

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.

A GAIJIN GROWS UP

SCENE FIVE

September, 1945: A hospital at Omura, near Nagasaki. (The occupation has begun without incident; the 2nd Marine Division is responsible for Kyushu.) I am serving as interpreter for a group of American medical officers as we tour the wards of a hospital filled with survivors of the bombing. Many of them are children.

I wish to close these recollections with a poem on which I first wrote in 1946. Even after many revisions, it misses the central horror of the incident, but it is at least a demonstration of the difference between an abstract understanding of the cost of war and the actual witnessing of that cost on an individual human being. It is my present personal opinion that there is never any justification for either the possession or the use of nuclear weapons, by any person, country, or organization. The eventual

prohibition of this terrible weapon from the face of the earth will not come easily or soon; indeed it will not come at all until and unless the world's greatest power begins the process of divesting itself of its stockpile of nuclear weapons.

**NAGASAKI HOSPITAL,
SEPTEMBER, 1945**

"But that was in another country,
And besides, the wench is dead."

Marlowe,
The Jew of Malta
Act IV, Scene One

Besides, the boy is dead...
Still, he will not go away.

* * *

It was hard to guess his age--
Five, perhaps six.
A tent-like sheet, supported by a
kind of frame
Covered him to the neck.

His eyes would not close
And they were not eyes.
He must have faced the flash.

The colonel said, "Ask him how
he feels."

I said, "The nurse says
He cannot speak."

I was the interpreter. I was not
listening to the nurse.
I did not want to hear him.
Seeing was
Enough.

* * *

All that was long ago, and
But for that flash
I might have died on the beach
assigned
To Third Battalion, Second
Marines.

Almost forgotten now, except
When I pass a playground
Or watch my grandson at the
piano
Or my granddaughter
Laughing in the sun.

A.J. Downs
JLS 1944
September, 1995

Russian OLSer

(cont'd) [*Stranded in China*]
Therefore, my wife and I both
resigned our posts and returned
via Honolulu to the U.S., where I
again enrolled at Harvard, from
which I graduated in June 1948
magna cum laude and PBK. I
had visions of becoming a
scholar and remained at Harvard
for one more year to study
Russian intellectual history and
received an M.A. in June 1949.
Commerce then called, but I
retain my interest in Russian
literature and social thought to
this day.

During the years of the
Eisenhower administration,
Eddie Rickenbacker, the
President of Eastern Airlines,
conceived the idea of the People-
to-People programme, intended
to bring together small
groups of ordinary U.S. and
Russian citizens from various
walks of life. The formation of
one such group was that of war
veterans, promoted by Temple
University and a socially
prominent fellow member of
Admiral Settle's 1945 staff
named George Shcherbatov.

Admiral Settle was nominated
to lead this delegation and kindly
asked that I be included as his
aide. We spent three months in
Russia in the summer of 1960,
traveling widely and had a most
interesting time indeed. One of
the veteran luminaries in our
group was a former national
commander of the American
Legion and a political
acquaintance of Nixon's; We
thus were permitted to visit the
American Exposition the day of
the famous Nixon-Khrushchev
Kitchen Debate. Our Intourist
guide was a bright young fellow
and gave me a very penetrating
insight into the everyday life of
ordinary Russians.

I did not return to Russia until
1992 but have been a number of
times since in connection with
my activity as a trader of
petroleum products. At the
moment, I am hoping to make
another visit in

February of next year [*That
would be last February*].

Thus, my experience and
training at Boulder did nothing
to contribute to the prosecution
of WWII but has been of great
value in my later life.

I appreciate that the above
memoir is too lengthy for
publication [*Nope, we print
everything*], but I did want you
to know the reasons which cause
me to look forward
to receiving those little grey
sheets.

H.H. Cloutier
OLS 1945
Lt-JG (Ret.) USNR

**LOUIS ADDISON
WATERS, JR.
OLS 1945 (Russian)
1918-2004**

Lou Waters loved the life of the
mind. He read many languages
and traveled widely; he wrote
fiction, poetry, and scholarly
essays; and his interests
encompassed everything from
astronomy and botany to
psychology, art, music,
philosophy, and myth. He was
born in Syracuse New York, on
September 3, 1918, eldest son of
Louis Addison Waters and
Mildred Bausch Waters; he
attended Andover before earning
his B.A. at Harvard (1940) and
Ph.D. in Comparative Literature
at Columbia (1961) with a
dissertation on William Blake's
poetry. He was an English
professor for 29 years and a
member of the San Jose State
faculty from 1958 to 1981. Lou
served as a Naval Officer
(Ensign to Commander) in WW
II and in the Korean War, with
successive duties as Cryptanalyst
(Japanese Codes), Intelligence
Administrator, and Coordinator
of Language Training, and also
worked a year for the National
Security Agency as a Russian
translator. Eastern thought and
literature had a special place in
his heart, and his spiritual life
was strongly shaped by his study
of Buddhism. Lou was also an
avid backpacker and cherished
the High Sierra. He leaves his

sons Bret and Will, grandchildren Lindsey and Mikaela, former wife Verle, and brothers George and Bob and sister Elizabeth. A memorial will be held on Sunday, May 2 at 4 p.m., at 16 Chestnut St., Los Gatos.

Santa Cruz Sentinel
March 7, 2004

**Robert Starr Kinsman
JLS 1943
Passed March 10, 2006**

**CONVERSATION
BETWEEN MARINES**

[Aubrey Farb, JLS 1944, gave me permission to print the story in the *Rice University* (#112) *Alumni Magazine* and emailed a similar message that I forwarded to a number of JLS/OLS emailers. I include the comments not covered by previous messages (#63).] After the Navy Japanese Language School, I went to Quantico, Virginia for the hardest two months of my life.

After participating in the Guam campaign, in January 1945, we set sail for Iwo Jima. I was lucky, the 3rd MARDIV was held in reserve and we did not land until the 3rd or 4th day. We could watch the fighting and hear it on the radio. Fortunately there were no *kamikaze's* at Iwo.

After Iwo I went back to Guam where we trained for Operation Olympic, the invasion of Japan at Nagasaki.

In August 1945, President Truman ordered the dropping of the two atomic bombs and then the war was over. I heard the broadcast in Japanese and then in English and ran down to the officers club and made the announcement.

Truman will always be my hero. After the war it was determined that the Japanese had fortified the beaches at Nagasaki with *underwater concrete and steel barriers*. (to be cont'd)

Aubrey Farb
JLS 1944

**Reminiscences
Of a JLO (5)**

Botany was not wholly forsaken while I was at sea. I could get

ashore from time to time: New Guinea, the Admiralty Islands and the Philippines (mostly Leyte and Luzon) [*Sounds too much like Patrick O'Brian's Aubrey/Maturin Napoleonic War sea tales, the naturalist Maturin going ashore to exotic isles to seek flora and fauna specimens.*]. While we were in Manila Harbor, I got ashore to dabble in botany in an around Manila and southward on Luzon. Parts of Manila had been destroyed by the intense fighting. Somewhere in my Naval archives, I have a photograph of me standing in the totally devastated Manila Botanic Garden ... only the sign remained! Somehow I was able to contact a prominent Philippine botanist, Dr. Eduardo Quisumbing, a most cordial gentleman. Beside visits to his home and his fine collection of orchids (growing outdoors!), he took me on a memorable trip south of Manila. Our main objective was Mt. Maquiling National Park, south of Los Banos. It was a bewilderingly rich tropical rainforest, made a bit scary by the few Japanese soldiers who has not yet surrendered. We stopped at Los Banos, which had been a flourishing Agricultural Experiment Station until the Japanese had turned it into a POW camp.

Our fleet moved from Manila Bay north to Subic Bay, the long-standing base for the US Navy. But that was not to be. Instead, the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki brought it all to an end. I was on board the *USS Appalachian* when we got word about the bombings. Having no inkling of the A-Bomb or the magnitude of the devastating impact on the two Japanese cities, we innocents there at Subic Bay simply were thankful that the bombing had brought an end the War. The din of whistles and guns firing in Subic Bay that day celebrated the end of the conflict. But getting to come home was not immediate by a long shot! (to be cont'd)

Arthur R. Kruckeberg
JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: Just by coincidence, I find I have included three different views of the atom bomb, Hiroshima and

Nagasaki, only a month from August 6. I have found recent documentaries to be instructive.]

**Boulder to Bombay,
To Burma & Back**

We graduated from the Malayan Language School at Boulder. Our next assignment was to go to the Advanced Intelligence School in the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York. I had just gotten married to Jean Hamer. Jean is still alive. John Potter was our best man and we kept in touch afterwards and saw our friends. We took a trip with the car Dr. Hamer had given us to drive to New York. The first night we stopped in Mesa Verde, [Ah, the scenic route to New York] the abandoned Indian dwellings in Southwestern Colorado. We had to drive up a long dirt road and the car had some open floorboards. The mud on the road was coming through the car and soon we were covered with it, laughing out loud. When we arrived, it was so dark, all we could do was take out our sleeping bags and sleep on the table. For the first and only time in my life, I felt there were ghosts. These were friendly, interested ghosts of Indians who surrounded us. Jeannie felt the same thing. We have never had any contact with ghosts since then, so it may have been our imaginations. I don't know. It was fun. We had no more problems until we hit Bastrop, Texas, and there the engine blew up in the car. We sold it to some friendly black people who came out to help us. Then we took the train to New Orleans and had a good time. Then we went up to New York to take the course at the Henry Hudson. Tom Marker was the only other fellow with us on that assignment at Henry Hudson. That's the last we saw of him. I am sorry to hear he is gone now. He was a very nice guy and a bright guy. That's the way life goes. (to be con't)

William Morganroth
OLS (Malay) 1945

[Ed. Note: His story is a long one that will appear intermittently in future issues. I am glad we have it, as Malay Program stories are rare. We have lost track of him recently.]

**Hugh Harnsberger
WWII Interpreter,
researcher for Chevron**

A memorial service will be held Sunday in Marin County for Hugh F. (Hutch) Harnsberger, a Navy veteran who was assigned to find Japan's secret codes during the thick of battle on Iwo Jima during World War II and wound up finding his counterpart code expert in the Japanese Army.

Mr. Harnsberger died of colon cancer April 7 at a Presbyterian retirement community in Greenbrae. He was 81.

Mr. Harnsberger was born in Taizhou, China, north of Shanghai, the son of Presbyterian missionaries, and was home-schooled until he was in the sixth grade. He was barely into his teens when Japan invaded China in 1937. Two years later, his family joined other Americans in fleeing from the Japanese.

Later, the family moved to Richmond, Va. where Mr. Harnsberger later won a scholarship to the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Va. In April 1943, Mr. Harnsberger joined the Navy and was sent through an intensive 14-month Japanese language course.

In the summer of 1944, he was assigned to JICPOA in Hawaii, where, as he put it in a private diary, he worked "as a translator of captured Japanese military documents."

But the Navy, he wrote, never really taught him anything about how to "recognize Japanese code messages. I was even told that since I did not know anything about military codes, I was dispensable." Actually, the codes were not all that difficult, he later found out. "They are groups of five Arabic numbers... arranged in rows and columns, like U.S. code."

Mr. Harnsberger landed on Iwo Jima on the Pacific island's D-Day, Feb. 19, 1945. In his effort find some code books, Lt. Harnsberger joined up with front line companies in the 5th Marine Division, showing Marines a sample Japanese code and telling them, "If you guys find any

weird stuff that looks like this sample, please get it to me."

"But even with their help," he wrote in his diary, "I never found any Japanese code materials! Nothing! No code messages, no codebooks, no code machines." One morning, after he had spent a month at this fruitless effort, Mr. Harnsberger was ordered to help interrogate a Japanese prisoner.

The prisoner kept saying, "I don't know" when asked by the U.S. company commander about the positions of Japanese army units. Finally, the exasperated captain told Mr. Harnsberger, "He is worthless. He is yours."

Mr. Harnsberger was told to check the prisoner in at battalion headquarters. During their walk, they became acquainted. When Mr. Harnsberger asked him, "What did you do in the Japanese army," the man said, "I ran the code room of the Japanese Army headquarters on Iwo Jima."

From then on, because no one else appeared willing to be responsible, Mr. Harnsberger took over the care and feeding of the young man, enlisting him, one day, to help Mr. Harnsberger coax some Japanese soldiers from a tunnel.

Shouting deep into the tunnel that U.S. forces would "repatriate you to your homeland in Japan as soon as this war is over," Mr. Harnsberger wrote, "I said over and over, 'We do not kill prisoners!' I can still remember how unsure I was in saying that, for I had observed several times Japanese being shot when they attempted to surrender. Iwo Jima was very close to a 'take-no-prisoners battle.'"

Sitting next to him, the Japanese code expert was equally cajoling, imploring his comrades, "The U.S. lieutenant (Mr. Harnsberger) tells the truth! He saved my life! And he can save yours!"

When the nine soldiers eventually emerged, "the U.S. Marines shot them all dead immediately...", Mr. Harnsberger wrote in his diary [*Steve Harnsberger, Hutch's son, told us a different ending to this story, that when the Japanese soldiers emerged they were holding their weapons in such a*

way as to indicate they were not surrendering, after which they committed suicide].

Eventually, he added, "the Japanese code-POW and I became friends." Mr. Harnsberger, in an effort to keep his POW alive, brought him back to 5th Marine Division headquarters and convinced the colonel that he had a highly valuable prisoner with him. The Navy flew the POW to Hawaii for interrogation and Mr. Harnsberger lost contact with him. After the war, Mr. Harnsberger earned his Ph.D. in physical chemistry from UC Berkeley, taught for a few years in Pennsylvania, then returned to California and joined Chevron Research in Richmond, where he stayed for 31 years, retiring in 1983.

Mr. Harnsberger's wife Doris died in 2000. He is survived by his companion, Patricia Greenough of Fairfax; a brother, Jim, of Kilmarnock, Va.; a sister, Agnes Rogers of Denton, Texas; four sons, Steve of San Anselmo, Doug of Richmond, Va., Ric of Salt Lake City and Tom of Los Angeles; and 11 grandchildren.

Michael Taylor
San Francisco Chronicle
April 13, 2005

With a few corrections by DMH

[*Ed. Note: Steve Harnsberger can be reached at <sharns2@aol.com>, or at 54 Woodland Ave., San Anselmo, CA 94960. He would like to hear from Hutch's friends.*]

Reprise on Thomas C. Smith

I intended to mention, in an earlier email, that I was saddened to hear of Thomas C. Smith's passing. As you know, Tom was in our July 1943 graduating "Summer Group", was a fellow Marine in the group from that class which proceeded to Green's Farm, Camp Elliott, San Diego, for infantry training and was among our 4th Marine Division contingent during all of our operations.

It is one of those unintended omissions, that I did not know that he was living right here in the SF Bay Area, while on the faculty of Stanford, and then at UC Berkeley, and that we were not in contact. I was in contact,

though not frequently in many cases, with most of the fellow exBoulder JapLang vets living here. Your obituary in *The Interpreter* for Tom was excellent, in my opinion, mentioning his wartime JLS & USMC service and accomplishments, and his distinguished postwar career.

Dan S. Williams
JLS 1943

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARINES

(Cont'd) In the fall of 1945, I was sent to the Japanese naval base called Sasebo which was on the southern island called Kyushu. Since we were given no transportation we had to hitch hike. On the way we stopped in Okinawa which had just had a major typhoon. What a mess. I finally got to Japan at an air base west of Tokyo. I went down to Yokosuka which was southeast of Tokyo. That was where the actual surrender took place.

There I found my brother's ship and spent a few days with him. I took advantage of my knowledge of Japanese to do a bit of sightseeing, including visiting the giant Buddha in Kamakura. There was a little art shop there and the owner was so entranced by my Japanese that he performed the Japanese tea ceremony for my brother and me. I finally found a ride on a Navy plane to Sasebo. On the way the pilot flew over Hiroshima. What a sight!!

In Sasebo, my quarters were a small bungalow that had been used by Japanese officers. I had a houseboy to take care of my needs. It was cold at night so I found a Japanese tailor who made me a bathrobe out of a Navy blanket.

There wasn't a lot to do in Sasebo. Once I accompanied an army officer from Houston who formerly had worked in my father's office to a large city north of Sasebo called Fukuoka. He needed to talk to a Japanese citizen who had made derogatory remarks about the United States. It was most interesting. Incidentally none of us carried side arms when we went around the countryside.

After two bouts of bronchial pneumonia, my colonel called me in for a chat. He was from the family in New York that ran the 21 Club. He asked me how many points I had. I told him 59 and he replied, "Lieutenant you need 60, but I am going to send you home anyway. I'm tired of your being sick all the time."

I arrived back in San Diego on Christmas Day 1945. In a few days I was back home in Houston. My brother was still in the Pacific on a destroyer escort. Early in January 1946 I returned to New York for separation at the Brooklyn Naval Base. Then I resumed my studies toward a Master of Science degree in accounting.

I would love to hear from any of the JLS students who are still around. (answers follow)

Aubrey M. Farb
JLS 1944

Marylou Siegfried Williams

(Cont'd) Memories: rooming with dear Ethel Pope; sharing the corner across from Miss Smith and the stairway with Marie and Margaret Jackson; study-hall; Friday all-nighters preparing for Saturday's inevitable exams; (How long did it take you to get over that Friday night feeling that there was something that you should be doing?) Lt. McAndrew's desire to have the first WAVES to be able to abandon ship, leading to hand-to-hand combat in the pool, and the tilted deck in the rafters of the men's gym from which we jumped or were pushed; Eleanor Wells playing Brahms Ballades on the Faculty Club grand piano; letting of steam with skits and parodies; Japanese movies (Aozora!); the incredible load of books and dictionaries—what did the men in the fighting units do with them? Do you remember an evening in the Wiggins Tavern when Narcisa did a Lion Dance for us with her long hair loosened? Mr. Shizuoka's difficulty in pronouncing "Siegfried," ending up with many chuckles and "Figseed," a name that was forever mine, at least as far as Jackson was concerned! Then there was the long hot summer in Washington,

and the VJ beer party on the Stuart Building roof. Among the Stuart Building legends, I remember the night that a Captain who shall remain nameless walked through the plate glass door and scared the Security Watch half to death. Also the fire that destroyed the market across the street. The day that our dear Captain Pearse forced Betty and me to eat squid in its ink from the can it came in. Getting engaged over the Trans-Pacific telephone from Hawaii on a borrowed phone while the owner hosted a loud, not to say raucous party. Moving back to Op-16 after VJ Day and moving to the home of Col. Reed on Chevy Chase Circle at Betty Knecht's invitation. The Reeds had a young son who took us out to fly kites. Shopping for civvies and household linens in the till wartime economy. And at last, separation-from-the-service and start of life in Connecticut.

Best of all were the remarkable people we met and worked with. We look forward eagerly to the Boulder reunion and wish you all could be there!

Oh yes—our kids: Bradford Warren, Jan. 1948: married Patricia Morosini. One son, Daniel Williams II, 20. Brad is Chief of the Generic Drug Compliance Section of the FDA Rockville, MD.

Jonathan Paul, June 1950: Jon is a homebuilder in Boulder—anyone interested? His wife, Mary, sells fantastic antique prints at the Art Source International Gallery on the Pearl Street Mall. Worth a visit. Mary's daughter, Rosie, is 15 and about to be a sophomore in High School.

Nancy Norton Williams Ward, Dec. 1951; married to Alex Ward, who is Deputy Cultural Editor on the N.Y. Times. Nancy works for the Independent Journalism Foundation. They are the parents of Nelly, 11, and Julia, 7, and live in New York City.

Mary Sylvia, known as Bina, [on our mailing list] Oct. 1953; Bina is a bookseller at the R.J. Julia bookstore in Madison, CT, and lives in New Haven.

Videsne meas gemmas.

Marylou Siegfried Williams
WAVE JLS 1944

From the 1993 WAVE 50th JLS
Reunion "Blue Book"

Mike Moss US Army JLO 1921-2006



Mike Moss [US Army JLO and brother of Dick Moss, JLS 1943, USMCR] can be summed up with a pair of pants. A pair of bright, festive Lilly Pulitzer pants. He wore them. And was damn proud to do it. He was the self-effacing, matter-of-fact Mike who just wanted to have fun. Mike Moss was born in and spent the first 18 years of his life in Tokyo, where he learned to appreciate Japanese culture, to become fluent in the native language and to eat raw fish. He was very sorry that his dog, Peanuts, ate the consul general's Persian cat and the American ambassador's pet duck. He returned to the states to go to college, but felt like an outsider in his own country. Because of bad grades and a bad car wreck, his father sent him to the Citadel, where, as a northerner in 'the' Southern military school, he felt even more isolated. He earned his commission and, when World War II broke out, served in the Seventh Infantry Division's language team. He interrogated prisoners, helped talk enemy soldiers out of the caves on Okinawa and earned a Purple Heart and Bronze Star. After the war, as a salesman, he traveled the U.S. and the world and even had a brief stint as a bridge instructor on a round-the-world cruise. Mike married Virginia. They had a daughter, Leslie. Mike married Marilyn. They had a daughter, Holly. He was the kind of dad that goes on roller coaster rides and instigates trips to the local ice cream parlor. And, eventually, he became the old man who didn't act his age, preferring instead to ski, snowmobile, scuba dive,

travel to China and South America, and continue to wear those Lilly Pulitzers. Mike died early in the morning December 15, 2006.

He is survived by his sister and brother, Margaret and Richard; daughters, Leslie and Holly; son-in-law, Peter; 16 month old dancing grandson, Zachary; and beloved cat, Fred, who plans to attend the services. We will miss him, his chocolate chip cookies, sausage soup, pants, and dry quips, like the one about the perils of aging he spoke just a few weeks ago. "Well," said Mike, "You gotta die of something."

Peter Rosen (Son-in-Law)
Salt Lake Tribune
12/17/2006

[Ed Note: He wondered whether he should be invited to the reunion in Boulder in 2002 since he was Army, not Navy or Marines. I replied, "If he was a good enough JLS participant for CPT Roger Pineau and Bill Hudson, he was certainly more than good enough for our project and the reunion." He was certainly so. This is as good a picture of the man I met as I can imagine.]

From Camp Koza To Teaching Music

(Cont'd) I was released from active duty in the spring of 1946, after which I enrolled in graduate school at the University of Southern California. After obtaining a masters degree, major in music, I took a post at Colorado A&M College [now CSU]. In 1948, I moved to New York City to begin a Ph.D. at Columbia University and started to teach at the New York State University at New Paltz, teaching piano to freshmen who were preparing to teach in public school.

In 1950, I was recalled to active duty in the Navy, becoming a Battalion Commander at the Newport, RI, Naval Training Center. When the Center was transferred to Bainbridge, MD, I was sent to the Potomac River Naval Command in Washington, DC as education officer, and was released to inactive duty in 1952.

At that point, I started to teach in the public schools in Fairfax County, VA, as an instrumental music instructor

and band director. After 14 years in Fairfax County, I moved to Long Island, NY, teaching band students in Smithtown, Long Island. I retired from teaching in 1985, moving with my wife and daughter to my wife's family estate in the Northern Neck of Virginia. After my wife's death, I moved back to Fairfax County where I taught privately and played in the Fairfax Symphony Orchestra as principal clarinetist. I remarried in 1992, and we moved to Warwick, MA, where we currently reside. I am presently Minister of Music at our Congregational Church, play piano in a jazz combo, and perform as a solo pianist in Warwick and nearby Athol and Orange.

Ralph Hills
OLS 4/45-

[Ed. Note: Shades of Bryan Battey, who plays piano at establishments in Asheville, NC. It seems that quite a few JLS/OLSers were musical. As a graduate student, I read much history about Lancaster County in the Northern Neck. I also went to grade school in Fairfax County, back when, in the late 50s, beyond our street, the farms and fields extended south, relatively unchanged since the Civil War. Now subdivisions have been built over those fields.]

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