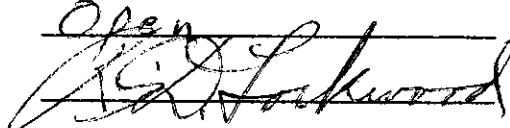


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Interview with  
Randolph S. D. Lockwood  
August 24, 1974

Place of Interview: San Antonio, Texas  
Interviewer: Dr. Ronald E. Marcello  
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((Corrections, No.250, NTSU Oral History Collection))

| <u>Page:</u> | <u>Line:</u> | <u>Word:</u>          | <u>Change to read:</u>                                |
|--------------|--------------|-----------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 10           | 20           | "skirted"             | "escorted"                                            |
| -12          | 5            | "borke"               | "broke"                                               |
| 25           | 19           | "a"                   | "an"                                                  |
| 28           | bottom line  | "relic"               | "relics"                                              |
| 31           | 5            | "it"                  | "it, the ramp area,"                                  |
| 33           | 9            | "Donahue"             | "Donehoo (Major and later Lt.Col. J.C.Donehoo, Jr.)." |
| 34           | 3            | "them"                | "the men"                                             |
| 34           | 7            | "things"              | "planes"                                              |
| 37           | 2            | "inland"              | "enemy"                                               |
| 43           | 14           | "these"               | "these whites"                                        |
| 43           | 17           | "not"                 | "now"                                                 |
| -44          | 13           | "figures"             | "figured"                                             |
| 44           | 14           | "Cronon"              | "Cronin"                                              |
| 45           | 11           | ".50"                 | "50" (delete decimal point)                           |
| 45           | 14           | "island"              | "peninsula"                                           |
| 47           | 10           | "would" (2nd "would") | "could"                                               |
| -47          | 19           | "Cold"                | "Colt"                                                |

Oral History Collection

Randolph Lockwood

Interviewer: Dr. Ronald E. Marcello

Place of Interview: San Antonio, Texas

Date: August 24, 1974

Dr. Marcello: This is Ron Marcello interviewing Randolph Lockwood for the North Texas State University Oral History Collection. The interview is taking place on August 24, 1974, in San Antonio, Texas. I am interviewing Mr. Lockwood in order to get his reminiscences and experiences and impressions while he was stationed at the Kaneohe Naval Air Station during the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

Now Mr. Lockwood, to begin this interview, would you just very, very briefly give me a biographical sketch of yourself? In other words, tell me when you were born, where you were born, your education--things of that nature. Just be very brief and general.

Mr. Lockwood: Well, my full name is Randolph Scott Dewey Lockwood. I was born on the 19th of March, 1913, in Geneva, Switzerland. I came to the United States at a very early age. My father died and my mother was born in Austin, Texas. I am descended from a long line of Americans going back to Jamestown and the early days of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Returning to this country in 1915 was a pretty hazardous experience. We had to cross the Atlantic and everything, the submarine-infested Atlantic. We really were refugees. We settled in Sewanee, Tennessee, where they had the University of the South. My grandmother died, and we moved out to Kansas where my family had interests.

I went to California. I was preparing for the Naval Academy. I went to Severn in Maryland. That's a few miles up from the Severn River in Annapolis. I entered the Academy and graduated in 1936. I had a great opportunity to go to Harvard on my own and study political science, which I did, and I got a degree from Harvard and finished in 1940.

I took a reserve commission at the time I got out of the Marine Corps and later integrated back into the regular Marine Corps. I had finished the basic school and the junior course at Quantico and volunteered for active duty in the fall of 1940. In '41, January, I found myself on the West Coast with the 1st Marine Brigade, which later became the 1st Marine Division. I was detached for duty overseas to a place I had never heard of. I couldn't even pronounce it--Naval Air Station at Kaneohe Bay.

Marcello: Let me just go back here a minute. I have a few general questions that I want to ask you. After you graduated from the Academy and had taken the graduate courses at Harvard, why did you decide upon the Marines, let's say, rather than the Navy?

Lockwood: Well, I always liked the Marine Corps. In fact, when I finished the Naval Academy, I spent a year in the Marine Corps, and, of course, it was just the choice of a golden opportunity of going to Harvard and I took it. But I stayed on with the Marines after I got out of Harvard. As I say, when I got to the West Coast, well, I was ordered to the Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Kaneohe Bay.

Marcello: At the time that you went back into the service again in 1940, how closely had you been keeping abreast with world events? As a political science major, this is perhaps a rather odd question to ask you.

Lockwood: I was keeping very closely abreast. In fact, I had a reserve commission the whole time I was going up to Harvard, and I took courses in international affairs, although my specialty was American government. That was my field of concentration. I managed to graduate cum laude.

I felt that war was just a matter of time. That's why I volunteered for active duty again when I . . . they sent this form out. In fact, that Harvard commencement in

1940 was the only time anyone could ever remember when they marched into the Yard to get their diploma and they played "Onward Christian Soldiers." The headlines outside in the paper . . . the paper outside the Square was "France Falls," and the British were backed up at Dunkirk. It was really grim.

Marcello: Now at that time, when you thought of the likelihood of the United States entering war, were your eyes turned basically toward Europe rather than toward the Far East and Japan in particular?

Lockwood: Yes, I would say they were. I would say they were. I don't think there was any doubt about it that we were definitely oriented toward Europe.

Marcello: And you mentioned that you were assigned to the Kaneohe Naval Air Station, or the Marine Battacks at the Kaneohe Naval Air Station, in 1941.

Lockwood: That's correct. It was in the spring of '41 that this dispatch came through, and I was supposed to go out by Naval transport, and that didn't materialize. Then I was placed on a very fine tourist accommodation pleasure boat named the SS Lurline. It was just crowded with happy vacationers that had come down from San Francisco, and all they talked about was the "Top of the Mark." When I was getting aboard, I could see they were putting

the degaussing equipment on her. So I had a very pleasant four-and-a-half-day crossing. On the other side there were the bands playing the aloha and the girls with the hula skirts. Everything was wonderful. Everybody wore white uniforms. I was whisked through the red tape and got my orders endorsed at Pearl and went to Kaneohe, which was probably the most beautiful station and one of the best-built Naval stations in the world.

Marcello: Describe what it looked like from the physical standpoint.

Lockwood: Well, it's called a peninsula. But actually, if you've been aboard for awhile, you really think you're on an island. It's roughly sort of a square-shaped design. There's a narrow causeway that connects it with the mainland.

The north beach, which faces the Pacific, has very treacherous surf, and we prohibited swimming on the north beach after the famous olympic swimmer, Duke Kahanamoka, went out there in a canoe with a number of expert swimmers, and the canoe flipped over. It was all they could do to make it back to the beach. So we closed the beach.

At one end of the beach was an extinct volcano called the Mokapu Volcano. In fact, this thing is called



the Mokapu Peninsula. Part of this extinct volcano has been worn away because of the ocean and the wind.

But Kaneohe--the station itself--comes from the bay. In fact, when I first tried to get a bus from Honolulu to Kaneohe, well, he looked at me in a little odd fashion because I later found out that Kaneohe was a small little wide place in the road where they had the insane asylum. It has since probably been run over by suburbia, but the bay itself took the name from the town. The peninsula was called the Mokapu Peninsula.

Of course, the whole purpose of the station was for these PBY's--these patrol planes which the Navy had--to operate from there because there just wasn't enough room at Ford Island. So the commodore of this PBY group was stationed at Kaneohe. But, of course, I came under the station commander and the commanding officer of the Marine Barracks.

Marcello: What exactly was the function of the Marines here at Kaneohe?

Lockwood: It was to provide security for the station. We checked people in and out at the main gate. The Navy was very tight on security. Everyone had to have passes. In other words, it just wasn't a wide open station at all. In fact, the whole area had been declared a special

security area by Presidential edict. They had a lot of bomb shelters aboard; there were lots of magazines. In addition to security on the gate, we had these sentries which were guarding the tank farm which was millions of gallons of high-octane underground gasoline. We had many bomb shelters, as I said.

In fact, that's why we had a mounted patrol of Marines, the theory being that the horseman can pick his way at night with very little noise over sand dunes. The horse can find his way, and he doesn't have any headlights to warn anyone who might be trying to sabotage the magazine that he's coming. He's right on top of you. They worked very well, the horses did.

But, of course, the station got so large when they started using these land-based planes that they kept extending the runway and extending the runway. They never were able to take off with a full load of gasoline--the heavy bombers. They had to take a half-load and then go over to Barbers Point and get the rest of the load.

But we provided security for the station. We had the sentries. We had the motorcycle patrols. We had the mounted Marines. We had the gate, and we had the perimeter defense.

Marcello: About how many Marines are we talking about as the base complement here at Kaneohe? You might have to possibly estimate this number.

Lockwood: Well, I would have to estimate this number. But I would put it initially . . . the first detachment that went over was sixty when they were first commissioned. Now I wasn't there when they were first commissioned. It was in January. I got there on the 7th of May, 1941. The Japanese arrived exactly seven months later to the day. The first detail was augmented, and I would say that on December 7 we probably had about eighty men approximately, give or take a few.

Marcello: You brought up the subject awhile ago, and I'll pursue it a little bit farther. As you well know, there is and there was at that time a relatively large group of people of Japanese ancestry on the Hawaiian Islands. How great a threat in terms of sabotage or fifth columnist activities was this Japanese population considered? Obviously, since the Marines were in charge of security, they would have thought about this Japanese population.

Lockwood: Well, I was out there, and I talked to the people before and after, and it was never a problem. I would say that 99.9 per cent of the Japanese were extremely loyal

Americans. That was proven in that combat group they sent over to Italy. However, the Navy, which was always very tight on security--they have to be, far more than the Army--they couldn't take any chances. I recall that the day after the attack that the captain's niece was telling me that--when I went over to see her--they were having to take the maid home and that they couldn't employ her any longer. She was the Japanese maid, and she just cried all the way back. The captain's wife took her home, and she just cried all the way back. Now there wasn't anybody more loyal than that girl.

They were very good people. In fact, all of this that you read about Japanese spies out there . . . there is no doubt there were a few, but far fewer than what was considered likely at the time. In fact, it was some years ago--this is to digress a bit--some years ago on a television program, I saw the only person who could ever positively be identified as a Japanese spy out of the whole Hawaiian Islands, and he was sent out there for that purpose. And he was attached to the consulate. The consul-general was the only one who knew he was a spy. He was the one who made the reports on these grid reports that came out of Pearl. Now maybe there were others there which he didn't know about.

But any one of Oriental extraction was automatically suspected, and when they came aboard station they were watched. Now a Caucasion--in Texas they were called an Anglo--everyone more or less took him for granted.

Down the beach from us--and this was brought out in a recently-read book--Lanikai was one of the places--at the beach at Lanikai--where there was actually some spy activity going on. It involved a certain house where they had this signal--light signal--which they could send out in the ocean and communicate, and to the best of my knowledge, the rumor that I got, this was owned by a man of German extraction who had only recently become an American citizen. There was a good percentage of the population out there who were old-timers who were of German extraction. They had large landholdings--the Parker Ranch and all of that other group around there.

A white person could go almost anywhere and no one would assume he was a spy. This house down at Lanikai . . . the rumor was that this was owned by this man. Of course, he was arrested and he was skirted away, and nobody knew what happened to him.

Marcello: But again, in getting back to my question, in those days prior to Pearl Harbor--prior to the actual Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor--was it believed that the Japanese living

the islands did represent a potential threat in terms of sabotage and fifth columnist activity?

Lockwood: I never heard anything like that, frankly. But there was no feeling except that the Navy, right after December 7, clamped down on . . . no Japanese could work on the station.

Marcello: Yes, but again, obviously, there must have been some feeling that these Japanese did represent a potential threat because all of the planes, especially those at Hickam Field--and I'm not sure what the procedure was here at Kaneohe--were usually lined up in nice, neat rows. One of the purposes for this being done was to prevent sabotage. They could be guarded much more easily if they were lined up in nice, neat rows than if they were scattered all over the base. Of course, they also made a very good target on December 7.

Lockwood: Well, I would like to make one thing clear. The Army was in overall responsibility. They were charged with the ground and air security for the Hawaiian Department. That was not the Navy's responsibility. They were supposed to provide that. However, on Naval stations, the Navy provided their own security. They set up their own rules.

Now you mentioned about the planes being put together in nice, neat rows. If you'll read Admiral Theobald's book where he talks about the withholding of the "Magic" messages, when the people in Washington broke the "Purple Code" and withheld it from the Hawaiian commanders . . . when they finally began releasing fragmentary messages, the interpretation in Hawaii, as I understand it--of course, I wasn't on that level at the time--was that there was something in the nature of sabotage but not war. So the planes were actually lined up in these rows to prevent sabotage and guard it. There was no hint that it was war. When they started breaking this "Purple Code" and all of these messages were coming through, which for three months were deliberately held from the Hawaiian area . . . if you followed the thing step-by-step, you could see that it only meant one thing--war. Then when they started sending the messages out again, the interpretation was, "Well, some incident's going to occur--possibly sabotage." That's why they had them lined up that way.

Now in our case at Kaneohe, it was a question of . . . the planes floated out in the bay, and they rolled them up on the ramp into the hangars. There really wasn't anyplace where they could disperse, as far as that goes. These were seaplanes.

Marcello: How safe and secure did you feel here at Kaneohe? In other words, suppose war did come between the United States and Japan. Did you feel at that time . . . again, I want you to remember that all the questions that I'm asking you, I want you to answer in the context of that pre-Pearl Harbor period. At that time how safe and secure did you feel at Pearl Harbor? Did you see the possibility of a Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor? Of course, theoretically, anything's possible. What was the likelihood of a Japanese attack?

Lockwood: Well, at that time I didn't feel it was too good. As I say again, I was getting probably more information in the overseas edition of Time magazine that was airmailed out to Hawaii. Everything was pointing to Europe. Here you had Russia entering the war, and there was a new front opening up, and this battle was going on in North Africa and everything. And I think that's what we were thinking of. Now that, of course, at my level as a first lieutenant--and later I was promoted to captain but that was in the mill on December 7--I wasn't too concerned with the possibility of war in Oahu. At the time I didn't give it too much consideration.

I do recall that one time my CO was called away, and he wanted me to give a briefing on the ground defenses--



defenses now, not security--the ground defenses of the peninsula. I only had about fifteen minutes to get ready, but I took a few notes I had from the Marine Corps schools. There were a lot of Naval officers present, and I started telling them how many machine guns they needed on this stretch of beach and how much barbed wire they needed. I started talking about concertina and cheveux-de-frise and gooseberry barbed wire. Then I talked about pillboxes and this, that, and the other thing just the way they had it in regular base defense, the way we were taught. I was getting some mighty blank looks. Some old lieutenant commander said I'd left out the shore patrol, and I wanted to know what that had to do with it. His idea of defending something was to have the Black Maria go around with some shore patrol men and grab these people and throw them in the paddy wagon and handcuff them and take them off to the brig. So I didn't think that went over too well. They didn't know what I was talking about. But one fellow said, "Well, where are you going to get all of those machine guns?" I said, "Well, that's a good question because we don't have any."

We didn't have any machine guns; we didn't have any barbed wire; we didn't have any pillboxes. They sent us some tear gas grenades. They sent us some sawed-off shot-guns. The only loading machine we had was strictly for

instructional purposes. And we had this one web belt, one loading machine, and one machine gun. That was it . . . and 03 rifles. Not a round of tracer ammunition. There was no siren on the station, no air raid siren-- nothing. Everything was going to England.

Marcello: Or if anything was going to the Far East, it was probably going to the Philippines. I would assume the Philippines had priority over certain material as opposed to the Hawaiian Islands.

Lockwood: They had priority in one respect, I'll say this much. But FDR wasn't putting out the information. They got one of the "Purple" machines out there, and they were actually breaking the Japanese code down, and they knew as much of what was going on as Washington did. London got one of those "Purple" machines. But we didn't get any "Purple" machine. We didn't even know what it was. We'd never heard of it.

Marcello: Well, apparently, it didn't help MacArthur too much either because his bombers were all caught on the ground there.

Lockwood: Well, he might have been waiting for a declaration of war. I never did get the straight story of what happened at Clark Field, but we weren't waiting for a declaration of war. When somebody was shooting at us, we were shooting back at them.

Marcello: Okay, I think this more or less brings us up to the days immediately prior to Pearl Harbor. What I want you to do at this point is to describe for me in as much detail as you can what your routine was on Saturday, December 6, 1941, and then from that point we'll move into Sunday, December 7, 1941. But at this point I want you to describe in as much detail as you can what your particular routine was on that Saturday of December 6, 1941.

Lockwood: Well, as I recall, on Saturday morning we had a parade on the parade ground. So my helmet and my canvas gear and my .45 and . . . I was in pretty good shape. In fact, I was wearing so many hats at the time . . . as an additional duty, I was editing . . . I was executive officer of Marine Barracks. Now that was my regular job. But in addition to that, I was also the recreation officer, which they now call special services officer. I was the editor of the station paper. I was a bachelor at the time, and I was dating the captain's niece. After the parade was over, we could all drop our packs . . . why, Saturday afternoons were off.

As I recall, we had one of these wartime movies that was playing over there in the Waikiki area. I think it was called "A Yank and the RAF." It was one of those

Betty Grable pictures. We drove back that night. Stars were out and everything. Very quiet. The closest we'd gotten to war was this movie with Tyrone Power, Betty Grable, and so forth. We drove around by Diamond Head, and I remarked at the time how that there'd been a lot more activity a week before that. In those days, why . . . that particular evening . . . a week before that Saturday, there were tanks on the road, there were trucks on the road, there was a regular Army alert. Now I don't know what the basis of it was. It was probably some message that they had from Washington. But they did go on an alert a week before. So we drove back, and things were very quiet. I took her home and went to bed.

Marcello: About what time would you say you retired?

Lockwood: Oh, I suppose we left Waikiki about 10:30. I suppose we got back about 11:30. It wasn't later than midnight, I'm sure.

Marcello: Let me digress here a moment and ask you a few more general questions at this point. Generally speaking, what sort of a social life would an officer in the service have at that time in the Hawaiian Islands, more particularly on a weekend?

Lockwood: It depends on where he was stationed. Now we had one of the nicest clubs on the island. It was right across from the BOQ where I was living at the time. It was small,

but it was well-built like the whole station. The whole station to accommodate 500 officers and men, and it went to ten times that number before the war was over. But it had a beautiful club, well-planned, a nice swimming pool. Everything was wonderful about it. But they'd have these parties at the club, oh, maybe . . . they weren't every week. They were maybe once a month or once every three weeks or something like that. Sometimes they'd have a private party--a squadron party or something like that. But usually it was a monthly affair. This was not one of those . . . at Kaneohe this was not one of those. Now they had the big club over at Pearl. I think I went to the Pearl Harbor club not more than twice.

You have to understand that military people, especially unmarried officers, liked to put on civilian clothes. They liked to go to civilian establishments at times, like the . . . we'd all make up a party with dates and go to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, which was a big hotel in town. If there was a party at the club, of course, there was a little bit of pressure to go to it or patronize the club because the club needed the money and so forth. We'd all show the flag, but the music was never quite as good, let's say, as at the

Royal Hawaiian. You felt a little bit more relaxed. In fact, if possible, at the club we would wear civilian clothes. We would wear a white tuxedo jacket and black trousers. It made you a little bit more relaxed than the uniform. Anything to get out of uniform. That was the regular military position at the time. They were very enjoyable.

They used to break up . . . well, the club parties always broke up by midnight. They didn't last any longer than that. That was practically a must. Now over at Waikiki, Trader Vic's, and places like that, well, they just had no limit. But you had to have transportation for that sort of thing. There was a waiting period to get your car out from the States. If you sent it out by government transportation, you're liable . . . one man had his dropped in the bay. The cable broke. I paid to have mine sent out, and . . . but they still stole the cigar lighter, although it was commercial transportation. The engine boiled over. You always have that transportation problem in that change to that semi-tropical climate. The people with vehicles were in great demand. If you didn't have a vehicle, you had to ride the "Red Rocket." That was the Windward Transit. It was a pretty hairy

experience going over the Pali road. They said a snake would break it's back crawling down the Pali because it was crooked. That's since been replaced with a tunnel, I understand.

Marcello: I would gather that entertaining . . . from what I've read, entertaining in the Hawaiian Islands in that pre-Pearl Harbor period, certainly among the officer corps, was a rather formal affair on most occasions. Isn't this correct?

Lockwood: Yes, it was in some respect. The senior officers, no doubt, had a slightly inhibiting effect upon the junior officers. But they were pretty nice people. Their wives were quite pleasant, very ladylike. These canards that circulated . . . the first time I heard was when I came back to the States, and I heard that everyone was drunk the night before December 7. That was strictly a canard.

Marcello: Okay, this was going to be my next question, and I want you to clarify the record on this point. As you mentioned, it was the rumor that allegedly Saturday nights in the Hawaiian Islands were a time of debauchery, orgy, what have you.

Lockwood: That was a canard that came out of Washington, D. C., planted by a bunch of people who were trying to cover

up for their own failures to perform their command responsibilities. That was circulated . . . came out of one of those Byzantine rumor mills that flourish in Washington, D. C., and poison the atmosphere from Pearl Harbor to Watergate. It's one of those canards that came out . . . in fact, I never heard it the whole time I was out there, till I got back to the States. I was absolutely appalled that this had been allowed to circulate in the mainland and nobody had refuted it, no one stateside, because it was a damn lie.

Marcello: Okay, this is what I wanted to get--your comments on this particular allegation.

Lockwood: In fact, there was less drinking in the tropics--in that kind of atmosphere--than there is in colder climates. People can't take it; their livers can't take it. It's just not a drinking climate. People who take to drink out there become beachcombers very quickly. It's not like a cold climate at all. It's completely different. In fact, you have to watch your diet. I had trouble when I first got there. I was eating . . . with eating habits standard like they are in the mainland, I was eating the normal consumption of food, and my liver kicked back on me, or something kicked back on me. I



was just sick as all get-out. They'd served some pork that particular day, and you just can't consume pork in that warm tropical climate. It takes a lot less food to get by. The same applies to liquor, very low consumption.

Marcello: And again, without putting words in your mouth, what you are saying, in effect, is that Saturday nights--any Saturday night--whether it was the night of December 6 or not, were not nights of revelry and debauchery and this sort of thing.

Lockwood: Oh, no, no. In fact, among the enlisted personnel, the ones who could afford it, they went out to some of the beer joints in Honolulu and Waikiki, but the shore patrol had everything under control. It was far quieter than anything I've ever seen in San Diego on Saturday night. After all, you've got to understand that it's a little more expensive to live out there. Beer is more expensive. Everything's more expensive. It had to be hauled out there. Why should a man get on public transportation and go all the way from Pearl Harbor to Waikiki to buy a beer that costs him twice as much as on the mainland when he could get the same beer at the NCO Club or the Chief's Club at Pearl, or the Enlisted Men's Club, at a fraction of the cost? He's got his own movies, his own recreation,

everything. And as far as keeping everybody under control, the shore patrol probably had one or two patrol wagons patrolling the Waikiki and the Honolulu area. There were never any problems at all.

Marcello: Let me follow this up with one last question about this subject. As you mentioned, you were the executive officer here in the Marine Corps Barracks. Generally speaking, what would be the condition or the shape of men who came back off liberty on a Saturday evening? Again, any Saturday evening? Were you close enough that you could form some sort of an observation on this?

Lockwood: I was a lot closer than that. I could speak for the sailors as well as the Marines. Now the sailors were well paid because they were all aviation ratings. They were making more money than they'd ever made before in their lives, and there were not too many places to spend it.

We were doing what we could. We had a movie hall set up. We had a little trouble with the admirals in Washington on that one. They wanted to turn it down. Their idea of a movie hall was just a strip of canvas or a sheet on board a ship. So we built it, and we called it a . . . the Navy built it. They called it a

gym. That got approved, and they had one basketball game in there. Then they put some folding chairs in there and started showing movies in there. It was still listed as a gym by the Bureau of Yards and Docks. We had a bowling alley. We had a place where they could buy sandwiches--sort of a lunch counter. They could buy hotdogs and hamburgers and malts. Then we had a little beer garden out back. We had a nice library. It was well-patronized and well-staffed. It was one of the nicest I've ever seen. We didn't have a chapel at the time, but we used this movie hall-gym as a chapel. We got by on that.

We had a little shortage of money. We needed money. It seemed my predecessor had run up a lot of debts. He was one of these fellows that orders everything that he sees but doesn't know whether he's got any money to pay for it or not. Of course, recreation money is different. So he had ordered all of this stuff, and there wasn't any money. The stuff arrived. There was a portable pipe organ. There was a great, big rubber ball of different colors about eight feet in diameter. That was rolling around the field on December 7. I'm sure the Japanese thought it was some secret weapon or something. The bills came in.

This treasurer we had was a real Scotsman. He was in the supply department, and he wasn't going to pay anything. So the recreation officer told the captain he was overworked. The captain called me in and said I had been nominated to take his place, and I had the job and a great, big office and the yeoman and everything and no money.

So we were only charging ten cents to go to the movies. We were only making about two cents on that. So to get us out of debt, I got the old man to let us show "Gone With the Wind" and charge a dollar. Well, he went through the roof when he heard of anybody paying a dollar to go to a movie. I explained to him they were charging four and five dollars at Waikiki, and it was held over one day to catch the Pan American clipper. We could take the whole thing and pack the hall. We had a great, big punch bowl. This was all before December 7 . . . a few weeks before. We had this punch bowl, and I had a armed Marine standing there so nobody could spike the punch. They were allowed to bring their dates. We got with the USO and the Red Cross, and they brought busloads of girls from Honolulu--very nice girls--and they all wore evening dresses, and the sailors and Marines all wore dress uniforms. They had a fine time. We got out of the red. We made some money off "Gone With the Wind."

But there was very little heavy drinking on the station. Now probably somebody could go out to the Coconut Grove--one of these old-timers--and take on too many beers and pick a fight with another man, but that was pretty isolated.

Marcello: How much would you associate with the Naval personnel on the base?

Lockwood: Very close association. I always got along very well with the Navy. See, I was a Naval Academy graduate.

Marcello: What I was going to ask you is this, then . . .

Lockwood: In fact, I was appointed president of the mess, and I was only first lieutenant. I said, "Well, captain, these people are all aviators." He said, "Yes, and they're all ensigns, too. And you're supposed to Christianize them, or I'll straighten you out." I had to keep them in uniform and everything at night--in dress whites. Aviators didn't like discipline.

Marcello: What do you know about the patrol functions, that is, the . . . yes, the patrol functions that were being carried out here at Kaneohe by the Navy, that is , with the PBY's and this sort of thing?

Lockwood: It was a training-type thing that Admiral Kimmel brought out, and also Admiral Theobald. The whole air portion of

it was understaffed as far as the number of planes. They'd been promised a lot of planes, and they hadn't gotten them. The people who were operating the planes . . . there was a tremendous turnover. They were trying to train them. On that morning there were three planes out. Now it was not the function of the Navy to patrol the air and the sea spaces around there--the immediate vicinity. That was the Army's responsibility.

Marcello: Inshore reconnaissance was the responsibility of the Army.

Lockwood: That's right. But the Navy was getting their training in, as usual, and they were the only people apparently who had three planes aloft at the time.

Marcello: Normally, how many of those PBY's would be going out on the daily patrols? I may be asking you questions about which you're not too familiar.

Lockwood: I'm not too familiar with that. It all depends upon, for example . . . I don't even know exactly how many of those PBY's they had in a squadron. I know that there were . . . according to Captain Martin's report which I just got through reading, there were twenty-seven PBY's destroyed that day out of a total of thirty-three, so that was the total complement. I believe at the time we had two squadrons. Now the commodore who was in command of the

wing, he was actually based on our side of the island. He had moved over from the Ford Island side. But there was another squadron over there. I really don't know exactly how many of those PBY's there were in the squadron.

But these fellows were getting their flying time in. You see, these aviators have to get so much flying time in. Of course, these PBY's were reconnaissance planes. Sometimes they called them "dumbo" planes. Now they call them air-sea rescue planes. They were slow. They were very reliable. They would just land on anything, fly off anything. The aviators were awfully good. The Naval aviators were very good. They were far better trained, if I may say so, than the Air Force for navigation. In fact, after the war started, the Air Force lost some planes going to Midway and flying out to some of those islands, and the Navy offered to guide them out there, but the Air Force had to throttle their planes down to go slow. But the Navy's excellent on navigation. They weren't brought up in the school of follow the railway track or follow the highway map and so forth. You fly by the stars, and you know where you're going. They were good.

Now they have these machine guns on them, these Lewis machine guns, which were relic of World War I, and

they have these big blisters. Now some of these fellows had just come down from Alaska. It's always a matter of . . . after all, a Naval base is always a big industrial thing. They're always changing things like the de-icers. There's great emphasis on de-icers in Alaska, where nobody's concerned about de-icers in Hawaii, see. And they have to . . . a lot of adjustments have to be made. The hangar work has to be done. There were three hangars that were pretty well completed. One was completed all the way, and the other one was completed but not occupied, and the third was pretty well completed. The Japanese apparently had good intelligence because they dropped all their bombs on the one where the planes were. But half the bombs went in the water. The prevailing wind blew them into the water. I'm getting a little ahead of the story.

Marcello: Okay, so you mentioned that on December 6, 1941, you had returned from a date, and . . .

Lockwood: A movie, yes.

Marcello: . . . and you had turned in at a relatively early hour.

Lockwood: And the first thing I always did before I turned in was to set the alarm clock. I always set it for Sunday morning at five minutes to eight. I don't like alarm clocks going off, so I'm one of these people that wakes up five minutes before the alarm clock goes off.



Marcello: Okay, so pick up the story from that point then. We would be drifting into Sunday, December 7, 1941.

Lockwood: Well . . .

Marcello: Again, I want you to go into as much detail as you can remember on that day.

Lockwood: I woke up at 7:30 and pushed the button on the alarm clock. My window overlooked the ocean--one portion of it. I heard this kind of a rattling sound. It sounded as if someone was taking a handful of gravel and throwing it against the window pane. So I looked out and I saw nothing. No one was throwing any gravel at the window pane.

So I went down the passageway. This was a large BOQ, by the way. This BOQ of ours, I would say, was . . . the ground structure was . . . the real estate structure was probably bigger than the St. Anthony Hotel and it was about three stories tall . . . three or four stories . . . three stories tall.

So I went down this passageway to get to where I could see something. There was a hill that blocked my view. I was, as I say, up on the second story. This BOQ . . . I'm now pointing to a map as merely an explanation . . . the BOQ was here and this hill intervened. It cut off the view.

Marcello: In other words, the hill was between the BOQ and the water?

Lockwood: Yes, this hill, they now tell me, was 427 feet tall so that I couldn't see everything that was going on. And it was about a mile away.

Marcello: Could you hear anything?

Lockwood: Well, this funny sound, just like this gravel. I didn't realize what it was, but it was machine gun fire in the distance. So I saw that these planes were swooping down, and they'd disappear around this hill. There was an ensign there with me, and we were both looking out there. As I say, this was about a mile away or a little better. Well, our first assumption was, "This is the Army Air Corps out performing on Sunday." They'd been there a few weeks before.

There was a Navy mess boy below us--the lower level--who could see around the base of that hill. He turned to this buddy of his, and he says, "My God! Those are real bullets!" He could see these tracers coming out of these planes which we couldn't see. See, this cone cut off our view. We were looking at it here (gesture), and he was over here looking (gesture).

So this ensign said, "I'm going to get down to the hangar." And I said, "I'm going to go down to the

Administration Building." Well, it didn't take very long to get dressed. I've taken a shower and changed clothes in one minute at the Naval academy. It was very, very quiet driving downhill. I was driving pretty fast going down this major, prominent feature of this hill, and I got down to the Administration Building, and it was very quiet, very quiet. I parked in front of the building right in the commanding officer's space and ran into the Administration Building, ran into this desk where I had this tin hat and .45 and webbed leather belt, and I ran out of the office. Captain Martin, who was a commander in the Navy, was the captain of the station. He grabbed me and he said, "For God sakes! Get the Marines!"

Marcello: At this time, how would you describe the reaction of the men around you? Was it one of panic? Confusion? Professionalism? How would you describe it?

Lockwood: Well, there weren't any Marines around there in that administration building at the time. But I started for the Marine Barracks. I ducked out the back of the building, and my commanding officer was down on one knee with a Browning Automatic Rifle, and where he ever got it has always been a mystery to me. He had taken his family to church. His wife was Catholic, and he was an Ulster

Protestant. The little girl was too young to go to church, so he was bringing her back and was going to go back and pick up the family. This Jap plane came down and shot holes in his car. He jerked this car over into the ditch--he told me this later--and he gave this little girl to some woman and got hold of this BAR, and he was shooting at every Jap plane that went by. So I wasn't about to argue with him. He was having too much fun, apparently. His name was Donahue. He was an Irishman.

So I tried to get over to the barracks--take a shortcut. I got to this arcade, and there was this retaining wall there. I couldn't get over the wall. A couple of pairs of friendly hands dragged me over the wall. They just lifted me right up, and I practically catapulted right over the wall. I probably saved a minute by taking that route.

The men were coming down the ladder or stairway. The Navy called it the ladder. They were coming down the ladder. They slept with their rifles and their tin hats. They had those on. The armorer was issuing two bandoleers of ammunition for each man. There were about forty of them. So I gave the old high sign, "Follow me," and we double-timed across the parade grounds. There wasn't any cover, any concealment, anything.

Marcello: Now all this time, were Japanese planes coming in and strafing and bombing?

Lockwood: Yes, and we deployed them in four squads around the Administration Building. We deployed them and we led these planes by about three lengths, as I recall. See, we had no tracer ammunition. We were simply shooting at these things, leading them by three lengths, and I don't know whether we hit anything or not.

Marcello: Did they know enough to lead these planes by three lengths, or was this a command that you had to give them?

Lockwood: No, they knew . . . no, I told them to lead them by three lengths, but they'd always been trained. There was no problem with the Marines. They were trained. You give them the arm and hand signals, boy, and they deploy as skirmishers.

Marcello: And they were using the old Springfield rifles.

Lockwood: The old Springfield rifle. Here's one of the bullets that was fired that day (gesture), one of the billions that was fired in World War II, and here's one of the ones we got back. So the mail was coming in and going out.

However, they were strafing us, but they were also strafing the BOQ. The bullet holes are still in it

today, and Mrs. Martin, the captain's wife, got all of these women together into this house at a lower level, and she certainly behaved herself bravely that day. That's a different story. I can come to that some other time. But with all of those women and children huddled into a house together, well, you've got to keep your head.

Anyway, at about 8:20 there was a Jap plane seen trailing smoke and coming down at this low dive. Now I think what got this fellow was one of these Lewis guns that was on one of these PBY's. I'm sure it was Chief Finn who got him. He got the Congressional Medal of Honor later on. He was blazing away at this plane, and a Jap was shooting at him, and each killed the other one. Anyhow, I think Finn was killed. He was all shot up anyway.

But this Jap came in with all that smoke trailing and disappeared around this hill. Martin shouted at me--Captain Martin--and he said, "Get that Jap!" Well, I had a brand new Packard Clipper. It didn't have forty miles on it. I loaded up about four Marines and took off over the roughest corduroy road I ever experienced. I thought the shock absorbers were coming off that car.

I got around the hill, but there wasn't any hurry. That Jap was all over the landscape. He had a belt with 1,000 stitches. They claim that these schoolgirls in Japan had all burnt a joss stick or issued a Buddhist prayer or something and taken a stitch. He had this thing around him to bring him good luck. His name was Lieutenant Iida. He was all over the landscape. His head was over here, and his chest was here, and his arms and legs and everything else. In fact, he looked like a slaughtered sheep.

All I could remember was, "Get that Jap!" Well, a sailor showed up with a gunny sack. So I said, "Collect the Jap." So they put the Jap in the gunny sack, and I told this Marine to take him to Captain Martin. I also noticed there on the ground a radio tube that said, "Made in USA." That plane really exploded when it hit the ground. He was a squadron commander, this Lieutenant Iida. He was later buried in the cemetery which we had. We had a little marker and everything for him, along with all of the people that we lost that day, up at the sand dunes. I assume he's been returned to Japan long since, just like our people in the cemeteries in the Pacific.

But, anyhow, as far as I know this was the first inland plane that was shot down in World War II, and here's a piece of it right here (gesture). I went out a few days later and collected this thing. Some say it was a Val, and some say it was a Zero. I'm a lot inclined to think it was a Val, which was kind of a combination fighter and bomber. There are pictures of Vals in this book on Pearl Harbor.

Well, at about 8:45 there was another squadron of planes that came over. These fellows were bombing; they weren't strafing.

Marcello: Now this was the second wave, right?

Lockwood: This was the second wave that came over. Now there's a little bit of an argument. Sometimes they'll say that some came over and shot up a little bit and kept on going. But this was definitely a second big wave about forty-five minutes later.

Marcello: Now at this time, did you know what had happened to the PBY's and so on that had been parked there at Kaneohe?

Lockwood: There was a tremendous amount of . . . well, activity down there, a lot of tracer ammunition. But when this second group came over and they dropped their bombs, that hangar just went right straight up in the air. And they dropped it on the hangar that had the planes in it.



See, some of these fellows were trying to get these planes launched in the water so they could take off. That's the way these gunners . . . well, these Lewis guns were firing from these blisters to the rear of these planes. They were launching these things bow first into the water, and they were shooting from the tail of those things. Sometimes they tried to launch them from the tail first--anything to get them in the water. But that hangar just went straight up. The only thing they didn't take into consideration was the prevailing wind. Half the bombs went in the bay. In other words, they didn't do anybody any good at all.

In getting back to this little sketch here (pointing to the map), as you can see, here is where the . . . here are the hangars right here. Now this shows four. That fourth one was built later on. This is where . . . now these are ramps for launching these planes into this bay. You see, these things couldn't take off from the land. This runway here practically didn't exist. That was later extended for land-based planes.

But these old PBY's, they were doing the best they could to get them in the water, and they were shooting back.

The fighters were taking the control tower under attack and just shooting the daylights out of it! They were under the impression that the control tower was occupied, in other words, that it controlled the station. But it didn't. There wasn't anybody up there. The thing was brand new. It'd just been completed; it hadn't been occupied. That's why all of these stories that came out . . . the way this lady that wrote me this thing about . . . all of these men were in the control tower. They weren't. The only fellow that was about half-way up the hill was a Marine in a sentry box who was guarding the water tower (chuckle)--the water tank. They had this water reservoir out there. And he was shooting at the Japanese. They knew somebody was shooting at them, but they couldn't see the guy. There was a lot of concealment around this little sentry box. They thought it was coming out of this tower, and there were bullet holes all over the place. Later, when President Roosevelt came to the station some years later, why, I took him up on top of that control tower, and those bullet holes were still there.

Well, that hangar burned all that day and all that night. There's always a little humor along with the pathos. I was talking about this Marine who took the

dead Jap in the gunny sack to the captain. He stood there and the captain was frantically trying to get through to Pearl Harbor, and all the lines were jammed. See, he wanted to report to the admiral. He couldn't get through, and he looked up and here was this Marine holding this gunny sack. It was beginning to leak a little bit. He says, "What have you got there son?" He says, "One dead Jap aviator, sir." Commander Martin says, "Get him out of here! He's ruining a good government rug!" So the Marine was a little miffed. Nobody'd given him any instructions what to do, so he took him over to sick bay. Of course, they were bringing in the wounded and everything else. Nobody paid any attention to him over there, so he just deposited him in the corner and shoved off. The story I got from some of my friends who were nurses is that this poi dog . . . you know what a poi dog is?

Marcello: No, I sure don't.

Lockwood: Well, a poi dog . . . it's tail does better than a 180-degree curl. It goes around once and then it starts around again. You only find them in the Hawaiian Islands. That's because everybody out there's supposed to eat poi. Well, this poi dog started sniffing this sack. This nurse . . . there was a little bit of a lull, and she wondered why that dog was sniffing that sack. She

opened it up, and here was the Jap's head with his gold teeth grinning at her. She let out a "Yike!" and almost fainted on the spot. But this was sort of this lull before these bombers came over.

Well, of course, for the remainder of the day, they gave me a perimeter defense that was about a mile and a half long with no machine guns--no nothing--to defend it. Around noon, there was a young man outside of the gate wearing an aloha shirt and a pair of slacks and sandals that I asked who and what he was. He told me he was a corporal in the Marine reserve, and he was a machine gun man. I told him he was on active duty, and he wanted to know what he was supposed to do, and I told him to get down to the hangars where the Naval aviators had these machine guns in grease--water-cooled machine guns--and help them assemble them. But every fifth one belonged to us. He wanted to know why, and I said, "Because we're 20 per cent of the size of the Navy." I said, "You put a sign on them, and you set up a sign saying USMC, and nobody will bother them." So every few hours I'd send a truck down there and pick up a few machine guns. By the time the evening was over, I had a dozen machine guns, but I didn't have any ammunition. The Navy never asked for them back.

About eleven o'clock at night the Army showed up. They were supposed to defend us. They had long lines of trucks coming down the road. I told the sergeant at the gate, "Nobody gets through till you check his pass and his ID." And I told the corporal, "Nobody gets through until you get a sample of whatever he's got in the back. And we need machine gun ammunition in boxes. We need a sample to inspect." So these trucks were rolling through with all of this ammo. We pulled one box off every truck that went through. We wound up that we had two boxes for every machine gun when it came to dawn. And they never asked for that back either.

There was a real problem with the blackout. It was very, very dark. You couldn't see anything. Those roads were rather narrow, and they were kind of hilly. If you turned your light on, some darn fool would shoot at you.

Marcello: I would assume that there were a lot of trigger-happy servicemen around that night.

Lockwood: Not too much on the station, but over on the mainland there was more. We were on this peninsula. But if you turned those lights on, they'd shoot at you. You couldn't drive with them on, and the dimmers didn't do the job. So we had the answer. Good, old, Yankee ingenuity will

improvise. Somebody got the idea of taping carbon paper over the headlights. About twenty layers of carbon paper was just fine. There was a dull blue glow, so you could see about two feet ahead of the radiator, and somebody walking along the road could see you coming. It worked just fine--scotch tape and carbon paper. We used up a whole six months' supply of carbon paper on the station. We got along just fine.

Also, everybody got camouflage-conscience. That afternoon somebody set up a big, old, fifty-gallon steam kettle of coffee--black coffee. And all of these sailors were taking off their Sunday whites and standing in their skivvy trousers, and they had a fellow with a wooden paddle, and he was dropping these into this boiling black coffee. They were putting them on . . . carrying them away and putting them on. They were still steaming a little bit, but they were not khaki-colored. Everybody was camouflage-conscience. It didn't bother Marines a bit because we were already wearing khakis. But those sailors were wearing those things a month later--those khaki-colored uniforms. They were beginning to get a little aromatic by that time (chuckle).

But we got those machine guns in position. We dug these perimeters--these foxholes--for them. We got lengths

of pipe, and we got sandbags. We made metal frames, and we could put the pintle of the machine gun into this pipe. What we actually had with these metal frames was antiaircraft guns--.30-caliber AA guns. We improvised them. We could point them straight up in the air and shoot at a plane . . . or almost straight up in the air.

We started digging slit trenches and it started to rain. I remember right up till Christmas we were digging and it was raining. We were putting in barbed wire.

The first ordnance we were able to get was a week or so later. We sent an old boy over there to Pearl and figures that if anybody can steal anything, Warrant Officer Cronon can. He's been in the Navy for forty years and got the Medal of Honor at Vera Cruz. He came back with all he could get. There were a dozen 1898 one-pounder cannon--boat guns. We had to mount them in drums of concrete and set them in the sand. They were fine up to a couple of thousand yards. They were equivalent to a 37-millimeter. They had falling breeches rather than rotating breeches. They had the darndest set of sights on them you ever saw. Well, that's the only thing we had until January of '42. We got four 1918 three-inch antiaircraft guns. Now this was the

kind of junk we were getting. This was . . . we were scraping the bottom of the barrel. We were not well-equipped or well-prepared at all. We set those things up, and I used Philippine mess boys to man those guns. They had a terrible time because they couldn't speak English very well.

Marcello: Now all of this took place a couple of weeks after the attack?

Lockwood: This was right . . . this was shortly after the attack, yes. It wasn't until just before the Battle of Midway that we got two four-inch .50-caliber . . . known as wet guns. They came off submarines. They'd been taken off of some old submarines and we planted them. That was the best ordnance we had on the island.

Marcello: Now that night, in the immediate aftermath of the attack, I'm sure that base must have been one big rumor mill.

Lockwood: Well, it was one big bonfire--that hangar was. But the hangar was the responsibility of the wing in that group. And there were plenty of people down there to take care of it. Now the station provided fire-fighting equipment. And, of course, the Navy has their name for everything. The fire chief was not called the fire chief. He's called the passive defense officer (chuckle). Later, he was put in charge of gas masks and that sort of thing. But they



were all down there fighting as well as they could. This was a tremendous conflagration. As Captain Martin had in his report, they lost twenty-seven out of thirty-three planes. When it was over, all you could take was just a bulldozer and just pile them up for scrap.

Marcello: Going back and filling in just a little bit, can you think of any individual acts of bravery that particularly stand out in your mind on that particular day, that is, acts of bravery that were conducted by some individual during the attack, acts that you personally witnessed first-hand?

Lockwood: No, I think I was just too busy. When everybody's busy and everybody's doing their job . . . and by and large the Marines were professional. They were doing their job. They weren't looking around to see who was a hero or who was distinguishing himself and who was shooting. Everybody was shooting. It was a team effort. I think just everybody did his job with what he had, but he didn't have very much. That's the whole thing.

Marcello: In shooting back at these Japanese planes with rifles, I think it would be safe to say that even given the heat of the moment, you probably didn't feel that you were going to do a lot of damage, but you had to do something. There was a certain sense of frustration here, and, if nothing else, it perhaps released some of that frustration to fire. Is that a safe assumption to make?

Lockwood: No, I think we really wanted to get those planes because those fellows were good shots. They fired the range. They were okay. Now maybe a few of that . . . some of that fabric was penetrated by those bullets. We'll never know. According to Martin's report-- Captain Martin's report--he reported one plane went down in the bay, and a couple of others were flying very low. They could have gone down in the Pacific. We could have gotten some of those fellows. But it would have been certainly helpful if we would have had a .50-caliber machine gun or something like that to back us up.

Marcello: Right. The point I'm making is that, quite obviously, .50-caliber machine guns were going to be much more effective against those airplanes than rifles or Colt .45 pistols.

Lockwood: Right, right.

Marcello: In the immediate after . . .

Lockwood: But your Cold .45's and 03's are better than slingshots. You use what you have.

Marcello: Absolutely. In the aftermath of the attack, how did your attitude toward the Japanese change? What were your feelings toward them in the aftermath of the attack?

Lockwood: Well, that's kind of hard to describe for a professional man. They're the enemy. They started the war. It's impersonal. I know a lot of friends of mine never did

get over that feeling because they had comrades that were slain on the spot. They never could like or love the Japanese. To me, we had a job to do. We'd been attacked and we were standing there holding the line--what the English would call the "thin red line"--and we were going to do the best we could. Just like the spirit of things . . . I mentioned the Captain's wife, Mrs. Martin. Some woman was quivering and said, "Mrs. Martin, what would you do if a Japanese general walked in the door right now?" And Mrs. Martin, who was a little lady of about ninety to a hundred pounds, said, "I'd step up, and I'd spit right in his eye!" And all of the women said, "Would you really?" And she said, "I certainly would!" And morale went up. In other words, you just stand, and you take it, and you dish it out the same way.

Marcello: In other words--without putting words in your mouth--there was a certain sense of anger, and there was a desire to hit back in some way.

Lockwood: Oh, there's no doubt about that. Everybody had that feeling. They wanted to hit the Japanese back. It's one of those great turning points of history that I remember at the time. I started thinking, "This is one of those great turning points of history that people will always write about and talk about and wonder about, and never really agree on the answer."