

## Zijtak “Doelman” (code BF) van de familie de Baat Doelman (code DD)

**Johanna Cornelia (Hans) de Baat Doelman**, dochter van Jan Pieter (Jan) de Baat Doelman en Agneta (Ida) Schenkel werd geb. te Bloemendaal op 20 mei 1906, ovl. te Applegate, Jacksonville, Oregon [Verenigde Staten] op 18 nov 2003. Studeerde in Amsterdam en vertrok in 1928 per boot naar Amerika waar ze studeerde aan het Ripon College in Wisconsin. Zij behaalde in 1929 haar “Bachelor of Arts”.

Om in haar onderhoud te voorzien handelde zij in onroerend goed.

Zij trouwde (onwettig) (1) te Brentbridge, Londen [Groot Brittanië] op 19 nov 1932 met **Franciscus (Frans) Welter**, geb. te Gouda op 27 feb 1876, zn van Johannes Franciscus Welter en Maria Jacoba Lans. Ovl. te Semarang [Indonesië] op 2 aug 1944. (Frans was getrouwd te Hoorn op 20 aug 1904 met **Alide Terwogt**, geb. Hoorn 16 nov 1879 en had uit dit huwelijk kinderen).



*Hans met haar twee zoontjes*

Uit het partnerschap van Frans Welter en Hans de Baat Doelman werd een tweeling geboren:

1. **Johannes Welter (Hans) [de Baat] Doelman**, geb. te Brussel [België] op 30 mrt 1933, tr. 22 aug. 1959 met **Eva Virgin**, geb. te Stockholm [Zweden] 15 aug 1935/6?. Huwelijk ontbonden in 1988. Huwde 2° Pacific Grove (Cal.), 28 dec. 19?? **Ann Zuber**, geb. Cleveland, Ohio, 12 aug. 1938, dr van James William Zuber en Suzanne Nanette Baumann. Zij was eerder gehuwd met de heer ? Wilson, uit welk huwelijk 3 kinderen voortkwamen.  
Kinderen uit 1° huwelijk: (details onbekend)
  1. Steve Doelman, geb. Palo Alto, Cal 30 oct 1959.
  2. Jan Doelman, geb. Palo Alto, Cal 2 jun 1961.
  3. Erik W. Doelman, geb. Santa Clara, Cal 30 may 1965.



*Hans Doelman*



*Hans en Ann in Zeeland (2008)*

2. **Franciscus Welter (Frans) [de Baat] Doelman**, geb. te Brussel [België] op 30 mrt 1933, tr. te Arlington [Verenigde Staten] in 1959 met **Ruth Stork**.  
Kinderen: details onbekend.

1. Mark Doelman.
2. Cathey Doelman, tr. Craig Hawkins.
3. Christina Doelman, tr. Dwight Martin.

Hans en Frans hebben hun naam verkort tot Doelman. Zij deden dit toen zij genaturaliseerd werden.

**Johanna Cornelia (Hans) de Baat Doelman**, tr. (2) in 1963 met **Eugène Dirksen**, zn van Jan Cornelis Dirksen en Jacoba Hermina van Eeghen, geb. op 1 jul 1897, ovl. te Las Palmas [Spanje] op 29 jul 1976. Dit huwelijk werd in 1964 ontbonden.

In 1976 bezocht Hugo Doeleman, de samensteller van deze stamboom, mevrouw E.M. Reesink-Welter in Amsterdam. Zij was de dochter van Frans Welter en Alide Terwogt. Zij vertelde dat haar vader nooit gescheiden is van zijn vrouw Alide Terwogt. Haar vader was met de handschoen getrouwd toen hij als tabaksplanter in Nederlands Indië werkte met de dominees dochter Terwogt uit Hoorn. Later werd Alide Terwogt ziek, haar been moest worden geamputeerd. Dit gebeurde in Nederland. F. Welter had ook niet zo'n beste gezondheid en verbleef daarom vaak in Nice.

Ankie, een dochter van Frans en Alide, was bevriend met Hans de Baat Doelman. Hans was een beeldschoon meisje met een zeer rijke fantasie. Haar fantasie was zo sterk dat deze werkelijkheid werd. Hans zou een baan<sup>1</sup> krijgen in Amerika en vertrok met de boot. Zij werd vergezeld door Ankie en haar vader. Frans Welter was een charmante man en had een knap voorkomen.

Tijdens de reis ontstond een verhouding tussen Frans en Hans. Ankie verfoeide dit en haatte vanaf die tijd haar vader en vriendin.

De verhouding tussen Frans en Hans bleef bestaan, zij het dat ze vaak ruzie hadden. Beiden hebben gescheiden gewoond te Nice en later in Indië.

Hans werd zwanger van Frans. Een twee-eiige tweeling werd geboren in Brussel. Hans werd door Frans onderhouden. Dit heeft consequenties gehad voor mevrouw Reesink, omdat zij niet meer verder mocht studeren en financieel beknot werd.

Hans zou niet met geld kunnen omgaan, zij had een gat in haar hand. Eens wilde zij een paard hebben, maar dat heeft Welter geweigerd.

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<sup>1</sup> Later bleek dat zij een jaar ging studeren in Amerika



*Op weg naar Amerika, 2<sup>e</sup> van links is Hans en naast haar met pijp staat Frans Welter*

Volgens een brief van het Rode Kruis zou Frans Welter in een kamp te Semarang zijn overleden. Hij wenste nooit te scheiden van zijn eerste vrouw. Hij had een levensverzekering afgesloten ten gunste van Hans en een studieverzekering ten gunste van de kinderen. De zoon Hans zou lijken op zijn moeder en de ander op Frans. Mevrouw Reesink veronderstelt dat haar moeder nooit iets geweten heeft van deze verhouding. Haar vader heeft nooit geweten dat zij iets wist. Zij vernam het van een tante. Mevrouw Reesink wilde graag weten hoe haar vader de laatste jaren heeft geleefd. Daarom wilde zij Hans een keer schrijven om dit te vragen. Na de oorlog is Hans dus in Amerika gaan wonen.



*1938 in België*

Aanvulling:

Anna Elisabeth (Ankie) Welter, geb. Palembang 30-8-1905. Ovl. Amsterdam 22-9-1973 tr. Amsterdam 5-9-1934 Albertus Johannes Adrianus Fehr, geb. Alkmaar 12.10.1906, zn. van Adrianus Johannes Fehr en Lucretia Sibilla Catharina Kijlstra; leraar Frans; Ovl. Amsterdam 23.02.1992.

Volgens haar broer Henk, heeft Hans veel later in Amerika wel een paard gekocht. Zij vroeg aan haar man Dirksen huishoudgeld om boodschappen te gaan doen en kwam thuis met een paard.



*Hans met haar paard Pepper.*

Toen Nederlands-Indië in de oorlog door Japan bezet werd, kwam het gezin in een kamp terecht. Later zette Frans zijn herinnering aan die tijd op papier;

*Written August 1959*

### ***SOME HISTORY OF HANS & FRANS DOELMAN FROM 1940 TO 1946***

*It seems so long ago now, the Second World War. It affected all of us in one way or another. This is just the story of a boy who was exposed to the hardships of prison camps and the lessons he gained from the experience.*

*We, our happy family of four, consisting of twin boys, father, and mother, were forced to leave Europe late in 1939. We were more fortunate than most because we were Dutch citizens, and had Dutch passports. This enabled us to travel through France and Spain, and reach Lisbon, where we stepped on board the very crowded liner, Exeter, bound for New York.*

*New York was exciting, but my father, who had spent most of his life in the Dutch East Indies, decided to continue on to Java. He little suspected the rise of the Japanese Empire.*

*Time rolled on and two short months after our arrival in New York we were once more upon an ocean. On the luxurious liner "the Dempo", of the Holland-America line, there were only a dozen passengers and cargo. For my brother and me it was a fairy tale. We were the only children aboard so we had the entire staff of the children's deck at our disposal. We lived as royalty for that month at sea. We learned how to swim, were allowed on the Captain's deck, and ran crying from the noisy engine room. There was one moment of fear when a submarine was spotted on the horizon. It proved a false alarm and the fairy tale continued till we arrived at the port of Batavia.*

*My father took our family to the small town of Batoe, a few miles from Malang. We had a pleasant flat roofed, white house and many servants. This peace continued until December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1941; that fateful day of the Pearl Harbor disaster.*

*It did not take the Japanese long to take over the Dutch East Indies. There was little resistance and suddenly we found ourselves subjected to our captor's whims. For a few months life continued normally. Then they started to ship able bodied men away to only God knows where. My father was 67, suffered from high blood pressure and emphysema. They could not use him and so he remained with us. Everyone was scared. The next step of the Japanese was to put all the remaining white families in a special section of the town of Malang. Still, life was not bad, as we bought our own food and were allowed to keep some servants.*

*Then came the day they ordered everyone to prepare to leave for prison camps. They did not tell us where. We were told to make mattresses that could be rolled into a small roll. This was done by stitching a folded sheet every ten inches and filling it with cotton. We were only allowed a minimum of baggage. We took what we could.*

*The trip on the train to Semarang, where I was to spend the next 2 ½ years, was horrible. We were packed together like cattle, the windows were boarded, there was no water, and it was unbearably hot. People could not sleep and we did not know what our fate was to be.*

*Finally we arrived at a huge camp, Karang Panes, where we all lined up and the Japanese inspected our baggage and took what they desired. They left us very little. A few articles of clothing remained to us, everything else was taken.*

*Our family and another of four were assigned to a large room. This one room, 25' by 20', was to be my home for the next year and a half. There was a boy in the other family who was the same age as I and had even been born on the same day. He suffered from epileptic seizures. It was terrible to sit in that room and suddenly see him fall on the ground twisting and foaming at the mouth in his game with death.*

*My father became ill and went to the hospital. The lack of food, his age, and his previous illnesses were too much for him and he died. It was just as well, for he could never have lived till the end of the war. Only two months after his death our family was separated. My mother remained in the camp, my brother and I went to Camp Bangkong. All boys over 10 years old were sent to boys camps. My father would have gone somewhere else and he certainly would have died without us. We know where he is buried; he was number 110 on his grave. My mother was allowed to see him lowered into his grave. Later the Japanese buried the dead in a common grave without names or markings.*

*The camp my brother and I found ourselves in was an old convent. There were a total of 1400 boys between the ages of 10 and 15, and disabled, old men, useless for work.*

*Everything had been removed and the Japanese had built long flat benches, as many as possible, in a room. The benches were about two feet off the floor. The boys slept on these next to each other on the space that their mattress covered, about 3' by 6'. This was all the space one could call one's own, and the few belongings that remained were put at the head of the bed.*

*No one had shoes, shirts, or underwear. We wore shorts and felt fortunate to have close to a half-dozen pair each. I had one eating dish which resembled a baby potty and a spoon. We received very little food. In the morning we were given a sticky white substance that to this day I cannot name. It was something like clothes starch and would get thick and jelly-like. It had no taste and very little food value. We had nothing to put on it. At noon we would receive less than a cup of rice and some vegetables. For all those years I saw no meat, eggs, or milk. It is amazing how very little the human body needs to exist. I clearly remember my first can of Spam and canned milk after the war. As long as I live I shall never forget the unbelievable wealth and joy those two simple everyday items brought me.*

*No one should ever complain if his belly is full and tomorrow is theirs!*

*Early every morning, and at night, we had roll call. All would line up in their group and count in Japanese. Endlessly, at the whim of the commander, we had to run outside and jump to attention. This occurred at all hours of the day or night, and sometimes we had to remain for hours.*

*Whenever a Japanese guard passed we had to bow from the waist down till he passed us we were not allowed to look at him. Worse than either of these humiliations were the lice. They attacked you and crawled all over you. Attempts to kill them off were unfruitful.. Finally it became so bad we had to burn our sleeping benches and sleep on the floor. At least one could then sleep at night.*

*During the day most of us had to go out in the fields and work with a patjol (a hoe with a large head). The sun was terribly hot and we accomplished little. Yet we stayed out there all day and marched home late at night, weary and listless. In the camp the Japanese shut off the water from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm.*

*One day a fellow was caught stealing some food. We marched home and the Japanese proceeded to beat the poor boy with their heavy army belts. They claimed he had accomplices and he was to point them out. We were all lined up on two sides. The Japanese would take him in a room, beat him, and then send him back out. He begged for someone to admit that they had also stolen, for he couldn't bring himself to point anyone out. He was beaten till he was black and blue, but we could do nothing. So we just stood in the sun and eventually they quit beating him and we never saw him again. They said they would not feed us again unless someone confessed. No one did, but 36 hours later they gave us food once more.*

*Another time an old man somehow got a knife and tried to kill a Japanese guard. They tied him to a chair in the center of the plaza and left him there in the hot sun, day after day, until he was insane.*

*Another irritation was the night watch of two hours. Over the entire camp were routes we had to walk for two hours to prevent our fellow prisoners from trading with the Javanese for food. It was difficult to keep walking in our condition, and in all my tours I walked the two hours only once. This was when my companion was afraid and refused to sit down. I hated him for his cowardliness.*

*And then one day, August 23, 1945, two Dutch planes passed over and dropped pamphlets telling us the war was over. There was much rejoicing but the Japanese were still in full control. However the food became better and we began trading with the Javanese for food. We bartered dearly for food with the few pieces of garments we had left. My brother and I found our way to my mother's camp. She was 5'10" and weighed 85 pounds at that time. Still there were no troops to take over the conquered Japanese.*

*Then a new problem arose. The Indonesian fanatics surfaced. They had suffered under the hands of the Japanese too, and had long wanted their independence from the Dutch. Their cry was "kill anything that is white". Soon it was unsafe to venture outside of the prison compound.*

*The Japanese remained loyal to us at our camp, and fought the Javanese to save our lives. They would go out and search the villages and burn the entire village if so much as one weapon was found. They shot, on sight, any Javanese wearing the Indonesian flag, red on top white on bottom. How ironic life can be! Here for almost three years, they had slowly starved us to death, only to save our lives now against the Indonesians. Some of the boys I knew were killed after the war by the Indonesians.*

*Finally, British troops landed, Gurka soldiers from India with British officers and took over from the Japanese. The Indonesian movement became stronger and stronger and life in the camp became more hazardous. Everyone was being evacuated to Singapore as quickly as possible. Again and again the convoys to the harbor filled with women and children were attacked by Indonesians and killed. Once more we lived in fear.*

*It may be hard for American minds to accept the fact that the Indonesian killed women and children. It is necessary to realize that in many countries life means very little and that the codes of conduct, which are second nature to us, may be entirely unknown to them.*

*I'll never forget that dreadful ride to the harbor. It was really a matter of luck to get through. I've never been more afraid in my life. We reached the harbor and were shipped to Singapore where we were put in emergency holding camps. Finally, we had abundant food and were among friends once more at Camp Wilhelmina.*

*We came to the United States in 1946, and now I am serving in the United States Air Force. Looking back after all these years I can only thank the God above who has given me the opportunity to dedicate myself to a country that believes in the individual. I've seen the folly of war, the cruel, useless destruction it causes, and the lives that are destroyed or forever mutilated. I know the value of this country and those unspoken ideals that exist. This is why, today, I am ready to sacrifice my life, to kill, if necessary, just to keep and preserve our America's freedom.*

*December 2004*

*Post Script:*

*I became a citizen in March, 1954.*

*I was on active duty for 13 years flying as a navigator and Radar navigator on B-47 and B-52's. I also had a tour of duty as a Thor-missile officer in England.*

*I got married to Ruth Stork in 1959. We have one son and two daughters. We have 5 granddaughters to add to our family.*

*Upon leaving active duty I became the Air Reserve Technician Navigator for the 446 MAW at McChord AFB in Washington. I managed all navigators for the reserves, scheduled their flights, and was the flight examiner for their check rides. I was an active reservist for 18 years until 1988. I accumulated a little over 14000 hours of flying time and had a military career of 32 years.*

*I still feel the same about America; it is the greatest country for an individual to pursue his or her goals in life. In America anything is possible.*