

*The Interpreter*

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 117

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

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November 1, 2007

**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.*

## Memorial Resolution Upon the Death of Judge Lee F. Swope



Former Dauphin County President Judge Lee F. Swope died January 10, 2003 at the age of 81 in the Harrisburg

hospital.

In his passing, the bar and the judiciary have lost an able lawyer and a loyal colleague. Judge Swope was appointed to the bench in 1961 presiding over the orphan's court when it functioned as a separate entity. He then served as President Judge of the Dauphin County Court of Common Pleas from 1972 until his retirement in 1991. Prior to the formation of the present Commonwealth Court, he was a Judge on that court from 1961 to 1989, which jurisdiction was included during that period in the Dauphin County Court.

Judge Swope was born in Harrisburg, PA, to the late Guy J. and Mayme Gerberick Swope.

The Swope family was very prominent in the Harrisburg community and in public political life. Guy Swope, the Judge's father, was Governor General of Puerto Rico upon appointment by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Judge was a graduate of the Harrisburg School system and an excellent student who enjoyed a popular reputation at the William Penn High School Campus where he was a cheerleader captain. He received his B.A. Degree from Duke University where he graduated as a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He received his L.L.B. from the Dickinson School of Law, and attended both the University of Puerto Rico and the University of Colorado.

In 1942, Judge Swope enlisted into the U.S. Navy and served 43 months of active duty in the U.S., India and Japan. He achieved the rank of lieutenant senior grade and performed duties in the capacity of Japanese language interpreter for the Naval Intelligence Division. In 1949, He was admitted to the practice of Law. He was a member of the Dauphin County, Pennsylvania Supreme and Superior Court Bars. He was a member of the Dauphin County and Pennsylvania Bar Associations as well as the Pennsylvania Judicial Conference and the Conference of State Trial Judges.

The Judge was a former Assistant Attorney General, and Director of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Corporations Department of State (1956-1960). He was a member of the Pennsylvania Board of Finance and Revenue (1955-1960).

In politics, he was the President of the Dauphin County Young Democrats in 1957 and served as Vice Chairman of the Dauphin County Democratic Committee from 1958-1960. He was a member of the board of the Big 33 and received a lifetime achievement award from the family and children services

of the capital region. It should be noted that during his Judgeship, he approved the petition for the establishment and funding of the Penn State University School of Medical at Hershey. Judge Swope was highly regarded as a true gentleman, described by his acquaintances, as a man of high intelligence and most perceptive in legal issues; he had a congenial personality whose leadership was direct; he was good and fair and very considerate in his conduct of the court's business.

The judge is survived by his wife Jean M. Swope, two sons; Mark D. of Lower Paxton Township, and Kurt F. of Geneson, Texas and three grandchildren. His brother, Harold Swope, an active and respected practitioner in the Dauphin County Bar, predeceased him.

Therefore be it resolved that in the passing of Judge Lee F. Swope, the community has lost an outstanding public servant and a dedicated citizen, the Bar and Judiciary has lost an affectionate and devoted husband and father.

And resolved further that the members of the Dauphin County Bar Association, in meeting assembled, mourn the death of our esteemed colleague, Judge Lee F. Swope and tender our sympathy and condolences to his widow and sons.

And resolved further that copies of this memorial resolution be spread upon the records of the Dauphin County Courts and Dauphin County Bar Association, that the original copy be filed in the office of the Prothonotary, and that copies be transmitted to his widow and family.

Respectfully Submitted:

Hon. William W. Lipsett, Chairman  
Hon. H. Joseph Hepford  
Hon. G. Thomas Miller  
Hon. Carol F. Purdy  
Hon. Warren G. Morgan  
Hon. Clarence C. Morrison  
Hon. Joseph H. Kleinfelter  
Dated: May 21, 2003

## Roger Hackett, Professor Emeritus of History

*"Zuru Zuru Koko Ni  
Kimashita"*

(Cont'd) Roger landed on his feet quite nicely at Carleton, where he had a work-study job as a scullion in the women's dorm. He laments the fact that he "was never able to rise to the high rank of waiter." As Roger was settling in, his mother and sibling heeded the U.S. government's advice and slipped out of Japan and over to Minnesota. His father had financial responsibilities related to his work and couldn't get out until late in 1941 (barely making it out at all). Roger's studies at Carleton were summarily interrupted by the bombing of Pearl Harbor, at first a shock and then a determinate. With America's entry into the war and Japan a sudden enemy, Roger had become the "go-to" guy on campus for questions about Japan. He found there were many he couldn't answer. Roger had for years seen the home front of the Japanese war effort, and had even seen the destruction wrought in Shanghai when he traveled there with his high school basketball team. But the bombing and subsequent war with the U.S. was a lot for a Japan-raised American teenager to come to grips with. Roger eventually made the decision to serve the U.S. against Japan and joined the Navy Japanese Language School in Colorado (he and Chuck Cross were the two youngest there). Naturally athletic, Roger quickly jumped at a Navy school opportunity to join the Marines, feeling the action of the branch would be preferable to what he felt was an inevitable Navy desk job.

Meanwhile, other Hacketts served the war effort in other ways. Roger's older sister Elizabeth would eventually marry a second-generation Japanese-American she met while working as the Camp

Commander's secretary at the Army Japanese Language School in Minnesota. Harold was a non-religious conscientious objector who spent the war years in a war camp. A lifelong writer/poet/musician, he refused to accept the brutality of the world and never ceased in his own way to soften it. 180 of Harold's letters were donated to the rare book collection here at Michigan as "radical" literature. Harold's letters to Roger during and about the war were a constant source of orientation.

What he stood for deeply affected Roger who tried to persuade officers and Marine's to capture the Japanese (as opposed to shooting at them) when the chance arose. The war was a particularly human tragedy for the Hacketts. Roger felt the U.S. was "right," but meeting one's childhood on the battlefield was an irrepressibly bleak undertaking. (to be cont'd)

*Center for Japanese Studies  
University of Michigan  
Winter 2000 Newsletter*

## CONVERSATION WITH A MARINE

[to Aubrey Farb,] I felt that my Japanese was inadequate to qualify me as an INTERPRETER AND TRANSLATOR, though I had a Certificate to that effect. I had virtually no technical vocabulary (beyond the Kaigun Tokuhon), and I had to look up virtually every kanji -- far more than I recognized from Boulder study. Although I had done pretty well in the little bit of Gyosho and Soshō we had at Boulder, I was almost lost when it came to reading handwritten Japanese, and I never did get enough practice to feel comfortable with either a newspaper or handwritten documents, or blueprints of ships. All in all, the best move the Navy made to avail itself of my services was to put me in the editing job at Pearl Harbor, where I had expertise. The Navy could have saved itself the expense of sending me through fourteen months at Boulder by making me an editor in the first place.

Nevertheless, I value the Boulder Experience very highly

indeed; and the months in Japan were delightful and interesting. I wouldn't change a thing. From a purely selfish point of view, I was probably the most fortunate person who served in the Navy during WWII. I came to the armed services late, was posted in the middle of the Rocky Mountains for most of hostilities, was in Times Square on VJ day, arrived in Japan after there was no danger and the Japanese were eager to please, had very little work to do, was assigned a Jeep and a pass authorizing me to go anywhere in Japan, had agreeable superiors to work for, collected interesting souvenirs (NavTechJap was known contemptuously to the Army and other Navy Units as "NAVTECHSOUVENIR"), was never in the slightest danger, got to meet a lot of interesting people, saw more of the world than I ever would have without the Navy, I was perfectly willing to do anything the Navy needed me to do, but the need to face danger never arose. And, maybe not best of all but certain valuable, all the time I was in Hawaii and Japan I was considered to be on "detached duty" and was paid per diem in addition to regular salary. The check I received at Discharge for back pay saw me through Graduate School two years later.

I was discharged in Charleston in May 1946 and hurried home to Clemson to see my wife and three month old son, who was on the way when I left the States. I've lived here ever since, with two years out at the University of Pennsylvania to complete a Ph.D. and another year later as Fulbright Professor in Austria. I stayed in the Naval Reserve for seven years after discharge, went on active duty for a couple of weeks each summer, but resigned in 1953, I think it was. (to be cont'd)

*Morris Cox  
OLS 1945*

## Class of May 1944

(Cont'd) I'm giving a New Year's [party] at 3 PM, January 1, 2006 -- my last [103 next January]? Who knows -- but something tells me you and I have the genes. We thank God, though, it entails losing most friends. We need to make new ones [We sent out new address lists to her and most

people she mentioned]. So far, I have been successful.... (to be cont'd)

*Polly Fleming*

## Laurence Thompson Chinese Religion Expert

Laurence G. Thompson, professor emeritus of East Asian languages and cultures at USC and a leading expert on Chinese religion, has died. He was 85.

Thompson, who had been in failing health, died July 10 in Ventura, former colleagues reported. The cause of death was not announced.

The Sinologist was born in China's Shandong province and lived there the first 14 years of his life. He earned a bachelor's degree from UCLA in 1942. During World War II, he attended the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado and served in the Marine Corps as a Japanese-language interpreter. After the war, he received masters and doctoral degrees from the Claremont Graduate School, now Claremont Graduate University.

Thompson served in the U.S. Foreign Service in Taipei, Taiwan; Tokyo; Manila; and Hong Kong and on the staff of the Asia Foundation in Seoul and Taipei.

An accomplished classical violinist, he started his teaching career at Taiwan Normal University, where he taught music from 1959 to 1962. He taught at Pomona College for three years before joining the faculty at USC in 1965.

At USC, he was chairman of the East Asian department from 1968 to 1970 and 1972 to 1976. From 1972 to 1974, he was also the first director of the USC East Asian Studies Center.

Thompson is credited with being a pioneer in the study of Chinese religion. Colleagues said that his books, "Chinese Religion: An Introduction" and "The Chinese Way in Religion," were considered models of many-sided and astute analysis.

His bibliography of studies of Chinese religion in Western languages, which he continued to update in retirement, is considered a basic resource in the field. He also wrote the entry

on Chinese religion for Encyclopedia Britannica's 15th edition.

Thompson is survived by Grace, his wife of 62 years; five children; eight grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchildren.

*From a Times Staff Writer  
LA Times, July 31, 2005  
& David Hays Editor and Archivist*

## A Long Friendship

A story in a recent *Interpreter* reminds me of the long friendship I have enjoyed with a Japanese gentleman. During the early months of the Occupation, I was assigned, along with another officer or two, to go aboard the Japanese light cruiser *Sakawa*, to help with the transfer of the ship to the US Navy. One of the officers was LT Toru Abe, a line officer who spoke better English than I did Japanese. We stayed aboard several days, at the Kure Naval Base near Hiroshima.

After trying to put *Sakawa* in shape to sail her to the Bikini bomb test, she turned out not to be seaworthy. She was eventually towed to Bikini.

LT Abe was demobilized and returned to his family home in Tokyo. I was assigned to the Navy Captain (in civilian life, the Dean of the U. of Iowa Law School) who was preparing the Navy's case against the major Japanese war criminals.

While I was in Tokyo, I visited Abe's family a number of times, taking items to them that they could not buy.

I was demobilized after a bout of rheumatic fever. Abe and I continued our friendship by mail and I sent him CARE packages for a couple of years. He reentered the JSDF and rose to the rank of commodore, and, if I remember right, was at one time in command of their naval academy. He came to the Philadelphia Navy Yard for training and we spent several days together.

My wife and I saw Abe and his family each of the four times we went to Japan. We still exchange Christmas notes. He is the oldest friend of the many we made while teaching English in Osaka.

*Dean H. Towner  
JLS 1944*

[Ed. Note: A long delayed, but still appropriate sentiment about the creation of friendships between former enemies.]

## With Larry Thompson On Bougainville

I remember when we all arrived on Bougainville, bivouacked at the 3<sup>rd</sup> Marine Division HQ. We all dug foxholes: Walt Williams, Larry Thompson, Tad Van Brunt and I. We were going to sleep in our foxholes when a conversation developed concerning our possible assignments as to who should remain at Division HQ, in the rear, and who should be down at the regiments [the danger increased as one was assigned to lower headquarters]. All of us made statements giving various suggestions. Larry said, "Well I'm married", and Walt Williams retorted, "Well I'm engaged," and I said, "Well, that leaves me, and I'm neither engaged nor married, so I guess it's the regiments for me."

The next day we got our assignments. I think Larry Thompson went to the 21<sup>st</sup> Marines. Walt went to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Marines and I went to the 9<sup>th</sup> Marines [All to regiments].

Larry Vincent  
JLS 1943

[Ed. Note: It looks as if 3rd Marine Division HQ did not place much importance on marital or engagement status, or as any Marine DI would say, "If the Marines had wanted you to have wives or fiancées, they would have been issued to you!" Watanabe Jack Pierce, Bob Stillman, Hart Spiegel, and Glen Slaughter were on Bougainville, as well, but with the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Marine Raider Battalions, possibly in more danger yet, if danger accrued with lower commands closer to the front lines. Newton Steward volunteered for Bougainville but was evacuated for illness.]

## Boulder to Bombay, To Burma & Back

(Cont'd) So I finally arrived in the base where I was supposed to go, Rangoon. In Rangoon, life was different. There was one fellow there, an American officer, who as soon as I got there, said, "Great," and left. I had two enlisted men with me

and we got a palace they gave us. It was very nice. We had a good time getting to know the 20 British in the office next door. They had a party and we were invited, so we returned the favor. One night they had a bunch of unauthorized visitors. Twenty officers and men were asleep in their barracks room inside of their mansion, when in snuck several dozen Dacoits, priests by day and bandits by night. They stole in quietly, each with a pistol in his hand, silently stationing themselves at the heads of each bunk, pointing it at the heads of each sleeper, in case they moved. They all slept through it. The Dacoits took all their money, weapons, silver and watches. They took everything of value and left without a shot fired. We had a visit from Dacoits, too. We had a big central room where the bedrooms left off from, and we'd agreed when Jim Campbell from Indiana came, that if we heard some people rustling around, we'd come out and shoot them. That didn't appeal to me because I thought my men would shoot me by accident. So when I did here some shooting, I stayed in bed and slept through it. It wasn't a brave thing to do, but I wasn't going to get shot by my own men.

Somehow I got the assignment of going out and turning off the generator that provided us with electricity, light, power and so forth. It was out in the backyard. The backyard was full of high weeds in which there was a family of kraits. Now a krait is a small snake, about two feet long, and looks like a thick shoelace. Kraits have deadly poisonous venom. Eight minutes after a bite, you're paralyzed and six minutes after that, you're dead. Luckily, I didn't get bit by one, but I saw some of them and had no intention of getting any closer. (to be cont'd)

William Morganroth  
OLS (Malay) 1945

[Ed. Note: Mr. Morganroth's story reads like a Saturday afternoon matinee: world travel to European and Asian capitals, riots, rats, Dacoits, and deadly snakes. What next? We found him again!]

## CONVERSATION WITH A MARINE

(to Aubrey Farb Cont'd)  
Following retirement in 1981 as Dean, College of Liberal Arts, Clemson University, I applied for Law School at the University of South Carolina, was accepted, graduated in 1984, passed the South Carolina Bar Exams, and have been practicing Law with a firm, Olson, Smith, Jordan, and Cox, P.A., ever since. Now, at age eighty-nine and three quarters, I'm semi-retired, "Of Counsel" at the Firm, doing a bit of law work but spending most of my time puttering in my yard and garden.

My first wife, Irene (whom you probably met or saw in Boulder), died in 1993 after fifty-three years of marriage. I remarried two years later to Elizabeth Shelton Smith, an artist, and we divide time between our two houses.

At Boulder the pressure to study was so great that I knew very few people outside my own class. I knew Ivan Morris pleasantly, a fellow named Smith, Justice (who beat out Ivan for Valedictorian by a fraction of a point), Winebrenner, Duane Flaherty, the Britishers Heath, Quine, Beasley, Kennedy, Wilkinson, and a few others.

I've forgotten most of my Japanese, but can still spout forth the first few paragraphs of *Momotaro* and can pass the time of day with Japanese visitors. I can't begin to read a Japanese newspaper or letter. I wish I could. But I don't consider the time and experienced wasted. As I said, I wouldn't change a thing.

I'd be much interested in your career after Boulder. If you know the whereabouts of any 1945 graduates or of any Sensei, I'd like to know about them. I remember several of the Sensei very pleasantly indeed but have forgotten most names. The names I recall offhand are Nakamura (the Head Sensei), Okamoto (a fine person but a tough and demanding teacher), Ashikaga, Hayashi, Shizuoka, Suzuki, Tatsumi, Tomizawa (who composed a poem and wrote it in Soshō for each graduate; mine is framed on my study wall), Kitagawa, Ozawa,

Ozamoto, Miss Nakasone (who was beautiful and charming and a fine pianist), Bach, Kuyper, Toki (whose wife was a good cook and taught my wife how to make lamb stew), Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine, Sato. Since most of them were older than I, they have probably departed the scene. Actually, I knew more Sensei than students. (end)

With all good wishes,  
Morris Cox, OLS 1945  
(Headley Morris Cox, Jr.  
to the Navy)

## Paul Robeson Maestro Performance

I've thought of writing you about my experience with Paul Robeson for a long time, but since it wasn't directly related to my time at Boulder I have hesitated. But the piece on Quine and Robeson made me think it might be of interest to some of your readers. I have taught and acted in Shakespeare's plays all of my teaching life and have seen the best Shakespearean actors here and in England. The very best Shakespearean performance I have ever seen was Robeson's *Othello* on liberty one weekend in Denver. I can still hear his voice and feel the chill I felt so long ago when he said, "Put up your bright swords or the dew will rust them." Hagen and Ferrar were also at their very best. I've never seen another Shakespearean production that was its equal.

P.S: I have never seen anyone mention the remarkable landscape around Boulder and the moving impact it could have on a struggling naval student.

Charles Svitavsky  
OLS 12/45-

## Letter to an Editor Regarding the Letters from Iwo Jima

Will sees healing in 'Letters'

GEORGE F. WILL'S cogent Feb. 25 Outlook column, "It has taken us awhile to shed tears for this enemy," about Clint Eastwood's movie, *Letters From Iwo Jima*, brought to mind 62 years ago when I was on Iwo Jima as a Japanese language

officer attached to the 3rd Marine Division.

The movie accurately portrays the desolate and inhospitable island we were fighting over. I only interrogated a few Japanese prisoners, who were usually a source of useful information. A man who is taught that to surrender is to dishonor himself and his country cannot be taught that when captured, all he is required to give is name, rank and serial number. An important item found on prisoners was their service record book, worn on a string around the neck, that contained information on the soldier's military history. This enabled us to determine which unit of the Japanese army the soldier was attached to and, thus, what units we were fighting and what armaments they were using. Incidentally, I was never given any instructions on how to treat a POW.

AUBREY M. FARB Houston  
JLS 1944  
Houston Chronicle  
February 27, 2007

## Marylou Siegfried Williams

(Cont'd) While in Boulder I met my husband, Norton Williams. Check back to Ruth Halvorsen Craig's page: I have always thought we met our husbands at the Luncheonette. Ruthie says it was the Anchorage, and Nort insists it was the Sink. Well, they are all, or were all, in the same block on "the Hill." Allowing for memory variations, Ruthie's account of our meeting was absolutely accurate.

Following Nort's return from the Pacific (Chichijima, Aomori, Okinawa among others) we were married and settled down to raising four baby-boomers. Nort went back to his purchasing position with the Wallingford Steel Company. Following his early retirement, he taught economics at Choate Rosemary Hall for thirteen years. My activities included a year of graduate courses in anthropology at Yale (before having the children) and many years of Girl Scouting from Brownies through Senior Scouts and the Connecticut Trails Council as

chairman of the Progress Services Committee. Nort and I both have had a number of terms as chairman of our church's Music Committee and have sung in the choir for many years. We are currently singing in the Wallingford Ecumenical Choir, a small chamber group presenting shorter and less familiar sacred works. We have had a number of memorable trips Europe including narrow-boating on the English canals and barge trips to the Canal du Midi and the Nivernais Canal. I have spent a total of twenty-five years on the Board of Managers of the Wallingford Public Library, three of them as president.

During Nort's tenure at Choate we were tapped to provide an introduction to Japanese for two avid students. Since Nort was carrying a full teaching load, it fell to me to devise a prospectus, and that being accepted by a slightly skeptical language department, to plan the lessons and keep ahead of the rust on our memory of language. We found adequate high school-level books at the Yale Co-op and supplemented them with copies of our old First Aid Sentences. Rose-Innes is still in print and still helpful for an introduction to kanji. It was great fun, lasted only one semester, and started one of the two boys on a career in Japanese studies. A few years later another teacher started some Japanese students, who were eager to teach, on three years of extra-curricular classes. This effort has grown into two full-time teachers and three full years of Japanese offered at the school. (to be cont'd)

Marylou Siegfried Williams  
WAVE JLS 1944

From the 1993 WAVE 50<sup>th</sup> JLS  
Reunion "Blue Book"

## Saburo Sakai Imperial Navy Ace

Saburo Sakai, Japan's top-scoring living World War Two ace with 64 victories over Allied aircraft, died on 22 September [2000] in Tokyo after suffering a heart attack while dining with American military officers at the Atsugi US Navy base in Japan. He was 84.

Wearied of the Japanese citizenry's blaming the war solely on its military, former Imperial Japanese Navy Aviation Pilot 1st Class Sakai spoke strongly last August at a Tokyo news conference on the eve of the anniversary of Japan's 15 August 1945 complete surrender: "We were ordered to go die for victory...who gave the orders for that stupid war? The closer you get to the emperor, the fuzzier everything gets."

Japan, he felt, had for decades whitewashed the war-related decisions made by Emperor Hirohito and the politicians who were surrounding him. "We were following his orders," Sakai said in a 1995 interview. "After the war, the emperor should have quit, shaved his head and retired to a temple to take responsibility."

Sakai, who sent a daughter to college in Texas to "learn about democracy," made more than two dozen trips to the US over the years, meeting many of the pilots he formerly tried to kill. He made similar trips to Australia, where a captured Zero (reputed to have once been flown by Sakai) is on display in the National War Memorial in Canberra.

Unlike American aces, Sakai had no medals or trophies, except a small one he won against US pilots in a 1971 golf tournament at the American Fighter Aces Association reunion in San Diego.

Most touching of Sakai's peaceful encounters with Americans perhaps was his meeting in San Gabriel during 1983 with the US Navy gunner who had nearly killed him over Guadalcanal. Sakai chatted through an interpreter with Harold L. Jones, then owner of a bed and breakfast in Unionville, Nevada. Sakai rated the visit one of the great events of his life.

"His cockpit exploded in orange flames, and his head went back against the headrest," Jones told reporters at the meeting. "I thought he was gone." But Sakai's Zero plummeted 7000 feet, apparently extinguishing the flames in the dive. Struggling for consciousness, he used his silk aviator's scarf - a piece of which he later gave to Jones - to wipe blood from his good eye and,

with his left arm useless, flew the plane 560 nautical miles back to his base on New Guinea.

The legendary survival flight is memorialized in a painting in Sakai's hometown of Kyushu showing his bullet-riddled Zero carrying him away from Guadalcanal - upside down. Never mustered out of the Imperial Navy despite the loss of his eye, Sakai taught combat pilots until he was ordered back into combat over Iwo Jima near the end of the war. He was wounded four times and was one of only three survivors of the 150 pilots in his prewar outfit.

A gifted pilot, but never a strong student, Sakai learned to fly at the Navy Fliers School in Tsuchiura, one of 70 men selected from 1500 applicants. He first went into combat over southeastern China in 1938. Sakai kept meticulous notes in his combat years and later turned them into ten books, including *Samurai of the Sky*, which was made into a 1976 Japanese movie.

Within those notes, eventually confirmed by American records and pilots, was Sakai's near-miss that could have altered history. On 9 June 1942, he shot at a USAAF bomber named the *Heckling Hare* over his New Guinea base. He crippled the B-26 Marauder's right engine, but was unable to down the plane because it dove into a cloud.

Aboard on a fact-finding mission for President Franklin D. Roosevelt was a Texas congressman, Lyndon B. Johnson. In 1964, when Johnson was president, Sakai said he had only fulfilled a routine duty by firing on the aircraft and that he considered Johnson, "a real patriot deserving the highest esteem."

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[Ed. Note: This article was, to some extent, unrelated to the JLS/OLS, but I thought the readership would like it. I read his amazing autobiography in the 1978. I cannot help but be relieved that there were few like him.]

Losses: J. Maynard Kaplan, Hammond M. Rolph, Albert J. Hausske, Norton Ginsburg, Edward Seidensticker, *Requiescat In Pace*.