think. I inquired about the family. All were well. I was proud to learn that Bob did not hold back. Chafing at the bit, he joined a group of high school boys as ambulance drivers. He was on duty for 48 hours without rest. These boys have guts and endurance when under stress and can take it. Bob served with this group all week and after that joined a gang of laborers at Wheeler Field. Maud volunteered her services as a nurse for six hours a day - but they did not call her - except to be registered and finger printed. Having nursed through one war and wrecked her health, she is not exactly an Amazon. Maybe one war is enough. Dear Jennie, our sixteen year old, puckers her pretty lips and frowns. She can't understand why all this has to be. She hates war - therefore it should stop! She is angry and pouts at our armed forces for ever letting this happen and damns the Japanese for their treachery. Too much cruel reality in this beautiful world of hers.

As to the extent of loss of life and property damage we can say nothing because we do not know. We could not say even if we did. I doubt if anyone knows. I have totaled the official figures of newspapers and estimate that there were perhaps 4000 killed and wounded on this island. At least 3000 killed. And the casualty list still grows. No doubt the whole story will be told after the official investigation is complete. The losses have been great enough to shock all of us, and life for every man, woman and child in these beautiful islands is now different. There is a determination that this shall never happen again to us - for we shall give our all to prevent it. The public morale is the finest I have ever seen in a like crisis. Everybody wants to serve and help the other fellow - help defend our land - help to relieve the homeless and suffering - sharing to the limit with the evacuees. Hundreds of homes have been opened to the evacuees. The city is organized for total defense. And I am sure our armed forces are ready for any eventuality.

Honolulu is now an armed camp. I have never seen an event change the lives of all the people of a city as quickly as did this attack. Schools are closed, Hospitals, school buildings, offices, city hall, Iolani Palace, parks, YMCAs, restaurants, busses, cars, homes, factories, ships, air lines, radio stations, newspapers, auditoriums, banks, business firms, garages, gas stations, beaches, churches, luncheon clubs, athletic organizations, civil laws, jails, policemen, doctors, dentists, lawyers, judges, executives, and thousands of workmen have all suddenly been changed from the ordinary routine of peace to that of total defense. Public buildings, streets, big utilities and plantations and every place vital to defense now are armed forts, guarded with steel helmeted soldiers and machine guns. Sandbags are piled high in front of doorways and windows of important buildings, plate glass windows downtown in every store are crisscrossed with tape; zig-zag trenches and bomb shelters have been dug in front of the public library, the Palace grounds, in parks, playgrounds and nearly every open space. Householders are seen every evening and Sundays digging bomb shelters in front yards.

Martial law is in force and M-Day is here. The Commanding General of the army is now the military governor. The courts have been taken over by the Provost-Marshal. Saloons are closed - beer and liquor banned, and crime has fallen to a low mark. Many aliens and suspects have been rounded up. Food, gas, auto parts, radios, flash lights, fire arms and various defense materials are rationed and controlled. The long, lonesome nights seemed hideous the first week, but now we are getting used to it. The city is a total blackout at night. Only those on defense jobs are allowed on the streets after dark. Autos creep along blacked out. Failure to halt or comply with a sentry's challenge at night results in death. Yes sir, this is war, and we now find ourselves getting used to it at the end of two weeks. The people of Hawaii are united as one. There has been some evidence of racial hatred but more are the stories of unity and loyalty and sacrifice - especially on the part of Oahu's young Americans of Japanese parentage. Stirring tales of valor and all devotion to American ideals on the part of all races appear in the papers every day. The valor and bravery of our sailors and airmen who fought off the attackers was marvellous. And many civilians of all races here have already made themselves heroes.

Just as the people of these fair islands have been shocked and sorely tried by these heavy days and weeks - so too we hope that you who are back there in the brighter side of the U.S. will be shocked out of all complacency and false security. We have now entered a new era of life. We need to be shocked out of our lethargic way. From now on we must roll up our sleeves and stand together - to work and fight for the complete annihilation of this hellish totalitarianism and for a better world. The masses of America must be awakened now. The 200,000 civilians and the thousands of our forces who watched the scene I have tried to describe - yea, the thousands of dead who fought off the attackers or died without a chance under the most hellish circumstances ever inflicted upon American soil - all, I am certain, raise up their voices and cry out to you - "Wake Up America!"

A. A. Kempa
Central YMCA, Honolulu, T. H.

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

P. O. Box 18, HONOLULU 10

REPORT OF CHIA-SING LOO, PHOTOGRAPHER, ON HIS EXPERIENCES DURING JAPANESE SURPRISE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1941.

How happen I were at Pearl Harbor, on the morning of Sunday 7th of Dec., 1941. On the 6th of december Saturday afternoon I had arrangement with the Tech Sergeant Christenot to have all his guard be at the Main Gate between 8:30 to 9:00^{O'clock} Sunday morning to have a group of picture taken in front of the new concrete entrance as a stting with the Pearl Harbor for Christmas Card, to sent hom to their family. Sunday morning I left my home for Pearl Harbor after 7 o'clock. I was waiting for my bus at corner of Wilder Ave. and Metcalf St. saw the sky full of anti aircraft gun firing up in the air. I call of friend to look up in air explain them, how the Navy used their anti-Aircraft Gun firing in Practising, at that time I didn't realize we were in actual war. Our bus stop at Bishop & King St. We heard the alrm ringing from the third story building of the Lewers and Cooke Ltd. saw the window shattered. I walk up to Young Hotel corner and cross the street stop for a cup of coffee at Swinky Franky suddenly all excitement arouse the Honolulu Fire Engine rush down Bishop St. and all directions Taxi full load of Sailors and Marines dashing toward Pearl Harbor. I'm very much surprised whats-all this excitement. I wave the taxi to stop & get onit to go back to Pearl Harbor when I approach to Pearl Harbor suprise with great shock thought one of our oil tanks caught in fire, showing Black Velum of thick smoke in the air. I got off at the main gate of Pearl Harbor, met all the guards with arms and machine gun un placed. I was great shock with surprise the war are on, watching many Japanese warplanes attacked Pearl Harbor dropping Bombs right and left on Dry Docks and Ford Island suddenly terrfic explosion broke out. I was very clam and waiting for the opportunity to get a ride to the studio and get my camera. I was at the Main Gate stand by with Marines in action. A word of praised and thumb up for those Marine Guards at the Main Gates were bravery and cool headed to keep the by standing away for safety and clear traffic. Their were the young Fighting Marines. We were under fire. The Japanese plane painted in aluminum, Red ball under each wing, flew very low toward the Main Gate. I wish my graflex with me I would had a wonderful close up shot of the Japese Again the Japese flew around the Navy Housing Area & turn back toward Hickam Field very low to drop a bomb to the hangars with terrfic explosion set fire the buildings more planes flew direct the dry docks suddenly. I saw one plane had a hit. It flew direct toward West Lock stream of Smoke Screen. Now this my opportunity to get the yard, one of the leading men of Machine shop drove in his automobile Ihop in, he take me to the Studio and pick up my Graflex camera to take some picture, second thought I change my mine, reason is because first place I didn't Had no order, the second place I didn't had my famous Trade-Mark Helmeton, I had a new English Helmet from Singapore given bt admiral Murphin year ago, so I'm afraid some one will make a mistake me as a Jap and shot me down.

I went up to the Administration Building everything OK. I met Mr. Wm. Mc Ilhenny and Mr. W.C. Bohley at the stairway, we talk and both went toward the Dry Dock, I went to the supply Dept. and saw many boy had a steel helmet on, so I went to see Lt. Comdr. Supply Officer for permission to hat one the size are too large and heavy for me so I select one smaller size, painted green and white stripe. I went directly to the dry Dock to help put out the fire on a ship that had the depth charges on her stern. I knew it was very dangerous it may exploded. We put our hoses directed the depth charges keeping an Officer came by said keep up the good work we had our hoses right at it all the time, and I turn around and saw anofficer order all men stand back some thing may happen, So I obey his order and ran back sudden really happen the terrfic explosion came from the destroyer flew people were hurt and some fell down. I notice some large pieces of steel plates blew over the Dry Dock when I turn around and look, afterwards I notice two extra hoses without nozzles, so I went to the fire Station and bought back two nozzles to service up and gave it to 2 volunteers pointed direct the depth charges, I call for more volunteers to help me clear and straighten up the hose around the First

Street to clear for traffic at the same purpose to gave the fire fighter a chance to extended the hose across over the bow of a vessel to fight the fire at the starboard side. Here some another Fire Engine from Submarine Base, I direct them to place their engine and connect this hydrant # 151 and direct them to the depth charges, so everything are well done and successfully accomplishment their service. A few words of my appreciation and vote of thanks and successful Credit to Spear in charge with his gallant spirit to keep his staff and Volunteers calm right at the job to see the Depth charges were wet and keep away from the fires. The Marines of the fire Dept. of the Navy Yard, are the Heroic of Day of Dec. 7, 1941, that saved three ships.

I saw the crew throw out empty 5" shell on the deck, I gather up in piles with some sailors so I met Chief Le Tendre to help me order some hose from Supply Dept. to place in this hydrant Cor. Ave. D, and First St. I also request Foster to order me some more hose, within half an hour the Chief brought back to new hoses and other load from Foster and other Chief which I have about 12 lengths of hose to stand by. Why I order this hose for? The answer for emergency something may happen I will be there with readiness, reason why the magazines were taken out from the ship and many Casing & empty shell, at the same time we were under fired the Jap Air planes flew over head where up in the Cloud. Anti Air Craft crews were in full action, I wasn't excited and very calm about my work directly placing two large planks across the 1st St. to protected the 2 new hoses. I were little worry because I have no nails & lumbers to nail between the two planks separates while the heavy Traffic go by with Emergency Cases to the Naval Hospital without crushing the hoses. I met Swain passing by I had his permission to have the carpenter of the Boat Shop to help me nail this plants together. He went to telephone within few minutes four men marching down with nails and Lumbers I were very happy here comes the Carpenters ready to started nailing, suddenly the Roaring Anti Air Craft Guns in action, I call my men to dodging for safety, after the Enemy planes disappear, we all returns to our duty, the four men didn't come back at all left the hammers, nails & lumber so I was very fortunely for two of our local boys passing by and helping me to finish the job, it were very thankful to their service to stand by with me during the Emergency. I had two men standing by the Hydrant #119 locate Corner Ave. E and First Street near the head of Dry Dock No. 1 four men guarding the two hoses in emergency for readiness in case of fire broke out from the Magazine Casing.

I was self volunteer to be traffic Police and directing the Traffic during the rushing hours of emergency, I got a big piece of Maroon cloth to signaling the Ambulance to look at those planes, easily passing over me. to save my hose and other word to give the wounded rest from rough crossing the heavy planks I directed all four hours to kept the First Street clear of right away to the Naval Hospital. Many heavy trucks passing by with all Defenders & Emergency Call Employee to report to the shop for standby. I direct all this Group of Trucks turn up Ave. E. and unloaded the Employees. Every thinks were successfully executing. I enjoyed my duty and a word of appreciation to my volunteers friends of their Bravery and Courageous to their service, during the emergency and Under Fired. Everythings were under control and we all secure and roll up the hoses and returns to the supply Dept. We were hungry no lunch so I brought each one a Box Ice Cream for lunch and we all dismissed about 3:30 P.M.

One of the Marine Patrol approaching toward me, If I will do the boys a great service of the Marine Guards & Sailors, which their have no lunch & some without breakfast, So I went to the garage to take my Red Put-Put to the 3rd Defense Fleet Ball Mess Hall to see my friend Tech. Sergt. Newland for help, I told my story regards the post guard have been neglected to releave for lunch. Tech Sergt. Newland were very kind and his cook to prepare some Sandwiches have & chicken Fruit all i can delivery to the Post. You should hear what their saying. Charles you are our life saver. I have been riding

round and round the Dry Dock until every one had a Sandwich on every Post except the Fuel O. l Farms. I sent 50 Chicken and Ham Sandwiches, Apples, & Oranges and Buns and Ham, After I return the Mess Sergant report no breads be served & water being posined. I serving some civilians and the Post on guard Hot Tacks, Apples & Oranges. The Water is poison. At the Dry Dock all workman have no luch and are hungry, working on certain Ships, I ran short of everythings about 6 P.M. I told the men go to the Mess Hall of the 3rd Defense to have their mail without charges and drink tomatoe juice & fruit. About 7 P.M. I went to the garage to have them take me to the Main Gate. At the last thought, I have the driver take me to the Mess Hall. The Mess Sergt. gave me 3 gals Can Iced Col Tomatoe Juice and 3 dozen Oranges and bag full of Hot Tacks I left Navy Yard 7:30 P.M. a Main Gates. I was very fortinately an Automobile pass by Lady invite me to take me back to town, she just off the Ferry Boat from the Ford Island. She left off the Hawaiian Electric Co. It was a black out night, I walk across to Army & Navy Y.M.C.A. to the Beretania St. to walk directly to Thomas Square and stopping for a rest. I ask the soldier guard on patrol with appreciated very kindly if he will halt an automobile to take me home if convenience on his way. I told him I can back form Pearl Harbor I'm Chinese he shake my hand and glad to be of service to the Chinese friend. As automobile approach and stop the soldier request the owner if her will help to take me home to the University Happening the Driver knew me very well he heard my voice, so he invited me in his car and drove me to my home., at the front door, I extend my appreciation & thanks him very kindly to see safely home. My wife and My children (four) were happy and thankful I were safely home.

As the Old Proverb saying Every Kind Deeds its return many many folds.

*Page 50
with this story*

4—Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Thursday, June 19, 1947

* Tai Sing Loo Retires After 30 Years as Navy Yard Photographer

Tai Sing Loo, his camera and elephant hat, as much a part of Pearl Harbor as the drydocks, is missing from the yard today.

After 30 years of service as a civilian photographer for the 14th naval district the bustling Chinese lensman retired as of Wednesday.

Mr. Loo's indefatigable energy with his camera has made him one of the best known and liked personages in the yard.

The list of people he has recorded on film reads like a page of Who's Who.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Prince of Wales, King Gustaf of Sweden, James Forrestal, Claude Swanson, Charles A. Edison, John N. Garner, Frank Knox and James G. Byrnes are a few of the prominent people who have faced Mr. Loo's camera.

He knew Adm. Chester Nimitz, chief of naval operations, when the admiral was a young lieutenant.

Mr. Loo intends to take his family on a long trip to the mainland, Canada and Mexico soon. After that he's just going to "fiddle around."

Married to the former Florence Ngit Yong Chang in 1928, Mr. Loo is the father of four children—Florence, 18, Evelyn, 15, Franklin, 13, and Robert, 9.

The family home is at 1720 Marques St.



TAI SING LOO

Page 50
Personal Narratives
etc

University of Hawaii
Records Depository

During the early afternoon of December 7, 1941, I was taasting my toes before the fireplace in the huge, high-ceilinged, master bedroom of an old Southern home, which the owner, a delightful old lady, had asked us to share for the few weeks we were to spend in Jackson, Louisiana. Gorm (my husband) had gone hunting that morning, and I was lazily whiling away the hours alternately reading the Sunday paper and listening to the radio until the time I'd have to brave the long chilly corridor to the kitchen on the other side of the house to prepare a midafternoon snack when the boys came back.

The smoothly flowing musical program, of which I was subconsciously aware, broke off abruptly, and the excited voice of the announcer startled me. For a moment I couldn't quite understand what it was all about. Pearl Harbor? Where was it? Hickam Field? I'd never heard of it! War! This meant war! the voice said. I'd remember thinking deliberately - how will this affect me? Will Gorm have to go? I decided that he might not have to go right away because he was doing geophysical work with an oil company which certainly would be considered very important during wartime - - - -

I hadn't the slightest idea that I would ever be working at Pearl Harbor, that I would see victory at Pearl Harbor, or that I would tread the deck of the Battleship Missouri and stand on the very spot where MacArthur accepted Japan's surrender from the little sons of the rising sun.

I heard the animated conversation of the boys outside and ran out to unlatch the big front door. "You heard the news?" Gorm asked, throwing his gloves on the chair. "You know the funniest thing -- Jack and I were listening to one of the Eberly boys singing "It Happened In Hawaii" when the announcer cut in with the news."

Edna A.B. Gormin
Clerk-Stenographer, CAF#4
Planning Division
Industrial Department

Edna A.B. Gormin

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AKITA

December 7, 1941

According to the Army Intelligence, the bombings began at 7:55 a.m. on December, 7, 1941.

Its a grim reality now. Yes, it actually happened. Those hard headed isolationists who have been shouting that it can't happen here must shut up now.

It was a quiet Sabbath Morn. What irony! Most people were going to church with the prayer of thanks that we have so far escaped the horrors and death of warfare. And to think that just on Thursday I led a discussion based on the American Observer on the topic, "Can Hawaii be attacked? The answers were mostly no's. They say that our navy is too strong. The distance too much, Japan can't even conquer China, Japan's power has depleted etc., etc. I still can see Mrs. Caricof smiling a queer smile. She must have been thinking, "What do these young perches know about, they talk as if they knew all, huh."

From the conversations that I have listened to, most people thought that the heavy anti-aircraft fire they heard that morning was just part of a gigantic war maneuver. The feeling that war with a major power was imminent was very high for a few days prior. As for me I paid little attention to the guns and went on finishing my HBTS* lesson sheet. (I hope that Mr. Carbaugh does'nt get to read this for he's always after us for doing last minute work)

But as I had just finished combing my hair, I heard the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun from a swooping plane, then and there did I begin to realize that this was the real McCoy. I hurried to HBTS. Almost met death. Had I left the house earlier, I might have been in the place of a Patrick Chong who was killed by a bomb that exploded by Schumann Carriage Co. I had planned to get to HBTS by passing Schumann Carriage Co. Whew!

At HBTS the students were tense. Mr. Carbaugh wisely taught the students a new, inspiring song, "Are we Down-hearted?" It goes-

Are we down hearted?
No!, No! No!
Are we down hearted?
No! No!, No!
Troubles may come and troubles may go,
We'll trust in Jesus,
Come weal or woe.
Are we down hearted? (whistle)
No! No! No!

Never heard the students of HBTS sing so lustily as they did sing that song.

* Honolulu Bible Training School (on old Mission School grounds, near City Hall)

Born April 26, 1925;
a sophomore at Farrington High School on 7 Dec. 41.

*

When I got to church the last Amen was just being said. An unexploded anti-aircraft shell burst right across the street from the church. It killed two young boxers, injuring two more while an aged grandmother escaped without injury. Whew!

Went to choir practice ~~this~~ afternoon. No practice because only few reported. Just sang hymns to brace ourselves up for we were very nervous as anyone could have seen. Boy did we strain our tonsils.

I doubt now that we can hold our Christmas Concert. All the rehearsals for nothing. What a Christmas this will be too. But I guess the closeness of death will make all appreciate Christmas more. "Peace on Earth Good Will to Men" seem hollow now. But I guess God has willed it so---.

Its funny how the course of our lives can be changed in such a short space of time.

I guess we Japanese are in for it now. Especially Mom and Pop, they're aliens. But the U.S. Government has promised not to molest the nationals unless they by their actions and deeds make themselves detrimental. I have faith in the U.S. Government.

We have to be brave. This crisis will test out our guts and gumption. We have to have faith in the good judgement of our Maker. If he wills that we are next to go to Him,---well, who wants to live on this earth anyway,---nothing but greed, sin, wars, hatred, intolerance,---I want to go where I can have peace, everlasting peace. I can get it with Him. But if He has a job for me to perform I guess I'll have to stay. Yes this world, the whole world is at war now. They'll have to rebuild broken homes, jobs, lives. I think it will be my job to help rebuild the broken lives and introduce them to a symbol of Love--Jesus Christ.

Planning to stay at Central tonight. Mom didn't want me to go. She was afraid. Pop told her that no matter how young I am since I was a citizen of America I have to help America whenever I am able to. Even to die for America. I like his attitude.

Just read 3rd extra saying "Martial Law Declared". Army's taking over now.

Had peaceful, eventful night. Only heard spasmodic anti-aircraft and machine gun fire.

Planning to stay again tomorrow night.

* Nuanu Congregational Church. At that time, corner of Nuanu and Kukui streets. ABTS started at 9:00(?) and let out early enough to enable students and faculty to go to church.

Monday December 8, 1941

Experienced the first serious, total blackout last nite from sun down. We were standing by at Central Intermediate School, my alma mater in case there was another bombing and the hospitals became overcrowded.

Came home in morning to have breakfast. Can't expect any good food now. We'll be lucky if we have enough to eat.

Heard President Roosevelt's biting message before a joint session of Congress asking them to declare war against Japan.

Took Mom to our shop. Doubt if we or rather she will have much business today.

Went to market to buy some crackers at Mom's advice. People storming to every available store to buy and store up food.

Met Pop on way home Told him about the people storming to stores to stock food and told him to do the same. He told me that the people are now excited and panicky, but about a week later they will return to normal and that will be the best time to buy food.

I think that Pop's attitude and way of thinking is superior.

It was for his far sightedness and good judgement that I'm not a dual citizen. He is a firm believer that we cannot serve Jesus and Mammon so he decided that we cannot serve Japan and United States at one time so he cut off our Japanese citizenship.

Congress voted to declare war. The vote 476 to 1. The same woman who ~~woman who~~ voted against war in 1917 voted against it .

Stayed at Central. Had peaceful night.

All in all the second day of war was very peaceful.

A. R. Tulloch

*File 50
Pearl Harbor*

IMPRESSIONS AND REACTIONS CONCERNING THE EVENTS WHICH HAPPENED ON
DECEMBER 7, 1941

Honolulu
Hawaii War Records Dept
P. O. Box 18
Honolulu 10, Hawaii

While reading my paper after a late breakfast, when suddenly wham! The house shook. I looked out of the window and high up on a hill just beyond my house appeared a pillar of black smoke rising high in the air. Well, could this be a realistic manouver? I asked myself. I turned on the radio and learned that we were being attacked by the Japanese. The voice on the radio requested that all Pearl Harbor Workers report immediately. Getting dressed in my working clothes and getting the car on the road was a matter of minutes. I took the shortest route to my station.

Reaching the top of Pioneer street which runs along high up on the slopes of Punchbowl Crater, I obtained a view of the entire drama of an attack by air. Dense clouds of smoke rolled over the Wheeler Field area while dense clouds punctured by orange flame covered the Pearl Harbor area as well as Hickam Field. Ships in Honolulu Harbor were firing with all guns blazing.

As soon as the Pearl Harbor road was reached there was a veritable bedlam of cars, trucks and ambulances rushing to and from the Pearl Harbor area. It seemed that the end of the world was near. Many cars were banged and many near accidents averted which might have been serious adding to the casualties of the attack. While waiting for a chance to break thru the traffic, I learned that this strip of road was machine gunned by the enemy. The gunning of the road fortunately happened early while very few cars were on the strip. In talking with some of the near victims, it appears that when bullets began spattering the road, all occupants of the cars got behind trees and anything they could afford protection. There were bullet marks on the trees alongside of the road.

Reaching Hickam Field gate which is a short distance away from the Pearl Harbor gate, there was a terrific racket. Guns of many types and calibers which could be rushed to this area were filling the sky with bursts. I had my fingers crossed hoping that no fragments of shrapnel would hit me. The Japanese planes were racing in a large circle at the height what appeared to me about 2000 to 3000 feet. It was fascinating to watch the bursts reaching out for the planes. However, it was not my luck to see any of the planes struck down.

Since I was in charge of the Labor Board Office which was located in a wooden building near the main gate, my first concern was for the safety of thousands of valuable records the loss of which could never be duplicated and would cause endless confusion. Fortunately there was no fire in this vicinity. The navy officer who was the Senior Member of the Labor Board asked all hands to stand by. My fellow workers were trained to rush the records into a concrete vault in case of danger.

Referring back to the concrete vault I kept thinking how fortunate this item was left when the bank moved to new quarters, tearing down the old building and leaving the vault.

Since things appeared under control in my area, I walked down to the waters edge and saw navy man swimming for shore. Some were covered with black oil, others were burned while swimming thru burning oil on the surface of the water. One sailor showed me his tooth brush and nonchalantly remarked that it was all that he could salvage of his belongings.

Firefighting and salvaging personnel was well organized. It was pitiful to see some of the badly burned men being handled as carefully as possible.

Around about noon time there appeared to be a lull in the attack and the Senior Member advised that all surplus civilians take their cars out of the area and head for home since there did not appear to be any further danger to the Labor Board building. I loaded with workers and on the way home I kept thinking of the phrase that was on the lips of persons even when the first report of the attack was spread. "It can't happen here." Well it did. I could not help feeling that if we, I mean the civilians and allied armed forces, distrusted the phrase, many lives would have been saved less damage done to our fighting ships. The civilians complained about the noise of the dawn patrol. Disregarding the lack of vigilance and some confusion during the first hour of the attack, civilians as well as the armed forces rapidly became organized and all hands won distinction in handling a disastrous and tragic situation. It is certain that there will be no let-up in vigilance as far as the future generations is concerned.

George Palmer

MEMORANDUM RE JAPANESE ATTACK OF DECEMBER 7, 1941

We went to our country home at Mokuleia Beach late in the evening of Saturday, December 6, 1941.

At 6:55 a.m., Sunday, December 7, 1941 I woke up on account of dogs barking furiously and sound of many planes in air. Mrs. Mann was awake and said she had been listening to planes for about half an hour. She asked me what time it was. I looked at the watch and told her it was 5 minutes to 7:00 o'clock. She said "Why do they have to fly so early and so low on a Sunday morning?". We both went out and quieted the dogs. She took them to the front yard, tied them up, got water for them, then went back to laundry where the dogs had spent the night and cleaned it. I went out on the road. I saw many planes in air, some very low, others very high, coming in from Northwest. The high ones circled over Mokuleia. The low ones followed the Main Kawaihapai Road, flying East and the railroad track flying East. A few short bursts of machine gun fire from the plane following the Kawaihapai Road. The show was so good, I called my young son and we both watched the planes flying very low along the railroad right-of-way. The low flying plane along the railroad right-of-way had landing wheels. We both said that the planes are now being painted a darker color. The low flying planes disappeared in the direction of Waialua at about 7:20 a.m. I went to the storeroom and strained a quart of paint while Mrs. Mann got her shower. I then shaved and had shower while Mrs. Mann started breakfast. Edward Sylva, Deputy Attorney General, came over at 7:40 and wanted to know why the morning paper was late. I told him that the paper boy never got there until 8:00 a.m. and to stick around and have coffee. He said he would stay but would have breakfast at his own home when his mother and sister got back from Church. They had gone to Waialua for the 7:00 o'clock mass and would be back after 8:00. Planes were flying high in the direction of Schofield. Eddie and I went inside and talked. Heard gun fire from direction of Schofield about 8:05 lasting about 10 to 15 minutes. The electric current went off at 8:26. At 8:30, I called Waialua central and asked if the current was off there too. It was. I told Eddie he ought to look at the automatic switch on the pump on his high water tank. He left at 8:35. Current came on at 8:46. Had breakfast, went to storeroom about 9:15. Saw planes flying high in Northwest direction and over Haleiwa. Worked in storeroom until Eddie Sylva came back at 10:05 and said Japanese aviators had attacked Wheeler Field and that troops were then on their way to Mokuleia. He had headed for the mountain right after his breakfast, but his companion, a fire warden, had been called by messenger so the two went to Waialua and got the news. I walked out on lawn and met a sergeant, a corporal and 3 privates from the 21st Infantry. They wanted to search the house. Looked in every room, closets and under beds. Said they were looking for parachutists who were supposed to have dropped at Mokuleia before the Wheeler Field attack. As soon as they left, I made notes of what had happened with times as I remembered them. I had put the times of the current going off and on as 8:20 and 8:50. Later, I got the exact times from the Hawaiian Electric Co. as 8:26 and 8:46.

James B. Mann

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Honolulu Oct 16-44

University of Hawaii
War Record Depository
Honolulu
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Here with a copy of my diary
of Dec 7-44. At that time I was living
at 923 Coral Ave. Pearl City Berinsua
and had a first hand view of what was
going on at that end of Pearl Harbor.

Yours sincerely William Siam

2704 Terrace Drive,
Honolulu.

AND THE SMOKE FROM ALL THESE EXPLOSIONS DIMMED THE SUN. THE CRUISER RALEIGH WHICH WAS MOORED JUST ABOVE THE UTAH WAS HIT AFT BY A BOMB BUT EVIDENTLY WAS NOT SEVERELY DAMAGED AS SHE REMAINED AFLOAT WITH ONLY A SLIGHT LIST.

UP TO NOW I HAD NOT BEEN ABLE TO DISTINGUISH THE MARKINGS ON THE PLANES, ALTHOUGH THERE WAS NO DOUBT IN MY MIND AS TO WHERE THEY CAME FROM; BUT MY CHANCE TO GET A VERY CLOSE UP VIEW WAS NOW TO COME. TWO SINGLE MOTOR PLANES CAME SUDDENLY FLYING IN FROM THE WEST, VERY LOW, ALMOST BRUSHING THE TREE TOPS, ONLY A FEW FEET FROM THE SPOT WHERE I WAS STANDING WITH A YOUNG AVIATOR WHO AT THE TIME WAS LIVING IN ONE OF OUR HOUSES. THE RED RISING SUN PAINTED OVER THE DARK GRAY SIDES AND FORWARD ON THE PLANES AND ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE WINGS SHOWED PLAIN ENOUGH WHO THE ENEMY WAS. MY FRIEND REMARKED THAT THESE PLANES HAD NOW DROPPED THEIR BOMBS AND WERE COMING BACK THATS EXACTLY WHAT THEY DID. THEY MADE SUPPLY SHIP WHICH WAS ANCHORED JUST OUTS

BY NOW MACHINE GUN BULLETS (OUR OWN & THE ENEMIES), WE LEARNED TO WHEN WE SAW THEM, WE RAN FOR SHELTER. OIL FROM HEAD TO FOOT APPEARED FROM THE FROM THE UTAH. THEY WERE THROWN OVERBOARD ALSO RIPPED THE OIL TANKS OF THE SHIP IN OIL. FORTUNATELY FOR THEM, THE BOMB THREW ONE OF ITS LIFE BOATS IN THE WATER THE SPOT WHERE THE BOYS WERE, AND WITH LANDING WHICH WAS OURS. WE IMMEDIATELY OLD RAGS AND TOWELS AND BEFORE LONG TH

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(DEC. 7, 1941)

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

P. O. Box 13, Honolulu, HI

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY MORNING APPARENTLY THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER PERFECT DAY, OF WHICH WE ARE ACCUSTOMED TO HAVE SO MANY HERE IN HAWAII. THAT MORNING WE ROSE RATHER EARLY AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER BREAKFAST OCCUPIED MYSELF WITH WASHING THE CAR. ABOUT 7:45 A.M. I HEARD THE NOISE OF SOME AIRPLANES SUCH AS I NEVER HEARD BEFORE, THEY SEEMED TO TRAVEL WITH TERRIFIC SPEED. QUICKLY I RAN OUT OF GARAGE TO THE WATERFRONT AT THE SAME TIME MY WIFE CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE HOUSE. HERE WE SAW SOME DIVE BOMBERS SWOOPING DOWN FROM THE NORTH AT A VERY STEEP ANGLE AND AT THE NEXT INSTANT THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT THE AIR PLANE HANGER ON THE SOUTH END OF FORD ISLAND. MY FIRST IMPRESSION WAS, THAT ONE OF OUR OWN PLANES HAD CRACKED UP. BUT A SPLIT SECOND LATER I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS REAL WAR, AS FROM THIS MOMENT ON A VERITABLE HELL BROKE LOOSE. RIGHT ACROSS THE CHANNEL, ABOUT 500 YARDS FROM WHERE WE WERE STANDING, WAS THE OLD BATTLE SHIP UTAH A BOMB STRUCK HER AMIDSHIP, I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE EXPLOSION, WHICH PARTLY LIFTED HER OUT OF THE WATER AND THE PERCUSSION WHICH GIVE ME A PERCEPTIBLE PUSH. IMMEDIATELY SHE CAUGHT FIRE AND SLOWLY STARTED TO LIST AND TURN OVER, THE BOTTOM FACING TOWARDS US, AS SHE SETTLED IN ABOUT 40 FEET OF WATER.

COUNTLESS EXPLOSIONS OCCURRED, THE TERRIFIC NOISE OF DIVE BOMERS, THE TATTER OF MACHINE GUNS, THE EXPLOSIONS OF SHRAPNELS FILLED THE AIR, AND THE SMOKE FROM ALL THESE EXPLOSIONS DIMMED THE SUN. THE CRUISER RALEIGH WHICH WAS MOORED JUST ABOVE THE UTAH WAS HIT AFT BY A BOMB BUT EVIDENTLY WAS NOT SEVERELY DAMAGED AS SHE REMAINED AFLOAT WITH ONLY A SLIGHT LIST.

UP TO NOW I HAD NOT BEEN ABLE TO DISTINGUISH THE MARKINGS ON THE PLANES, - ALTHOUGH THERE WAS NO DOUBT IN MY MIND AS TO WHERE THEY CAME FROM; BUT MY CHANCE TO GET A VERY CLOSE UP VIEW WAS NOW TO COME. TWO SINGLE MOTOR PLANES CAME SUDDENLY FLYING IN FROM THE WEST, VERY LOW, ALMOST BRUSHING THE TREE TOPS, ONLY A FEW FEET FROM THE SPOT WHERE I WAS STANDING WITH A YOUNG AVIATOR WHO AT THE TIME WAS LIVING IN ONE OF OUR HOUSES. THE RED RISING SUN PAINTED OVER THE DARK GRAY SIDES FORWARD ON THE PLANES AND ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE WINGS SHOWED PLAIN ENOUGH WHO THE ENEMY WAS. MY FRIEND REMARKED THAT THESE PLANES HAD NOW DROPPED THEIR BOMBS AND WERE COMING BACK TO DO MACHINE GUNNING, AND THATS EXACTLY WHAT THEY DID. THEY MADE FOR THE "CURTIS" A LARGE AIRCRAFT SUPPLY SHIP WHICH WAS ANCHORED JUST OUTSIDE OUR SEA WALL.

BY NOW MACHINE GUN BULLETS & SHRAPNEL SPLINTERS WERE FALLING, (OUR OWN & THE ENEMIES), WE LEARNED TO LOOK FOR SMOKE PUFFS ABOVE AND WHEN WE SAW THEM, WE RAN FOR SHELTER. SUDDENLY TWO MEN COVERED WITH OIL FROM HEAD TO FOOT APPEARED FROM THE WATERFRONT AND SAID THEY CAME FROM THE UTAH. THEY WERE THROWN OVERBOARD BY THE EXPLOSION, WHICH HAD ALSO RIPPED THE OIL TANKS OF THE SHIP OPEN, AND SO THEY HAD TO SWIM IN OIL. FORTUNATELY FOR THEM, THE BOMB WHICH HIT THE CRUISER RALEIGH THREW ONE OF ITS LIFE BOATS IN THE WATER WHICH BY NOW HAD FLOATED NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE BOYS WERE, AND WITH IT THEY CAME OVER TO THE NEAREST LANDING WHICH WAS OURS. WE IMMEDIATELY GAVE THEM GASOLINE AND SOAP AND OLD RAGS AND TOWELS AND BEFORE LONG THEY LOOKED AGAIN LIKE HUMAN BEINGS.

HOUSES ME TOO THE CAR AND DROVE BY THE HIGHWAY SPLITTERS AND BOGGED
OMEGA V LEM HONORED LAYERS WIDE MAKE NOT OMEGA AIRBEGE BUT VEGO BOGGED
KINETIC EXPLOSION FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF ROAD ISLAND WHICH VI THIS POINT
BY THIS TIME AT ATEE MAY 30 NEBAONS THAT SHE IMBISTED ME FEVAE

TOWARDS NOON THE ATTACK WAS WELL OVER, BUT STILL WE HEARD PLENTY OF SHOTS AND EXPLOSIONS, AND I BEGAN TO WONDER ABOUT MY WIFE AND A FAMILY WHOSE CAR WAS PARKED ALONG SIDE OF HER'S AND WHOM I LEFT ON THE HIGHWAY IN THE MORNING. I PACKED SOME PROVISIONS IN A SUITCASE, BORROWED A CAR AND DROVE UP TO THE HIGHWAY. ON MY ARRIVAL I WAS RELIEVED TO FIND THAT THEY HAD GONE. I HAD SUSPECTED THAT MY WIFE WENT TO HONOLULU, AND AS WE HAVE MANY FRIENDS THERE WHERE SHE WOULD FIND SHELTER, I FELT SHE WAS SAFE. THE AFTERNOON I SPENT WITH SOME OF OUR TENANTS WHO WERE STILL AROUND, RESTING AND RECUPERATING AND COLLECTING BULLETS AND SHRAPNEL SPLINTERS. WE HAD JUST DECIDED TO REMAIN FOR THE NIGHT, WHEN ABOUT AT 4:30 MY WIFE CAME BACK, WHO-BY THE WAY HAD TO TRAVEL AROUND THE ISLAND IN ORDER TO REACH HONOLULU. SHE SAID THAT SHE WAS INFORMED ON HER WAY BACK THAT WE HAD TO EVACUATE FOR THE NIGHT, AND GO TO WAIPAHU. WE PACKED BLANKETS AND PROVISIONS IN OUR CAR AND UP AT THE HIGHWAY WE RECEIVED PERMISSION TO GO TO HONOLULU, WHICH PLEASED US VERY MUCH.

ON OUR WAY TO TOWN IT BECAME CLEAR TO US HOW MUCH DAMAGE WAS DONE TO OUR BATTLE SHIPS. FIVE OF THE BIG FELLOWS WERE RESTING ON THE BOTTOM OF PEARL HARBOR WITH THEIR BATTERED SUPERSTRUCTURES, STICKING OUT OF THE WATER, THE ARIZONA, THE OKLAHOMA, THE WEST VIRGINIA, AND THE CALIFORNIA, AND ON THE LOWER END OF THE CHANNEL WAS THE NEVADA WHICH WE SAW BEING BEACHED DURING THE MORNING BOMBARDMENT. IT WAS OUR GREAT FORTUNE THAT NONE OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS WAS IN THE HARBOR AT THE TIME, AND NOT VERY MANY CRUISERS. MANY DESTROYERS WERE AROUND, BUT BEING SMALL THEY COULD MANEUVER AND GET GOING, SEVERAL OF THEM WE SAW DURING THE MORNING STEAMING OUT OF THE HARBOR WITH RED SMOKE BELCHING OUT OF THEIR STACKS.

I WAS GREATLY RELIEVED WHEN I SAW THAT ALL OUR LARGE FUEL OIL STORAGE TANKS WERE INTACT. FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER THE JAPS DID'NT FIND IT WORTHWHILE TO DROP A FEW BOMBS ON THEM. I AM ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THESE TANKS AS ALMOST 20 YEARS AGO I WAS ONE OF THE MEN WHO HELPED PLANING THEM TOGETHER WITH ALL THE PUMPING PLANTS AND INTERCONNECTING PIPE LINES. AND HOW WOEFULLY OBSOLETE IS THAT STORAGE SYSTEM TODAY!

THE TRIP TO TOWN WAS UNEVENTFUL EXCEPT THAT NEAR THE PEARL HARBOR ENTRANCE WE BUMPED INTO THE REAR OF AN OLD CAR, KNOCKING ITS BUMPER OFF. AS THE DRIVER A FILIPINO WAS GOING TO STOP AND INVESTIGATE THE DAMAGE, A POLICEMAN CAME ALONG AND CUT THE INVESTIGATION SHORT BY SHOUTING "GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE" AND WE WERE GLAD TO KEEP GOING! ARRIVING IN TOWN IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND WE FOUND ALREADY HALF A DOZEN REFUGEES THERE, AND WE EXPERIENCED THE FIRST BLACKOUT. WE SLEPT, OR AT LEAST TRIED TO SLEEP ON THE FLOOR AND THUS ENDED A DAY WHICH MAY WELL BE THE TURNING POINT IN THE LIVES OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

WILLIAM DIEM.

2704 Terrace Drive
Honolulu

PEARL HARBOR
December 7th, 1941

Ponciano Bernardino

It was early December 7th, 1941, when the Sub Base fire truck left the sub base to help fight the fire on the Navy Yard Dry Dock at Pearl Harbor. We arrived at the scene about 8:10. There were eight of us who were in the fire truck, two chiefs, two truckmen and four of us hosemen.

When we took the hose from the fire truck, there were only two of us who pulled it near the old dry dock. When we reached the end of the dock, a man in civilian clothes, who was an American, told me to disconnect my hose from the fire plug, but I told him this we could not do as the water was coming from the fire engine. Then I told my shop mate whose name is Andre Dury EMI/C USN, that we better move the hose right across the magazine in order to flood it with water to avoid its exploding and damaging the U. S. S. Pennsylvania which was right close to the destroyer.

The man in the civilian suit was now with me and Dury, drawing under fire, holding the hose. As soon as we were in a position to shoot the hose, I gave the signal to the men who were standing by the plug, to open same as we were ready.

While holding the hose to start shooting the destroyer's magazine with water, a bomb dropped near by and hit a truck parked near the rubbish pile. There was an oil drum on the truck, while beside the truck was a crane with another oil drum, these drums caused a bigger fire around us. At this same time a bomb hit the U. S. S. Pennsylvania by the gun turret near the smoke stack.

The fire around us was getting bigger and bigger so we were forced to lay flat on our stomachs. Then the man next to me said, "I am a Naval Officer." and showed me his ring. That is when I noticed that his face

was smeared with oil and showed some parts burnt. Then he told me to run and tell the dry dock operator to have his ship flooded. I ran as fast as I could to the pump station where I found a man in civilian clothes and told him, "I have my order to flood the dry dock, before the U. S. S. Pennsylvania blow up!" But, he told me that he could not have the dry dock flooded but pointed to an officer (Jg) who was standing by the Panthe "You have to tell him first." So I told him that was what I was going to do. So, I approached the officer and said, "Sir, I have the order from the officer of that destroyer forward of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, on the starboard side, to flood the dry dock!" The dry dock officer asked me, "Where is the destroyer's officer?" Then I pointed to the man in civilian clothes who was with my shop mate, holding the water hose, laying down on his stomach. Then the dry dock officer said, "Alright!" and we went together, as soon as we reached the place where Dury, my shop mate, the Destroyer's officer, I reported to him. "Sir, this is the dry dock officer who wants to talk to you." Then the Destroyer's Officer said to the Dry Dock Officer, "Please have the dry dock flooded." Then the dry dock officer answered, "Alright! Boy," addressing me, "I will flood the dry dock." All I did say was, "Thank you, Sir."

Then I went back to Dury EM 1/C. "Come let us tie this hose here for, we have another one behind the sub station which is shorter and which, I believe, will not reach here. You come help me put that hose on the forward part of the destroyer." All Dury did was to tie the hose on the stansion chain of the dry dock, then, we ran toward the sub station with the Destroyer's Officer. Here, he took off his coat and threw it away

When we reached the sub station, there were two of our hose men holding the hose, sitting under the big pile of 4 x 4 lumber, facing the station. The Destroyer's Officer told me to have the hose taken near the dry dock and put the hose directly at the midship of the destroyer.

We three started moving the hose around the pile of 4x4 lumber, where the fire from the oildrum on the truck and the oil drum on the

crane were burning furiously around the place beside the fire from the destroyer. The heat was terrific, but, thank God, we managed to carry the hose through the fire to the dry dock. The three of us, myself, Dury and the Destroyer's officer were only slightly burned on the arms and face.

About 8:30, I saw some people coming toward us. A number of Legionnaires from Woodrow Wilson Post #10, and other civilians. It was then I noticed that I had lost my pipe, which for sentimental reasons I hated to lose. I told the officer with us, "They will pay for this! Once before I lost another pipe, that was in Europe. Now Pearl Harbor Navy Yard. I will sure make them pay!" The officer said, "They will sure pay, not only for your pipe but all that they have damaged!" Then he told me to take charge of the fire hose on the forward side of the destroyer, for he was going to take the aft. I said, "Alright, Sir, I will!"

At this time, three more water hoses were at hand, so I told one of the men to put the first hose forward of the destroyer, then I took one of the hoses toward the forward hatch and the other to the dog hatch, and the third hose was on the engine room hatch.

During the third raid by the Japanese planes, bombs were no longer dropped but they machine gunned the people. This started all the civilians running toward the lumber nearby. With this action I told the men to come back and not run nor hide for that was worse as shrapnel and splinters will surely kill them. Instead I screamed again, "Come back here and hold these hoses, then you will have fresh air besides." I added, "You won't get hurt if you stay where you were because in the smoke around us, they will never be able to see us, to machine gun us!"

This remark brought the civilians out. They rejoined us and started holding the hoses and helped a great deal to put the fire at slow pace toward the magazine room of the destroyer, but we did not

Page #4

leave until no more fire could be seen aboard the destroyer. Then my chief who was in the fire truck came and told me, "Good work, Good work Benny! Now take all the hoses back to the truck and have them secured for we need gas. We have got to get back to the base." "Thank you Cheif, but, dont forget, I lost my pipe. This is the second pipe I have lost, one in the first world war in Europe, now the second in the second war at Pearl Harbor, Navy Yard."

blue ocean on this beautiful sunny morning, the Island is under attack, presumably by Japan. Word has been coming over the radio every two or three minutes.

Fort de Russey (a block away) sounded out "Call to Arms" just after 8:00 A.M. and out on the horizon I can see the flashes of fire from the big guns of our Navy.

Pearl Harbor is being bombed - the noise is terrific. The radio announcer says some enemy planes have been shot down - the horizon looks like a whole row of geysers shooting up - the air over Pearl Harbor way is filled with puffs of smoke.

The radio keeps warning people to stay off the streets, stay cool and calm, and not to use the telephone; as this will block the lines for official use. The announcer sounds scared to death!

Now there is a lull in the firing, and I can see the destroyers out there, all lined up on the horizon. It doesn't seem possible that this is all happening. It all started so suddenly: we were just going to have a pot of tea when we heard the heavy firing, and thought it was practice, until we heard the

bugle from the Fort. We turned on the radio and got word of the attack.

The radio announcer says everything is under control now. (As I rewrite this and look back I realize how little we knew just what was going on). Wonder where Bill is: had an airmail from him a few days ago and he expected to get here today. God! I bet he's out there in the thick of it.

The radio says that we have been bombed, and that an enemy plane has been shot down over Pearl Harbor - "presumably Japanese".

It's starting again! All disaster wardens are being called out - the house is rocking now from the vibration of the guns at sea. All ambulances are to report to the National Guard Armory - all civilians are being ordered to keep off the streets. There go the guns again!

DH Arthur

Page 1

Lillian Williams

and American Factors trucks and motorcycles are ordered to report to the Armory.

10:20 A.M.

It isn't over yet, the house is trembling again! We have a little group of women sitting here drinking coffee. Everyone is calm, but each one wonders just what is happening to our once peaceful Islands.

The radio is calling by name certain doctors to Tripler Hospital (Army). All ammunition depot workers are being ordered by radio to be at certain spots to be picked up by trucks. All available trucks and motorcycles are now being called.

Thank God for the radio! At least we know something of what is going on, and it is a wonderful way to contact these various groups on such short notice.

Now the horizon is clear; the ships must be too far out for us to see them. There goes the firing again! Now I can see a couple destroyers.

All civilian employees of Pearl Harbor are now able to get through; they were warned earlier to stay home, so it must be letting up.

10:45 A.M.

All major disaster council committee chairmen are to report to duty on a twenty-four hour basis, eight hour shifts. All people are being told to keep their radios on all day for announcement of a blackout later.

There goes the firing again. The announcer has just congratulated the people on their calm and cool behavior. He suggested that we have a little military music and is now playing the Star Spangled Banner. They are playing records between announcements. Earlier he told the listeners that, "This is no fun, it's the real McCoy".

11:00 A.M.

Radio announcement: "All American Legion members report to their club

and hear the palm trees rustle as they sway with the trade winds, it just doesn't seem possible that war is upon us. The sky is a beautiful blue, with clouds drifting along like puffs of white cotton, yet it is true; the peace of our "Island Paradise" has been shattered. War is HELL!

11:35 P.M.

11:25 A.M.

Still watching the fire from the guns of a ship way out at sea, and the anti-aircraft is blazing away over Pearl Harbor again. The announcer says, "Keep calm, there has been another attack. Keep off the streets, don't use the telephone, be prepared for a blackout tonight."

11:55 A.M.

We just took a walk along the sea wall to a spot where we could see Pearl Harbor in the distance. It seems to be covered with black smoke; could be the oil tanks were hit (I have since then learned that it was the Arizona burning). A few blocks away from here something is burning, bombs have been dropped on the Island at various points. Our two local radio stations have gone off the air; most likely to give the wave lengths over to the Army and Navy. Planes are flying around and the anti-aircraft is blazing away for a few minutes again. It gives one the whim-whams, believe me!

12:05 P.M.

Now there is a lull again; wish we could at least hear the radio announcer's voice. We are getting some snatches of short wave, but can't make out anything clearly. Now it's coming in O.K.

12:10 P.M.

Short wave (on Army or Navy) reports some ship "high" unidentified.

FLASH: short wave report - enemy vessels S.W. 021 - enemy plane south of Diamond

cancelled.

Here we sit in front of this huge window on the second floor facing the ocean, which is about 150 feet away, and as we see the sun shining on the water, and hear the palm trees rustle as they sway with the trade winds, it just doesn't seem possible that war is upon us. The sky is a beautiful blue, with clouds drifting along like puffs of white cotton, yet it is true; the peace of our "Island Paradise" has been shattered. War is HELL!

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Head flying to Pearl Harbor - commence firing.

12:20 P.M.

12:25 P.M.

FLASH: Enemy planes S.E. of Diamond Head flying to Pearl Harbor.

12:30 P.M.

FLASH: Enemy planes flying to Pearl Harbor south of Diamond Head.

12:32 P.M.

FLASH: O.P. 3. Many enemy planes high southeast.

12:35 P.M.

Here they come - and our planes are up after them. We can hear the drone of the planes. How long will it keep up, never thought this would happen, did we.

12:50 P.M.

FLASH: To all the Islands - Have all equipment ready, fire engines, ambulances, trucks, etc. All boys from eighteen to twenty-one, not having any other defense duties, to report to the fire warden in their district.

12:55 P.M.

FLASH: Japan has announced that a state of war exists between Japan and the Western Hemisphere. They struck first, then announced the fact afterwards.

12:59 P.M.

FLASH: O.P. 3. Enemy planes diving over Barber's Point - many planes.

1:05 P.M.

FLASH: All women who have been training for emergency nursing, report to the hospitals or doctors in charge in their district. All doctors stand by.

FLASH: The radio news says Oahu was bombed this morning by three or four waves of Japanese bombers - Manila was also bombed.

1:25 P.M.

POLICE NEWS FLASHES: Police are investigating saboteur work - are bringing in some Japanese. An unexploded bomb found in backyard on second Ave., Kaimuki.

1:30 P.M.

Here we sit looking out on what now appears to be a peaceful ocean, not a ship in sight. They no doubt are just over the horizon. Right now all is quiet on the water and in the air.

Police calls are coming in now. A bomb exploded at 1036 Hala Drive. Now we see a "four stacker" on the horizon, and a mine sweeper passing close in. The sun shines brightly on the water, and it still seems like a bad dream.

Police are being checked out about 1:45 P.M.

FLASH: K.G.P.Q. calling for volunteers with trucks to report to Dr. French at the Armory. They most likely have an emergency hospital there.

1:52 P.M.

POLICE FLASHES: Investigate Japanese at 781 Sunset Ave. who plan to keep lights on tonight - short wave radio in basement of Colonial Hotel.

1:55 P.M.

POLICE FLASH: Men proceed to St. Louis Heights - parachutists supposed to have landed (this was never true). Police are certainly being kept busy watching for saboteurs.

2:00 P.M.

FLASH: Police officers scatter and take various routes to St. Louis Heights. Go to back of St. Louis school investigate parachute men landed. FLASH - more men needed on St. Louis Heights. FLASH - house on Liliha and Juud being bombed.

Parachute troops landed in rear of 1900 St. Louis Dr. FLASH - investigate a Japanese at a Kapahula Inn. FLASH - police to Sixth Ave. - Japanese man with gun.

2:25 P.M.

FLASH: Police called to St. Louis Heights - man signaling - ran into woods.

2:30 P.M.

All is still quiet on the ocean. We can hear the drone of planes in the sky. A chaplain from the U.S.S. Pennsylvania called on Mrs. Bardshar a...

few minutes ago - two officers were reported killed on that ship, 350 men were reported killed at Hickam early this morning.

FLASH: From short wave - O.P.II Med. 3 unknown - attention - resume fire west

group POLICE FLASH - investigate Japanese digging up road on School Street.

FLASH: Evacuating people from some area where the trouble is.

3:00 P.M.

Police are busy checking complaints about maneuvers by Island Japanese on Tantalus and other points. What will the blackout bring tonight? It will be clear with a full moon. Still some talk of parachuters. Police are guarding the water tanks in the Heights. Some man going from house to house telling people the water has been poisoned (It never was). Army reconnaissance to Palolo golf course to check on suspicious persons on ridge.

3:45 P.M.

All seems so quiet now. We are listening to a Mainland station.

4:10 P.M.

KGMB says martial law in effect. All civilian traffic will be off the streets by nightfall. Total blackout will be in effect. There has been a rumor that the water has been contaminated, this is being investigated, all people are ordered to boil the water until notified further.

4:35 P.M.

POLICE FLASH: Check on parachutists in Palolo Valley. Nothing else coming over now but calls for police here and there. People on the whole are not panicky, but every poor Jap in the city is being watched. Some no doubt are spys or sabateurs; only those found to be such are being held.

It is a Sunday again as I finish typing my jottings of that December 7th Sunday, and I pray to God we do not have another day like it. But if they come again I am sure our forces are ready. We are used to our blackout system now,

used to seeing bomb shelters around town, sand bags and barbed wire entanglements protecting vital spots, yes, one becomes accustomed to these things in a very short while. So life goes on in a war torn world. I hope I may live long enough to see a peaceful and better world, and to know that our men have not died in vain.....

(Mrs.) Lillian Williams
1559 Pensacola St.
Honolulu, T. H.

[67791]

[Rec'd 8/5/43]