

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

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Our Mission

In the Spring of 2000, the Archives continued the original efforts of Captain Roger Pineau and William Hudson, and the Archives first attempts in 1992, to gather the papers, letters, photographs, and records of graduates of the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School, University of Colorado at Boulder, 1942-1946. We assemble these papers in recognition of the contributions made by JLS/OLS instructors and graduates to the War effort in the Pacific and the Cold War, to the creation of East Asian language programs across the country, and to the development of Japanese-American cultural reconciliation programs after World War II.

Harold Tsuchiya JLS/OLS Sensei (1899-2002)

Harold Kurao Tsuchiya, 103, a language instructor at the Defense Language Institute, died Nov. 14 at his home. He was born Nov. 7, 1899, in Numazu, Japan, and lived in Monterey County for 51 years. During World War II he served as a Japanese Language instructor at the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School at the University of Colorado in Boulder, Colorado. He earned a bachelor's degree from Stetson University in Florida, then went on to earn another degree in theology from the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary in Chicago. He received a master's degree from Winona Lake School of Theology. He owned property in Monterey, California.

*David Hays and from
The Monterey County Herald
November 21, 2002, Page B1*

A GAIJIN GROWS UP

SCENE THREE

It is April, 1945. The landing at Okinawa is proceeding, but my transport has been crippled by a kamikaze plane. (After high school, I had attended Oberlin College for one year, then was accepted into the Navy Japanese Language School.

Commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps upon graduation, I was assigned to the Second Marine Division. That unit was offshore at Okinawa, preparing to participate in the battle.) The ship is dead in the water, its list stabilized but very low in the water. In addition to the Japanese pilot, many U.S. sailors are dead and many more seriously burned. The crew will remain with the ship, but the marines are being transferred to other transports. It is a long process, and my small unit is resting on the top deck, near the smokestack. It is a bright, cloudless day, and I remember a strange feeling of peacefulness. It is a feeling I have shared with other veterans: true, a serious disaster has taken place, it is entirely possible the ship may sink, dead and wounded comrades lie far below, and our own future holds many dangers--but there is nothing we can do about it. For the moment, all is well; time for a smoke and a game of cards. (To be Cont'd)

*A. J. Downs
JLS 1944*

A Rice Alumnus

When I graduated from high school in 1938, I could not have afforded to go to college. Rice offered me an exceptional opportunity. My education at Rice has turned out be priceless. At Rice, I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, which has had a great influence on my life. Because of being in PBK, I went to the Navy Japanese Language

School at the University of Colorado, took my commission in the Marine Corps, and am a veteran of the battles of Guam and Iwo Jima. I feel that my Rice education gave me a sound foundation for graduate school at Columbia University.

To help repay Rice, I have participated in a number of alumni activities. I served the last six years as the Class Notes reporter for the Class of 1942. I assisted in raising funds for the Student Memorial Center and represented alumni on the Library Committee and the Speaker Selection Committee (2 years). I also assisted in fundraising for the Golden Anniversary Scholarship for the Class of 1942. I continue to serve on the committee to interview prospective students. I am a member of Rice Associates and the James A. Baker Society. I also give annually to Rice.



**Aubrey '42 and Sylvia Farb
Houston, TX**

As my wife and I got older, we decided to create a charitable gift annuity where we could convert our appreciated securities into an income stream, with the remaining amount benefiting Rice and the Shepherd School. Establishing a charitable gift annuity was a way of helping the school I love.

I served eight years as a visiting professor in accounting at Rice. I enjoyed teaching and seeing my students become successful in business and law. I came to Rice when I was 16 and had some of the best times of my life. I have so many stories but

can't recount them all here. I'm proud to have my grandson, Evan Colton, from Washington, D.C., at Rice. He is a history major in Sid Richardson College.

*Aubrey Farb
Giving to Rice
Rice University, 1942
JLS 1944*

Reminiscences Of a JLO (3)

My first tour of duty beyond Boulder was brief and illuminating, both from the Navy's and me-as-tourist standpoints. I was sent by train to New York City for a kind of "Officer's Finishing School" (by then I had my officer's commission, Ensign; out of gob's uniform as Yeoman 2nd Class, and into an officer's uniform with one stripe.) Few of the Navy's traditions and practices had intruded on the Language School agenda. So our Boulder graduating class, a gaggle of newly fledged ensigns, was to get a quick indoctrination. We were put up in the Henry Hudson Hotel, not far from Central Park.

The brief encounter with Navy "regs," enemy aircraft recognition and basic shipboard protocol took two weeks, so coated with this thin veneer of Navy ritual and lore, I was assigned to my next post, Pearl Harbor; but not without a brief and final leave in San Francisco. Lyle and I were together again, for the last time until the War was over. We made the best of our brief togetherness in San Francisco: sightseeing and relaxing. Then we parted, Lyle back to my parents, the A.W. Kruckeborgs and Janet, and me to Hawaii on a slow troop ship.

Pearl Harbor had become the epicenter of Naval operations in the Pacific. I was assigned to a small "filament" in that complex network of intense activity -- "an overkill". The unit, JICPOA (Joint Intelligence Center Pacific Ocean Area) was a stone's throw

from CINCPAC, Admiral Nimitz's headquarters. I remember seeing the admiral out for a walk with his dog in the evenings. The JICPOA section to which I was assigned was the Captured Document Center. I was given the task of translating items on chemical warfare – presumably because I was a biologist. From 1600 hours to midnight, my lot was the dull monotony of converting Japanese to English, with constant recourse to the Japanese/English dictionaries at hand. Daytime was much more to my liking, spiced up with social and academic contacts at the University of Hawaii. The campus was situated in Manoa Valley, just back of Honolulu. It was a lovely campus in those days, richly planted with tropical trees and shrubs.

Botany at the University of Hawaii during wartime was a Spartan enterprise, only two faculty, Charles Engard (physiology and anatomy) and Harold St. John (taxonomy). St. John was away for most of the time I was there as one of the several botanists employed by the government to find new sources of cinchona bark for the antimalarial drug, quinine. A third botanist whom I got to know best was Isabella Abbott, an algologist and ethnobotanist. She knew Hawaiian flora very well. She, her husband Don, and I met again at Berkeley after the War. Izzie proved to be a great and long lasting friend. She is now back in Hawaii after many years at Hopkins Marine Station near Monterey, California. We still correspond.

Besides TA-ing in general botany at the University, I could indulge in other botanical pursuits. Most memorable were hikes in the mountains back of Honolulu [*Biologists and their nature hikes – like Bill Amos and Tom Polhemus*]. The Mt. Tantalus trail was the gateway to the remote cloud forests of the Koolau Range. I became rather adept at identifying the indigenous, often highly endemic flora. Dominating the lush slopes were the endemic acacia (*A. koa*, the useful Koa to Hawaiians) and *Aleurites moluccana* (the candle tree). *Ohia lehua*, *Metrosideros* spp., was also common.

The view from the ridges of the Koolau Range was spectacular. I could look down on Honolulu, Diamond Head, and Pearl Harbor on the leeward side of the Range. Then on the Windward side was the grand view of the Kaneohe beaches at the foot of the precipitous, vegetated cliffs – the spectacular “pali”. Hikes were mostly with Dr. Engard (Chuck), Eddie Hosaka and Dick Cowan. Dick was then a chubby young Seabee, later to become a well-known legume specialist and chair of botany at the Smithsonian. (to be cont'd)

Arthur R. Kruckeberg
JLS 1944

Creshkoff to Stonehill

Dear Gerald:

Who would have thought that we would be reconnecting as octogenarians?

I knew Ivan [Morris] from Kirkland House as well as Boulder, but had no further direct link to him, except in his public roles at Columbia and Amnesty International. (To be sure, one of my daughters took a summer course in Japanese history and culture at Columbia, and she was impressed by her father's actually having known so distinguished a personage.) Obviously, you would have more to contribute about him than I.

My own memories of you aside from Boulder stem from our joint ROTC stint during Freshman year and, of course, that extraordinary togetherness experience in V-12 at Eliot House. Given your professional interests, I wonder whether you have had any occasion to be in touch with Noel Lee, who has lived in Paris these many years.

Of other possible mutual connections -- Over the years, I have been quite close to Tom Buchanan, who may have been in your Boulder Russian group as well as in your class at Exeter. I see Jim Harper occasionally at the H Club in NYC. And for a few months after the '46 Fiftieth Reunion, I had some contact with David Shepherd.

Larry Creshkoff
OLS 12/44-8/45

[Ed. Note: Mr. Creshkoff contacted me for Mr. Stonehill's address following “Not a Forgotten Enterprise” in issue #93A, a while back. Following our contact, Mr. Creshkoff gave us a number of JLS/OLS names and addresses. When I contacted Thompson Buchanan, I found out that he was the consul in Leningrad when my brother was assigned to that Consulate in the late 70s. It turned out they had fond memories of each other.]

Stonehill has since had health problems and has dropped off the mailing list.]

Russian OLSer

(Cont'd) A young female member of the consulate staff who had been stationed in the Calcutta Consulate reporting on the price of jute for the Office of Economic Warfare took advantage of the situation to become the executive secretary of the head of ESD44 and thus was moved to Shanghai. ESD44 occupied the top floor of the New Development Building, owned by T.V. Soong, then the Foreign Minister, and occupied as well by the American Consulate and by the office of the Assistant Naval Attaché.

Given that I was in Naval Intelligence, it was natural that I visit the ESD44 offices to consult the Director, where I rapidly came to admire and soon began to pay court to the executive secretary. Her older sister had arrived in China many years before with her husband, who, after a pre-war stint with Socony-Vacuum, was an executive with Caltex, the U.S. oil company. They thus were prominent in the community of Old China Hands, which gave us entree to a vibrant social life.

My wife's sister and her children had been evacuated on the same vessel as the 4th Marines and had spent the war years in Marin County. Her husband stayed behind but was ultimately exchanged and ended up in Chungking, supervising the supply of aviation gas to the Flying Tigers. My suit was undoubtedly aided by the fact that I possessed the first post-war American car in Shanghai. My father, who had been serving as an Army Reserve officer but was invalidated by a heart attack in

1944, had, upon his return to Seattle, gone to his good friend the Buick dealer and ordered the first three cars to be received once production resumed. He drove one car to Vancouver, B.C. and had it shipped to me in Shanghai.

In any event, matters progressed to the point where the young lady in question and I were married in Shanghai in the autumn of 1946 and went to live in the apartment of the elderly daughter of a former Canadian diplomat, who had over the years become a member of a large gaggle of Chinese ladies who loved to play mah-jongg, a very noisy game indeed, at all hours. My bride and I had an extremely active social life and enjoyed ourselves hugely. Finally, in July 1947, the Navy appointed me an Assistant Naval Attaché at the embassy in Moscow as a ploy to enable myself and my wife to travel via the Trans-Siberian railroad from Vladivostok to Moscow.

However, the Soviets were not about to permit such a trip by two Americans whom they were aware had been involved in intelligence activity. (to be cont'd)

H.H. Cloutier
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: What an interesting tale! More to come from this Russian JLSer. By the way, Neville passed and Cronin has not been found.]

Ridge Harlan has passed away.
Obituary will follow in a future issue.

George R. Waggoner OLS 1945 (Malay) College Dean

Born to George F. and Verna (Ruble) Waggoner in Wagoner, Oklahoma on February 4, 1916, George Ruble Waggoner graduated with a BA from the University of Kansas in 1936, received his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin in 1939 and 1947. He married Helen L. Talbert in 1941, with whom he had 3 children, Jane Catherine, Margaret Louise, and Sarah Verna. In 1962, he married Barbara F. Ashton. He was an instructor in English at the University of Kansas from 1938

to 1941. He joined the US Navy reserve in 1942, attending the Malay Program at the US Navy Oriental Language School in the Spring of 1944. Following the War, he was hired as an instructor of English Literature at Penn. State College in 1947, and as a associate and later an assistant professor of English at the University of Indiana, from 1948 to 1953. At Indiana, he was also assistant dean of the college of arts and sciences from 1948 to 1952, associate dean from 1952 to 1954. He later transferred back to the University of Kansas, where he became full professor of English and dean of the college of arts and sciences from 1954 to 1973, by which time he was on leave as advisor, office of Planning and University Secretary, National Council Universities, Caracas, Venezuela. He was a counselor to Latin American Universities and the Director of the Seminar on Higher Education in the Americas from 1963-1973. He was a member of the American Association of University Professors, the Modern Language Association, the Renaissance Association of America, the Latin American Association, the Comparative and International Education Society, Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Delta Pi, and Sigma Chi. He was author with Barbara Ashton Waggoner of *Universities of the Caribbean region--struggles to democratize : an annotated bibliography* (Boston, Mass. : G.K. Hall, c1986); Seminar on Higher Education in the Americas (12th : 1972) *Autonomía, planificación, coordinación, innovaciones : perspectivas latinoamericanas : [informe del duodecimo Seminario de Educación Superior en las Americas]* / editores, Ana Herzfeld, Barbara Ashton Waggoner, George R. Waggoner, (Lawrence : Escuela de Artes Liberales y Ciencias, Universidad de Kansas, 1972); *Education in Central America* / by George R. Waggoner and Barbara Ashton Waggoner, (Lawrence : University Press of Kansas [1971]). He was also a frequent contributor to professional journals. He made his long term residence in

Lawrence, Kansas. I believe he passed away in the 1990s.

Who's Who in America, 1974
& David M. Hays
Archivist and Editor

Reminiscences Of a JLO (4)

After several months of duty at Pearl Harbor (and fun and games at the University), I was shipped out for sea duty with the 3rd Amphibious Group, commanded by Admiral Connelly. My assignment on his flagship, the *USS Appalachian*, (AGC-1), was to serve as Japanese language officer on the intelligence staff; I must have set sail from Pearl Harbor. Our unit within the larger 3rd Fleet was a motley mix of attack transport ships, used to carry troops and provide landing craft for amphibious landings in the central and western Pacific. My duties were simple, at first ... before our first landing operation. I "stood watch" along with the other officers of the intelligence section of the Admiral's flag staff. Lt. Cdr. Stevenson was the officer in charge of our close-knit group. Watch duties were routine: logging in radio messages transmitted to our flotilla. Only months later did we conduct our true mission – landing troops on Japanese-held islands. After bypassing some of the lesser known Japanese strongholds, such as Yap, Palau, etc., did we finally see action – the Battle of the Philippines. General Douglas MacArthur had vowed to return to the Philippines. It was our naval duty to help retake the islands, via bombardment and landing troops. The first assault was on the southern island of Leyte. This was a major operation with spectacular and massive naval and air bombardment of enemy island positions. Witnessing the assault on Leyte from the deck of our ship was a terrifyingly grand spectacle [As Robert.E. Lee said, *looking at the carnage on the field of Fredericksburg*, "It is well that war is so terrible, otherwise we should grow too fond of it"]. Several nearby ships were either severely damaged or sunk by the then common suicidal stratagem of

Japanese pilots – *kamikaze*, dive-bombing smack into our vessels. On the third day of the battle, MacArthur went ashore to utter those historical words, "I have returned." During this major landing operation and successful taking of Japanese positions on the island, I was called upon to use my Japanese language, mostly to interrogate Japanese prisoners. One night, en route to Leyte, I was sent to the radio room to monitor enemy voice radio – I utterly failed at this – too fast and too cryptic! After the liberation of Philippines, our fleet moved up to Manila Harbor on the Island of Luzon. There we began "staging" for the final assault and landing on the Japanese islands proper. (to be cont'd)

Arthur R. Kruckeberg
JLS 1944

New Recruits

Bryson, John S. JLS 1942-
Carman, Donald N. OLS 1945-
Chesnut, G. OLS 1945 Russian
Forbes, C. A. OLS 1945 Russian
Goodman, Grant K. Army JLS
Herweg, John B. OLS 1946
Levine, Allan L. OLS
Mittica, Nicholas M. kin
Moon, Clyde J. OLS
Paulson, Roland M. OLS
Sample, Norris L. OLS
Schumacher, F. G. OLS 1945
Winkelman, Howard A. OLS

Bevan Correction

Dr. William Bevan held the position of Provost at Kansas State University, Johns Hopkins University and Duke University, and was President of the American Psychological Association. Mrs. Bevan mentioned on the phone that although many universities urged Dr. Bevan to apply for the post of president, he always declined, believing that the office of provost was the better position.

Sino-Soviet Expert Walter P. Southard 1920-1999

SOUTHARD, Bud (Walter P.) Age 79 [OLS 1944 Russian] A twenty-year resident of Goleta, California, Bud was born February 18, 1920 in Cleveland, Ohio, the eldest child of Walter P Sr and Alice Powell Southard. After graduating from Kenyon College (Garbier, Ohio) Bud enlisted in the Navy and was sent

to the Navy Language School in Boulder, Colorado. He then served in the Aleutians and in China.

In 1948 Bud joined the Central Intelligence Agency where he worked for 30 years as a political analyst on problems associated with Sino-Soviet relations and the Chinese Communist Party. His work was so highly regarded that in a recently published work on US - China relations he was referred to as "the legendary analyst."

Bud's other interests included literature, especially poetry, and he published a number of poems and stories. He loved baseball and greatly enjoyed coaching Little League, where he taught players how to pitch with control and how to hit the fastball, and taught players alike a proper perspective in sports and on life. He is survived by his wife, Kathleen Southard, of the home; a son, Jonathan Southard, of Santa Barbara, California; and a sister, Patricia Gourlay, of Oneota, New York.

<http://www.obitcentral.com/obitsearch/obits/ca/ca-santabarbara42.htm>

From Camp Koza To Teaching Music

Our Japanese class (4/11/45) was transferred to Stillwater, OK, in July '45. All five of us (Cressman, Donnelly, Carman, Hills, Spiers) were sorry to have to leave the Boulder school [you weren't the only sorry ones,... "Ooooklahoooooma, where the wind blows...."]. When the Pacific phase of WWII ended, we were offered the chance to complete the course, thus serving at least a year in Japan in MacArthur's Military Group, or transferring to Naval Intelligence and serving until our retirement points enabled us to return to civilian life (or allowed us to be released from active duty. I elected the latter choice, was sent to Military Government on Okinawa, where I was asked to interrogate Japanese prisoners of war. There were still hundreds of Japanese soldiers in Northern Okinawa who had not surrendered, and we were to try to learn how many were still hiding out on the northern part of the island. The US invasion had

been concentrated on the southern part, site of cities Naha and Shuri. The northern part of Okinawa was sparsely populated, mostly forested.

Among the most exciting episodes during my time on Okinawa began with a rumor (from Japanese prisoners) that hundreds of Japanese soldiers still at large were planning a Banzai attack on New Years Eve, figuring that all the Americans would be drunk. So we were all issued weapons and ordered to prepare for action. Our contingent (Camp Koza) was assembled in the mess hall until about 3 AM, when we decided that a spy had informed the Japanese that we were ready for the attack, which did not materialize. (to be cont'd)

Ralph Hills
OLS 4/45-

[Ed. Note: Mr. Hills has already called Mr. Spiers and wanted to find Mr. Carman. It turned out that we found Hills and Carman a week apart in January 2007. I exchanged addresses with both of them and hope they had a great time reacquainting themselves with each other.]

Kaya Kitagawa Sugiyama

Subject lady was a 1945 CU graduate, was daughter of Sensei (and M.D. of San Francisco) Kitagawa, and assisted Florence Walne with both administration and instructional duties. As I and other gents at JLS recall, Kaya was a spark on a very sparkling CU campus. Her father was a popular sensei and, because of normal temporary substitution and rotation, probably taught most or all members of our "Summer Group" July 1943 graduating class, during our 14 months.

Having heard that she was (and is) a docent at the Asian Art Museum here in SF, and that she and husband Masao (a DDS in SF) live in SF, I wanted to arrange a meeting. This was done by two neighbors of ours, both affiliated with that Museum. This took place on 17 March 2007, at an authentic Japanese restaurant in SF, to which I invited JLS Feb1943 grad and close friend, Bob

Sheeks. A photo of the 3 CU/JLS alumni and a couple of other items will be in the "snail mail" to you tomorrow.

Kaya's address is: Kaya Sugiyama, 1400 Geary Blvd, #6J, San Francisco, CA 94109. Phone is 415/567-6965. She mentioned that she had begun some contact with you, had not followed through, and is not yet on *The Interpreter* mailing list [She has been since this email]. I believe that she has several items which may be of interest to your high performance Archives operation, and these will be mentioned.

Dan S. Williams
JLS 1943

Marylou Siegfried Williams

[Marylou Passed away several years ago. I found this statement in the 1993 WAVE50th reunion Book.] I was born on December 4, 1922 in Seattle, Washington. My family moved to Palo Alto, California when I was eight months old. I was educated in the Palo Alto Schools through high school and spent two years in a four-year music major at San Jose State College (now University). Having decided that languages were my true bent I matriculated at Stanford and took on a summer job copying reference material for a researcher at the Hoover Institute, decidedly pre-Xerox. My sister Victoria and I traveled to Seattle, Alberta, and ultimately to Boulder, where I fell in love with the idea of four seasons and yielded to her advice to enter the University of Colorado, thus becoming the first member of my immediate family not to attend Stanford.

I graduated in August, 1942, Phi Beta Kappa, Magna Cum Laude in General Honors with a major in German and minor in French and European History. I received my Master's at Yale in 1943. Wanting to aid the war effort and again taking Vicki's advice, I contacted Cdr. Hindmarsh in Washington and returned to Boulder to enter the JLS on July 19, 1943. (Yes, my interview was also cursory!)

The rest, as they say, is history. After the Smith College

indoctrination I was assigned to mail routing duty in the office of Cdr. Spinks and Col. Bales, along with Margaret Jackson and Betty Levine. We were never sure just how the three of us were selected, but there was a strong suspicion that the Navy just didn't know what to make of the sudden onslaught of a large group of women.

With great relief we were returned to the flock at the Steuart Building, to do various kinds of translation. Margaret and I combed the daily dispatches to record information of all kinds on prominent "personalities." This led to a baffling acquaintance with the Japanese version of "Who's who," including the honorific language used only for members of the nobility. We were called upon at the end of the war to compile our facts into a document that earned a small note of thanks initialed by Secretary Forrestal. As is, I suppose, intelligence practice, we hadn't the slightest idea what use was made of our work, except that it was so highly classified that our yeoman, who had typed our file cards, was not allowed to type the document. (to be cont'd)

Marylou Siegfried Williams
WAVE JLS 1944

Tinian Tale

Thanks for the recent pictures of Camp Churo, Military Government on Tinian [sent as an appendix to *Issues* #106 and #106A, he got the 1943-44 images]. One incident I recall involving the Camp headquarters building in one of the "pics" was drawing evening watch on Christmas Day 1944. All of my colleagues were at the movies seeing Ronald Coleman in *Man in the Iron Mask*. About halfway through the movie, Island Command's air raid siren sounded. Tinian was having nuisance one-bomber air raids which happened on moon-lit nights for three or four months in late 1944. Following standard procedures, I went outside and cranked up, by hand, Camp Churo's siren mounted on a post outside the front door and then went inside and pulled the master electric switch that put

the Camp into darkness, including the movie. The Ronald Coleman epic was shown in its entirety a couple of days later when December had run out of moon-lit nights.

Euan G. Davis
JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: I drew the duty on several Christmas Days and New Years Days as Officer of the Guard and Staff Duty Officer. However, in our case, in Fulda, Germany, only the off duty guys at the O club, NCO Club EM Club or off base at the Gästehäuser were in the process of getting bombed though.]

Harold Rogers is alive, if ill.

Reception at the Tokyo Media Lounge

John Rich, '39, former president of the Foreign Correspondents Club of Japan (Tokyo), returned to the Media Lounge in Tokyo for a reception with his wife, Doris Lee Rich, and their grandson last June. "Jim Brooke laid the groundwork for the evening by writing in the *The New York Times* of Rich's visit earlier in June to Saipan, where 60 years ago as a Marine language officer, he interrogated captured Japanese and helped pull Japanese navy officer Takeo Sato from the ruins of a sniper cave. Rich and Sato renewed their friendship after World War II when Rich was a Tokyo-based correspondent for the International News Service."

From a Tokyo Press Club magazine
article, June 2004
Bowdoin
Winter 2005, V. 76, No. 2
Page 44

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