

1654 Jefferson
St. Paul 5, Minn.
January 28, 1945

Dear Harold,

It is a cold Sunday afternoon at home. I have spent the day sitting by the fire and tabulating the results of a completed survey taken in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chisago, and Washington counties.

I know you are interested in what I found out so I enclose duplicates of the forms used and the exact results.

The St. Paul labor figures come almost exclusively from employes of Minnesota Mining, all men, all members of the AFL.

The St. Paul business, professional, and office workers group includes lawyers, engineers, doctors, etc., and a good share of office workers (unorganized) from Northwest Airlines.

The Minneapolis Labor group comes entirely from the CIO, about 60 per cent employes of Minneapolis Honeywell Regulator. Some women workers are included in the Minneapolis CIO group; but all represent the union worker who takes more or less of an active interest in union and political activity.

The groups from Washington and Chisago counties were gathered in the traditional fashion, going in and out of stores, banks, creameries, filling stations, feed mills, etc., stopping people on the streets, catching farmers bringing in cream to the creameries. The proportion is perhaps 60 or 65 per cent small town residents, 35 to 40 per cent farm.

I would say the most significant thing about the poll, taken personally, is the total lack of interest in "politics" as such. Total interest is centered on the war, and the number of people who refuse to bother themselves with marking ballots sometimes runs as high as 50 per cent and better. In Lindstrom I conducted a test, putting each ballot that was refused into my pocket with the marked ballots, and for 53 marked ballots I got 59 blanks. That, however, was unusually high for refusals.

The incident of three servicemen being put off an airliner for Elliott Roosevelt's dog "Blaze" was causing a good deal of comment, but people had still not recovered from the reverses on the western front, the Russian offensive had not yet begun in full force, and the weight of the war bore very heavily on their shoulders.

Now for some comments that were fairly frequent and I believe significant.

In Chisago county, a barber said, "I used to think Shipstead was okay, but no more." He voted for Thye. His wife disagreed, said "I guess old Henry is still doing all right." Others commented that they had once been for Shipstead but had turned.

Several people, in town as well as in Chisago and Washington counties, said, when they saw the name Stassen on the ballot: "I thought he was going to be our candidate for president. Is he running for Senator now?"

People in the country, when marking the ballot Stassen, occasionally said, "Well, I think we ought to give a vote to a serviceman," usually smiled a little in saying it.

Only one man, in Forest Lake, went after Joe Ball. The dirty so and so, he said, he'll never be elected to anything again. No one commented on his name being on the ballot despite the fact that he does not come up until 1948 and will not be a candidate against Shipstead.

A man in Taylors Falls, who later identified himself as a St. Cloud business man, said "I wouldn't vote for that s.o.b. Stassen for dog-catcher." He didn't have any reason to give, just said he thought you were an s.o.b., and was glad to see that you weren't on the ballot.

All with whom I talked agreed that there had been a complete blackout of interest in politics since the November election and didn't expect it to revive until the war is over. Consequently, it was hard to draw them out on their reasons for voting or thinking as they did, unless they had a particular bitch of some kind.

Labor members often expressed bitterness toward Shipstead. The only way we're going to beat that so and so, two or three said, is go after him in the primary, and that's what we're going to do in 1946. Some got really vicious when they talked about him. There's a general friendliness expressed occasionally for you and for Joe Ball, but they prefer to vote for someone like Elmer Benson as the results will indicate.

Labor members with strong political interests are apparently encouraged by their showing this year, and I think are more optimistic than they have right to be. They don't realize how much more difficult it's going to be to stir up interest in a non-presidential year than when they have a Dewey-Roosevelt contest. Some of them talk very big--Judd and Shipstead will be next, they say.

One said, you know when we sent Judd down to Washington we thought he was going to be a good influence on the congressmen. But it seems to be the other way around--the Republican congressmen have been a bad influence on him. I quoted for

him a remark the little fellow once made to me, "You know, when these high minded fellows come down to Washington they generally turn into enough of a demagogue to stay there for a couple of terms."

So much for the poll. I made no attempt to strike totals for the totals of each of the four kinds of ballots because I don't think a total would necessarily represent a fair cross section of the state. Nor do I think it would tell anything that the individual groups don't indicate.

There are about 460 ballots altogether. I have a few left, and a letter regarding their disposition will reach you in a week or so after this one.

Will call your attention to some things that were surprising and a little difficult for me to understand. One is the great lack, almost total absence, of strength for Shipstead among St. Paul Republicans polled. He got two votes, compared to your 19 and Ball's 12.

Another thing that surprised me was Ed's relative weakness, ~~xxx~~ especially in the country, as a candidate for senator.

I was likewise surprised and pleased to note that in Lindstrom you ran ahead of Shipstead.

Note the way Joe Ball runs consistently ahead of Staff King, King ahead of Judd, except among St. Paul business, professional, etc.

Your name apparently still means a good deal to all voters.

Of course, to my mind, as I think over this survey, I return to my original contentions. One is that the reason Shipstead has been so long in office ~~xxx~~ is that he has lacked concerted, capable, and organized opposition.

The other is that it is less a question in my mind of whether you can go to the Senate in 1946 than whether you want to go to the Senate in 1946.

Without the experience of your last summer's visit in the United States to go on, I would be less inclined to take a stand. As a result of that, however, I am fairly well convinced that you should not run for the Senate in 1946 unless the situation materially changes.

It was clear when you came home that your name makes news merely as Harold E. Stassen, U. S. Navy, former governor. You were in the news--nationally--during your entire visit home, not because of your position as a former candidate for U. S. president (the showing we made for you when the chips were down would hardly inspire much excitement), but because

you have achieved a newsworthy position as Harold Stassen, national figure. As such, your comings and goings, your sayings and doings, make news. If, during your visit home, you had been permitted to discuss matters of politics or policy, you would have been listened to and widely quoted.

It is my belief that this situation will continue to prevail when you become Harold Stassen, former governor, former aid and assistant chief of staff to Adm. Halsey in the successful Pacific naval war. Publication of more details regarding your part in the war in the Pacific will add to your luster.

Under these circumstances, you could travel, organize, and speak as Harold Stassen, without any official capacity. You could, if you chose, take membership and office in various public spirited groups.

I know this from my brief experience on the Times--your arrival in a city of any size would be greater news by far than many of the personalities about whom we publish columns of stuff every day. Your Pacific experiences alone, without any previous experiences, would be public trading stock for a considerable period.

If all these things are true, and I think they are, I look upon candidacy for the Senate and two--or six--years of experience there as unnecessary.

It is also questionable whether election to the Senate would add much to your record--to become one of 96 fellows who belong to a group not now much in public favor. I would judge it especially difficult in a house composed mostly of opposition members.

It is true, to present other arguments, that if you should miss the big job in 1948 election to the senate in 1946 would leave you with four years in the public eye. And it is also true that your election to the Senate in 1946 would make national news of considerable consequence.

But if you recall, so did the election of Ken Wherry. I have hardly heard his name since.

My present opinion, is, therefore, no.

Now if any of these factors change, or if my analysis is incorrect, I am willing to revise my opinion in the light of new information.

Enough of my poor opinions. I will try to give you a little information about what I hear of the currents and cross currents of politics.

As I have mentioned previously, I don't get to the capitol frequently. I was told again yesterday that I'm to go there often now as the legislature gets going a little

more actively but in our business those plans change from one minute to the next.

Ed's budget message was considerably better received than his inaugural. He read it, and the comment was that both construction and delivery had more craftsmanship than the first. Following the message, he delivered a ten minute extemporaneous plea for unity and high purpose, and that was especially well received.

Typical comment came from a clergyman who was in the audience and said: Governor, you should talk always from the heart, never from the paper.

It would be optimistic, of course, to expect that the Minnesota legislature will be kept in line by powerful speeches.

There has been a general sensation of lack of leadership on the second floor of the capitol. The newsmen caught it first, and asked why, why, why without seeming to come up with a good answer. Some did mention that the governor had not thrown a bunch of prepared bills in the hopper.

The legislators with whom I've talked have likewise agreed that this session is slower in gathering momentum than any in their memory.

I spent a half hour with Don Wright three days ago and he advanced two chief reasons for the inertia:

1. All the members, deep down, realize that the big show is the war, and what they do in the session is pretty small potatoes compared to the events around the world. "We can't put our hearts in it," he said.

2. "The Governor has got to tell us where he stands. He can't ride six horses forever."

Don was vehement about the latter point. He can't play all sides, he insisted. He's got to realize sooner or later that someone's going to get hurt. He's got to figure out where he's going to go, or, Don said, "the legislature will make up his mind for him."

Perhaps Don exaggerated, but it is true that there has been a lack of drive from the Governor's office and people still don't know exactly where Ed stands on a number of questions which may become important before adjournment.

I can understand his reluctance to get out where he can get shot at after my near two years of working with him. But if he doesn't decide beforehand, he will have to decide when the bills get laid on his desk for signature.

You may know that Elmer Kelm finally jumped him for putting a third Republican (Arthur E. Stewart) on the Industrial Commission when it already had two Republican members. He made no reply; just evaded the two letters; once said he "had good reasons for acting as he did" without giving the reasons. Now, despite the fact ~~that~~ that the heat's on, he sent the names of Williams and Stewart up for confirmation, ~~leaving~~ leaving Ramberg out in the cold. I presume Orr is advising him, since Stewart is his man and I presume he is as anxious to keep him as he was to appoint him in the face of a law which prohibited it.

Joe O'Connor suggested a way to play it. When the first letter came in he told Ed to refer it to the attorney general and ask if it was mandatory that not more than two Republicans serve. If the atty. general said yes, then ask *party* him how it was to be determined that a man was a member of a political ~~party~~. If the answer then made it necessary to get rid of one member, Ed could say, all right--in the face of this ruling one of these men has to go.

As it is, it looks clearly like they're trying to shake Ramberg, which is true, and which is also quite a kick in the teeth to organized labor. Here's a union man who was willing to come over and run as a Republican--and look what the Republicans do to him. Wonderful.

Joe reported that Ed seemed to be confused and uncertain about the whole thing when last he talked to him. He had no particular line of thought about it all--just retraced the series of events which led up to Kelm's last letter. Changing the law (which has been mentioned as a possibility) isn't a very savory idea either, to my way of thinking.

I have the feeling that Ed will muddle through these difficulties. He seems to have a way of managing to come out of troubles like this one, ~~with a clean conscience~~. However, he did make some people mad the way he handled appointing a successor to Elden Rowe. At the same time as he was saying "no" to candidates being advanced by supporters around the state, he was making public statements that he "hadn't been able to find anyone" for the job. As it is, the appointments are finally made and nobody seems to be too upset about it.

With all his faults, there is no denying that Ed has a powerful way with people, and with that he may be able to get through anything.

There are other interesting reports kicking around. One (on fairly good authority) has it that Barney Allen, named as secretary to and spokesman for the house liberal group, is actually on the payroll of Thatcher and the farmers' union, who fear legislation at the hands of the big four. The belief is now that Ed will get licked on his attempt to maintain the income tax at its present level. I believe, personally,

unsuccessful DFL nominee for Gov.

that he's absolutely sound, and doesn't have to worry about his position even if he gets beat. (Don Wright has suggested as a compromise writing legislation now for postwar income tax reduction.)

Income tax and labor legislation will no doubt be the chief issues (now foreseeable) before the session.

The question of diverting school funds from the income tax into other educational fields likewise has run into loud opposition. Almen is reported to have gone sky-high when he heard about it, but how tough he's going to be about it when the chips are down remains to be seen.

Right now, the perpetually threatened university strike is hot again. A 30 day truce expired today. Negotiations have broken down, and the union membership is meeting en masse to decide its course tomorrow evening.

The fact that the legislature is in session has kept the controversy from flaring wide open so far. The union is especially fearful of some kind of retribution. Perhaps that threat will result in some kind of ~~negotiated~~ negotiated peace, but, if so, it only defers the day when the union will have it out right on the mat with the regents and, I think, win.

To other fields. Minneapolis is as hot about its local government situation as can be during wartime as a result of the street corner slaying of Art Kasherman. With any respectable kind of opposition, Kline is done.

I can't figure the deal on Humphrey. Under the new draft regulations, I can't see how he can successfully stay out of the army. He's in 1-A, and at the time of his physical examination in September was pronounced physically acceptable for general duty at Fort Snelling.

He has the united support of the three labor groups, and it may be their idea to run him ~~there~~ in absentia.

Somewhere, however, there's a nigger in the woodpile. Humphrey is currently in the east, to attend the 4th term inaugural, as is Elmer Kelm. The day before Humphrey's wife filed him during his absence in the east, the little fellow had called and said, forget about Humphrey, he's going in the army, and advising Herb Nelson to get in with both feet.

What the deal is, I don't know. I do know this, that the right guy could walk into that race and knock it off. The town blames Kline for the killing. They don't care about Kasherman, any more than they cared about Guilford, but they accept the killing as evidence that the town is corrupt and that Kline is in ~~the~~ league with the underworld.

Against smart opposition, Kline couldn't save himself ^{even} by sending somebody up for the murder. I believe the race, if Humphrey's position can be clarified, is a golden opportunity for the right man, if he can be found.

Les Malkerson tells me he has written you a letter telling you what he knows of the activity of the teamsters in regard to 1946 and 1948.

When I was in Forest Lake I stopped to see Rollin Johnson, to see what he was hearing. He told me, among other things, that Hjalmer Petersen was in to have lunch with Holmberg and Matson shortly before Rollin left the commission early in December. Purpose of the luncheon, according to Rollin, was to find out if ~~some~~ Holmberg planned to run again in 1946. Rollin says he does, and that Hjalmer then gave him his assurance that he would not be a candidate against Holmberg. What ticket Hjalmer was thinking of running on, he didn't say.

Here's a fine example of the way the "Washington miracle boys" (as our managing editor refers to them) do things which I uncovered for a story about two weeks ago. Perhaps you have heard about it.

(last fall)
They siezed about 100 midwest truck lines after a six day strike, and still have about 90 of them. Bone of ~~some~~ contention was briefly that the WLB ~~had~~ had ordered higher wages for the drivers, and the operators contended they couldn't pay higher wages and make the books balance. They refused to pay the higher wages; the drivers struck.

So the government stepped in and started running the lines out of a Minneapolis office, run by a typical bureaucrat from Washington. He is balancing the books by refusing to pay state taxes, either truck license (on a truck mile basis) or gasoline, filing exemption certificates for the latter. All very legal you understand, since the truck lines are U.S. property. Not only that, I now find that they are permitted to make purchases of tires, parts, and new trucks at treasury procurement prices, despite the fact ~~that~~ that they compete with ~~the~~ other firms which have no such advantage.

Why the governor or the legislature doesn't kick up a real stink about that one is more than I can understand. Regardless of any other considerations, it is a case of moral ~~and~~ dishonesty and evasion, and should be showed up exactly as such.

So the home front staggers on, still burdened with its same old problems, disputes, moves, and counter moves.

I believe I've gone on long enough. I hardly expected to come up with such a tome when I sat down this afternoon

(it's now evening and I've been to my sister's house in Minneapolis for dinner and returned.)

As for ourselves, we haven't heard from Bernhard for close to three weeks, no doubt because he was in the Luzon operation. Grant's leave finally ended after two five day extensions and he reported back for duty Jan. 12. He has recieved orders to report to the district naval commandant for transfer, will probably be released from the Sabine about Feb. 1. He has no idea what his new assignment will be.

I had a pleasant lunch with your sister Violet a few days ago.

The dates on the survey, incidentally, are from Jan 14 to Jan. 26. It was done after work and on two Thursday's off, plus a little Sunday stuff.

As for myself, I'm leading a quiet, sober, and relatively industrious life. I like newspapering, but believe that politics under the right circumstances is more interesting to me. Apparently I remain in good health--when I tried to buy a bottle of wine for Dagne the other evening I had to produce proof that I had reached 21. I've learned a lot of valuable things about the whole newspaper field, particularly in the Twin Cities, in the last six months.

Such spare time as I have is spent reading or writing or thinking. Before long, I will develop into a first class hermit.

Add scuttlebutt: The department heads threw a party for Ed last Monday evening; apparently some wanted to get a good word in preceding names going up for confirmation. Ev Haedecke believes he has been marked for the ax by Spaeth--and Ed has offered no help. Ed had some of the most reactionary senators in for dinner the other night and told them their drastic labor bills had to be modified.

We have all been encouraged by the news from your theater and the apparent (from the news accounts) impunity with which you rove the far reaches of the Pacific and the China sea. We hope your good fortune and good work continues.

Spaeth

P.S. A survey naming Hjalmar as a Republican, which didn't occur to me until the ballots were printed, ought to be interesting. Should be ~~be~~ done next time.

1-29-45

Dear Harold,

Please excuse the pencil, but I'm out of ink.

I was so happy to hear from you between Christmas and New Year. I called all the department heads plus Frank, Leslie, and I happened to be talking to Harry Clarkson and I told him you asked to be remembered to him. He was pleased as punch. All the department heads were pleased beyond

wonder to think you
remembered them at
New Year's time. You no
doubt have heard from
several of them by now.
Many of them asked for
your address immediately.

The session is going
along fairly well. We
have sent up all the
names for confirmation
even this early. Sen Orr's
suggestion. Naturally it
was done just that
way. So far nothing
startling has happened.
Oh, yes we appointed
two new members on the
Härendressers Board in place
of Stockman & Mrs. Sward.

I still think Fred
Hughes' idea of abolishing
the whole board is the
best. They haven't improved
one iota since you left.

I took ten days off
starting Jan 5th and went
to Austin, Texas to visit
Blanche & her husband. On
the way down I stopped
in Oklahoma City & my bro,
Joe, who was stationed in
Camp Robinson, Ark, got a
week-end pass and came
over to Okla City so we had
about 24-28 hrs together.
His girl friend went down
that far with me. Joe is
now in New York waiting
to be shipped across.

I had a letter from
Dr. Nolan last week. He is
at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas
chafing because he hasn't
been on a ship. He said
they have been packed since
Dec 15. It's slowly driving
them all insane.

The news reports
from out there are all
encouraging. Keep up the
good work so you can
be back soon. We truly
do miss you around here.

Today is Sunday and
I'm visiting with Patie
O'Keefe at her apartment.
She's cooking a pleasant
dinner for me while I'm
sipping a tall scotch & soda.

Excuse me, Katie is getting
for another scath.

I'm going to go down
to Earl Christmas's office
by 5 p.m. and help him
fill out some government
reports. Since Blanche
left he hasn't a permanent
Secretary as yet, so I've
offered to help a bit;
that's too much however,
because it can become
too involved sometimes
with Mr. C. (not complaining,
merely making a statement)

I saw Vic Johnston
last evening for an hour
or so. He likes his work
in Madison quite a lot but
does miss St. Paul & Mpls.

I had a nice
letter from Webb right

missing you, Webb,
✓ Dick Purcell more
now than ever. With
the session on he's
quite busy, but some-
how he doesn't have the
same old sparkle like
when you were here.

I guess I better start
earning my deuce, so
for now will say
Good luck and
hurry back

Sincerely
Naty

See back page for an
additional note

after Christmas. He
spent Christmas Day on
a ranch. The rancher
had a case of whiskey
& two lovely blonde
daughters. Webb is
thinking seriously of
going into the ranch
business in Tex. I
don't know if it's the
ranch or the blonde
that entice him most.
He's quite a Webb.

Speaking of Webb
reminds me of Mr Badger.
He's feeling quite well
now, but I still not his
old self. I think he's

Dear Commander Stassen:

I'm killing myself working
while Katie writes. I
just made muffins &
gingerbread - & wish
we could give you some
of our Menn. Pleasant.
Every employee of Menn.
thinks of you often - and
misses you.

Every good wish in this
world & a prayer for
your safety.

Sincerely

Latie O'Keefe

Box 19 B. N.A.S.
Atlanta, Georgia
Feb 1, 1945

Commander Harold C. Starnes
F.P.O. San Francisco
Dear Harold,

In November 1943 I resigned
my OPA job and enlisted in the Navy and
was sent to Farragut for boat training, and
later went through Aerographer school at
Lakeshurst N.J. Since September I have
been located here at the Air Base. My
work is easy and pleasant. I had hoped
I could contribute more than I am doing.
I have exhausted my possibilities of getting
an assignment to sea or foreign duty
unless an officer on such duty makes a
request for my services. Possibly you
could do so or refer this letter to some
Aerological Officer who might make such
a request. I do not think I would
be too modest if I said I believe
I could satisfactorily perform the usual
duties.

Sincerely

Nobel Shadduck
Air M 3/c

Service No 757 9041
N.A.S. Atlanta, Georgia
Box 19 B.

(Enclosed - a personal note)

Harold -

I got acquainted with Gov. Thye fairly well. He is really one of the best. I think the people of Minnesota will be everlastingly thankful to you for him.

In Sept when I had a few days leave I ran into Webb Coffey. He is a Sgt. and has seen quite a little action. Don Rodgers got a commission in the Military Govt Dept. Good place for him. My friend El Griffith who you may remember, is with Patton, the last I heard had spent 7 weeks sleeping on the ground.

Suppose you are familiar with the fact that Le Roy Matheson came there for the S. C. I talked with him about the campaign. He really put on a one man campaign, worked at it just like Alfalfa Bill Murray - just went from town to town for ^{five or} six months and talked to everyone he

could buttonhole.

Since I have been here I found time to enroll as a student at Georgia Tech. and found out the faculty take their politics rather seriously. Governor Arnall in my estimation is the best this section of the country has produced. I suppose you know him. He really is trying to do something for this section of the country. His chief enemy is apathy and rank conservatism.

Cronin and Mitchell are still carrying on and my name is still on the door. I sometimes wonder when I will get back.

I suppose you know in my district a fellow named Gallagher defeated Hale. I voted for him on the theory that he could be no worse than what we had. Those who know him say I didn't make a mistake. Not a bad old duck but feeble.

Thanks for anything you are fit to do.

yours
Robert

P.S. I don't have your address so am bothering your wife to send this on.

5 February 1945

Admiral William F. Halsey, USN, Commander Third Fleet, has a personal servant and "boy" named Tulau. Tulau is a Filipino lad, a survivor of the U.S.S. PORTER, sunk during enemy action in the South Pacific more than two years ago. He was "discovered" by the Admiral's energetic flag lieutenant, Lt. Comdr. William Kitchell, and given the enviable assignment of personal servant to the aggressive and colorful Admiral, at that time Commander of the South Pacific Area and South Pacific Force. Since then Tulau has travelled everywhere with the Admiral, back to the United States, to Hawaii, and to the Philippine and China Seas, from which duty he has now returned with the Admiral, always watching over him, and devoted to the master he has come to know and love with an affection which is touching to see.

February 5th was the biggest and most glorious day in Tulau's life, and to those of us who were privileged to watch the touching and heart-tugging occasion, it was a moment to be remembered always. All round us, each day, occur the little incidents which make up the drama of life - some perhaps feel them more than others - to all - all present on this day must have known that this was truly a great moment - to be remembered in the years to come with pride, when the name of "Bull Halsey" is legend, when it is a familiar name in the history books of the future.

We were all gathered together on the lanai of a beach home on the shores of the island of Oahu. Many people were there, and during the day there was a constant stream of callers. All were there to welcome home and shake the hand of a great fighter and his immediate staff - to say, "Congratulations, a good job well done". The talk and chatter went back and forth, and it was wonderful to see the relaxed expressions on the faces of the men just returned. One had the feeling that at last, after the many long months of grime at sea, fighting the

Japanese from the Palaus, through the Philippine to the China Seas, these men were finding quiet peace for the first time in many months.

Through the crowd moved Tulau, always courteous and thoughtful, always ready to help someone find a lost book, and attending to and answering the multitudinous questions of the smallest member of the party, little Michael Carney, mischievous nephew of Admiral Halsey's Chief of Staff, Admiral Robert B. Carney. While the conversation flowed, there was a slight stir at one end of the lanai. A Naval officer had just joined the party, and informed the group near him that word had just come through that Manila had been entered by American troops.

Watching Tulau as he moved through the group of people, we all realized that he could not know of this news, his expression was too calm, and it was obvious that he had not yet heard the wonderful news. One of us moved quickly over to Admiral Halsey, who was sitting quietly talking to Admiral Wilkinson, and told him that Manila had been entered by American troops and was expected to fall at any time. Tulau did not know, we were sure, would the Admiral be the one to break the news to the little chap? To know our fighting Admiral is to know a great man, and his eyes shone as he said "I must tell Tulau of this immediately".

We were then privileged to witness one of the most touching moments of our lives --- the Admiral walked to Tulau, who was still moving to and fro among the guests - he said, "Tulau, come here please". Tulau moved quickly over, his eyes lighting up, as they always ~~was~~ do when his beloved master speaks to him, and he stepped towards him. "Tulau, son," said Admiral Halsey - "American forces are in Manila". No one present could ever forget the look on the little chap's face, it seemed to breathe a silent "Thank God", and one felt that one should walk very softly and quietly, as one would in the reverent silence of a church. Then the Admiral, our fighting, amazing "Bull" Halsey, closed his arms around Tulau and hugged him, holding him ~~tighter~~ tightly to him -- not many were near enough to

hear the words he murmured softly in his servant's ears, some did "Tulau, we shall return to your home in Manila, we have, thank God, by our own efforts, helped to make this day possible. Without the help of your people, it could not have been. I will go back with you Tulau, and together we shall find your mother, your sisters and your brother, from whom you have not heard a word for these many years. Do not worry Tulau, we shall find them again". There were no dry eyes in the group, and not one man present was ashamed of the tears which filled his eyes, as Tulau looked up and answered his master "I shall never leave you Admiral, while you are alive, and together we shall return to Manila to find my family".

When Tulau had finally found his breath again, he was the centre of a congratulatory crowd of people, his hand was shaken by Admirals, Captains, Commanders and Lieutenants, all of them wishing him good luck in his search for his family. Then the Admiral's inimitable Chief of Staff, Admiral Carney, said, "Tulau, please bring me an "old fashioned" will you?" Tulau, always quick to duty, mixed the drink in record time, it seemed as though new life was flowing through his veins, and he handed the drink to the Admiral. "No," said Admiral Carney, "I want you to drink this Tulau, to the liberation of Manila, and a toast to your family in Cavite". "But Admiral Carney" said the little chap, "I have never taken a drink in my life". "Well, today is as good a day to start as any, and I think for once you may forget your good resolutions" answered the Admiral. Tulau looked for help towards the master he adored, but the Admiral's strong chin was set, and there was a fire in the eyes under the shaggy eyebrows, and Tulau knew that for once he could get no sympathy there. "Very well Admiral Carney I will drink it" he said. He lifted his glass and spoke "I drink to the liberation of Manila" - a pause "and to the wonderful Americans who have made this day the greatest in the history of my beloved country". With that he gulped at the drink, and all present laughed

as he grimaced, and the quick smarting tears sprang to his eyes as he swallowed his first drink. Once again he looked longingly at Admiral Halsey, who only smiled and shook his head -- once again Tulau raised his glass and drank, pausing only to say to his master "Very well Admiral, I shall drink it if you say so, but it tastes terrible, and please do not expect any service from me after I finish it".

All took pity on him, and even his pugnacious master relented, and gently took the "poison" from his servant, saying as he turned back towards the group of friends standing round, "God, what people these are, I hope and pray that every American realizes just what the loyalty of these people means to us, and what they are doing to help our country in our fight against the enemy. We should all be proud of them today".

The Admiral then told how the same little Tulau had accompanied him on his flagship during the five-months tour of duty through the Philippine Sea into the China Seas, when their one desire was to catch the Jap fleet. He told how Tulau, together with the rest of the Filipino boys aboard the ship, had been gathered together by the Admiral and his staff one day, when they were cruising in sight of the Philippine Islands, and they were told frankly that it would soon be necessary for the carrier based planes to go in and bomb Manila -- that possibly, even probably, some of their own families, from whom they had so long been parted, would suffer by these coming strikes. He asked what they felt, what were their reactions -- all of them, without one exception, replied unfalteringly "Go in and kill all the Japanese". Here were lads, cruising in their own home waters, within sight of their homes, tantalizingly near, and yet unable through the fortunes of war to ease their aching hearts, unable to answer yet the ever-gnawing question in their minds, "Are our families safe, have they suffered during the long silence of these past years?" Fate and the desire to serve their adopted country had placed them aboard this tremendous battle-ship

where lived the man who was at that moment directing tremendous naval operations in the Western Pacific, whose orders would each day release fliers from the carriers, going in to bomb Manila and Luzon - their homes. Yet never once did they flinch, because they knew and realized that without the issuing of such orders, their country could not be free from the Japanese tyranny from which it had suffered too long.

~~Sumner~~ One could talk for hours about them, about boys like Tulau and the work they have done and are doing in this war. Many human little incidents come to mind. One forgets, easily and quite understandably, in the tremendous excitement of reading of the successes in battle of great men like Admiral Halsey and others, that they must live, as far as possible, a normal life during the critical days of anxiety and tremendous responsibility. They must eat, sleep and always be fit to face another day, bringing with it, perhaps, good, perhaps bad news. Little Tulau, during the terrific battle of the Philippine Seas, and later during the attacks on Formosa and the China Coast, was always ready with coffee, always at his elbow, anxious to help in his own way the master he adores so, always wishing to do some little thing to help the tired men through the long night watches on the bridge. Even his own Admiral did not know that during all of the time the battle of the Philippine Sea, when Tulau seemed to be always there when wanted, that he still had time to go down to the galley, and direct his own little operation, the making of a birthday cake for his master, whose birthday fell on October 30th. A birthday cake the like of which had never been seen, an exact replica in icing and filling of the flagship they were all aboard. Tulau's own operation was going on successfully while Admiral Halsey was above on the bridge, directing another successful operation, which was to spell disaster to the Japanese fleet. There was no prouder person aboard ship than Tulau, when he and his band of Filipino helpers carried in to the Admiral their own contribution to the birthday party, spent at sea.

Tulau can be vehement too, as one quickly finds by asking him if he is going to Japan with the Admiral. "Yes of course, and I will walk behind the Emperor Hirohito when he is led up the main street of Tokyo by my master, and if he falters, I will prod him on his way from behind!"

Loyalty such as Tulau's and his countrymen does not die, it is wonderful to see, and an inspiration to a tired world, a world tired of war and strife. Meeting you, and talking to you Tulau, makes us feel humble, and proud too, that we have shaken your hand. May your wishes be granted, may you find the dear family who for too long have been forced to serve the Japanese rule, and may the years to come still find you serving the grand fighting Admiral of the United States Navy!



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