



RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

SPRING 2012 • ISSUE 116

An Official Publication of the Healdsburg Museum and Historical Society



Peace Flag designed by Julius Myron Alexander



*Veterans Memorial Statue
Healdsburg Plaza*

HEALDSBURG: WAR AND PEACE

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

**World War II Through the Eyes of a Child
Roy F. Doolan's Three Years in a Japanese Prison Camp**

by Janet Sbragia Pisenti and Roy F. Doolan • Page 17

The Bracelet

by Holly Hoods • Page 23

In This Issue

This themed issue of the *Russian River Recorder* is densely packed with articles relating to the spring 2012 exhibit "Healdsburg: War and Peace" at the Healdsburg Museum. The *Recorder* opens with excerpts from the gripping Civil War battlefield diary of Union soldier Nathan S. Clark. Readers who are interested in continuing the story are welcome to peruse the book at the Museum's research library.

Maintaining connections between the men and women in the Service during wartime and the folks at home has always been essential. We feature two WWI artifacts from the Burgett family: an embroidered silk pillow and a handkerchief, respectively labeled "Mother" and "To My Sister." Meredith Dreisback further explores connections to home in her article about American women on the homefront in WWII.

Julius Myron Alexander was an outspoken and eloquent promoter of Peace. His advocacy prior to WWI began with a Peace Poem, which inspired a Peace Flag that became an emblem for the Peace movement in 1914. His original poem is included, plus Marian Taylor's 1916 article about its impact at a huge peace rally at Golden Gate Park.

Healdsburg resident Smith Robinson also found constructive ways to express his patriotism without taking up arms. His

personal letter writing campaign to Healdsburg men and women in the military during WWII reached 300 letters a month. We include a letter he wrote to Don Cadd in 1942.

An excerpt from a 1999 oral history interview with Donald Schmidt reveals his firsthand account of the bombing of Pearl Harbor during his naval commission on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania.

Janet Sbragia Pisenti brings us Roy E. Doolan's vivid description of his family's imprisonment in a Japanese Prison Camp in the Philippines after the 1941 bombing of Pearl Harbor.

We have also reprinted the City of Healdsburg's 1953 resolution to adopt the First Battalion, 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Division during the Korean War. I have also shared my own story of my quest for connection with the soldier whose P.O.W. bracelet I wore during the Vietnam War. The issue closes with the Veteran's Memorial Statue in the Healdsburg Plaza.

We sincerely hope that you enjoy this issue and the exhibit "Healdsburg: War and Peace."

Holly Hoods
Curator



RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

*The Official Publication of the
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Contents

Russian River Recorder

Spring, 2012 * Issue 116

- 4 **Civil War Diary of Union Soldier, Nathan S. Clark**
- 7 **Burgett World War I Keepsakes**
- 8 **The Poet of Peace**
- 9 **The Poet of Sonoma County:
The Life and Work of Julius Myron Alexander**
by Marian Taylor
- 10 **Donald Schmide: Eyewitness at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941**
by Carole Hicke
- 13 **Letters from Home**
- 14 **American Women on the Home Front During World War II**
by Meredith Dreisback
- 16 **City Council Approves Adoption of First Battalion at Meeting**
Reprinted from the Healdsburg Tribune, March 22, 1951
- 17 **World War II Through the Eyes of a Child**
by Janet Sbragia Pisenti and Roy F. Doolan
- 23 **The Bracelet**
by Holly Hoods
- 28 **A Tribute to Our Local Heroes of War**
by Holly Hoods



Nathan S. Clark

Excerpt from the
**Civil War Diary of Union Soldier,
Nathan S. Clark**

Bill Clark and Jeff Stanfield recently donated genealogical materials to the Healdsburg Museum which included the Civil War diary of Bill's ancestor Nathan S. Clark. Bill's oldest son, Aaron Clark, had books made of the diary for the family, following the earlier efforts of another nephew to transcribe it. Nathan Clark's diary is a fascinating day by day account of a Union soldier. The punctuation and spelling are authentic and have not been changed. Nathan S. Clark was born in 1838 in Levant, Maine and died in Healdsburg in 1903.

When war was declared against the rebellious states by the U.S. Government, I had an anxious feeling to take an active part in the strife, at least for enough to learn something of military life, for it always gave me pleasure to hear martial music and see a line of troops in motion. I had two brothers, one Sidney W., older, and one Prentis M. Clark younger than myself who volunteered in the 1st Maine Cavalry to the summer of 1861 and as soon as I heard of that I was anxious to go into the field with them, but many of my friends advised me not to hurry. Time dragged slowly along and many a mail was received with news of battles and hard marches until after Banks' retreat in West Virginia in the summer of '62, where the 1st Maine Cavalry was entirely broken to fragments by a surprise from the Reb. Cavalry. Then I told my friends that the time had come for me to take part in the strife.

I received a warrant as Orderly Sergeant of the Militia of Masardis and Umculcus, from Major General of the First Division of Maine, James H. Butler, of Bangor, with orders to organize the Company and choose officers. I at once proceeded and after that was completed I went to enlist men for the army by first making out papers for myself on the 28th day of July 1862.

July 1st 1863

The rebs left here yesterday morning with considerable Cavalry. We marched this morning for Hanover, Pennsylvania and around there at 4 o'clock. Great enthusiasm prevailed when we crossed the state line. We lay at Hanover two hours then started for Gettysburg in the evening and marched until twelve o'clock at night and camped within three miles of the town.

"At Little Round-top Gettysburg"

"On the right by file into line," rang out from Colonel Chamberlain, and the line officers and men swang into line facing to the front and over little round top. Orders were given to Lieut. Morrell commanding Company B. to advance and deploy as skirmishers. No sooner said than done and out went Co. B. to the front and left to protect our flank and were soon out of sight in the woods. We had not been in position more than fifteen minutes when the skirmishers on our right front was forced back into the tanks and the enemy advanced

close after them. When the enemy's line hove in sight we were at short range and we opened fire on them and they replied with great fury. There was a dreadful roar for a time when the rebs came round on our left so that the left of our regt. had to form a few rods to the rear to prevent a cross fire from the enemy. There we held them with heavy loss and such odds against us that we saw it would not do to try to hold them much longer.

"Charge the Rebel Lines"

Col. Chamberlain gave the order, "fix bayonets," "Charge bayonets charge." Off we went with a wild yell that surprised the enemy, they at that time being not over four rods from us. They had but little time to choose between surrender or cold steel, so the most of their front line dropped their rifles and stepped to our rear for safety. I took two prisoners from behind a rock where I had been selecting my targets for some time and others lay there lifeless. I passed them to the rear and made my way with the rest of survivors after the retreating foe. We took two hundred prisoners in the charge. The prisoners say they had a whole brigade massed on our regt. They say that their brigade was Stonewall Jackson's brigade and never was repulsed before. Two of their regts. was the 15th Alabama and the 4th Georgia and they fought like devils. After we had cared for wounded and buried the dead we had orders to advance and hold a hill that was still in our front and on we went with but little opposition.

"Casualties of Company H. Maine Volunteers"

We secured the position as ordered and threw out skirmishers down to the front of the hill but none too soon for the rebs were just advancing to secure the same hill that we now had in our grasp. But it was so dark that they could not see us and did not mistrust us for some time. They would challenge us and ask what regt. we was and we would answer by telling them one that we had taken as prisoners and would get them so near that we would take them in. The rebs made a blind move and marched a whole company through our line and was prisoners before they knew it. We stayed and held the position all night. The casualties of Co. H. 20th Maine Volunteers, July 2, 1863: 1st Sargt. C.W. Steel shot dead in breast, Sargt. I.N. Lathrop

shot in bowels died 4th, Corporal J.M Liby shot in right hand, Private Aran Adams in breast, died instantly, Godman Ireland shot in neck died instantly, Iredel Lampdown shot in bowels died the 3rd, G.W. Buck shot in shoulder died 4th, B.F. French wounded in left leg, amputated below the knee, B.F. Chifford wounded in the face, lost an eye, H. Chesley in neck, B. Hilt in shoulder, W. Ham thumb shot off, J. West arm bruised, E. Morison side slight, G.F. Walker knee bruised.

"At Gettysburg" July 3rd

In the morning one reb was sent from the picket line loaded with canteens, he got lost looking for water and was taken prisoner. We was moved to the right a mile and lay in reserve behind a stone wall ready for any emergency. There was terrific fighting through the day but we was not called in. The Johnnies were bound to brake our lines but they got their own broke.

"On Lee's Flank" July 5th

We advanced in line of battle across the field covered with dead men and horses. Up to a road but saw no enemy. In the orchard by a house lay piles of loaves of bread that the rebels had forced the women of the neighborhood to bake for them and they left in such haste that they could not take it with them. I should think that there was 500 pounds in the two piles that I saw. A barn was burned here with many bodies in it, and some round the outside. One reb officer was found close to the barn with his clothes all burned off, but a packet lay on his leg and in the fold was a wallet that contained a letter that showed who he was and a fine gold ring. We did not stay here long before we turned about and went back across the same field and near dark started toward Antietam Creek. We marched that night in the mud and it was so dark that we could not see our hand before us and the officers had lanterns. We got to a covered bridge twelve o'clock at night and camped.

July 31st 1863

A fair morning. All quiet in front of us. A little picket firing in the ninth corps. The rebs are on their fort in front of us repairing the damage done by our artillery in yesterdays engagement. This afternoon our folks sent in a flag of truce to take care of our wounded and burry our dead

between our lines and the rebs went to headquarters to see if the privilege should be granted. While they were gone our folks were permitted to carry our wounded water but would not let them be helped off. The flag is in sight of us and it looks as though they were burrying the dead or lugging the wounded but we can't tell.

Dec. 9th 1864

Fair and cold and high wind. Our reg't started up the R.R. to the Northwest to cover the rear of our troops as they moved down the RR toward North Carolina. After the troops had all moved off we followed them. We soon came to the second corps and passed them and halted in the fields by the teams and cooked coffee, then moved down the road 11/2 miles and camped for the night in the woods on the left of the road. Some cannonading in the direction of Bellfield Station in the night. Foragers found a great amount of sweet potatoes and liquor and got pretty tight. My tent mate boiled potatoes in whiskey. This was a dreadful and tedious night for the men for the rain and cold formed a sleet upon everything as it fell upon, and trees and ground was icy early in the morning.

April 15th 1865

A rainy day. President Lincoln was shot in the head while at Fords Theatre last evening. Cavalry guards are posted on every street corner with orders to arrest every suspicious character. A saddled horse was found early this morning very swety. The man that committed the deed was recognized as John Wilkes Booth, and has been a play actor in this city. At 8 o'clock pm Mr. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Maj. Rathburn entered the theatre, at 10:30 o'clock he was assassinated, but lived until 7:22 the next morning. The secretary of State (Seward) was sick in his room and was assaulted about the same time by an unknown ruffin rushing by his servant claiming to have a message for him. He succeeded in cutting the secretary severely but had to escape when assaulted by the servant.

April 18th 1865

We went down to see the lamented President but their was such a throng of people that half of them could not get admittance to the White House.

Burgett Family World War I Keepsakes

Donated by Alice Burgett, the silk pillowcase is cream-colored with pale blue fringe, printed with the image of a soldier surrounded by flags. The pillowcase is decorated with flowers and "Mother" in old English letters. The silk handkerchief is edged with red, white and blue stars and stripes. In the center is a poem, an image of a soldier embracing a young lady, and the words "For the Flag and You." Such fond souvenirs from soldier James Burgett to his mother Elizabeth (Libbie) and sister Nettie in Healdsburg reminded them that they were cherished while he was away at war.



James Burgett, 1914



Libbie Burgett World War I Pillowcase



Nettie Burgett World War I Handkerchief



Julius Myron Alexander and the Peace Flag, 1914

The Poet of Peace

Julius Myron Alexander (1858-1932) could probably be considered Healdsburg's first Poet Laureate. A proud and patriotic pioneer, he served his community as Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Editor of the *Healdsburg Enterprise* and Chairman of the Oak Mound Cemetery Committee. His heartfelt advocacy of peace prior to World War I started with a Peace Poem, which inspired a Peace Flag that became an emblem for the burgeoning anti-war movement in the early 20th century.

The Flag of Peace

by Julius Myron Alexander

O Nations of Earth! Make a banner of Peace,
An emblem to wave when carnage shall cease,
From ocean to ocean forever unfurled,
A love-gift of Heaven illuming the world;
Not for glory of gold for nations or cast,
But to float o'er all people in Peace at last.

*Peace to the land now red from the battle.
Peace to the cannon and canister's rattle.
Furled be the flag of the conflict on ocean,
Stilled be the waters from wars bloody potion;
As quiet of eve, when the sun falls asleep,
A soft song of peace o'er the land and the deep.*

In the flag we exalt, weave threads of love,
As pure deep and true as the heavens above:
Let every fold that the winds may lift,
Proclaim the sweet, wonderful, world-wide gift;
By the breezes kissed, let it ever wave
As Life new-born, to the Free and the Slave.

Over North and South, over East and West,
Over valley and plain and mountain's white crest,
Where great cities lie, a tumult of toil,
Where laborers harrow the sodden soil,
Float there the Flag, 'tis the Century's right,
The breaking of day from the shades of night.

This be the waiting, the long years' reward,
Prayers that are answered for those 'neath the sward;
Tho' folded in death be the warrior's hands,
Victory theirs in the Peace of the lands;
The sorrows of Mothers, the flaming of Mars,
Quenched in the light of the rising stars.

*O Nations of Earth! Make a Flag of forgiving,
Make a Flag of glory in loving and living;
Crush not our hearts with burdens of sorrow,
End the brief day with a Peach for the morrow.
A Peace to the land now red from the battle,
A Peace to the cannon and canister's rattle.*

The Poet of Sonoma County: The Life and Work of Julius Myron Alexander

by Marian Taylor

Excerpted from the "Grizzly Bear," the monthly magazine of the Native Sons of the Golden West, November 1916

Julius Myron Alexander was born in Alexander Valley, twelve miles from Healdsburg. The valley was named after his uncle Cyrus Alexander, who located there in 1844 and who was practically monarch to all he surveyed, being the owner of the entire valley. Of Pioneer stock, his father [Charles] came across the plains in 1849 and mother [Achsah] via the Isthmus of Panama a year later. Both being of Scottish descent, they brought up their five children according to the tenets of orthodox religion, carrying their piety into everyday life, as had been the rule with their forbears.

J.M. Alexander is the designer of the Peace Flag that was unfurled at the great celebration held in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco in 1914. A duplicate of this Peace Flag, beautifully hand-embroidered by Mrs. Ben Ware of Healdsburg, he sent to President Woodrow Wilson in September 1915, accompanied by a prose poem of rare beauty, and which brought a most gracious letter from the White House.

The flag ceremony in 1914 was both pretty and impressive. Sixteen young women in the costumes of the nations, each bearing a snow-white dove, formed in line, headed by one impersonating Liberty bearing the Peace Flag, and marched to the front of the music stand, where the birds were released and the flag waved, to the singing of the "Star-spangled Banner" by thousands of voices. Mayor James Rolph and Charles Stetson Wheeler, the orator of the day, congratulated Mr. Alexander on the beauty of his design, which is symbolic in character; the blue field representing the protection of heaven; the four stars—one at each corner—the

cardinal points of the compass; the rising sun, with its golden rays, standing for the dawn of peace; the white cross, humette, signaling Christianity and civilization, and the dove of peace bearing the olive branch, a message of safety.

But Mr. Alexander is not only the exponent of peace, but is also an advocate of preparedness. Concerning the latter, he says:

Dikes are builded to keep back the ravages of storms; counter fires are started to check the flames of the forest; jails are builded for protection against crime; your home has a burglar alarm or an insurance against the elements. All these and many more for Preparedness. The laws of the land require safety and protection. The working out of all these principles is the gateway to peace. As with a home and a people, so with a Nation. Keep the door locked and be vigilant lest the wings of the dove be dyed with red. Teach and talk Peace at all times but be prepared for conflict. Preparedness and Peace are brother and sister, and both are the children of Patriotism.

Mr. Alexander desires to make a practical use of his flag; in brief, to disseminate its splendid teachings by placing it on the market for charitable purposes; all monies received, beyond the bare amount requisite to meet the cost of production, to be turned over to some fund representing the alleviation or uplift of suffering humanity. To this end, he has been looking for either an individual or organization willing to launch the project and has found an interested friend in J.D. Grant of San Francisco who is taking the matter up.

Donald Schmidt: Eyewitness at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941

An Excerpt from an Oral History Interview

by Carole Hicke

Born in 1920 to Joseph and Leila (Grove) Schmidt, Donald Schmidt grew up in Santa Rosa and Healdsburg. After graduation from high school, Don joined the U.S. Navy at the suggestion of his father. He was serving on the ship, the U.S.S. Pennsylvania, in Pearl Harbor when it was bombed on December 7, 1941. The following section is excerpted from a much longer interview about his life and history. Recorded in 1999 at the Schmidt home with his daughter Diane and son Brian present, this oral history was funded by the Winegrowers of Dry Creek Valley.

Carol Hicke:

(After high school graduation) Did your dad tell you to go out and get a job?

Donald Schmidt:

No, he didn't say that, but he knew there weren't any decent jobs around. But he did suggest that I join the Navy. He happened to be working in San Francisco doing something, I don't know what. One weekend the Navy had an open house aboard ship, and he went aboard, and he got enthused about it himself. I had signed up in February or March, earlier in '39, but I was still in high school so they deferred my enlistment to that summer, and so I went into the Navy on August 15. It happened before that time that you signed up for four years. During that time they raised it to six years, so I signed over again for the six years. Then it happened that the war ended on August 15th, six years later.

Your timing was just right.

(Refers to picture) But this is the ship I was on.

This is the U.S.S. Pennsylvania at Pearl Harbor, is that right?

Yes, then there are two other ships in front of it here, the Cassin and the Downes, they're destroyers. One of them was totally wrecked and they were able to salvage the other one.

What did you do after your training in San Diego?



The U.S.S. Pennsylvania lies in a drydock behind the wreckage of the destroyer Cassin (right) and Downes (left). Flagship of the U.S. Fleet, the Pennsylvania suffered relatively light damage and was repaired soon after Dec. 7. The Cassin and Downes were both lost, but their machinery and equipment were transferred to new hulls. U.S. Navy photo, National Archives Collection, December 7, 1941.

I went aboard ship, the Pennsylvania, and I was on it about four years. Then I went back to school in Washington, D.C. Then from there I went to a small ship that was just being built up in Seattle. I was on it for a year, and it operated out of Panama and South America most of the time.

When you first went on the Pennsylvania did you have a regular route, was it moving around? What were you doing for the years prior to Pearl Harbor?

Well, I was striking for a rating, the fire control rating there.



Donald Schmidt, 1943

Diane Schmidt Johansen:
(Refers to the Navy insignia from Don Schmidt's uniform) It's on top.

That was the patch on the shoulder.

Were you doing this aboard ship or at school?

It was on board ship the whole time.

What did you have to do to get this rating?

Oh, study it. It's controlling the gun firings, telling them where to sight, etc.

Did you then have target practices?

Oh yes. We had practices.

Were you mostly in the Pacific?

Yes, always in the Pacific.

Where was your home base?

When I went aboard it had been in Long Beach, but about two months later we went out to

Hawaii, and we were at Hawaii until the war started.

How did your ship happen to be at Pearl Harbor?

Well, the whole Pacific fleet was stationed in and out of Pearl Harbor. That's why so many were damaged by the Japanese.

Do you recall that day and can you describe your feelings?

Well, there was so much happening that it's hard to describe it. My battle station (Points to picture) – this little cubbyhole way up on top there.

What do you call that location?

They call it spot one, or the tops, and it was an area maybe 13 feet across, but it had a big instrument in the middle of it that took up six feet of space, I guess you'd say. That was the director as they called it.

Were you up there by yourself?

No, there were 13 of us up there in that particular spot. It was crowded, but it's surprising how many of us managed to get under that director when... (Laughter)

What was your first warning that something was happening?

Well, I was clear down in the bottoms of the ship in what they called the plotting room, where all the main battery instruments were. That's where I slept down there, although I had been up, because this was at seven o'clock in the morning. We felt the bombs going off and then immediately we got called to general quarters where everybody went to their battle stations. So all through the attack I was up there in the tops, and I could see all around, because that was one of the highest spots around there. I could see up to 30 miles north – to the main port of Hawaii.

Brian Schmidt:

You could see them being attacked?

I could see the bomb bursts.

Were you being attacked?

Oh yes. The whole time we were being attacked, yes. I don't remember just when during the attack that we got hit. One hit on the starboard boat deck, and blew away one gun and its crew.

What were you doing, firing?

No, my job was handling the big guns, the 14 inch guns.

Directing them?

Yes, directing them, not me alone of course. There was an officer in charge up there. We couldn't fire those guns because we were on blocks in the dry dock. That, by the way, was the dry dock that we were in (refers to picture). They flooded it somewhat, primarily because the two ships in front, the Cassin and Downes, were on fire and it was boiling back over the bow of the Pennsylvania; so they flooded it, not to be able to fire the guns but to keep the burning oil from encroaching onto our ship. It scorched the ship some, but that's about all you could say.

Did you all have duties?

Yes, I was operating a radar – I should have been operating a radar. There was no need for it, because we couldn't fire those guns anyway. Although had there been an invasion or something, I suppose they could have tried to fire them. They couldn't take us out of the dry dock because we didn't have any screws. That was one reason we were in the dry dock: to scrape the bottom and also to polish the screw, which they took off the ship to do that. So we had no motive power.

Could you have fired at the planes?

Well, we had anti-aircraft guns. There were 10 anti-aircraft guns located in various places on the ship.

Brian Schmidt:

Of course the large 14 inch guns you couldn't fire because it would knock the ship over and there was nothing to fire at with those large guns anyway.

So how did that all turn out for you? What happened during the day and the next day?

Of course it was chaos. The ships were burning. Does it show the Arizona there? (Refers to picture)

Yes, it shows the Arizona on the far right, leaning over to the side.

The Arizona was the sister ship of the Pennsylvania and she was almost identical to the Pennsylvania; you can see the mast how it was knocked over. Their magazine exploded. In fact, does it show the Oklahoma there? (Refers to the picture.) It should be right along side of it. All you can see is the bottom of it as it rolled over.

Did they keep you on the ship then or did everybody go on land?

Oh no, we stayed aboard ship because we weren't that badly damaged. (Refers to picture.) There's the Oklahoma rolled over. That was another sister ship of ours. There were four ships in the first division: the Oklahoma, the Arizona, the Pennsylvania, and the Nevada, I believe. And the Nevada was the only one of the big ships that actually got underway. The rest of them all, except for three of them, sank to the bottom, or they sank them to the bottom so they wouldn't roll over, because it's a shallow harbor there, so they were able to salvage those ships.

How long did the raid go on?

About two hours.

Did you then get news broadcasts to find out what was happening?

We never found out what was happening. They never tell you anything, they never tell the sailors anything.



Champion Pen Pal Smith Robinson at home with piles of letters, c. 1944.

Letters from Home

Because of a serious heart condition, Smith Robinson was ineligible to serve his country in the military. During World War II, he wrote letters to local men and women in the Service as his way of supporting the troops. This letter from Smith was written to Don Cadd in 1942 and mentions that he was “up to 60 letters” a month. Soon his outgoing letters reached 300 a month and he began writing a hometown newsletter: “Smitty’s Scoops.” Rotary and Kiwanis clubs bolstered Smitty’s efforts by buying stamps and covering mimeograph costs for the newsletter.

*Healdsburg, Calif.
Aug. 16, 1942*

Dear Don:

Greetings and a big hello. What's cooking? Plenty I'll bet. How do you like the life?

Poor Howard is down with yellow jaundice, hope he is better soon.

Gee we miss all the familiar faces. The kids are scattered all over. I understand Jack is in too. I'll write him when Dick gets the address.

Looks like deer season will be all over next weekend—the boys are trying to get one before the deadline.

Lampson (Everett) of Geyserville lost his entire Garage last Wednesday nite by fire.

Three young locals from here have to face superior Court for killing and quartering a sheep last week. One is out on \$1000 bail, as you see it's plenty tough.

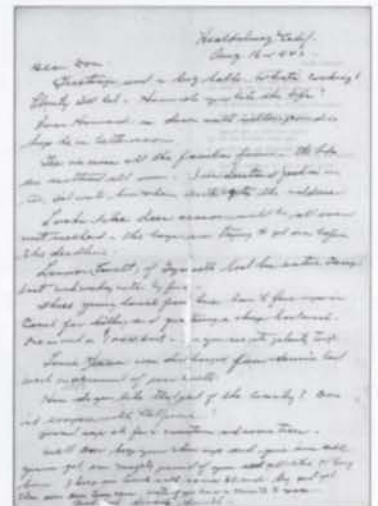
Louie Kramer was discharged from Service last week on account of poor health.

How do you like that part of the country? Does it compare with California?

Howard says oh for a mountain and some trees.

Well Don, keep your chin up and give 'em all you've got. Am mighty proud of you and all the H'burg boys. I keep in touch with some 60 and try to get them some Home Town news. Write if you have a moment to spare.

*Good luck.
Sincerely,
Smith*

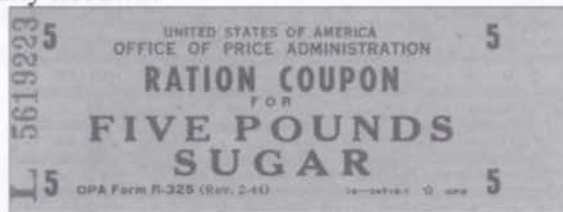


American Women on the Home Front During World War II

by Meredith Dreisback

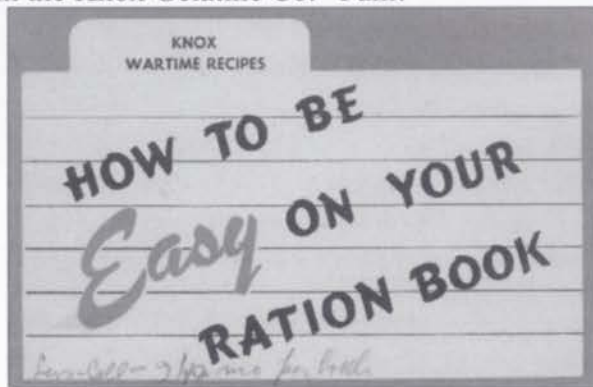
World War II, and the demands to meet the needs of a country at war, significantly impacted women on the home front. The women were single or married, now living on their own and taking on the responsibility for “keeping the home fires burning.” However, these responsibilities did not come without restrictions.

All Americans were required to make sacrifices. Life at home would need to remain cheerful, in spite of the shortages at hand. Ration stamps were instituted by the US Office of Price Administration that would limit availability of many everyday, household products. The first food item to be rationed in May 1942 was sugar. The OPA issued ration coupons, including an extra allotment for home canning. However, the homemaker was to heed the warning “do not apply for more sugar than you actually need.....”



Sugar Ration Coupon

To assist homemakers in “making do” during these lean years, the food industry, with the endorsement from female celebrities, produced cookbooks with recipes requiring less sugar, butter, eggs and meat. One such treat was “Tomato Jelly” from the Knox Gelatine Co. Yum!



Knox Wartime Recipe Booklet

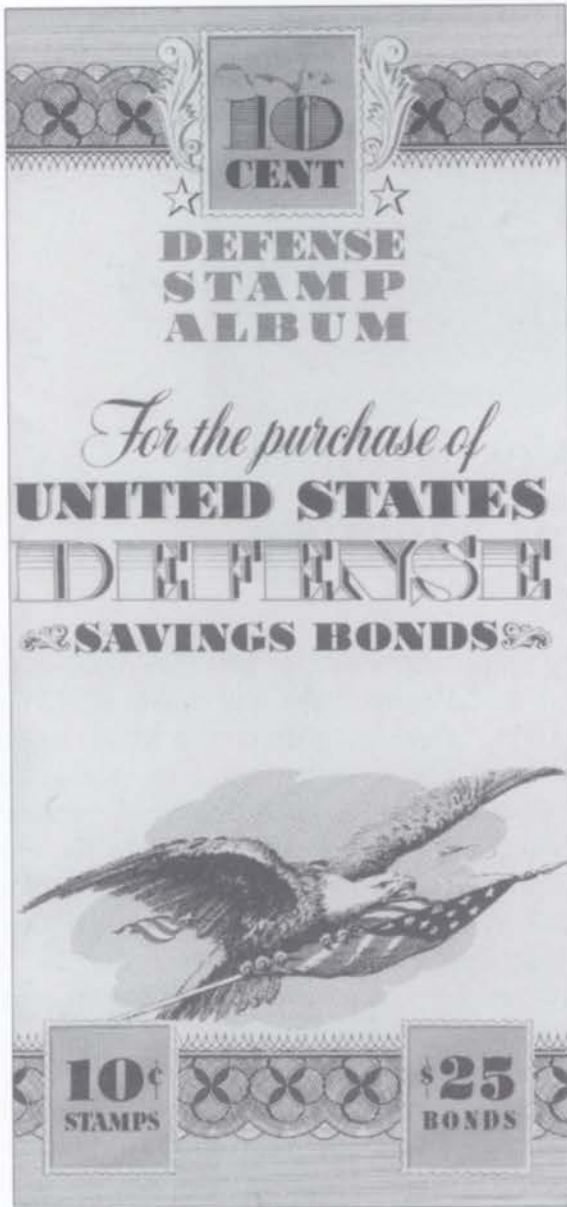
Another source for food preparation advice was found in the January 8, 1943 issue of *The Healdsburg Tribune*. Sponsored by Safeway Homemaker’s Bureau, the ad suggested a helpful meal planning “pattern” touting “as victory begins at home....right in our own kitchens, why not start off 1943 by trying to become a really good cook.”

To that end of becoming “a really good cook” and to economize, families planted Victory Gardens. The City of Healdsburg, in support of this effort, provided allowances for water usage in the garden. The Museum collection contains an “Application for Water for Victory Garden.”

The *Ladies Home Journal*, the most read women’s magazine during wartime, was another avenue for women to receive advice on product rationing, family health, thrifty shopping and how to look good. Rationing had an impact on a woman’s appearance. Silk stockings were no longer available. Alternatives included leg make-up or rayon stockings. The rayon stockings were an option but not sheer and took 8 to 10 hours to dry! There were ration coupons for shoes. Again, women were encouraged to “buy shoes only if you need them...care for the shoes you have.” Sears Roebuck & Co. and Sommer & Kaufmann both had mail order services for shoes using “War Ration Stamp No. 17 from War Ration Book No. 1.”

Sears, Roebuck & Co. was not the only store committed to the war effort. J C Penney Co., a familiar, local department store, ran an ad in the January 15, 1943, *Healdsburg Tribune*, stating their “solemn pledge that nothing shall be left undone to win the war...and to win it quickly.” The closing line read “Buy War Bonds and Savings Stamps.”

Buying war bonds was a very important activity during the war; even children participated. Pat McCracken, a life-long resident of Windsor/Healdsburg, remembers as a child at Grant School, she would bring her dime to school, purchase a US Defense Stamp, stick it in her book and before long would have the \$18.75 needed to purchase the \$25.00 bond.



Defense Stamp Album

Women on the home front contributed to the war effort by participating in programs associated with the American Red Cross. One program was knitting and sewing supplies needed by the soldiers. In the January 8, 1943, *The Healdsburg Tribune*, an article read: "a supply of navy blue knitting yarn for local distribution has arrived at the Red Cross Chapter House. It is to be made into tubular shape scarves for the Navy."

Later that same month the Red Cross sent out a request for sewers to make "afghans, bedside bags, cushions, and housewives." Housewives were sewing kits containing safety pins, needles, olive drab thread and buttons for the Army or black and white buttons and thread for the Navy. These items would

be used in Army and Navy hospitals. The Museum's collection has a ball of the navy blue, wool yarn and several patterns for Mittens with Rifle Fingers, Watch Caps, Spiral Socks and more.



ARC 400-9D
Rev. Dec. 1941
Code AF-59

WATCH CAP - U. S. NAVY

Equipment Needed:

Yarn—4 ozs. 1/8 sweater yarn, DARK NAVY BLUE.

Needles—4 needles to fit Red Cross Needle Gauge for socks, babies' knitted wear, etc. Gauges available from Area Offices.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING

Cast on 140 sts. and proceed as follows:

1st row: K 1, P 1.

2nd row: P 1, K 1.

Repeat these two rows twice, making a total of 6 rows.

Put stitches on three needles, 46 sts. on the first two, and 48 sts. on the third. K 1, P 1 in rounds for 12 inches.

Knit plain without ribbing for 1 inch.

Break thread leaving about 12 inches, and draw thread through all stitches. Gather as tightly as possible, then sew firmly together to entirely close opening and make a pleated effect, first sewing together in one direction, and then in the opposite direction, etc.

Press with a damp cloth and warm iron.

Sew together strip at border.

Chapter Label—Should be sewed on inside edge at back.

Do not start another cap with left-over yarn.

Please return all unused yarn to Chapter.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

Washington, D. C.

Watch Cap Pattern

All of the sacrifices and commitments the American woman made during WWII were for their men....fathers, husbands, brothers or friends, serving overseas, defending the freedom of America.

References:

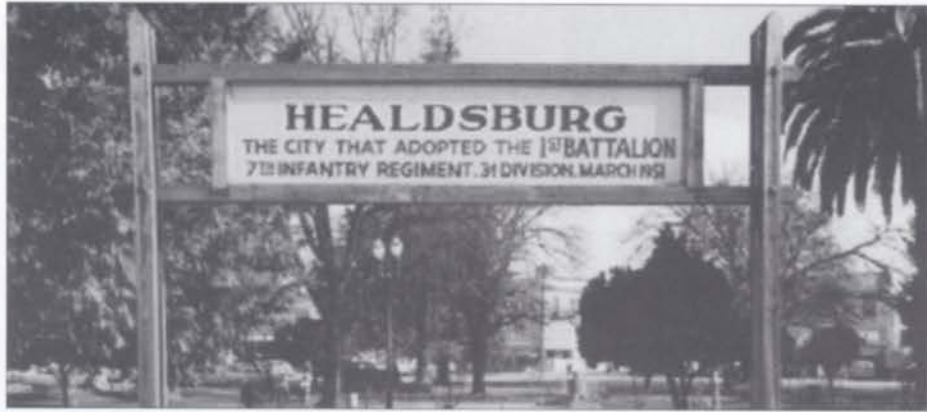
Our Mothers' War by Emily Yellin

Healdsburg Tribune, 1943

Interview with Pat McCracken, 2012

Ames Historical Society

Healdsburg Museum Collection



City Council Approves Adoption of First Battalion at Meeting

Reprinted from the Healdsburg Tribune, March 22, 1951

Proclamation of "First Battalion Week" Issued by Acting Mayor Henderson

Healdsburg's adoption of the First Battalion, 7th infantry Regiment, 3rd Division was officially sanctioned at the meeting of the City Council Rooms, when Louis Luciani and Mrs. Fred C. Weyand, wife of Lt. Col. Fred C. Weyand, appeared before the council to seek its approval on the adoption as presented to the general membership meeting of the Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce, Tuesday, March 13. At that meeting, the Chamber of Commerce unanimously passed a resolution adopting the battalion, such a resolution to be presented to the Council for approval.

The council unanimously passed the motion to approve the adoption and at the same time approving the issuance of a proclamation creating "First Battalion week," March 26 through 31.

Nercilla Harlan and James Clarke, members of Mrs. Weyand's committee, appeared with her before the Council.

According to Mrs. Weyand, magazines, stationery, books and radios are needed by the men of the adopted battalion.

Arrangements have been made with Fire Chief Harold Sullivan to use the Healdsburg Fire Department building as the depository for all donations by local citizens.

Within the past week a barrel for the deposit of magazines was placed at the entrance of Merle's Men's Shop and Fraser's Shoe Shop, Center Street. Another barrel will be placed shortly on West Street.

Battery radios, according to Mrs. Weyand, can also be used. Local radio shops will repair the radios, if needed, free of charge, with only a charge made for needed parts. Also under way, for Healdsburg's adopted battalion, is the plans to have the students of Healdsburg High School write letters to the men of the battalion telling them about Healdsburg and its activities. Also planned is a "1st Battalion Day" at the Healdsburg Union Elementary School. Mrs. Weyand and her committee stressed the fact that all donations should be brought to the Fire Department.

The impetus for the adoption of battalion was given approximately three weeks ago when Mrs. Weyand, 448 Grant St., received a letter from her husband, Lt. Col. Fred C. Weyand, commander of the first battalion, asking her if she thought Healdsburg might adopt the battalion. Lt. Col. Weyand said in his letter:

"In spite of the fact that war has been going on for some time, the men are still not getting enough stationery to write letters home. They need radios; they're hungry for news and getting very little. There are many other things the men need. Do you suppose Healdsburg would be willing to adopt this battalion?"

A committee, headed by Mrs. Weyand, and consisting of representatives from service clubs, organizations and public officials, to spearhead the drive for needed articles has been organized. On the committee are James Clarke, Roy Lowe, Cliff Fraser, Ed Jenkins, Mildred Walker, Nercilla Harlan, Harold Sullivan and Smith Robinson.

World War II Through the Eyes of a Child

Roy F. Doolan's Three Years in a Japanese Prison Camp

by Janet Sbragia Pisenti and Roy F. Doolan

A series of articles written by Roy's father, Roy G. Doolan, appeared in the Healdsburg Tribune in July and August of 1953. The articles were a well-written detailed account of his family's internment by the Japanese in the Philippines, but written from an adult viewpoint. Roy F. Doolan, his son, wrote his own story in 2003. It was written, interestingly, from a child's point of view, indicating how he felt and what he did during captivity.

There has never ceased to be a vast difference of children's lives during times of war, especially of those interned. Those of us in a non-war zone can go about our daily lives as if war did not exist. Yet, during World War II, when our fathers, brothers, uncles, or close relatives and friends were serving the country in various capacities, we saw battle scenes from news releases shown at our local theaters, read letters from the men, sent mail and packages to them and received the same in return. (I treasure the purse, slippers, and cowrie sea shells, received from my uncle, Gino Sbragia, who, coincidentally, sent them to me while stationed in Guam, the Philippines.)

Roy's Story Begins: Pre-War Manila, Philippines

My parents, Roy Gibson Doolan and Alla Fisher Doolan, and I, Roy Fisher Doolan, age five, were living in Manila when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. We were citizens of the United States of America living abroad. Both of my parents were born in Chicago, Illinois, so even though I was born in Manila on May 14, 1936, I automatically became a U.S.A. citizen.



Alla Fisher Doolan and her little son, Roy Fisher Doolan, age one, in a photo taken in Manila, the Philippines, in May 1937.

My father was a credit manager for Standard Vacuum Oil Company (identified as "the sign of the flying red horse"). The Manila office was the company's Far East headquarters for all operations.

My mother, in those historic times, answered to the title of "housewife." Although her privileged lifestyle was radically different than most housewives in the United States, her lifestyle was somewhat similar to the lives of wealthy American housewives. Foreigners stationed in the Philippines were much more affluent than the local population and Americans who live in third world countries can readily afford to hire numerous servants.



Roy, Jr. and his Filipina Amah in Bagui.

Our family lived in a large rented house with a garden located near Nichols Field in the suburbs of Manila. The premises were surrounded by a tall stone

wall which gave us a great deal of privacy and added security. Our servants included a chauffeur for the company car, two maids, a gardener, and an amah (au pair) to look after me. She was like a mother devoting all of her time to her "only child." My mother supervised the household employees, but she did not cook, clean, garden, drive, or do most of the things typical of the life of a middle class housewife in the U.S.A. Instead, my mother went to the Army-Navy Club, swam, played tennis and mahjong, and socialized with other wives of foreign (non-Filipino) businessmen.

In 1942, the Philippines were still a territory of the United States. English was taught in all the schools as the official language of the country, and by 1941 almost everyone (including my amah) spoke English very well.



Roy Doolan's 5th birthday party May 14, 1941, Manila, Philippines birthday guests with their respective amahs.

In the summer of 1941, all U.S. civilians employed in the Philippines by the U.S. Government were ordered to immediately return to the U.S.A. This caused a great deal of concern. Was the prospect of war with Japan that threatening? Yet, the U.S. State Department answered our concerns with an official statement that it was safe for us to remain there. It was later discovered that it was recognized that U.S. troops could not hold out in the event of an attack by Japan and leaving the Philippines would be tantamount to an admission of U.S. Military weakness. It might encourage Japan to attack the Philippines. In my view, this was a horrendous violation of the State Department's duty to protect its citizens living abroad.

Yet, I remember enjoying Thanksgiving at our home, except for the killing of the turkey...attending pre-school and doing lots of art projects, and learning to tie my shoes. I couldn't do it

right and it became a traumatic event. When my father returned from work in the evening, I showed him that after a fashion I could tie my shoes. After 50 years, one of my sons noticed me tying my shoes and remarked how funny it looked. If you want a fun sight, ask me to show you how to tie shoes by crossing one hand over the other in a grand gesture.

The Japanese Conquest of the Philippines

In the wee hours of the morning of December 8, 1941, my father woke me up from a deep sleep and carried me down to the kitchen where I sat at a Formica table in a daze with the radio blaring. The announcer was shouting excitedly! The message was that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor without warning. I asked my father, "Is this going to make any difference to our family? He said "Yes, it will, and you will soon see the consequences."

On December 9, 1941, the Japanese started a bombing run down our street. My father and I were home and we took shelter under the stairway. I was getting pretty nervous, but I tore away to look outside. I saw something strange nearby and tore back inside, when the bomb exploded sending shrapnel right through the door past my legs. I suffered minor cuts, but my father held me close after that.

With the breakdown of law and order that followed, a primitive urge for survival began which overwhelmed cultural norms, with more lawlessness than the frontier days of the old west. Every business and residence was in grave danger of losing everything moveable to looters. This is when my family commissioned a Filipino friend to take our drawer of silverware, wrap it in oilcloth, and bury it under a tree in the woods somewhere outside the city of Manila to be dug up and returned after the war.

Life in Santo Tomas Internment Camp

During the following month of January 1942, a Japanese lieutenant came to our door and explained to my mother that she needed to vacate the house and be registered as a foreigner subject to Japanese rule. She was asked to pack for being away from the house for three days. Every enemy alien was told this lie. She decided that she was making a big mistake to bring diamonds and precious jewels because there would be no use for them on the three-day excursion. So she hurried down to the kitchen and placed a can

of soup into her purse. The thought was that a nutritious meal would be much more useful. Throughout my life I have thought that this was one of the dumbest decisions that ever impacted our family. However, in her defense, I must point out that she had no prior experience in being taken prisoner.

We were taken to the University of Santo Tomas near downtown Manila. It was founded in 1611 and is even a few years older than Harvard. The campus property was 400 yards square and about one quarter of this property was set aside for a monastery, which was inhabited throughout the war by nuns and monks. The rest of the campus eventually became home to 3,000 civilian prisoners, whom the Japanese were totally unprepared for.

The Japanese ordered the internees to be assigned to dormitories segregated by gender. My mother and I were assigned to a place called the Annex. Everybody had their own bed. Manila is in the tropics and my mother described the weather as such: "There are two kinds of seasons – hot and damn hot!" The strictly enforced segregation did not have an exception for husbands and wives. They issued an edict that sexual intercourse was strictly prohibited. Apparently, they wished to be spared complications that would arise from the birth of babies in the camp. Somehow, despite these rules, several of the women in camp had babies. Yet, the Japanese were not at all interested in organizing or running the camp. Questions such as where to sleep and how to obtain and cook food were left to the prisoners to figure out.

In contrast to the Japanese apathy, the internees approached the tasks with great enthusiasm. The camp's political organizational principle was to establish a democracy. The camp elected a central committee which governed the camp. Committees were formed, rules established, and a way of life developed in which each person's basic needs were met. In later years, the Japanese refused to permit any more elections because they did not believe in the democratic process and did not wish to allow the camp to engage in political activities.

All at once, the isolation of being a foreigner in an underdeveloped country evaporated. No longer did they have the chauffeur take them to the club or to someone else's residence. There were now about three thousand similarly situated people within less than one square mile. All our friends and most of our

enemies could be visited within a fifteen-minute walk.

Prevailing Viewpoints

From the children's viewpoint, a really wonderful feature of the prison camp experience was that there were so many other children readily available to play with. From my perspective, this was much better than having to get our chauffeur to take me to a friend's house. I felt that throughout most of the first two years the camp was a lot of fun.

On the other hand, the adults had a difficult time adjusting to their lack of freedom, loss of privacy, fear of dying, and being at the mercy of a hostile, quixotic, and brutal ruler. Thoughts of being rescued were foremost in their minds, thinking the allied forces would rescue them in the near future, say six months. This lack of realism arose because Americans accepted their own pre-war propaganda asserting that the U.S. was all powerful and the Japanese were incompetent. The truth was much closer to the opposite. In the beginning, the Japanese were all powerful and the U.S. was pitifully weak. Fortunately, the Japanese guards generally ignored our civilian populace and we were not beaten or tortured.

The mission of obtaining food became everyone's obsession and many of the prisoners had significant contacts on the outside. They were able to get food delivered into the camp, but at a high price, since payment was arranged by giving promissory notes to their Philippine providers. The friends on the outside took tremendous risks at this time. We were enormously appreciative of those persons to pass us "care packages" through the gates. Other people who did not have these contacts were permitted to draw upon a Red Cross bank account and did not receive nearly as good a food ration as the others, but did receive an adequate diet.

The children's schooling consisted of the camp becoming organized with volunteer teachers providing limited schooling. Elementary school classes were given in the mornings, but one of our biggest problems was the lack of school supplies. There were few textbooks, minimal pens and pencils, and hardly any writing paper. We were required to write as small as possible. It was difficult for the teacher to figure out what I was trying to write and I do know that I failed to learn how to read, write, or

do simple arithmetic.

On the other hand, I took a great deal of interest and had some success in learning Spanish (the Philippines were ruled for many years by Spain). This I applied to the hide and seek game where everyone hid while I counted to a specified number in Spanish: "Uno, dos, tres - Olly Olly Olsen free, here I come ready or not!" Meanwhile, I was failing at English. Despite various methods used in helping me, I learned neither Spanish nor English.

My fifteen minutes of fame in Santo Tomas came from my success at boxing under the moniker "TNT Doolan." Our camp entertainment events frequently featured boxing matches. Between the huge oversized gloves and our relatively puny muscles, there was no significant chance that any of the contestants would be injured. I like to think that the local press gave me the title "TNT Doolan" only because the atomic bomb had not yet been invented. Specifically, two small boys went out before a thousand internees and wildly slugged it out in a one-minute round. I won my first three fights and became the division champion for my age range.

About fifty years later, I learned that a person's reputation could last a long time. At a prison camp 50th anniversary reunion, a man a few years older than I, saw my name tag, "Roy (Mike) Doolan" and he said, "You must be TNT Doolan!" It turned out that he too fought in the camp, and he remembered the names of some of the other fighters. In the same year, I got a call from a man in Florida in his late 80s who asked if I was the Mike Doolan who boxed at Santo Tomas. My nickname was Mike since my father had the same first name. I said yes, and he explained that he was a good friend of my father and remembered accompanying him to one of the boxing matches, telling me that my father was very proud of my boxing prowess.

Life in a Shanty and Lifelong Friends

After the first year, the Japanese decided to permit the prisoners to build shanties. My father contacted a friend on the outside and he was able to purchase sufficient lumber to build our shanty. The Japanese were concerned about any opportunity for sexual intercourse, so they decreed that all shanties must be constructed so that anyone outside the shanty could see right through it. Therefore, we had a roof, floor, and railing, but no walls. Except for a few

mandated periods, my parents and I lived in that shanty until the end of the camp.

The camp was infested with bed bugs. Almost everyone was bitten during the night. We would take the offended mattress into the hot sun light to coax the bugs out into the open, and the whole family engaged in a bed bug hunt. As a youngster, I enjoyed the hunts, but the nightly bites were always maddening.

Long after camp, a friend from camp, Elaine Solomon, confessed to me that she had a crush on me at that time. I thought of her as a pesky little girl and tried hard to ignore her. However, I couldn't help but notice that she did seem to be an awfully smart, pesky, little girl.

There is only one other person from the camp that I have been in contact with over the many years of liberation - John Bradley. He was born on May 12, 1936, two days before me, and my mother met his mother, Millie, in the Manila hospital where they became lifelong friends.

There were few books in camp, but most children did not read them. Television and personal computers had not been invented and radios, phonographs, and movies were not permitted. Instead the children played with each other for most of each day, although I do recall swinging on a large swing, playing hide and seek, running around in the warm rain, observing and playing with turtles or frogs, and running races. There was not much danger of getting into trouble because the over two thousand adults in that confined area could stop us from bad behavior at any time, making our lives more similar to what American children did in the 19th century than what children were doing during the 20th century.

We all suffered from almost no contact with friends and relatives back home. A few times in our camp experience, we received some mail. Most prisoners did not learn about loved ones who died back home and our U.S. relatives did not know whether we were dead or alive.

Near the end of camp, everyone's shirts, pants, and other articles sprouted patches. Many of my friends were going around barefooted, although my parents were able to supply the bare minimum clothing requirements. Yet, they did not do as well in acquiring additional food. After the U.S. started to win some major military battles in the Pacific Ocean, there was a gradual cut back in camp rations. We

were receiving barely enough calories and vegetables to sustain life. A fantasy began to take shape and a popular hobby sprung up. People started exchanging recipes, even though we did not have any of those ingredients. Food became the most important thing and they began to dream about what they could not possess.

Miraculously, my parents were able to obtain a large jar of brown sugar. This was the most valued item in our camp and nothing I have ever eaten tasted as good as one of those spoonfuls of sugar, since we had no opportunity to eat sugar products.

Last Year of Camp and Coming Home

Our daily rations were cut so drastically that we were in imminent danger of starving to death. Meals were reduced from three times a day to two. Meat, milk, fruits, vegetables, and other supplements were eliminated entirely. On most days, we ate the same dish for every meal, namely a watery rice soup called *lugau*. I was skin and bones but generally in good health except for some rotten teeth requiring numerous fillings.

In August 1944, the Japanese announced that all money had to be turned over to the Japanese. Many prisoners defied the ban. In October 1944, the sky over Manila grew black with U.S. warplanes. The sight was mesmerizing, and we began cheering. America had not forgotten us. In January of 1945, I saw the biggest bombing raid that I had ever seen. We still had confidence in our allied forces that they would not drop a bomb in our camp. On February 3, 1945, several U.S. fighter planes flew low over Santo Tomas. They tipped their wings and seemed to be showing off for the whole camp to see. Finally, one of the planes dove toward our main building and just before pulling up, the pilot threw out his goggles which fell into the interior courtyard of the main building. Some prisoners ran up to the goggles and found a message reading: "Roll out the barrel (a song popular in the camp), we'll be coming in tomorrow." This incredible news spread through camp almost instantaneously.

Liberation began with the arrival of an American tank, *Battling Basic*, blasting into the camp and the arrival of a soldier, a Texan, who looked to me like a superhero giant. After liberation we learned that the Japanese guards were arranging to kill all 3,000 prisoners in our camp. Fortunately, General

Douglas MacArthur moved too quickly for the Japanese and we were liberated before they were able to execute their plan. It took time to enjoy complete liberation, but I walked out the front gate and explored one block in each direction. It was the first time I saw several dead Japanese soldiers. It was shocking to see a dead decaying person.

I recall that I was so skinny at that time that when I pulled in my stomach, the skin seemed to reach the skin on the inside of my back. I enjoyed doing this to shock persons who had not been in our camp. This trick turned out to have a limited shelf life. Yet, food began to be served in greater abundance at this time, since the Monks next door had a great storage of rice, which they had been providing all along.

Most of the Japanese had now fled into the jungles of Luzon and on February 7, MacArthur came to visit us in camp. We were all flowing tears of gratitude. The battle of Manila raged on for more than a month. Evacuation of 3,000 internees was not a high priority for the U.S. Army; therefore, most of us remained in Santa Tomas until March or April 1945.



The Doolans were still in the Santo Tomas Internment Camp when this photo was taken shortly after being liberated by U.S. Troops in February of 1945. Roy is the little boy on the far left with one hand over his eye, while his mother was looking askance at the female internees flirting with the soldiers. Life Magazine, February 1, 1945.

We left Santo Tomas by truck in mid March to a plane bound for an air force base on the island of Leyte. Then we were shipped out on a convoy headed back to the U.S.A., while living in constant fear that we would be torpedoed at any moment. Finally, we approached the West Coast and the most glorious sight I had ever seen, the Golden Gate Bridge. I wondered what life in America had in store for me.

* * * *

Well, life in store for Roy Doolan included a short stay in San Francisco at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel, then traveling to Chicago, Illinois, where they moved in with close relatives. He was soon embarrassed by his first I.Q. test scores, but made substantial progress after that; soon moving on to North Hollywood with his mother, then returning to Manila where his father had returned to work. It was then that their Filipino friend dug up the silverware that he had buried in 1941 and returned it to Roy's father. It has been used ever since.



Starlite Roof at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake in San Francisco in 1948 - the Doolan family's favorite place to stay.

Roy F. Doolan's life is more than internment camp memories. After his father retired to Healdsburg, California, he entered the 7th grade at Healdsburg Elementary School, and graduated from Healdsburg High School in 1954. He went on to complete the following degrees: Bachelor of Arts (BA) Reed College; Master of Business Administration (MBA) Cornell University; Juris Doctor (JD) Boalt Hall at University of California, Berkeley; and Master of Tax Law (L.L.M.) [taxation] Golden Gate University, and acquired the following professional credentials: Member of the Bar and Certified Public Accountant, California.

In 1963, Roy married Pamela Martin and they have the following adult children: Scot, Daniel, Steve, and Lark (AKA Allison). They reside in Berkeley, California.

In January of 1955, Roy and his second son, Daniel Doolan, traveled to Manila to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the liberation of Santo Tomas Internment Camp. Suffice it to say, Roy has a variety

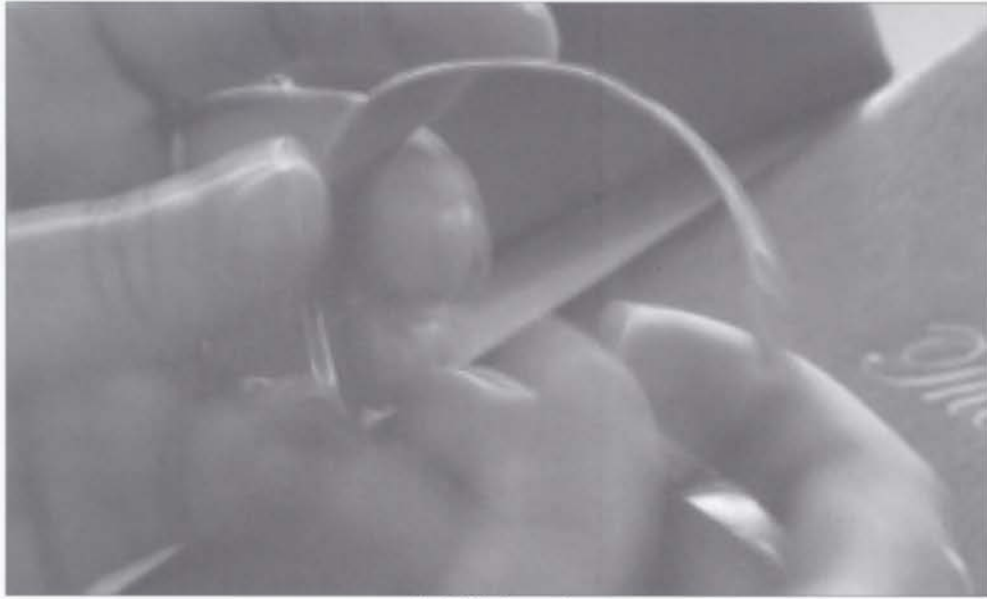


Roy Fisher Doolan and Pamela Martin Doolan, center, on their wedding day with his parents, Roy Gibson Doolan and Alla Fisher Doolan, left, and her parents, Earl Eugene Martin and Teresa DeLuca Martin, right. It was December 14, 1963 in Healdsburg, California.

of strong feelings regarding those times as opposed to the present time in regard to feelings of race, economic times, and where all three countries stand today - the Philippines, Japan, and the U.S. It would be wise to read his complete story: *My Life in a Japanese Prison Camp during World War II*, which can be found at the Healdsburg Museum.



Roy and Pamela Doolan's family in this photo taken in Berkeley, CA at Christmas time in 2001 include: Roy and Pamela and their sons: Scot, Daniel, and Stephen, and daughter Lark and extended family.



P.O.W. bracelet

The Bracelet

by Holly Hoods

This Little Light of Mine

Growing up outside Chicago in Northbrook, Illinois, I had an inspirational fifth grade teacher in 1972. Ms. Barbara Fischer--the first "Ms." I ever met--taught us literature, history and current events, which included some discussion about the ongoing Vietnam War. One day, Ms. Fischer told us how we could order bracelets to wear in honor of a brave soldier who was missing in action or a prisoner of war. Several classmates and I mailed off \$2.50 to obtain our own P.O.W. bracelets. I was thrilled to receive a bracelet in the name "Tom Kobashigawa, Spec. 5."



Tom Kobashigawa, 1969.

I put on that bracelet and from then on committed my will to his safe return. It was probably my first real sense of responsibility as a child. I pictured myself as a candle. It was my duty to keep him safe by keeping the light burning strong through my positive thoughts and prayers. The date on the bracelet gave the date of Tom's captivity as February 5, 1970.



Holly Hoods wearing P.O.W bracelet, Christmas 1972.

The Vietnam War ended, but I never found out what happened to Tom Kobashigawa. Eventually

I took off the bracelet and placed it in my jewelry box, but Tom's fate was a mystery I never solved and never forgot. When I traveled with my family to Washington, D.C. many years later, I searched the Vietnam Memorial Wall hoping—dreading—to find his name listed, but it wasn't there. Again, I wondered whatever happened to “my” P.O.W? Would I ever know?

P.O.W. Bracelets, 1970-1975

Two decades later in 2004, I was working at the Healdsburg Museum and talking to Whitney Hopkins, then employed as a collections assistant, about a Veterans' Day display we wanted to create, featuring military artifacts from every war. The Museum's collection had no items from Vietnam. I mentioned that I still had my Vietnam-era P.O.W. bracelet from childhood. To my surprise, Whitney, a well-educated young woman in her 20s, looked at me quizzically and asked, “What's a P.O.W. bracelet?” To better answer her question, I began a search on the internet and found the website “POWnetwork.org.” I was surprised to discover that there had been hundreds of bracelets made for each missing soldier! I learned that the bracelets had been created by three college students in 1970. According to the website, Carol Bates Brown, age 21, began the bracelet program with two other students to draw attention to the prisoners and those missing in Vietnam. Their college advisor, Gloria Coppin, located Jack Zeider, who owned an engraving shop in Santa Monica, CA. Gloria's husband put up the money to make the first 1,200 bracelets. To all of their surprise, the bracelets became hugely popular. By 1975, nearly 10 million dollars had been raised from the sale of the bracelets, most of which went back into promoting the issues of prisoners of war.

Over Three Years in Captivity

More importantly, through my internet research in 2004, I finally learned the fate of Tom Kobashigawa. He had survived! Tom had been released in 1973 after three years and one month in captivity! The official P.O.W. website gave the following information about his Army service record:

Tom Kobashigawa was born in 1948 in Honolulu, Hawaii. He enlisted in the U.S. Army on November 14, 1968, and after completing basic training he went

to Fort Rucker, Alabama, for Advanced Individual Training as a helicopter repairman. Kobashigawa then deployed to Southeast Asia where he served as a UH-1 Huey helicopter repairman and crew chief with Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion of the 101st Airborne Division in South Vietnam from June 1969 until he was captured and taken as a Prisoner of War after the helicopter he was on crashed on February 5, 1970. After spending 1,147 days in captivity, SP5 Kobashigawa was released during Operation Homecoming on March 27, 1973. He was briefly hospitalized to recover from his injuries at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, before receiving an honorable discharge from the Army on August 24, 1973.

Tears rolled down my face as I read more horrific details about Tom's capture and captivity. It was nevertheless gratifying to finally learn the story 33 years later:

On 5 February 1970, Capt. James M. Lyon, pilot; Capt. John W. Parsels, co-pilot; SP5 Tom Y. Kobashigawa, crew chief; and SP4 Daniel Hefel, door gunner; comprised the crew of a UH1H helicopter (serial #68-16441) on a maintenance mission from Hue to Phu Bai, South Vietnam. When the Huey failed to arrive at its destination on schedule, a ramp check of all the bases and airfields in the area where it could have diverted to was conducted. However, none of them could provide information on the missing aircraft. A search and rescue (SAR) mission was immediately initiated, but found no trace of the Huey or its crew. At the time the formal search effort was terminated, James Lyon, John Parsels, Tom Kobashigawa and Daniel Hefel were listed Missing in Action.

Meanwhile, at 1530 hours, when the aircraft was approximately 18 miles southwest of the city of Hue, the helicopter caught fire due to a malfunction and crashed into the rugged jungle covered mountains. Capt. Lyon was thrown clear of the aircraft and was burned extensively over his body. Further, his right leg was severed four inches below the knee. The other crew members were also injured in the crash, but not as seriously as Capt. Lyon was. Because of their injuries, none of the men were capable of taking evasive action. At 1630 hours, NVA troops reached the crash site and immediately captured the Huey's

crew. Probably because of the hour, they spent the night near the crash site. Throughout the night, the other Americans heard James Lyon yelling and moaning in pain. At 0600 hours the next morning, one of the crew heard Capt. Lyon moan and then heard a shot from his position, which was 30 feet from the aircraft wreckage. No other outcry was heard from Capt. Lyon, and the other Americans believed that a guard had killed him at that time. Two weeks later, Capt. Parsels was told by 1st Lt. Lee Van Mac, the NVA commander of their POW camp, nicknamed "Camp Farnsworth" by the prisoners, that Capt. Lyon died from his wounds and was buried at the crash site. 1st Lt. Lee Van Mac gave Capt. Parsels the personal effects of Capt. Lyon, including his ID card and several photos that appeared to be of James Lyon's wife. Over the next 3 years, Capt. Parsels, SP5 Kobashigawa and SP4 Hefel were held in several POW camps from their place of capture to those in North Vietnam. On 27 March 1973, John Parsels, Daniel Hefel and Tom Kobashigawa were returned to US control during Operation Homecoming. In their debriefings, each man reported they believed the NVA shot James Lyon and that it was a mercy killing. Further, the survivors said they doubted that the seriously injured pilot could have survived with his injuries

From this research I discovered that Tom Kobashigawa had returned home to Honolulu after his release from Hanoi prison in 1973. I was so happy to learn that he was alive and evidently still living in Hawaii. I envisioned somehow contacting him and presenting the bracelet to him, but I had no contacts in Hawaii or plans to travel there. I decided to write him a letter and send him the bracelet with my story and best wishes for a long and happy life.

A Hero Returns to Healdsburg

Approximately two months later, I was at work at the Healdsburg Museum. I saw a well-dressed older couple in the downstairs hallway near the portrait of Museum founder, Edwin Langhart. The tall handsome man caught my attention with his ramrod-straight posture that confirmed him as a career military man, evident even in civilian clothing. I overheard him tell an affectionate anecdote about Ed Langhart and (Ed's twin sister) Arline. Then I heard him mention "Smitty Robinson." With that

evidence, I knew immediately who the man had to be! "Excuse me, but aren't you Fred Weyand?" I asked. He was, indeed, the former brother-in-law of Ed Langhart and the former commander of the First Battalion 7th Infantry Regiment that the community of Healdsburg had "adopted" during the Korean War. With a big grin at being recognized in his long ago hometown, Fred introduced me to Mary Howard, whom he had married after Arline's death. I was thrilled to meet him, explaining that he was part of one of my favorite stories in Healdsburg's history: the Adopted Battalion. Fred immediately began reminiscing and I excitedly pulled out photographs, news clippings and letters about the relationship between Healdsburg and his former Army battalion. It was obvious that this had been a very rewarding time in his military career. Mary and I listened intently as he talked. Arline Langhart Weyand had been the one who had approached Smith Robinson to be the chairman of the hometown military project and had gotten the City Council to officially decree that Healdsburg would become the adoptive "hometown" for Fred's battalion.

Serendipity and Searching

As we were examining the historical archives, Fred mentioned that he and Mary lived in Honolulu. Then he commented, "It gets lonely in the battlefield. What was so important about Healdsburg adopting the battalion is that the men knew that they weren't forgotten." The next thing I knew I was telling him about the soldier I never forgot (and had just re-discovered, living in Honolulu): Tom Kobashigawa. Fred commented that there was an active group of former P.O.W.s in Honolulu. He knew many of them, but had never met Tom. I told him of my hope to one day present the bracelet to Tom. Fred asked for my business card and offered to try to facilitate contact with Tom for me. Happily, I gave him the card and we parted with big hugs. Fred and Mary returned to Hawaii and Fred passed on my card and request to his trusted longtime assistant, Howard Okada, a retired U.S. Army warrant officer who had been associated with General Weyand for 30 years. Howard contacted me and I wrote him the following letter:

I would like to shake the hand of Tom Kobashigawa, see his face and present the P.O.W. bracelet to him in

a beautiful inlaid wooden box. He will see that the bracelet is faded from many years of wear. I will also enclose a picture of myself at age 11 wearing the bracelet (I am now 44). If possible, I would like to meet his family, shake their hands and tell them that I too spent years wondering and worrying about him and praying for his safe return. I am willing to involve the Army or local press however much or little Mr. Kobashigawa prefers. I do not want to embarrass him, disrupt his life or rekindle painful memories. I spent much of my life wondering about him, and thanks to the internet, I learned that he survived the war and lives in Hawaii. I hope to honor him and the memory of his service by my presentation of the bracelet.

Howard Okada had surprising difficulty locating Tom Kobashigawa in Hawaii. Tom's phone number was unlisted and he did not associate with other former P.O.W.s living on the big island. When Howard attended a Christmas party in 2003, he mentioned his search on my behalf to U.S. Justice Attorney Edward Kubo. Mr. Kubo offered to help by directing his employee Gervin Miyamoto, law enforcement coordinator Anti-Terrorism CIO, to help find Tom. Gervin tracked him down through his last employment at a Pearl Harbor shop.

Painful Memories

Gervin Miyamoto was able to locate Tom, but found that Tom was understandably reluctant to relive memories of this painful past through contact with me. This former P.O.W. was a quiet introvert who did not want to ever face again his past negative experiences. While he appreciated that my thoughts were "exemplary," Tom did not want to reopen the past. Disappointed, Gervin Miyamoto reported to his employer, Attorney Kubo, that Tom did not want to discuss his P.O.W. experience. Meanwhile Ed Kubo had discovered that Tom's sister was Lynn Waihee, the popular wife of the recent governor of Hawaii. Despite hearing of Tom's reluctance to meet me, Ed Kubo contacted Lynn about my desire to reach out to her brother. It was Lynn who convinced Tom that it would be beneficial to face his past by meeting me. She believed that this could be important for his healing. Tom finally agreed to her offer to host a luncheon with me and the others present. There are probably very few people who can resist the

persuasion of the dynamic Lynn Waihee!

I knew nothing of these negotiations taking place in Hawaii on my behalf. I would have immediately dropped the whole thing if I had known that my wish might cause pain to the very man I wanted to honor. I had naively only anticipated a happy ending when I began the search for connection. Once I learned of Tom's understandable reluctance to meet, I cringed to think of him being pushed to see me. That's when I fully realized how our roles in this "relationship" were completely different. He may have been "my" long-lost P.O.W. of 34 years, but I was a total stranger to him.

The Connection is Made

In September of 2005, I made plans to travel to Honolulu with my mother for vacation that November. I informed Howard Okada that we would be in Honolulu for eight days. He contacted Gervin Moyamoto who mentioned my upcoming visit to Ed Kubo who then contacted Lynn Waihee. She invited us all, plus her brother Tom and retired General Fred Weyand, to a luncheon at the beautiful Pacific Club in Honolulu. The event was extraordinary and unforgettable for me.



Tom Kobashigawa and Holly Hoods, November 28, 2005

Tom ceremoniously presented me with two gorgeous leis. I placed a lei around his neck too. We hugged and tried to hold back any tears. We were shy as the other guests watched us. We walked together into the dining room and I quietly apologized to him for all the pressure that had been put on him to do this. I told him that I did not want to bring up hurtful memories. He told me that it was ok and he was grateful to meet me. The food was delicious, but it was hard to concentrate on the meal.

Fred Weyand and Lynn Waihee carried the conversation. Eventually I brought out the handsome wooden box that held Tom's bracelet. The turned box had been handmade by my friend Edwin Ellis specifically for this occasion. I carefully opened the box and showed the well-worn bracelet to Tom and the assembled group at our table. I also handed him the photo of me wearing the bracelet at age 11. Finally I told him that I had cared about him my whole life; that his imprisonment had deeply affected me and that I wished him all the best now and in the future. I thanked everyone who made this event possible.

It was General Fred Weyand who opened up the discussion of Tom's military service in Vietnam. He talked about the Army's efforts to obtain release of all the prisoners. "I hope you always knew that we would not give up on getting you out." At first I blanched when Fred began asking Tom a few questions about his captivity, yet his manner was so gentle and understanding that Tom seemed to trust him and open up. He talked about the poor food and sanitation and uncomfortable housing for the prisoners. Lynn was riveted, as were the rest of us. She recalled how painfully thin he was when he first came home.



Howard Okada, Tom Kobashigawa, Holly Hoods, Fred Weyand, November 28, 2005.

Fred Weyand was the perfect person to initiate this conversation, not just because of his gentle demeanor, but because of his background. He had an exemplary record of distinguished U.S. Army service that continued well after his command of the First Battalion, 7th Infantry Regiment in the 1950s. In 1964, he assumed command of the 25th Infantry Division in Hawaii and moved with it to the Republic of Vietnam in 1966 where he commanded it for another year in combat. Later, following promotion to Lieutenant General, he commanded II Field Force Vietnam in 1967 and 1968. In 1969 he was a principal in the Vietnam peace negotiations in Paris with Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. In 1970 he was promoted to General and returned to Vietnam to serve as the Commander of the U.S. Military Assistance Command Vietnam. Later, he was responsible for executing the orderly withdrawal of all American combat units from Vietnam.

As I said later to Howard Okada, "I know you have seen Fred Weyand through many impressive moments in his career, but I think that day was one of his best." At the luncheon, after Tom shared his difficult story with all of us, General Weyand warmly smiled at him. He tenderly patted the former soldier on the shoulder, "God bless you, son." Tom was obviously moved. I think we all felt blessed to be there at that moment.

Fred Weyand passed away February 10, 2010 at the age of 93. He and Tom will always be heroes to me.

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A Tribute to Our Local Heroes of War

by Holly Hoods

Erected in the Healdsburg Plaza by the Fred Vellutini family in 1997, a bronze statue poignantly depicts a boy bearing a tri-folded American flag. A bronze plaque reads "Dedicated to those from Healdsburg who served their country in World War II and to the memory of these who gave the last full measure of devotion." The plaque names: Ed Adams, Delbert Burrell, Robert Bagley, Berkeley Bean, Arthur Beeman, Aldo Bellagio, Donald Brown, Robert Buchigani, Robert Chaney, Barton Coombs, Robert Harris, Frank Henrotte, George Hicks, O.E. "Sonny" Illias, Russell Jagers, Claude Lattin, Frank Meisner, James Miller, Elmer Nardi, Sanator "Sam" Passarino, Keith Penry, Oscar Perry, Larry Phillips, Walter Porter, Donald Robarts, Robert Sacry, John Saini, William Sanders, John Tsarnas, Herman Vellutini, Ray Vellutini and Peter Visconti.

A plaque was added to commemorate: Henry Allman who died in WWI; Richard Brown, Gary Edwards, Edward Fleming, James LeBaron and Floyd Murray who died in Korea; Clinton Anderson, Donald Coleman, William Montgomery, Thomas Phillips, Robert Ruonavaara, William Thompson, Jr. and Ronald Tusi who died in Vietnam; and Michael Hall, killed in the Persian Gulf War. "Let those who come after see that these heroic shall not be forgotten. They gave their yesterdays for our tomorrows."



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