



# RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

FALL 2012 • ISSUE 118

An Official Publication of the Healdsburg Museum & Historical Society

## LIFE HISTORIES



*Don Frediani*



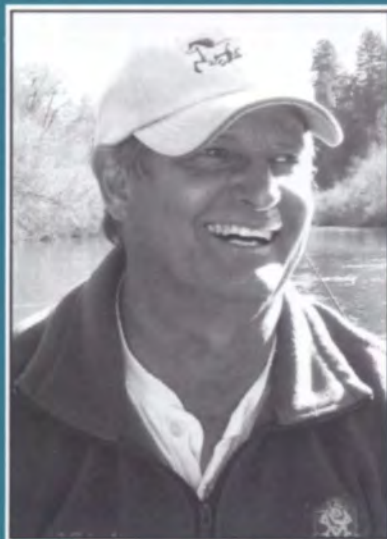
*Francesca Trouette*



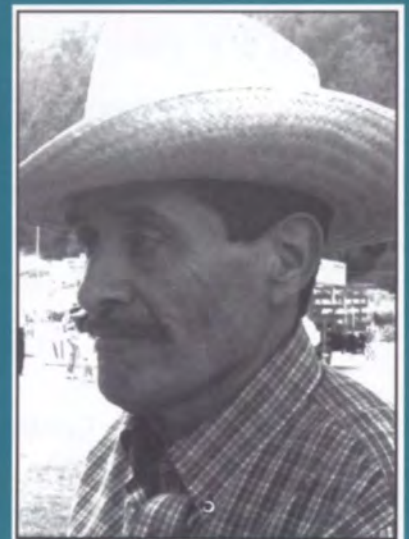
*Margaret Frampton*



*Elsie Allen*



*Rand Dericco*



*José Israel Arreguin*

## In This Issue

We appreciate the many compliments we have received from our readers on the themed *Russian River Recorder* publications this year. This issue is entirely devoted to personal reminiscences. The articles feature very different points of view, subject matter and experiences, but they share a local context and include historical and sociological perspective.

Elsie Allen was born in 1899 to a Ukiah Pomo man and a Cloverdale Pomo woman. In an interview with David Peri, she described her misery attending boarding school as an 11 year old, forbidden to speak her native language and unable to speak English. Elsie also shares a story from her mother, Annie Burke, of how the wise headman of the Cloverdale Pomo settled a dispute between families.

Born in 1921, Francesca Trouette's lively story includes a WWII stint in an ammunitions assembly line, a career as a librarian, a job teaching Kashaya Pomo students at Stewarts Point Rancheria, and moving to Healdsburg in 1960.

Don Frediani, born in 1929 to industrious Italian immigrant parents who nurtured his ambitions and talents, describes his own aspirations to taste and embrace a wider world beyond 1950s Healdsburg. He recounts vivid details of a satisfying life.

Lifelong resident Rand Dericco shares his 2001 speech to the Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce, describing the Healdsburg he remembers from the 1950s.

Former Museum volunteer Margaret Frampton (1914-2012) recorded her oral history two years ago while she was still active and alert at 95. Margaret recalled graduating from the University of California, Berkeley in the 1930s when "women could only be a nurse, a teacher or a secretary;" moving constantly as a career Navy wife, and fun times at Frampton's Palomar Dance Hall on Fitch Mountain.

José Arreguin's story of an immigrant's struggles, determination and many successful achievements is contributed by his proud granddaughter, Tanya Sierra. Born in 1941 and labeled a "troublemaker" as a boy, José eventually traveled to the United States, learned English, became a legal resident, earned a Master's degree and helped found the Alliance Clinic and KBBF 89.1 FM, the first bilingual radio station in the country.

Sincerely,

Holly Hoods, Curator



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*The Official Publication of the  
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*Elsie Allen and her mother, Annie Burke, 1956*

## Boarding School

*by Elsie Allen as told to David Peri, 1986*

Every year the agent of the government school came around in the fall of the year and gathered the children to take them to the school. My mother signed a paper for me to go up there. In the morning (after a two-day trip to Covelo by wagon, flat-bed railroad car, stage coach, and gravel wagon with six other children from the Hopland/Ukiah area), I just kind of stood around and watched the other girls, what they were doing and where to go. I didn't know what to say. I think I only knew two words of English, yes and no. I never got to ask my mother why she sent me like that when I didn't know the English language...

There were three girls there from Hopland. I already knew some of their language; it's a different dialect from mine. I couldn't talk the English language in the school at Covelo so I hollered at them when we lined up. Then one of the girls that was in my line reported me. They took me and strapped the heck out of me with a big leather strap. I didn't know what I got strapped for. Three days later those girls told me it was for talking the Indian language on the grounds which I'm not supposed to do.

I was eleven years old [when I went to Covelo], and every night I cried and then I'd lay awake and think and think and think. I'd think to

myself, "If I ever get married and have children I'll never teach my children the language or all the Indian things that I know. I'll never teach them that, I don't want my children to be treated like they treated me." That's the way I raised my children...



*Elsie Allen, 1950s*

I was scared, I had no one to talk to [no one spoke my dialect]. That was sure hard. I felt that if I said something or fought against how we were treated, they might kill me. I cried every night. I couldn't talk to anybody or ask anybody anything because I didn't know how to. I was so dumb, that's the way I felt. They knew that I couldn't understand so nobody talked to me. I was the only one that had my language.



*Makahmo Cloverdale Pomo Indian Captain Tac and Dancers, 1907, Grant Riechers photo*

## How a Dispute Was Settled

*by Elsie Allen as told to David Peri, 1986*

Mother told me about this; it happened at Makahmo when the people were fishing for salmon. Two families went together, like they were one, to get salmon. One knew how to build a fish dam in the river; the other knew how to fish with the dam. They had good luck fishing and caught many fish, enough to last them a long time. They had a good time, everybody was feeling good. They dug an oven in the gravel bar to bake some of the salmon, and some Indian potatoes and soap plant potatoes too.

Everybody was feeling good. It came time to go home and to divide up the fish. The man who knew about the dam divided up the fish. The other man wanted to do that too, but the dam man he just took over himself and didn't say anything to the other man. When they finished dividing up the fish, the women counted them to see that they were the same. The pile in front of the dam man's camp had more fish than the other man's pile. There was much talk about that; the other family felt cheated out of their fish. Those with the most fish said that they should get more because they knew all about that dam, where to build it and how to do it; they also helped out in building the dam and with some of the fishing too. It was right that they get more of the fish, they said. They talked and shouted back and forth at each other, but couldn't agree.

They packed up and went home carrying their fish and their bad feelings about each other. The town where they lived had their bad feelings in it too,

and it wasn't good for it to be that way. This was so because the relatives of those two families picked up their bad feelings about each other, and they started to feel that way too. This thing carried on until acorn-picking time. After each family had gathered up its acorns, the headman said there was to be a Big Time and some people from different places had been invited; he had sent out his people to invite those others.

The headman was upset about the bad feelings those two families and their relatives had for each other. He went to the two families and said, "This can't be anymore this way; soon all of the people in the town will feel your way, and then nothing will be right; everything will go wrong. You people must settle this thing before those other people come here. I have talked with everybody; and they have put up many beads for the women to play for. The family that wins the game has the beads and loses their bad feelings. Those who don't get the beads win their good feelings back, and the other side will give some beads too because they feel good now that everything will be right again. It will be this way between you two families." This is what the captain said to those families. He put up a big feed for all of the people after those families gambled and settled their bad feelings for each other. That's how my mother said the captain acted, one of the things he did in those days.



*Francesca Trouette, 1967*

## **Francesca Trouette: “How Sweet the Memory”**

*as told to Shonnie Brown, 2011*

### **My Family History**

My maternal great-great-grandmother lived to be 107. My mother, who was born in 1891, went to visit her in 1898 in Stresa on Lago Maggiore, Italy. A reporter had come from Rome to interview Great-Great-Grandma because she remembered Napoleon crossing the Alps when she was a child.

Mother’s father (my grandfather), Giacomo Paltani, worked as an events coordinator and traveled to places sometimes years in advance to set up food and restaurants for different large festivals. He arrived in San Francisco in 1904 to plan the California Admission Day Festival of 1910. He was knocked out of bed on the third floor of his hotel when the 1906 earthquake struck. People were running around like crazy. When he realized that people were homeless and needed to be fed, he cleared and set up places to feed them. Golden Gate Park was just sand dunes then. Coming from Stresa, Italy, he was familiar with quakes and thought this was a minor one. After six weeks, it occurred to him that his family might be worried and that he should send a telegram back home.

My maternal grandmother, Bertha Cole

Paltani, was from Southampton, England, and my mother, Modesta, was born in Southampton. Having an English mother and Italian father, Mother felt she grew up in two worlds. She spent six months of each year in Stresa and the other six months in Southampton.

My father, Giuseppe (Joseph) Bianco, was born in Calabria, Italy and was raised by his uncle from the age of ten. His uncle didn’t want him inducted into the Italian Army, so he sent him to the United States in 1913 just before World War I. My father came over alone at age 17. He spoke no English when he boarded the ship and plenty of sailor English when he disembarked. He took the train across country to the picayune town of Los Angeles where he had some distant relatives. He worked as a tailor and learned children’s games, which he later taught me, by watching kids playing at a neighborhood school during his work break. He was a “peasant Italian.” I remember him as a happy person who always had something to share when he came home. Daddy got his citizenship by fighting for the U.S. in World War I.

My mother was also sent to the United States

in 1912 because of the looming threat of World War I in Europe. She came to live with a brother in Omaha, but ended up staying in a convent while she worked at Brandeis Department Store as an art needlework teacher. She then moved to a job at Yonkers Bros. and another convent in Des Moines, Iowa, where Giuseppe (my father) happened to be stationed in the Army. On Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, Mother's store manager took the young working women to a big celebration dance where she met Daddy. They were married on April 15, 1919.

### **My Childhood in Des Moines**

I was born on November 7, 1921, and was named for both my grandmothers: Francesca and Bertha. My brother was born on St. Joseph's Day in 1924 and named Joseph. My other siblings were Maria and Ernest William. Ernest and I are all that are left.



*Francesca as a young girl*

Mother was ill during much of my early childhood. I had measles at age three or four which greatly affected my vision. I soon realized that my brother could see things that I couldn't see. We'd sit near the train tracks to watch hobos on passing trains, but he'd have to describe what he saw. By the time I was in fifth grade, I couldn't even see the big "E" on the vision chart. I became the only child in the school to wear glasses.

My father made men's suits in his own tailoring business in Des Moines. In those days, you'd order a suit through Sears and Roebuck or a gentlemen's haberdashery and then go to a tailor and have it measured to fit.

There were not a lot of cars at that time and farm people still traveled by horse and buggy. I walked to school and we generally used street cars for transportation.

We had wonderful family Christmases! In our diocese we'd have to leave home at 2:30 or 3:00 a.m. to walk to church on Christmas morning. Daddy pulled the kids on a sled and carried a snow shovel to clear our way. It was so magical with the sky all lit up with stars! When we arrived for the 5:00 a.m. service, there was only one light on in the sanctuary. My mother sang in the choir and another little boy and I pumped the organ by hand until the choir director heard me singing and asked me to join the choir. The church was all dark with only candles on the altar. The person in each aisle seat would light a candle and pass it on to others while the choir sang carols, and soon the church would be full of light. We'd all greet each other at the end of the service and then return home and open one present before going back to bed while Mother made breakfast and Daddy heated the house.

I started high school with a broken leg from falling in the snow while ice skating home one day. Because I was on crutches, a boy was assigned to escort me to my classes for the entire year. We lived two blocks from a branch library and from fifth or sixth grade on I earned 50 cents for shelving books for two hours on Saturday mornings. I would take out six books at a time and come back a couple days later and take out six more. I read every single children's book in the library, including Nancy Drew and The Twins Books. Then I read all the adult books. I loved encyclopedias. Finally, the librarian was bringing me books from the main library. And I volunteered at the high school library and read every book that they had.

### **The Great Depression and the War Years**

I graduated from high school in 1939, a really bad year for the Great Depression--a year when my parents had no money. Only 32 out of over 2,000 high school graduates in Des Moines got jobs upon graduation, and mostly in their parents' businesses. I attended Dowling Junior College, a tiny Catholic school in Des Moines. I was a member of the second class which accepted girls. There were 38 girls out of more than 160 students and I paid my tuition by

working in the school library.

People really took care of each other during the Depression. Neighbors would bring clothes to my parents for sewing and tailoring when someone died. Daddy and Mother would also make clothes for anyone who needed them and Mom always sewed our clothes by hand. We had a big garden and I hated feeding the chickens that we raised. All the women canned like crazy. There were no fences between houses and homeless men came to the back door to be fed. Once Mother got up during a meal and took her plate to the back door. Daddy then split his dinner with her. Years later my brother pointed out the still visible hobo sign on the curb of our childhood home which indicated "food available here."

My dad was in St. Vincent de Paul, an organization which took care of people. Mother did a lot of writing and translating for the Red Cross. I graduated from Dowling with my associate's degree in 1941. I took the civil service exam and they were already hiring at the nearby rubber plant. I got a job gauging 30 and 50 caliber ammunition in an assembly line and rode out to the plant on the city bus. We had a lot of fun there.

I then went to motor maintenance school, although I'd never even driven a car. Even though we were civilians, we were billeted in barracks with an armed guard at the gate. I had no idea what I was doing, but I was good enough that I got sent to Omaha to work at an Army depot replacing motors.



*Francesca in the Navy, 1944*

I joined the Navy in August 1943 after memorizing the entire eye chart. I was sent to postal school and then to a Fleet Post Office in New York

City where twenty of us were hauled into a Fletcher's Castoria (children's laxative) factory. It wasn't proper to say the word "laxative" in mixed company back then, so we couldn't tell the sailors who were enjoying the alcohol in these bottles why they were soon going to be very, very sick!

I worked for the Naval Post Office until 1946. I was 24 years old and decided to come back home. Upon arriving home, my father told me that I had to get a job and take care of myself for the rest of my life because I wasn't married. Instead of getting a sensible job with the good pension and benefits of the post office, I began working in a library.

### **Post War Years**

I attended Drake University in Des Moines while also working at the Des Moines Public Library. I especially loved the children's story hour at the library because I could act out and dramatize the stories. The librarian had what we called a "cookie rug" where the children would sit and eat cookies. The children's section had a little picket fence with an arbor and parents were too big to walk through!

One day a girl friend suggested that we go to a box social where there would be dancing. Right away I spotted Victor--a tall, long legged man--dancing with a short girl who couldn't follow his lead. In response to my friend's double dare, I asked Victor to dance. After a date or two, I invited him to a Sadie Hawkins dance. In the spirit of the event, Mother and I made him a huge radish "rose" corsage on a white lace doily. We were married five months later in July, 1947.



*Francesca and Victor's wedding portrait, July 17, 1947*



Victor and I attended Seattle University on the GI Bill. Once again, I worked in the library while I went to school and we lived in student housing. Our first two children, Victor Paul and Modesta, were born while we were in school. They were later followed by Christine, Joe, Francis and Tony. I received my Bachelor's degree in June, 1951.

Later in 1951, we returned to Des Moines so that Vic would get needed back treatment at the VA Hospital. We rode across country in an old Studebaker with a built in crib for the babies. Vic was wearing a cast and was only able to drive 200 miles per day. When we arrived, the VA surgeon couldn't operate on Vic so we decided to move to Omaha for him to complete school. We lived in another housing project with other young couples who were on welfare or in school on the GI Bill. Vic graduated from Creighton University in 1954 with a teaching credential and a degree in Sociology.

#### **Life at the Stewarts Point Rancheria**

In 1955, while Victor was teaching in Sausalito, California, he heard about an interesting sounding job at an Indian rancheria on a remote mountain top between Jenner and Gualala. Our living quarters with the five children we now had become the two rooms behind the old school which had been built in 1924. Vic had 13 seventh and eighth grade students and I was convinced to teach the 20 first and second graders. Our students were from the Kashaya Pomo Native American tribe which has inhabited Northern California for thousands of years. The tribe, who had been at Fort Ross when the Russians first came, had stories which were passed down for generations. The stories were of these "great white birds which flew on the ocean". They were Drake's sailing ships as they landed on the California coast in 1578!

The Kashaya children, who lived in dirt floor cabins, were so unique and so dear to me. One boy named Dale came to school each day all scrubbed, with his shoes shined and his clothes always ironed. There was no water on the rancheria and Vic would spend one day each week hauling water in a truck. Our bathtub had never been used and the water drained right into the ground. Vic got someone to fumigate after we turned on the tub faucet and thousands of fleas flew out. I had every bowl, pot

and pan in the place filled when the roof leaked. We stayed there for two years and it was awfully hard work.

#### **On to Healdsburg and the Healdsburg Library**

Whenever we'd drive through Healdsburg which was then on Highway 101, I'd say, "Look at the plaza! It's just like the small towns in Iowa." I thought it was such a sweet little town. Vic knew Iris Thompson, a Healdsburg school nurse, who invited us out to see her home that was for sale. Vic went crazy when he saw the river. He had to have the house, so we bought it in 1960 for \$12,500. Our kids loved growing up here and all went to Healdsburg schools.

One day in 1962, Byron Gibbs (Chairman of the Healdsburg Library Board of Trustees, Healdsburg Elementary School Principal and Elementary District Superintendent) called me and said, "Fran, please, please, please come and take charge of the library!" He then told me: "Fran, everyone in this town is related. People are going to come in and tell you about their brother-in-law and then half an hour later the brother-in-law will come in. You've just got to let it all go in one ear and out the other." And it was true. I'd hear both sides of every story as well as folks' childhood memories of the library.

The Healdsburg Library, which was then in the Carnegie Building, had a *New York Times* subscription and this wonderful gentleman came in every day to read it. He'd come up to the desk and say, "You know what? The world's gonna rattle on!"

I loved the Healdsburg downtown--especially Penney's and Rosenberg's. I loved the idea that you saw the same people every day. Ed Langhart, the City Clerk, was a wonderful guy who'd come in the library all the time and tell me about different people. He was a real decent, gentle and considerate person who was vitally interested in Healdsburg history. [In 1976 Ed Langhart became the founding president of the Healdsburg Historical Society.]

I felt that I had gotten the Healdsburg Library on a good footing by the time I left in 1972. Frances Murphy, the Assistant Sonoma County Librarian, offered me a job at the Sonoma County Library in Santa Rosa. At first I was in charge of books by mail and then I became Bookmobile Librarian for the

county--my favorite job ever.



*Library Board of Trustees, 1963 - Irene Long, Garry Rosenberg, Jim Mazzoni, Francesca and Barbara Beeson*

We drove the bookmobile to shopping centers in Windsor, Oakmont, rural Petaluma and Montebello--places where there was no branch library. We'd pull up, open the door and people would come. In Oakmont, I recall, people came in their swimsuits because we parked by a pool. Folks liked talking to me about books. One woman asked me if I knew the book "Gone with the Wind." Her mother had read it in bed with a flashlight. So had she. And so had I! I fully retired in 1982, four years after they "mothballed" the bookmobile after passing Proposition 13.

### **Life on Fitch Mountain and Retirement Years**

One day in the 1970s Bill Slattery, Jack Armstrong, Jane Moore (owner of Camp Rose) and I were talking, and Jack said, "Jane, you ought to put on a play down in the basement!" So that was the beginning of the Camp Rose Players.

Jane wrote the screenplay which was entitled "Josefa and Captain Fitch", directed by Jim Scalley and performed in 1976. Jane's script came from a book on Captain Henry Fitch and an article on Fitch and Josefa Carrillo's elopement written by historian Mary Stewart. In this dramatic story of young love, I got to play one of the Spanish ladies. Practically everyone on the mountain came to see it and it was wonderful! Jane's original script now resides in the U.S. Library of Congress.

Then we put on "Cinderella" in the British tradition in which the comic women's parts are played by men and I played the Fairy Godmother. It starred local treasure Jack Armstrong, who worked for TV Guide, and Valerie Hayes as Cinderella. In another production of Cinderella, my son, Joe, was

one of the stepsisters. We also performed "Snow White Goes West" which was a riot! I was with the Camp Rose Players for years and enjoyed every moment of it.

I have had this house on the river for 50 years now and lived here for most of that time. There used to be only six or seven year round homes in the old days and sometimes the school bus was the only vehicle that you would see during the winter. There was quite a summer beach at Camp Rose and we'd just walk through the bamboo to play in the river. We had a rowboat and in those days you could see the river bottom when you swam.

Victor, who taught at Healdsburg Elementary and Fitch Mountain Elementary, left in 1972 when we had two kids still in school. He was a wonderful teacher, highly praised for his creativity. He also played the town Santa Claus for three or four years running. He was gone for 14 years, returning in 1986. He was here on the river until he died of a heart attack in 2002. My daughter, Modesta, died in 1990 of cervical cancer and Victor Paul died of melanoma in 2002.

*Healdsburg Museum curator Holly Hoods and Francesca,*



*2010, Ann Carranza photo*

I thought I'd get so much done when I retired. I worked at an antique store in Windsor for awhile. I was very involved in Cursillo (a three day retreat of living in a Christian milieu). I belong to TOPS (Take Off Pounds Sensibly) and am part of a singing group in town. I can't believe that when we moved to Healdsburg in 1960 there were less than 3,000 people here and that there was a time when you couldn't go into the grocery store without seeing perhaps ten people that you knew. Times have surely changed.



*Don Frediani*

## **Don Frediani: “A Wonderful Life So Far”**

*as told to Holly Hoods, 2010*

I want to begin by saying that at 83 years of age, I have had the good fortune to have had a wonderful life so far, with few regrets. Although I haven't lived in Healdsburg full time since 1959, I spent most every weekend there until 2005, and in my heart, Healdsburg is still “home.”

### **Family Roots**

My four grandparents emigrated from Tuscany in the early 1900s. On my mother's side, her father was Pietro Frediani and his family was from Lucca, and on my father's side his father was also Pietro Frediani and his family was from Vallico Sopra in the Garfagnana mountain area about 50 miles north of Lucca. My father was named Leo and my mother was named Leonida. The two families were not related, as “Frediani” is as common a name in Lucca and nearby Florence as “Jones” is in the United States (as stated in *Ripley's Believe it or Not*).

My mother's father first emigrated to Argentina where there is a large Italian population, but decided to come to Dry Creek as he had friends from Italy who had already come to Healdsburg and

raved about it. He first purchased the land which is now the Chiquita area, across the freeway directly above Simi winery. He later decided to buy a ranch in Windsor which was more suitable to growing grapes than the Chiquita area.



*Frediani family – Young Leo in front with big collar*

My mother was born in Lucca in 1901 and came with her mother and older brother to join her father in 1906. My father was born in Forestville in 1902, shortly after his parents emigrated to

Healdsburg. My father's father came to Healdsburg around 1900 and bought the triangular piece of property across from Windsor Vineyards just north of the railroad underpass. The property had the railroad to the east and Old Redwood Highway to the west. His house was the first house on the right going north from the underpass, the second house was built for my parents as a wedding gift, and the grocery store to the north of it was my grandfather's store. All three buildings are still there. My father's mother used to give the most lavish summer luncheons for up to 50 people, doing all the cooking herself, and to this day, I still wonder how she did it all by herself. There was a bocce ball court under a pergola covered with grape vines with the grapes hanging down like Christmas ornaments. At one end of the court was a large, wood-burning oven where she baked bread or roasted capretto (baby goats) or rabbits, both of which she and my grandfather raised. She used to make ravioli about 3 inches in diameter and many side dishes of antipasti, cold meats, cheeses, freshly baked bread and so on. The table was almost as long as the bocce ball court and jugs of red and white wines were the main centerpiece on the long table.

### **Childhood Memories**

I was born February 17, 1929 at Dr. Morse's Hospital, which was on Tucker Street near University. My first home was three miles south of Healdsburg, just before the underpass [Old Redwood Highway at Eastside Road] in the little house built by my grandparents as a wedding gift in 1925. In 1930, we moved to the Palms Apartments at Matheson and University streets while my parents were building a new house on the northeast corner of Matheson and Second streets, which we moved into in 1931. Mr. [Amadeo] Pordon built it and Mr. [William] Burgett did the fireplace. Both men were outstanding craftsmen at the time. The house was the last house on the north side of Matheson Street until the former Guy Rose house about a half mile east on South Fitch Mountain Road. The Rose family had extensive prune orchards surrounding their property as far north as Oak Mound Cemetery, as far east as the Tayman Park Golf Course and as far west as Second Street. The orchards were a perfect place for me to play as a child. I was an only child, quite common in those days, and I had few contemporaries to play with, so I entertained myself as best as I could.



*Don, age 2*

My father started out as an auto mechanic, and he had the great gift of just listening to an engine running to immediately be able to determine the problem. My mother worked in Ehrlich's Department Store, a competitor of Rosenberg and Bush, and she had great fashion sense, which she maintained until her death one week before her 94<sup>th</sup> birthday. My mother did not work after she married my father. Both of my parents worked hard, though. During the Depression, my family and I never lacked anything. My mother canned fruit and vegetables in summer, made many of her own clothes, did the laundry, cleaned the house, gardened and was busy all day. We witnessed the invention of the refrigerator, radios, electric stoves, television and many labor-saving devices.



*Don with his parents, Leonida and Leo, 1931*

During the Depression, "tramps" would often come and knock on our door, asking for work in exchange for something to eat. My mother, being Italian, always had a pot of beans, a pot of minestrone or a stew on the stove and she would feed

them in exchange for their cutting the lawn or turning over the soil for us to plant a vegetable garden. We grew our own vegetables and often went to the vegetable garden run by an Italian down by the train station. My father was an avid hunter of wild game and game birds; my grandparents had a large vegetable garden and chickens and eggs, rabbits and goats.



*Frediani garage on Healdsburg Ave., 1920s*

My father, an auto mechanic, provided for us well. He would come home for dinner, clothes covered with grease, to shower, eat dinner and then go out after dinner to sell radios and refrigerators. He also had a tow truck and he would often get calls late at night to tow cars from accidents or to help start stalled cars. In 1935, he started an extremely successful auto agency at 433 West Street (now Healdsburg Avenue) and designed and built the beautiful Art Deco building that still stands today and has been beautifully updated by the current owners.

When World War II started, my family and others of Italian ancestry in California were considered to be enemy aliens, as were the Japanese and the Germans, and we were not supposed to have a radio in our homes and were not to travel beyond Healdsburg. We could not even go to San Francisco to visit my grandmother. This was completely outrageous and Congress cancelled this nonsense about six months later. However, we of Italian heritage were not really accepted in Healdsburg by the "old guard" and I had my share of being called "Dago" and "Wop."

School was a "breeze" for me and I got straight A's in both Healdsburg Elementary School and Healdsburg High School. I was a child prodigy on the piano and used to perform for school events and for the various clubs such as Masonic, Odd Fellows, American Legion, Kiwanis and so on. I

graduated from High School in 1947 and was accepted at Stanford University where I began studies in the fall of 1947. After graduating from Stanford in 1951, the Korean War was on, so I applied for the U.S. Navy Officer Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island and was accepted in January 1952. Since students were exempt from the draft, I enrolled at the University of California, Berkeley for the fall of 1951 to ensure that I would not get drafted until my acceptance by the Navy.



*Don in the Navy, 1952*

### **Food and Architecture**

After I completed my Officer Candidate training in Newport, I was assigned to a Hospital ship stationed in Inchon, Korea. I must say that my 3 ½ years in the Navy were among the happiest years of my life. I was on the Hospital Ship "Repose," which was anchored 6 months of the year in the harbor at Inchon. The *Repose* had a full hospital with 3 operating rooms, about 20 doctors, (including brain specialists who came in handy as many injured soldiers were shot in the head), and about 30 nurses. I was the communications officer and later the navigator. The ship's officers ate together with the nurses and the doctors. The food was so bad that I was always complaining, and when my turn came to supervise the menus, the food became so good that I was stuck with the job for almost 2 years! I have always been interested in food and cooking and learned so much from my mother and my two grandmothers who were all superb cooks. What is now called "California Cuisine" is what we always ate at home 80+ years ago. Polenta, which was considered poor people's food in Italy, is now fashionable in the U.S. I am still extremely interested in food and am an avid cook. My wife, Renata, who can only make crepes and nothing else, often jokes

that she married me for my cooking! I have more than 500 cookbooks, knew the late MFK Fisher, the great writer about food, correspond with Alice Waters and knew Julia Child.

After I got out of the Navy in May 1955, I returned to Healdsburg for a few months. By then my parents' house in McDonough Heights was completed. I had always wanted to be an architect, so I was heavily involved in the planning of that house during my time in the Navy. Letters went back and forth to the architect and my parents during my post in Korea. McDonough Heights, on the southwest slope of Fitch Mountain, was developed by Lorraine McDonough, a single lady from a pioneer family who had owned the Sotoyome Inn, a hotel on Healdsburg Avenue on the west side just north of Plaza Street. She was an avid horsewoman and maintained several horses on Fitch Mountain. She built the current road-- dirt at the time-- and developed a private water system. My parents were the first to buy property there and chose the premier property of over three acres, containing at least three heritage live oaks that must be 400 years old. The property is at a dead-end private road and has complete privacy and a panoramic view of the Russian River Valley and Healdsburg below. On a clear day, one can see Mt. Tamalpais in Marin County 60 miles away. We chose the architect, Mario Corbett, who did many distinguished houses in the Bay Area. The design was revolutionary for its time. The first contemporary style house in Healdsburg was built by Lillian Rosenberg of the Rosenberg and Bush store family, located on Fitch Street across from the Passalacqua mansion. My parents built the second contemporary house and a few years later, Russell and Cleone Stevens also built a contemporary house at the end of Second Street at Tucker Street.



*McDonough Heights home, 1965*

My parents' house took over two years to build as, while it looks very simple, it is very complex. All the walls, both inside and out, are virgin redwood. The electric Skill saw was introduced at that time; it revolutionized building and made the work easier and faster than with the hand saw. The inside of the house has mostly built-in redwood cabinetry for storage, with a minimum of furniture besides sofas, chairs, tables and beds. The house is quite Japanese in feeling and I was able to have the shoji panels which divide the rooms made in Japan. At the time, my parents were in their early 50s and they both loved the contemporary look. My mother gave away all her possessions, including china and crystal, and replaced them with Danish furniture and modern china and crystal.

### **A "City Person" and No Regrets**

I returned to Healdsburg in 1955 and joined my father in his automobile business. I thought that the least I could do--as the only child and because my parents paid for my four years at Stanford--was to help my father.



*Remodeled garage buildings and Redwood Market*

We remodeled the three buildings he owned at 433, 435 and 437 West Street (now Healdsburg Avenue), a total frontage of more than 200 feet. I joined Kiwanis, took part in various community activities. On weekends I made frequent trips to visit friends in San Francisco. My father, being a wise man, suggested in late 1958 that we dissolve the auto agency and sell the buildings, as he said that I would never truly be happy in Healdsburg as I was a "city person." How right he was. He sold the buildings to Barbieri Home Furnishings whose store was where Cyrus and Hotel Le Mars are now located. He was 57 and I was 30. He was free to pursue his interests

in speed boat building, buying old houses around Fitch Mountain, fixing them up and selling them for big profits, and buying land in Alexander Valley and Skaggs Springs to develop. I was free at last. Healdsburg in 1959 was hardly as chic as it is today with its world class shops and restaurants.

I moved to San Francisco in February 1959, rented a beautiful studio apartment on Clay Street and started looking for a job. I saw an advertisement in the *San Francisco Chronicle* for a position of Assistant Export Manager. My time in the Navy made me very interested in the sea and foreign lands, and when I found out that the position was for a produce firm I was determined to get hired. I got the job, and it was the only company I worked for until my retirement at age 62 in February 1992. My ancestors were all farmers and I have always been interested in food, so the job was perfect for me as it combined the romance of the sea from my Navy days with the agricultural background of my ancestors. The name of the company was A. Levy and J. Zentner Co., and they were located at the time in the produce district near the Embarcadero between Jackson and Clay streets. Most of the fruits and vegetables we shipped were to Guam, Latin America and the Orient. I became vice president of the company and made annual trips to the Orient (often accompanied by my wife, Renata) to visit our many clients.

By choice, we have no children. No regrets, as we have seven wonderful nieces and nephews whom we see often. I was 47 when Renata and I were married, and she preferred to have a career in business. She grew up in Milan, Italy, where she worked for an import/export company that dealt primarily with what was then known as East Germany. She moved to San Francisco and worked for many years for the liquor and wine giant J.E. Seagram, mostly in their international divisions active in the Far East and Latin America. In the early 1970s she was the first female manager included in business trips to visit foreign affiliates. Her fluency in several languages helped break the "glass ceiling." How times have changed!

After the deaths of my parents, my wife and I began a two-year restoration of the house. The cork floors needed replacement and some of the redwood had to be restored. We rewired the house, modernized the kitchen and replaced the original

built-in refrigerator/freezer and ovens (which were revolutionary in 1955), and updated the bathrooms. We used the place as a weekend home, as our main residence was in San Francisco. The gardens, covering one acre, were fabulous with endless flowers, fruit trees and vegetable terraces. When I turned 75, I said to Renata "enough is enough" as I had spent over 50 years developing and beautifying the property. With no regrets, we sold the property in 2005 [to Laura Tietz] and have never returned to see it. We moved permanently to San Francisco where we purchased a large condominium that met all our requirements: Bay view, fireplace and balcony. Now our "garden" consists of five window boxes! We are now free to travel as much as we want, and we average over 4 months abroad each year. In 2006 the Healdsburg Museum and Historical Society presented, posthumously, an Award of Merit for historic home preservation to my late parents, Leo and Leonida Frediani in recognition of their distinguished contribution for lifetime maintenance of the residence at 14665 McDonough Heights Road.

Looking back, I must say that I grew up in the best of times. I feel we are living in terrible times, plus what I have dubbed "the age of mediocrity." People don't read books, can't spell, can do nothing without a computer to assist them and spend way too much time connected to i-phones, i-pods, etc. Instant gratification is the norm these days, with young people maxing out their credit cards and paying interest exceeding 20 percent without worrying about the future. The schools do not offer physical education (hence the obesity epidemic) and there are no art or music classes, and sometimes the teachers have to supply pencils because the richest country in the world cannot even supply basic necessities. I must say that my stay in Europe influenced my style of living until the present day. It is a pity that so many of my classmates in Healdsburg never traveled abroad during the last 63 years. Many married their sweethearts from high school, never went to college, and travel to them means going to the Bay Area for a baseball or football game! Since 1955 Renata and I (whom I met in 1971 through a former girlfriend whose cousin was married to Renata's brother in Italy) have taken more than 80 trips abroad, not including our annual visit to our home in Italy.



*Rand Dericco*

## **Rand Dericco: “A Feel for the Old Town”**

*as told to Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce, 2001*

I'm a native of Healdsburg. I'm starting with that statement for two reasons. Just this last weekend I met a person who has lived in this town for almost a year and he was delighted to meet a Healdsburg native. I'm the second one he has met. I feel like an endangered species.

I was born here fifty years ago. Some of you have lived here longer than me but many of you haven't. I don't feel old but my age does put me into the category of an old timer, at least here in Healdsburg. We've all seen a lot of change in the last couple of years. Read the local newspaper and you'll find that some people don't like that change. They whine about the items of clothing they feel they can no longer purchase here or who is going to build what and where. In the next few minutes I would like to briefly describe to you the town I grew up in to give you an idea of how it has changed in the last fifty years. I want to try to give you a feel for the old town. It may sound as though I am bashing the old town of Healdsburg but that isn't the case. I feel that I am very lucky to have seen this town in the middle of the last century, but I am also happy that it is the



*Downtown Healdsburg, 1950s*

way it is now. It was a town that had mostly been built during the Victorian era. It was a town that had seen little change in the first half of the century. It was a town with many buildings that were near the end of their useful life.





*Hammond Lumber Mill, 1955*

Healdsburg was an industrial town. We had lumber, gravel and agriculture. There were several lumber yards in and near the city limits. Besides the ones that are still here, there was Hammond Lumber at the site now occupied by the Exchange Bank and a large portion of Safeway's parking lot. There were two mills up Mill Creek, one just north of Simi Winery and another near Lytton Springs Road. Each one of these mills had a cone burner. Some of the burners were very small and some were very large and they almost always had a fire going in them to eliminate the considerable amount of sawdust and scrap wood that the mills were generating. There was always smoke in the air that mingled with the aroma of fresh cut Douglas fir. We smelled like a lumber town.



*Healdsburg Avenue South End, 1950*

Fifty years ago steam engines were still being used on the local rail line. Until I was about 10 years old Healdsburg had regularly scheduled rail service, both passenger and freight. How many years have we been trying to reestablish a rail commuter service? The Healdsburg rail yard was a staging area. Freight trains would be assembled at all hours of the day and night. You could hear the engines accelerate and decelerate and the cars bang together as they slowly moved back and forth assembling the trains for distant destinations. It was not uncommon for traffic on Healdsburg Avenue to be tied up for some lengthy periods of time. We sounded like a rail yard.



*Susan Young and Lena Porphiri  
promoting the Prune Blossom Tour, 1965*

The wineries as we know them today were decades from existence. There were no B & Bs and the big tourist event of the year was the Prune Blossom Tour that took place one weekend each spring. Healdsburg was the buckle of the prune belt. There were prune orchards at the south end of town lining Healdsburg Avenue. There were vineyards and orchards where Safeway and Foss Creek Circle are now. There were orchards and vineyards at the north end of town. Powell Avenue was the north end of town. There was a very large prune dehydrator in town near the rail yard where E & M Electric is now

located, just a block off the Plaza. These dehydrators ran 24 hours a day for most of the months of August and September. During those months we smelled like a prune town and occasionally worse. Back in the old days, real chicken fertilizer was applied to the orchards that were literally at our front door.



*Wittke coffee shop, Healdsburg Ave.*

I've mentioned Healdsburg Avenue. It wasn't always Healdsburg Avenue. Until the early sixties it was the Redwood Highway, the U.S. 101. Before the freeway was built, it took half an hour to get to Santa Rosa from here. On holiday weekends, traffic could be backed up for miles in either direction of Healdsburg. A lot of cars and trucks passed through Healdsburg in those days. There was a truck stop where McDonalds now stands. There was a truck repair shop and a trucking company next door. There was a Studebaker and Chevrolet dealership within a block of the Plaza.



*Greyhound Bus Station, Center St.*

The Greyhound bus company had a depot in the building now occupied by the El Sombrero restaurant. Buses would pull off the highway onto Matheson Street on a regular schedule creating a lot of noise and foul odors. The Redwood Highway now

known as Healdsburg Avenue in the center of our little town was a very busy, noisy place.



*J. C. Penney Co., 1965*

Other than one bar, the entire downtown Plaza area has changed. J. C. Penney's was on the corner where Kajul now stands. There was a theater, a Sprouse-Reitz, the Plaza Hotel and a feed store among others on the west side of the 101. All of the businesses moved or ceased to exist when the entire block was torn down. Anyone who can remember traveling down the back alley behind these stores will tell you they were a fire waiting to happen. Ben Franklin, Gromo Market, and the Bank of America were on the east side of the 101. Garrett Hardware, Schwab Shoes, Western Auto and Anderson Jewelers were around the Plaza.



*Plaza Market and liquor store, Center St.*

There were several grocery stores in the downtown area. There was the Plaza Market, Purity Market, Biasotti's Market and Safeway. Most of the grocery stores had wooden floors and were within a block and a half of each other on Center Street. Safeway occupied the lot where the downtown post office now stands. There was a little grocery store on University Street and two more near Sanderson Ford.

And then, there were the bars. There were three on the west side of the Plaza, one where

Healdsburg Bar and Grill is now, John and Zeke's where it still is, a bar where the Brandt Insurance office is and another one at the opposite corner of the block near Center Street.



*Plaza Hotel, 1967*

There was a bar in the Plaza Hotel and another across the street from the train depot. There was one where Circle K now stands and another where Fitch Mountain Eddie's is located on what used to be called Nard's Corner. There was another one just north of Simi Winery across from the lumber yard and another down by the river. Healdsburg was a town with many bars. These bars occasionally attracted a rough crowd. It was not uncommon for the Hells Angels to roar into town and spend the day and night at the local bars. There would be motorcycles lined up on both sides of Healdsburg Avenue from North Street to nearly the train tracks. I guess you could say that they were some of our first tourists.



*Plaza Street, 1960*



*Pamphlet promoting Healdsburg "Where Russian River and Redwood Highway Meet," 1960s*

Anyone who longs for the old Healdsburg doesn't really remember the old Healdsburg. We have a lot to be thankful for. When the freeway bypassed us we didn't wither. We grew and we adapted. We still have our heavy industry. We have a downtown Plaza surrounded by a wide variety of shops, that most other cities in this county are envious of. We have beautiful B & Bs. We have a Chamber of Commerce that operates in the black. We have a solid tax base because of the diversity within our business community. We don't have major traffic problems. Our electricity stays on when others are suffering blackouts. We have good schools. We have a wide variety of fine restaurants. Healdsburg's borders touch three world class viticulture appellations and we are within walking distance of a fourth. We are surrounded by wineries with world wide recognition that draw people to our community year round versus the days of the one weekend prune blossom tour. We can still buy most everything here that we have when I was born here, underwear included, and for the items that we can't buy here, we are only fifteen minutes away from major shopping malls. In my opinion, if we could make just one more change we would live in the perfect community. If we could find a way to make housing affordable in this community, our children will be able to work and live here and the Healdsburg native will not become an endangered species in our town.



*Margaret Frampton, c. 1934*

## Margaret Frampton: “Looking Back”

*as told to Holly Hoods, 2010*

I was born in Palo Alto in 1914, the year World War I started. My mother was Sarah Mell White and my father was Frank George White. They met in Salt Lake City. Mother had gone back there to finish high school. (My mother’s maiden name was Mell. And Mell was a popular Mormon name, so everyone thought she was Mormon, but she was really a good Baptist!) Father was originally from Iowa and had just graduated from Columbia. He was a civil engineer. He had come out to put a train around Salt Lake City. They met there through a friend and I guess it was love at first sight. They were married there.

Later Father got a job with the San Francisco Harbor Commission and moved the family to Palo Alto. He would eventually become the head of the commission.

My father’s mother came to live in Palo Alto, too. She also bought a summer cottage down in Carmel so we spent all our vacations there. I never went north. I didn’t know there was anything north of San Francisco for years and years until I met my husband.



*Margaret and her sister, Helen*

When I was three, we moved to Berkeley. I had two older sisters, Kay (eight years my senior) and Helen (six years older). When I was ten, my brother, Frank, was born. I adored him! In some ways, I thought of him as my baby. I’d get him up in the morning, get him dressed, take him down and get him his breakfast. I thought he was wonderful. Such a good little boy!

### **The Impact of One College Course**

I went to college in Berkeley and majored in Political Science. My mother said to me, "You cannot graduate from college without taking a course in public speaking."

I was shy and she knew it. I had absolutely no desire to take the class, but I also knew that my mother's wishes would prevail, so I took that first class in my freshman year. For my first speech I was supposed to speak for five minutes. My mind absolutely went blank. Oh, it was terrible! Finally, I turned to the professor and said, "I cannot remember a thing. My mind went blank."

He pointed his finger right at me and said, "Miss White, you stand up there and talk for five minutes. I don't care what you say, but you'll talk for five minutes."

So I did. And still to this day I don't know what I said. I really don't. I got through and felt so humiliated. And everybody felt sorry for me. After class he called me over and said, "Now that's the worst thing that can happen to you. The worst. It can't do anything but go up from here. I want you to remember this."

Well, I ended up with a minor in Public Speaking. And my last speech was for half an hour with no notes or anything. I got an "A" in the course!



*Margaret, age 13, Carmel*

That really did me a lot of good for the rest of my life. I could meet people and talk to them. I still feel a little shy, but it doesn't show as much. It took me from a shy person to one who could speak in front of people. I had to. Years later when we lived in China, I met the ambassador and talked to him for the

entire evening. When we lived in Washington D.C., I was president of the Supply Wives Club. We had a big luncheon once a year and we would have the Vice President's wife or the Admirals' wives as our special guests. I could get up and talk to them and lead the whole meeting. I never could have done that before.

### **A Good Match**

After I graduated from college, I had to go to business school and learn shorthand and typing. In those days a woman could only be a nurse, a teacher or a secretary. And that's the way it was.

I went to work in San Francisco and that's where I met Wood Frampton, the man who eventually became my husband. I met him through a friend who was going with another fellow from Healdsburg. They wanted us to go on a double date with them. I was going with another fellow at the time. Actually, I was almost engaged to him, but he was working down south and could only come up on occasional weekends, so I agreed to the date.

We went up to Healdsburg. We went swimming in the afternoon and then dancing at the Palomar. Wood's father owned the Palomar and that night Wood was busy running it for his father. Well, I just couldn't stand him! He just turned me off! So I went home and didn't hear from him again for about six months. Then one night Wood called and said, "It's my birthday today. Will you go out to dinner?"

Well, it was about 7:00 pm and I said, "I'm sorry but we've already finished dinner."

But I felt sorry for him. I said, "My brother-in-law's birthday is tomorrow. Why don't you come and we'll celebrate them both together."

He came and we hit it off. He was entirely different. I found out later that Wood had a one track mind. If he was busy with something, that would totally preoccupy him. But he was also a lot of fun and we started going out. That was in 1939.

Wood was great. When I first met him he was an introvert. And I quickly learned that you wouldn't get an answer from him right away. You'd tell him something and he'd go away and then come back and tell you that you were right or you were wrong. He'd think it all out. He had that kind of a mind. He was a great fellow. He was always good to me. He always treated me with respect.

## The Palomar

Wood was working in San Francisco during the week and coming up to Healdsburg on weekends to run the Palomar for his father. So, naturally I started coming up more.



*Palomar Publicity Poster*

The Palomar was wonderful. Anybody who was in Healdsburg or coming near Healdsburg would want to go there and dance.

You walked in the door and it was all one big room. On one side you could sit down and across from that on the other side were booths. And a big dance floor in the middle with the orchestra at the far end. No liquor, but they had a soda fountain where you could buy sandwiches or hot dogs or hamburgers.

They had this wonderful orchestra from San Francisco that started coming up - Saunders King. He was just great! People came from all over just to dance there.



*Saunders King, 1940*

Once Saunders King offered to have us come down to hear him play in San Francisco. We had more fun. We were the only white people in the place! He played and people danced beautifully. He came and sat at our table between sets. We had a great time! He was a very nice man. I think he really

enjoyed coming up to Healdsburg and playing at the Palomar.

## Married Life and the Navy

Wood and I were married in 1941, the year World War II started. We moved back East so that he could go to Harvard Business School for three months. I also had a job. We had a lovely time there.

Wood entered the Navy and began what would be the first of many tours of duty. He would be sent out to sea sometimes for months at a time. It was difficult at times to go for so long without seeing him. Communication was limited to letters that frequently didn't reach their intended destination.

At one time I was able to share an apartment in Long Beach with two other Navy wives. It gave me an opportunity to see Wood when his ship would come back for supplies. One night the doorbell rang. I went to the door and this man was standing there. It was Wood and I didn't even recognize him! He had grown a beard and looked completely different.

Wood eventually decided to make the Navy his career, which was fine with me, although I didn't realize that we'd be moving every two to three years for the next twenty-five years. But that's what they all do. It wasn't just us. Lots of times we'd make good friends and then have to leave them only to reconnect again years later. We had one friend that we did three tours of duty with. It was fun in a way. You saw all kinds of people in all parts of the country. I had not appreciated the United States before that.



*Cynthia, Margaret, Woodley Jr., Woodley, Sarah Frampton  
Easter Sunday, 1963*

Over the course of Wood's naval career, we would live in Washington state, California (Mare

Island and San Diego), Connecticut, Washington DC, Rhode Island (Newport) and Virginia (Norfolk). We were also sent overseas to China and the Philippines.

We were stationed in China for 2 ½ years. The Navy had just renewed Wood's assignment. I was seven months pregnant with our second child, Cynthia. Suddenly, the Communists invaded China. Wood came home one night and said, "You're leaving tomorrow morning."

And so we were all evacuated. It was a horrible trip. The ship so was packed with people and possessions that even the captain was down in the crew's quarters. It was a mess. I had our first child, Sarah, and was pregnant with our second. We had a little inside room that we shared with another Navy wife and her baby. It was a challenging trip, but we all made it back home safe and sound.

### Life After the Navy

After 30 years in the Navy, Wood retired and took a job with Lockheed in Saratoga. We grew to love our life there. We had a lovely home with a pool. Our children were grown and on their own. We met lots of nice people and for the next eight years, we settled into a busy, enjoyable life.



*Woodley Frampton*

In 1975, Wood decided it was time to retire. As much as he liked living in Saratoga, he wanted to go home – to Healdsburg. After so many years of moving every two or three years, I felt that I had finally put down roots, so the move was a little tough for me.

When we first came back here, it was just a small country town. It was so small and it was a much friendlier town than any other town we had lived in. People here were very nice to me. And everybody knew everybody. You could go down to the plaza and do all the shopping you wanted to do.

There was a pharmacy, the hardware store, a shoe store and so on.



*Margaret and Woodley Frampton, 1988*

The first place we lived when we came back to Healdsburg was on Mill Creek Road. It was three miles to town. I didn't know very many people and now it was just the two of us. So for a time I went back and forth to Saratoga to do things with our old friends. Finally, I realized that I was being short sighted. If we were going to live in Healdsburg, then we needed to *live in Healdsburg*.



*Museum volunteer Margaret, 2007*

I think you have to make up your mind to like a place, so I gave up on Saratoga. I think you have to make the effort. You have to go out and meet people. That's when I made the effort. I joined a golf and bridge group; joined the Museum and the hospital. Once I made the effort, I discovered I loved Healdsburg.

*Margaret White Frampton passed away at her home in Healdsburg on February 3, 2012, at the age of 97. She is fondly remembered by all her friends at the Healdsburg Museum.*



*José Israel Arreguin*

## **José Israel Arreguin: “Journey to KBBF, The Country’s First Bilingual Radio Station”**

*by Tanya Sierra, 2012*

My grandfather, José Israel Arreguin, was born in Chamacuaro, Mexico in 1941. He married Josephina Sierra in 1964 and had three children, Christine, Edward, and Laura. He began life as a boy who did not have any interest in school and was known as a “*travieso*,” a trouble maker, but eventually traveled to the United States, received a master’s degree in political science, and helped to found the first bilingual radio station in the country, KBBF 89.1FM.

After having left school in only the second year of elementary school, when my grandfather first arrived in the U.S. and became a legal resident at the age of eighteen, he did not know how to read in Spanish, not to mention English. It was the necessity of knowing English in order to get a job that eventually drove him back to school where he attended night classes at Santa Rosa Junior College (SRJC) in order to learn the minimum English phrases that he would need to get a job. After

spending some time working in agriculture and in local lumber mills, including the mill in Healdsburg, he attempted to enlist in the army but was unable to do so when his physical examination detected that he had a heart problem. His only choice was then to continue working. At some point he became infected with hepatitis and, unaware of that being the reason that he was feeling ill, the infection went untreated and ended up flaring up his existing heart problem which landed him in the hospital for nearly three months.

### **Beyond Manual Labor**

After recuperating, he once again returned to SRJC where they channeled him into auto mechanic classes because, according to the vocational counselor that he met with, Hispanics were only good to work in the fields and do manual labor. However, my grandfather was adamant that he wanted to take different classes because he was interested in other



work. It was then that the counselor told him that his English was not sufficient enough to study anything else. He asked for one year to learn sufficient English to pass a language proficiency exam and said that if he failed, he would study mechanics. The counselor agreed and my grandfather began studying day and night, day after day. With the help of two extraordinarily dedicated English teachers, Charles Miller and Joyce Welch, he was able to achieve his goal and, after passing the GED, he set off on taking the classes of his choice and completing the necessary prerequisites for an associate's degree.

### **Political Activist**

It was during his time at SRJC that he began to become more socially and politically active. After becoming friends with four other Hispanic SRJC students, Guido Del Prado, Jesus Otero, Javier Guzman and Roberto Arreguin, he began to question the treatment and image that the administrators appeared to have of the Hispanic population. There was a large and growing Mexican population in the area and my grandfather and his friends felt strongly that they should be represented in the school. When confronting the administration on that issue, they would receive the response that the school was open to the Hispanic population, but they simply did not want to come; they did not want to study. The five responded to that by arguing that the reason that that population did not come was because there was no one going to the high schools and telling them that they could come. They stressed the importance of the SRJC giving economic incentives so that those students could attend, because the jobs that the majority of their parents held could not support them to go otherwise. They persisted to fight for the school's administration to make more efforts to reach the Hispanic population, and eventually a scholarship program was started. It was also around this time that the five men, along with the few other Hispanic students already attending the school, formed a group called the "Mexican-American Students Confederation" (MASC). The group's conception was brought upon by the aforementioned perceived discrimination against Hispanic students and, with Charles Miller overseeing as their advisor, MASC spent much time working to promote migrant education. They created a summer school for young migrant students on borrowed land near the

Geyserville area and also developed a school lunch program which would allow those students to receive free lunches; it is a program that is still around to this day and benefiting many children in need. Later, MASC converted into the "Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán" (MEChA), the first of its kind at SRJC. Through MEChA they promoted higher education and the history and culture of the Chicano community.

After finishing at SRJC, my grandfather and his four friends, Guido, Jesus, Javier and Roberto all went to Sonoma State University (SSU) together. There they ended up facing the same problems as they did at SRJC. There was an unrepresented Hispanic community without a single course offered or movement present on campus focusing on the history or culture of their ever-growing population. This led them to once again form a branch of MEChA.

During a time when people like Cesar Chavez were at the political forefront and there was a great deal of civil unrest, more and more Chicano students began arriving at SSU. Through MEChA the Hispanic students came together, but there were many heated discussions with a division forming between those who came from Mexico and primarily spoke Spanish and those who were born in the U.S., or arrived at a very young age and primarily spoke English. My grandfather, however, became a connection for the two sides because although he spent a great deal of his life in the U.S. and had a great love for it, he also had one for his land, Mexico. Therefore he was appointed the head of the group at SSU and worked to pull everyone together.

### **Alliance Medical Clinic and KBBF**

Through it all my grandfather and his four friends continued to stick together and there between them surfaced several ideas including those to form a radio station and a medical clinic. It was Javier Guzman who came to the group with the idea of starting a medical clinic that could attend to the large Spanish-speaking population in the area. Javier had been involved with similar clinics in southern California and really became a driving force behind what would become the Alliance Medical Clinic in Healdsburg.

It was also around this time that the idea for a bilingual radio station came about. My grandfather

and his friends originally wanted to create a television station, but found it to be much too difficult of a task and thus turned their sights towards radio. As my grandfather said when describing the creation of KBBF, "it felt like the [right] moment" and that is why it worked. The group argued over how exactly the radio station would function, but agreed that no matter what they did with it, their overall purpose would be to unify the Hispanic people. Their vision was to have a radio station that did not just play music all day; they felt it needed to have substance, something to orient it to the community where they could analyze current issues and figure out possible solutions. In 1971 they formed the board of directors, and in 1973 they were ready to go on air with the help of a donation of antennas from the Kennedy family.



*KBBF Vice President David Janda, a KBBF volunteer, KBBF President Alicia Sanchez, José Israel Arreguin, and volunteer Evelina Molina.*

To this day the vision "to create a strong multilingual voice that empowers and engages the community-at-large in order to achieve social justice through education, celebration of culture and delivery of local and international news coverage" continues to be upheld with the help of a handful of devoted volunteers at KBBF 89.1FM's offices in Santa Rosa.



*José and three of his grandchildren: Tanya, Aleksander, and Zachary*

In 1990, my grandfather remarried to Carmen Tinoco with whom he has two sons, Israel and Josue. Today he lives a restful life in retirement and has seven grandchildren, Tatiana, myself, Eric, Aleksander, Zachary, Bryanna, and Jayden whom he hopes will continue his efforts to be active in the community. After recently beginning volunteer work at KBBF, I'm happy to let him know that I have begun to follow in his footsteps.

## **José Israel Arreguin: "La Jornada de KBBF, La Primera Estación Bilingüe en los Estados Unidos"**

*Por Tanya Sierra, 2012*

En 1941, en Chamácuaro, Guanajuato, México, nació José Israel Arreguin, mi abuelo. Se casó con Josefina Sierra en 1964 y tuvo tres hijos, Christine, Edward, y Laura. Él comenzó su vida como un niño que no tenía interés ninguno en la escuela. El era conocido como un niño travieso, pero finalmente viajó a los Estados Unidos, obtuvo una maestría en ciencias políticas, y ayudó a fundar la primera estación de radio bilingüe en este país, KBBF 89.1FM la estación del pueblo.

Después de haber dejado la escuela desde el segundo año de escuela primaria, cuando mi abuelo llegó por primera vez a los EE.UU. y se convirtió en residente legal a la edad de dieciocho años, no sabía cómo leer en español, y mucho menos en Inglés. Fue la necesidad de conseguir un trabajo que finalmente lo llevó de vuelta a la escuela para aprender Inglés. Mi abuelo asistió a clases nocturnas en el Colegio de la Ciudad de Santa Rosa, conicido como Santa Rosa Junior College (SRJC), con el fin de aprender las

frases de inglés mínimo que necesitaría para un mayor futuro. Después de pasar algún tiempo trabajando en los campos y en aserraderos locales, incluyendo un molino en Healdsburg, el trató de enlistarse en el ejército, pero no fue posible por que al hacerle los exámenes físicos requeridos se le detectó un problema en el corazón. Su única opción entonces era seguir trabajando. En algún momento llegó a ser infectado con hepatitis, y sin darse cuenta de que esa era la razón por la que se sentía mal, la infección fue creciendo y acabó agrabando su problema cardiaco ya existente que lo llevó al hospital durante casi tres meses.

Después de un tiempo logró recuperarse y, una vez más regresó a SRJC donde lo dirigieron hacia clases de mecánica de automóviles, ya que, según el consejero profesional del Colegio que habló con él, los hispanos sólo servían para trabajar en los campos y hacer trabajos manuales. Sin embargo, mi abuelo fue firme en querer tomar clases diferentes porque estaba interesado en diferentes clases de trabajo. Fue entonces que el consejero le dijo que su Inglés no era suficiente para estudiar cualquier otra cosa. Mi abuelo pidió un año para aprender Inglés suficiente para aprobar un examen de competencia lingüística y si no lo aprobaba, estudiaría mecánica como se lo estaban proponiendo. El consejero estuvo de acuerdo y mi abuelo comenzó a estudiar día y noche, día tras día. Con la ayuda de dos extraordinarios y dedicados profesores de inglés, Charles Miller y Welch Joyce, fue capaz de lograr su objetivo y, después de recibir el Certificado de Educación General (GED), empezó a tomar las clases de su elección y completar los requisitos necesarios para un Título Asociado.

Fue durante su estancia en SRJC que empezó a ser más social y políticamente activo. Después de convertirse en amigo con otros cuatro estudiantes hispanos en el SRJC, Guido Del Prado, Jesús Otero, Javier Guzmán, y Roberto Arreguín, comenzó a cuestionar el tratamiento y la imagen que los administradores del Colegio parecían tener de la población hispana. Había una gran población mexicana y cada vez mayor en el area, y mi abuelo y sus amigos sintieron fuertemente que debían hacer notar más en la escuela. Cuando confrontaron a la administración al respecto, recibieron la respuesta que la escuela siempre estaba abierta a la población hispana, pero simplemente no querían asistir a ella

por que no querían estudiar. Los cinco amigos respondieron a ese argumento y dijeron que la razón que la población hispana no venía al Colegio era por que nadie iba a las escuelas secundarias para informar a los estudiantes que podían y deberian asistir a SRJC. Hicieron hincapié en la importancia de la SRJC dar incentivos económicos para que los estudiantes pudieran asistir ya que debido a los puestos de trabajo de la mayoría de los padres, no les permitian apollar a sus hijos economicamente. Mi abuelo y sus amigos persistieron en luchar para que la administración del Colegio hiciera más esfuerzos para llegar a la población hispana. Finalmente, sus esfuerzos dieron frutos y un programa de becas para hispanos se inició. Fue también en esta época que los cinco hombres, junto con los pocos otros estudiantes hispanos que ya asisten a la escuela, formaron un grupo llamado "Mexican-American Students Confederation" (MASC) (La Confederación de Estudiantes Mexico-Americanos). La concepción del grupo fue traído a la discriminación ya mencionado percibido en contra de estudiantes hispanos y, con la supervisión de Charles Miller como su asesor, MASC pasó mucho tiempo trabajando para promover la educación de los migrantes. MASC creo una escuela de verano para jóvenes estudiantes migrantes en tierras prestadas cerca de la zona de Geyserville y también desarrolló un programa de almuerzo escolar que permitía a los estudiantes recibir almuerzos gratis, éste es un programa que hasta la fecha todavía existe y que beneficia a muchos niños necesitados en la escuela. Más tarde, MASC se convirtió en el "Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán" (MEChA), el primer grupo en su tipo en SRJC. A través de MEChA promovieron la educación superior y la historia y la cultura de la comunidad chicana.

Después de terminar en SRJC, mi abuelo y sus cuatro amigos, Guido, Jesús, Javier y Roberto fueron todos a Sonoma State University (SSU). Allí terminó enfrentando problemas similares a los que tuvieron en SRJC. No habia ninguna representación hispana. No se ofrecia ni un solo curso enfocado o dedicado a la historia o cultura de su población en constante crecimiento, o un grupo para ellos presente que los apollara en la Universidad. Esto los llevó a formar una vez más, una rama de MEChA.

Durante un tiempo en que la gente como César Chávez, leader de los campecinos, estuvieron a la vanguardia política y había una gran cantidad de

disturbios civiles, más y más estudiantes chicanos comenzaron a llegar a SSU. A través de MEChA los estudiantes hispanos se unieron, pero había muchas discusiones acaloradas con una división entre la formación de los que vinieron de México y que su idioma principal era el español y los que nacieron en los EE.UU., o llegaron a una edad muy joven, y que su idioma principal era el Inglés. Mi abuelo, sin embargo, se convirtió en una conexión para los dos lados, porque aunque pasó gran parte de su vida en los EE.UU. y tenía un gran amor por ella, él también tenía un gran sentimiento por su tierra, México. Por lo tanto, fue nombrado jefe del grupo de SSU y trabajó para jalar y unificar a todos.

A través de todo, mi abuelo Jose y sus amigos Guido, Jesús, Javier y Roberto se mantuvieron juntos y así surgieron varias ideas, incluyendo aquellas para formar una estación de radio y una clínica médica. Fue Javier Guzmán, quien llegó al grupo con la idea de comenzar una clínica médica que pudiera asistir a la gran población de habla española en el area. Javier había estado involucrado con las clínicas similares en el sur de California y se convirtió realmente en una fuerza impulsora detrás de lo que se convertiría en la Clínica Alianza Médica en Healdsburg. Fue también en esta época que la idea de una emisora de radio bilingüe se produjo. Mi abuelo y sus amigos originalmente quería crear un canal de televisión, pero les pareció que en ese momento sería una tarea demasiado difícil y así volvieron la vista hacia la radio. Mi abuelo creía que era el momento indicado

para crear la radio y es por eso que funcionó. Como el decía, "se siente que es el momento." El grupo discutía sobre cómo exactamente la emisora de radio funcionaría, pero convinieron en que no importaba tanto como lo hicieran, siempre que su objetivo principal fuera unificar a los hispanos. Su visión era tener una estación de radio que no se limitara solo a tocar música todo el día, sino que tenía que tener sustancia, algo que orientara a la comunidad y donde podieran analizar temas de actualidad y determinar posibles soluciones a problemas y necesidades. En 1971 se formó la junta directive de la radio, y en 1973 ya estaban listos para salir al aire gracias a la ayuda de una donación de antenas de la familia Kennedy. Hoy la visión "crear una voz multilingüe y fuerte que le dé poder e involucre a toda la comunidad, para lograr justicia social a través de la educación, la celebración de cultura, y la provisión de noticias locales e internacionales" continúa siendo una prioridad en las oficinas de KBBF 89.1FM en Santa Rosa con la ayuda de un valioso puñado de dedicados voluntarios.

En 1990 mi abuelo se volvió a casar, con su nueva esposa Carmen Tinoco tiene dos hijos, Israel y Josué. Hoy vive una vida tranquila en su jubilación y tiene siete nietos, Tatiana, yo misma, Eric, Aleksander, Zachary, Bryanna, y Jayden, de quienes espera que continúemos sus esfuerzos de ser activos en la comunidad. Después de comenzar el trabajo voluntario recientemente en KBBF, estoy feliz de hacerle saber que he comenzado a seguir sus pasos.



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