WAY BACK WHEN
STORIES FROM THE PAST, TALES THAT LAST.
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PRISONERS OF WAR

Here is some more information from my booklet *The Cost of Freedom* mentioned in the last issue.

We read about several men from Nevada County who spent months or years in German or Japanese prison camps during World War II. I can only imagine what it would be like to be held as a prisoner of war. Some of these men were exposed to harsh treatment, poor food, and bad living conditions for long periods of time. They were fed such things as rice balls or other cheap food which was just enough to keep them alive. I was surprised to learn that some of these men did receive a few letters from home during the time they spent in the prison camps. I suppose some camps were better than others. Special thanks to men like these who gave so much:

Sgt. Haynie, Hoyt R.—son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Haynie of Prescott; entered the Army Air Corps in 1940; was taken prisoner on Corregidor April 6,1942; prisoner of Japanese for four years; survivor of the Bataan Death March; died 4-11-1995; buried at DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott.

The Bataan Death March involved moving prisoners about sixty miles in extreme heat herded like cows on the way to a prison camp. If a soldier happened to fall down, he was liable to be killed. Those who survived the march witnessed things that no human should ever have to see.

Mr. Hoyt Haynie was awarded the Bronze Star Nov. 1, 1984 in a ceremony at Barksdale Air Force Base 42 years after being taken prisoner by the Japanese and enduring the brutal Bataan Death March.

Out of a force of 1400 airmen of the 27th Bombardment Group of the U. S. Army Air Corps, only about 300 were alive when the war ended in 1945.

"I'm an American. I'm proud to be an American and as far as I'm concerned, that's all there is to be," Haynie said during the ceremonies.

"What I remember about it (the march) is the unquestionable thirst, the hunger, the total exhaustion and knowing that if you stopped, you would receive a merciless beating or execution," one of the former POW's said at the ceremonies.

The ceremonies brought back memories many of the men have spent 42 years trying to forget. But most said they had since lost any resentment toward the Japanese. (from an article in the 11-1-1984 issue of the *Nevada County Picayune*)

Sgt. Haynie was prisoner at O'Donnell near Manila for about a month, then at Luzon for two months, then to Camp Cabanituan, then to a penal colony at Davao where he stayed for two years. At one camp, he met his cousin, Pfc. Bill Haynie, and they were together in the same prison camp until they were liberated. His main worry after being liberated was that his cow was lost and he wanted lots of milk and butter. He received 14 letters during his imprisonment—one from his sister, one from a cousin, one from his dad, and the rest from his mother. (from an article in the 11-15-1945 issue of *The Nevada News*)

1st Sgt. Connie L. Frizzell—taken prisoner by the Germans in Dec., 1944; was later liberated by the British in April, 1945. When asked if he was mistreated, he said he soon learned that if he would do everything he was told, he was not bothered. In the daily marches the prisoners were put through, those who were too weak to keep going, or were at the rear, were beaten and sometimes felt the bayonet of a guard. The main meal of the day was a soup made of yellow turnips, sometimes containing meat (not sure what kind, but it wasn't too bad). For breakfast, they had what they called "Jerry Coffee", which was water for the most part. At first, bread rations were six men to a loaf, then ten men to a loaf, and the last three weeks, there was no bread at all, potatoes being used as a substitute. If you ate all they gave you, you were still hungry. Frizzell managed to keep in fair physical condition except for the loss of weight and swelling of his feet and legs. A British doctor, the only one in the camp, attributed this to lack of vitamin B. American doctors later said it could have been because of frozen feet.

Asked if he ever liked any of the Germans, he very definitely said, "No". He said he had much rather have been fighting with his outfit on an empty stomach than stay near the Germans. He praised highly the treatment he received by the Army and the Red Cross after his liberation. He wears the Presidential Unit Citation Badge and a Badge for the Battle of the Bulge. (from an article in the 1-7-1945 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Pfc. Bill B. Haynie, Jr.—taken prisoner May, 1942 on Corregidor; liberated Sep. 16, 1945. He was in Bildad prison in Manila, then Camp Cabanituan for five months, then at Ft. William McKinley in Manila for a year, then to Sabalan Field, Koyan City for another year. In August, 1944, he was shipped to Japan to a prison north of Tokyo for a week before he was liberated. He was then sent to Manila for a month, then to San Francisco and on to San Antonio for a 70-day furlough. He told reporters that he had "drunk enough sweet milk to float a battleship" after arriving in the States. Bill got two letters during the time he was imprisoned—both from his cousin.

T-Sgt. William T. Reyenga—served in England, France, and Germany where he was taken prisoner Dec. 21, 1944; liberated May 6, 1945. He told reporters after being released that their food consisted of coffee twice a day. The main meal was dehydrated grass soup. Bread rations were 250 grams daily.

Pfc. I. W. Duke—taken prisoner by the Japanese; died in prison camp January 29, 1945 from acute colitis

S. Sgt. George S. Wylie—was prisoner of Japanese for four years in several different camps—O'Donnell, Bataan, Camp Cabanatuan, Manila, Formosa, Kobe, Japan, and Nomanchi. After being liberated on Sept. 5, 1945, he was taken to a hospital in Yokohama, then to Manila for 15 days, receiving the best of care. He was then sent to San Francisco, and then to San Antonio, TX before coming home Nov. 10, 1945. His homecoming was bittersweet because it was then he learned that his father had died while he was gone. George got two letters during the four years he was imprisoned—both in 1943. One was from his mother and the other from First Methodist Church in Prescott. (from an article in the 11-15-1945 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Pfc. Olen Haynes—taken prisoner by Germans; was wounded twice before being taken prisoner; was in hospital after being released being treated for pneumonia and frozen feet.

Many Nevada County men were wounded during World War II. The following names were taken from the book *Men and Women in the Armed Forces from Nevada County*. The list is probably not complete. I do not have this information for those serving in World War I, Korean War, or the Vietnam War.

Allen, Glenn L., Sr.
Arrington, Dale S.
Avery, Raymond G.
Baker, Doyle R.
Baker, Joe R.
Beaver, Adrian T.
Beaver, William F.
Biddle, Weldon E.
Blankenship, Robert L.
Bright, Vernon D.
Bright, Grannel N.
Buchanan, Louis
Butler, Lynn H.
Chamblee, Glenn W.
Cummings, Robert L., Jr.
Defoor, J. D.
Denman, W. F.
DeWoody, Thomas H.
Dixon, Henry L.
Dixon, James D.
East, Clinton R.
Ferguson, William T.
Gillespie, Glenn S.
Gist, James M.
Green, Bennie B.
Gulley, Leeroy
Harris, Dale
Hasley, Jacy E., Jr.
Haynes, Olin L.
Henley, Edgar K.
Hill, James R.
Hogan, Walter C., Jr.
Holloman, J. V.
Horton, Edgar C.
House, Leonard E.
Ingram, William F.
Ingram, Elton H.
Ingram, Hollis P.
Ingram, Perry P.
Johnson, Calvin R.
Johnson, Bud
Johnson, Hershel A.
Jones, Paul J.
King, Lestel C.
Lambert, John R.
Lang, Ray J.
Luck, Alford B.
May, Grady H.
May, Joe D.
Mayes, D. W.
Miller, Alford D.
Morehead, Carol D.
McCargo, Perry, Jr.
McDade, Fred J.
McKinney, Dale F.
McSweeney, Thurman J.
Reyenga, A. E.

Rhodes, J. T.
Sarrett, Jay D.
Scott, Sam V.
Scott, Samuel B., Jr.
Simpson, Mouzon E.
Smith, Denver D.
Snell, Otto M.
Stewart, Howard L.
Stewart, Gerald A.
Stockton, Cortese J.
Taylor, Dodson
Tomlin, Homer D.
Tunnell, Edgar C.
Vandiver, Carl B.
Wake, Leonard
Walraven, Johnnie E.
Weaver, James T.
White, Thomas E.
White, George M.
Zepha, John W.

Besides those wounded, taken prisoner, or killed during these wars, there were many others who suffered from diseases acquired during the wars. Some received medical discharges if their condition was very serious. Others were treated at military hospitals. Many men serving in the jungles in the Pacific in World War II and I'm sure in the jungles of Vietnam suffered from skin diseases acquired from wading in polluted water, etc. Some of these skin conditions afflicted these men the rest of their lives.

I'm sure many had hearing problems caused by the loud shells exploding. Many suffered from PTSD (post-traumatic stress disorders), although this is a more modern term to describe this condition. This term was not used until the Vietnam War. In earlier times, it was called "shell shock". This is probably why most ex-military men who served in war rarely talk about their experiences. They spend the rest of their lives trying to forget some of the scenes they witnessed. Some have nightmares for years, do not like to be in large crowds of people, avoid watching war movies, etc. It affects each person differently, but this is one of those long-lasting conditions that is sometimes difficult to treat and may continue for years.

Some men had trouble thinking that maybe they actually fired the shot that killed another human being, even it was the enemy. The men fighting on the other side were probably just like the Americans. They found themselves in a war through no fault of their own. They were just doing what they were told to do and most probably wished they were home with their families. The difference was that some of these enemies were very cruel people and had been brain-washed into doing very cruel things. They had been taught to hate the Americans and to destroy them by whatever means they had.

As you can see from this booklet, the cost of freedom is HIGH—in blood spilled by our fighting men, in health problems suffered by some of them, and in the loss of young lives during battles or from accidents or illness. We owe these men a lot.

THE END OF WORLD WAR II
JOY AND TEARS RAMPANT IN PRESCOTT
The Nevada News (8-16-1945)

Tears, prayer, laughter, and hysteria intermingled for a long while Tuesday night, after the most momentous announcement in history came by radio to the citizens of Prescott. Immediately after the announcement at 6 p.m., a look of either awe or the inability to grasp the news was seen on faces downtown. Then – pandemonium. People cried, people

laughed, 'Twas said stranger kissed stranger. Employees for the most part, high school students of the Nevada and Gem theaters, ran out and temporarily and unofficially directed traffic in front of the Nevada theater. The city siren and the truck sirens as well as all the mill whistles blew for quite a long while. Automobile horns shrieked. Every man, woman, and child felt the intense relief and excitement that was felt over the nation.

Reaction was similar in other towns all across the nation. Here is the reaction in Camden as reported by The Camden News: It was Camden's wildest and most spontaneous celebration in modern history. Long motor caravans, snake dances, and parades formed. Every auto horn was tied down and for three hours bedlam reigned. One young boy was observed saying he had to come to town "just to yell. My Dad will be home now". Folks just needed to pop off and let off steam, so they paraded and yelled, blew horns, drove up and down "the main drag", and everybody was happy. There were no enemies and no strangers. Everybody felt kindly to one another. It all started about 8 p.m. and was still going three hours later. People brought out fireworks, Roman candles, and other noise makers they had been saving for just such an occasion. This was just one of thousands of such celebrations all across America. All was quiet in Camden the next morning. At 10 a. m., prayer services were held in all the local churches.

This country has been involved in several major wars since 1900 and I suppose as long as the world stands, there will be wars. This country now has an all-volunteer army which seems to be working well. The government still has the option to use the draft if needed. Let's hope and pray that we will not have another world war and that people will learn to live together in peace.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt said this about war:
"I have seen war. I have seen war on land and sea. I have seen blood running from the wounded. I have seen men coughing out their gassed lungs. I have seen the dead in the mud. I have seen cities destroyed. I have seen 200 limping, exhausted men come out of the line—the survivors of a regiment of 1,000 that went forward 48 hours before. I have seen children starving. I have seen the agony of mothers and wives. I hate war."

President Herbert Hoover said:
"Older men declare war. But it is the youth that must fight and die. And it is the youth who must inherit the tribulation, the sorrow, and the triumphs that are the aftermath of war."

American Wartime Deaths

World War I ----	116,516
World War II —	405,399
Korean War ---	53,886
Vietnam War--	58,209
Persian Gulf War ---	298
Afghanistan War--	2,459
Iraq War--	4,418

For comparison, about 620,000 men died in the Civil War in this country from 1861-1865. It was the deadliest war in American history.

In August, I ran across a second-hand book, The Greatest Generation Speaks: Letters and Reflections, and inside were pages of memoirs written by an unknown WWII soldier. Research soon led to the author's identity and more resources, which led to more research. Here is a compilation, a transcript of sentence fragments, disjointed musings, and incoherent ramblings, coalesced and compiled by Don Mathis.

World War II Memories of Archie D. Pyburn
(A Narrative by Don Mathis)

I was born in 1919 and grew up on a Central Texas farm. I left home at 18 to make my own way in Houston. I went with a friend, Fred Wright from Watt; he had a married sister there.

We arrived late one rainy night. Fred and I slept on the floor two nights but then we had to leave. We soon found another room. Fred got a job at a gas station. I ran a vegetable department in a grocery. I had to go to the farmer's market with the owner at two a.m. to get fruits and vegetables.

Then I got a job at a gas station washing cars and trucks from the oil fields. Boy, that caked mud was bad. I went to Anderson, Indiana, with two men to get equipment for a papering business. I drove their big Buick Roadmaster while they slept, mostly there and back.

Next, I got a job with Fred Tullis. He sold food and stuff (cooking oil, pickles, vinegar, napkins, catsup, pickled pigs' feet, sausages in oil, spices, etc.) to restaurants, bars, and hotels.

Then came the war.

In October, 1941, I went off to Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio. But after 11 days of marching, I decided I did not like the infantry. So, I joined up with the engineers.

I was sent to Fort Belvoir, VA, to build roads and barracks. Next was the 21st Engineer Regiment in Langley Field, VA. We laid a steel mat in the snow and mud, the first runway for big aircraft.

Part of our unit went to Iceland and Greenland. I was pulled from shipment to work in Headquarters. I took field training in various camps in Virginia.

My military job was with the Corps of Engineers, building and repairing airfields. I was an Administrative Sergeant Major and worked with the Allied Air Forces.

Then we moved to new barracks at the Air Base in Richmond, VA. I got to know some nice officers here; W.A. Conwell, Irving H. Kingman, and others.

Lt. Kingman came to me one day and said, "This may be something you might want to take care of." He gave me a letter from Lillian, a young lady from Brooklyn, NY.

She said some organization asked her to write to a soldier. I replied right away. In her response, she mentioned she was getting a vacation soon.

I replied, “Why not come to Richmond, Virginia?”

She agreed and I got an apartment on South 4th Street near the James River. I met the taxi at the waterfront and a tall long-legged lady stepped out of the cab.

Boy Oh Boy, I got hot and excited! We got married two or three days later on September 2, 1942. I was not about to let her go back to New York! For me, getting married to Lillian in Richmond, Virginia was the best moment of the war years.

Soon, I got the notice we were going to war. This beautiful lady went back to Brooklyn. I was shipped to the staging area in Fort Dix, NJ. No leave was ordered. I could not go overseas without seeing her again. So, I forged a pass, and left Camp Dix for a visit to New York.

I did not know how, but I got to my one-and-only in Brooklyn via subway all by myself. A couple of days later, I went again – but got lost.

Anyway, on the way back to Camp, I was seen in Penn Station by an officer in my unit. I was charged with being AWOL and stripped of my rank.

I told Lillian if I was not back that Sunday, I would be at sea going to Africa.

I was now a Buck Sargent in the 21st Engineers, having lost my stripes. Our unit was sent on different ships to North Africa. I arrived in Casablanca just before dark on November 9, 1942. About a day later, we found out our ship (probably the USS *Joseph Hewes*) was sunk by the Germans.
It was raining when we arrived in Morocco and we were marched to somewhere – that’s the Army Way – until near midnight. We came to a French Camp and found Germans and guns. I spent many cold nights and hot days on the Sahara.

My part of the 21st became a SAE Unit. One day my commander noticed I was not wearing any stripes. General Davidson asked and I told him I was caught at Penn Station. “By whom?” he asked. And we found out the officer who reported me was not supposed to be out either.
So that officer was fined and I got my stripes back. By then, the unit had moved up to the Tunis area.

The Germans being frisked by the British had broken through the Kasserine Pass – and the Tunisian Campaign was on.
After days of fighting, the Germans were pushed back. And with both their front and back in trouble, they began to go to Sicily and Italy. Finally, the Germans escaped or were captured.

The battle for Sicily began. Finally, they were pushed up the boot and I went to western Italy for the Naples-Foggia Campaign.
It was now raining continually and mud was knee-deep. The road to Casino was a long, hard fight. By the time we got to Naples, we heard shelling and bombing day and night.

While this was happening, Vesuvius erupted. We lost many planes from the hot lava and cinders. The ash clouds mixed with the smoke of German bombs. I saw it all. The people of Italy finally got nice and we sometimes got a meal at their homes. My unit went to Rome and saw Mussolini and his mistress strung up.
I remember getting packages from Lillian. The salami she sent was green and moldy, but I scraped it off and boy, it was good. I remember getting six or seven feet of letters from Lillian – but I'll never forget that green salami.

I remember my longest day. I was in the hospital getting a cyst removed. And the soldier lying on the next table had his intestines all hanging out. The doctors were having trouble getting the shrapnel out. And I laid there thinking, how will they get it all back in?

I did not make many friends as you felt too bad if they got killed – so it all was casual. I did have some good friends like Lieutenant (later Colonel) Kingman. He was the officer who gave me Lillian's first letter. W.A. Conwell pinned the Bronze Star on me. And Colonel Barks; he never knew if he or I signed his name on the furlough I forged.

On December 26, 1944, I was lucky enough to get a furlough home. I landed January 1 in Boston. The snow was up to two feet deep and me with no coat, no winter uniform – Brrr.

I finally got home and found Lillian had made reservations to go to the Poconos in Pennsylvania. We had a great time! The was the second-best memory of the war years.

I recall going to the Chemical Warfare Service where Lillian worked. She was respected there by the officers and people in their effort to end the war. They did so much together on the Manhattan Project. Their work was unknown to the public then, but they shipped parts of the atomic bomb to the Enola Gay to end the war.

Now the war effort was mostly in the Pacific. After two or three trips to the pier, I found no boats were going to Europe. When I finally got back to Naples for the Rome-Arno Campaign, the war in Europe was over.
With little to do, I was able to get a 10-day pass to Switzerland. Japan surrendered September 2 but the Swiss didn't have much interest. I was in Bern and the people were unconcerned.

By the time I came back to Naples, the unit was breaking up. Some were sent to the Pacific, some to the States. Since I had been home at the beginning of 1945, I was assigned to a replacement depot to process transfers.

I had 99 points but could not come home – some were getting out with 30-35 points! Coming home, I remember seeing war prisoners in their uniforms, our arm band was their only identity. They were being treated to best of everything.

I signed on with the 941st Engineers, but when I arrived at Little Creek, VA, I had to stay with the company commander and cull out duplicate and unnecessary records, then ship it all to the records depot.

What do I miss about my military service? I met so many different people; Turks, Arabs, Swiss, etc., each one with so many different quirks and traditions.

Finally, I was discharged on October 3, 1945, and then to Brooklyn and my love. We bought our first car a couple of weeks later. I took my bride to Texas and we began adding to the population.

Lillian and I bought a house by flashlight and $50 down. We tried to furnish our new home but nothing was available. We had to buy a radio, a cook stove, etc., but there were no new manufactured goods. I couldn't even get a coke because there were no bottles.

We went to Waco to visit my folks for Christmas. And I realized that I came back just as I said I would. The war was over.







Archie and Lillian