The US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School Archival Project

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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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.

Edward Seidensticker
A Direct Translator

When it comes to Japanese literary translation there are few who enjoy the reputation of Edward Seidensticker. From his consummate translation of the eleventh-century classic Tale of Genji by Murasaki Shikibu through to his efforts with such modern masters as Jun'ichiro Tanizaki and the Nobel Prize-winning Yasunari Kawabata, Seidensticker has done more than most to spread the popularity of Japanese literature abroad. But as well as being a translator, he is also an author of considerable merit, and his books he has written about Japan have won wide critical acclaim. The scholar talks to Jonathan Watts.

How did you first come to Japan?
I was with the Occupation, with the Marine Corps. I was a Japanese-language officer and was ordered to come to Kyushu in September 1945. Others have inspirational stories about seeing cherry blossom in bloom or some other experience, but that is not the way it was for me. On Sunday, December 7, 1941, I was getting ready to graduate from college and on that day the attack on Pearl Harbor happened. I started looking around - no heroism in it - at ways to get through the war in relative safety and comfort, and I came across the Japanese language, specifically the Navy Japanese-language school. That was the beginning of it. Up till that point, I had no interest in Japan whatsoever.

How did you learn Japanese?
It was a revolutionary way in those days and hasn't changed much since. The service language school assumed that it was possible for us to learn Japanese. Before the war, it had been assumed that only the Japanese could learn Japanese - a ridiculous assumption. But the Navy language school said we could, providing we had a reasonable amount of ability and intelligence. They taught what was called the natural method. We didn't learn grammar, but learned from speaking and listening, the way a child does. I'm not sure it's a very valid theory, but it was a good school, probably the best I've ever been in. By the end of 14 months, we were able to read a newspaper. Before the war, that would have been thought impossible. The Army required its language students to be soldiers, but the Navy didn't require anything of us. Except that we study Japanese. It was complete concentration on one subject, which is not how most universities work. And we worked on it steadily without relief.

What were your feelings towards Japan before you came?
I was always very suspicious of propaganda and therefore the anti-Japanese propaganda had the opposite effect on me. It convinced me that they couldn't be that bad. I didn't feel hostility or bitterness. When we arrived in Kyushu, the people weren't exactly friendly, but they certainly weren't hostile. That didn't particularly surprise me.

What was your first impression?
My impressions were varied. As far as the Japanese were concerned, I thought they were rather marvelous in the way they very quickly shook off the shock of it all and went to work. That time in Sasebo in Kyushu was what really convinced me I should make a career of Japanese. It was the behavior of the Japanese that convinced me that the country would amount to something again one day. I did not foresee an economic miracle, but I saw that the language was worth studying. (to be cont'd)

Edward Seidensticker
JLS 1943
JAL inflight magazine
January 2003

John P. Wamser
OLS 1945 (J)

Wamser, John P. Friday, March 21, 2003 Wamser, John P. Age 83 of Milwaukee. Born to Eternal Life on Tues. March 18, 2003. Beloved husband of 58 years and best friend of Mary Louise (nee Oltman) for 71 years. Loving father of Catherine Ann (Bob Fitzpatrick) Schneider, Margaret Louise (Milt) Klingsporn, and Brian Peter (Becky). Proud grandfather of Carolyn Lewis, Lisa Gill, Karen Welniak Jamiola, Laura Vasquez, Jonathan Schneider, Tiffany Wamser and Jonathan Wamser. Dear great-grandfather of Kelsey Gill, Mackenzie Gill, Deborah Lewis, and Hayley Jamiola. Fond brother of Odile Mary Fleissner and brother-in-law of Eleanore Wamser. Also survived by many other relatives and loving friends. Preceding him in death were two brothers and one sister; Edwin Joseph Wamser, Robert George Wamser, and Bernice Elizabeth Graham. Graduated from Messmer High School in 1937. Graduated from Detroit University in 1944. He was a retired Lt. (jg) in the U.S. Navy, attended Oriental Language School for Japanese in Boulder, CO, and worked for the Office of Naval Intelligence. His vocation in life was working as an astronautical engineer. He enjoyed sailing, computers and his home in Wisconsin's north woods.

The Milwaukee Journal Sentinel
March 21, 2003

Otis Cary, 84; Navy Linguist

(Cont'd) Cary organized a group of POWs to assist in writing propaganda and surrender leaflets. According to Straus, the group's most important contribution was its swift translation of the Potsdam Declaration, the July 1945 statement drafted by three Allied leaders — Harry S. Truman, Winston Churchill and Chiang Kai-Shek — that delineated the terms for Japan's surrender.

The document had been suppressed by the Japanese government, so Cary's POWs translated it for dissemination in leaflets dropped from B-29s all over the country. The leaflets dispelled widespread fears in Japan that the surrender terms would be excessively punitive and put pressure on the Japanese government to accept the declaration a few weeks later.

Cary's influence was so strong, Straus said, that his name "was the only one cited repeatedly" by many former POWs years later in written accounts of their wartime captivity. For many of the prisoners, Cary was the one who brought their families the news that they were alive.

Ingrained with the ancient samurai code that it was a disgrace to be taken prisoner, many of the Japanese POWs wanted to be thought dead. Their government felt the same way and sent death notices to their

families. When Cary was assigned to duty with the Allied occupation, he carried many letters from POWs back to Japan, often delivering the missives after the families had held their funerals.

One of the letters went to the family of Isamu Nakano, a Japanese naval officer captured in Guam. After the war, Cary helped him get a job at Doshisha, where he served as caretaker of Amherst House for 25 years. He is now 93 and living in Kyoto.

"Otis changed my dad's life," said Nakano's son, Takaharu, an international business consultant in Kyoto. "He saw hope in following this man and believed his life would be changed. We have been very much blessed because of his help to my dad."

During the early months of the occupation, Cary became acquainted with Emperor Hirohito's youngest brother, Prince Takamatsu, and his wife, Princess Kikuko. He suggested to the prince that the emperor, who by tradition was considered a deity, begin to show a more human side by traveling among the people and releasing informal photographs of the imperial family engaged in aspects of daily life. Shortly thereafter, the emperor began to do that.

During one conversation with the prince, Cary referred to the emperor as the prince's "big brother," a deliberate attempt to compel the prince to view the emperor as a mortal.

According to an account Cary gave in his 1975 book "War-Wasted Asia: Letters 1945-46," the royal sibling found the concept startling. A short time later, however, he published an article in Japan with a surprising headline: "My Big Brother, the Emperor." Hirohito renounced his divinity a short time later. (end)

Elaine Woo,
Los AngelesTimes
April 23, 2006

Roar Lion Roar

(Cont'd) After the Navy, Bill Voelker went to Columbia Law School, made Columbia Law Review and joined a prestigious NY law firm [John Foster Dulles' firm]. He never forgot how much he had enjoyed Colorado, however, and when he had an opportunity to join a Denver firm he jumped at the chance, and in due course became a partner.

I believe it was sometime in the early 1970's that Lee Perry [JLS '43] *[I have been unable to find LeRoy B. Perry]* called to tell me that Bill had died - victim of a drunk driver, as I recall. The archives of the Denver Post must have details of the incident, The last address I have for his widow *[I will look her up and see if I can enlist her]*.

PS: To add further confusion to the Columbia song issue, I submit that the song most identified with Columbia is "'Roar, Lion, Roar"..." for Alma Mater on the Hudson shore".

Paul E. Hauck
JLS 1943

Recalling the Chinese Program & Frisbees

I continue to enjoy *The Interpreter*, especially with the mention of the Chinese program. Those were my friends on arriving at Boulder: Don Mitchell, Ross Thompson, Lucien Pye and Ed Vaughn. Mitchell and Thompson were excellent students but, alas, they failed their physicals. Later I met Culver Glysteen and Henry Knoche; in fact, Knoche was one of my roommates for a while.

At Boulder, I was introduced to what we now call "Frisbees". A student in the Russian Program, named Bud, played the game using the top of a large cookie tin *[that would work]*. As I recall, he came from Harvard. Does anyone know the early history of Frisbees at Harvard? *[Writes Mary Bellis, "The Frisbie Baking Company (1871-1958) of Bridgeport, CT, made pies that were sold to many New England colleges. Hungry college students soon discovered that the empty pie tins could be tossed and caught, providing endless hours of game and sport". Walter F. Morrison and Warren Franscioni invented the plastic version in 1948. Wham-O bought the rights and began manufacturing their Pluto Platter in 1955. I suspect that while Harvard was not the original spot where Frisbee pie plates were first thrown, Bud, the Harvard alum, may have been the first to throw a makeshift Frisbee at CU Boulder. Many have been thrown here since.]*

Robert R. Brown
OLS 1945

Edward Seidensticker
A Direct Translator

(Cont'd*) How did you move into translation?*
On my second visit to Japan, I stayed in Tokyo until 1962. I was several things: a graduate student at the University of Tokyo, I taught at Sophia University and I did a little freelance translation and writing. The first long translation I did was a scholarly thing that could not be called professional - a diary from the tenth century. Then I was approached by Alfred Knopf in New York. My first translation from that publishing house was a Tanizaki novel. I then did Kawabata and moved back and forth between Tanizaki and Kawabata.

Why did you choose those two?
Because I thought they were good. They were very delicate, very powerful novelists. I chose Tanizaki and Kawabata because I thought they were simultaneously classic and modern. They stood at the juncture of old and new. And I think a great deal of good literature does exactly that. Though someone can be at that juncture of old and new and still be a lousy writer.

When translating, do you put the emphasis on getting everything right word for word, or conveying sense?
I stay as close to the original as I can, but for me it is very important for the translation to read smoothly - in other words, to have a certain literary quality and that means very frequently in matters of small detail departing from the original. A literal translation cannot be a very literary translation. But I stay as close to the original as I can. My theory of translation is that it is imitation; it is counterfeiting. And the counterfeiter who makes George Washington on the dollar bill look handsomer than he was is not a good counterfeiter. There has to be a spiritual bond between the translation and the original work, which means the translator must like the original work. But if someone tells you your translation is better than the original, you should consider it an insult because that is not what you're supposed to be doing. You are not supposed to be improving.

Do you check with the authors when you depart from their original?
It's useless because authors don't like to talk about their work. At least the ones I have known best don't like to talk about their work. I never asked Tanizaki about anything, but it was very clear: Tanizaki is a very lucid writer; there are almost no problems of comprehension. I did ask Kawabata, but he was never any help, so I stopped.

What was your most satisfying translation?
That's easy - Tale of Genji. It was very difficult. Translation becomes a bore if it is not difficult. I enjoyed translating Genji more than anything else I did. And that is largely because I had a terrible time understanding what it meant. And sometimes I didn't understand and had to make a stab at the meaning. Some sections are so difficult to put into English. With that kind of work, you may be exhausted from time to time, but you are never bored. From start to finish, it took a dozen years, but I was doing other things at the same time. I think if I had worked only on Genji, it would have taken me five or six years.

What were Tanizaki and Kawabata like?
I did come to think of both of them as friends, and that is because of the translation work. I saw more of Kawabata than Tanizaki, which is curious because he was considered the less sociable of the two. But he was more accessible. He lived in Kamakura. We could go down to Kamakura and come back in a day. Then he won the Nobel Prize and took me off to Stockholm with him. I think that led to a very considerable feeling of nearness. He was a nice man.

He took some getting used to. He was very silent and would go a whole evening not saying a thing. This initially made me very uncomfortable. But then I gradually saw that was just the way he was. It didn't indicate a lack of interest, dislike or hostility or anything of that sort. We got along just dandy saying nothing, looking into each other's eyes. He had extraordinary, large piercing eyes. (to be cont'd)

Edward Seidensticker
JLS 1943
JAL inflight magazine
January 2003

An Other Trinity Spy

I finished reading History at Trinity in June 1938 and returned to America. In 1940, well before Pearl Harbor, the White House hired me to work for Nelson Rockefeller, the new coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. I was given 'Top Secret: Eyes Only' clearance, in order to conduct somewhat dangerous intelligence work, in cooperation with British intelligence, via the FBI's Chief of Enemy Subversion.

This was the start of a fifteen year career in intelligence – in submarines, in the CIA and, finally, as a 'well-informed businessman'. I got to know the personalities of the three Presidents under whom I served, Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower, by the different kinds of hugger-muggery they used cor communication between us. My career might have been much briefer had I not been rescued from a Brisbane hospital by a fellow Trinity man, Lionel Holmes Hopkinson, who had rejoined the Royal Navy after planting rubber in Malaya.

The job had its comic side. At the start of the American occupation of Japan in 1945, I found myself as the sole US representative in a provincial city. I sent for the mayor. He turned out to be a retired general and former member of the Imperial Household. We exchanged pleasantries on the station platform. I said I had been at Cambridge. "Ah so," he replied, "Then you must remember the visit of the Emperor's brother to Oxford before the War. I was honored to be a member of his suite."

"Indeed I do," I replied. "A pity His Highness visited the wrong university."

The General smiled. And so began a fruitful relationship.

Looking back, at the age of 91, I am amazed at the impact of my years at Trinity. They gave me not only a profession, but also a knowledge of how to write, which I turned to good effect after leaving Intelligence work in order to bring up a family.

Several works on current history have given me a mention. Two communist publications, one East German and the other from Argentina, called me a 'malevolent capitalist agent', seeking to undo Soviet good works. Other authors thought me, variously, a big businessman, a political historian, or a drug dealer.

All this means only that I must have been a pretty good actor. Indeed, the FBI's Chief of Enemy Subversion told me that my acting ability was in part responsible for my recruitment. My supervisor, Professor G.P. Gooch, had told British Intelligence, who told the FBI, that I had been in the May Week show put on by The Footlights. The BBC Empire Service had broadcast part of it, and Sir John Reith, head of the BBC, wanted me to be a radio actor. Gooch told me to refuse the offer since, once I had graduated, he would help me find work more suited to my talents.

S. Paul Kramer
Trinity 1935
JLS 1944
The Fountain
Trinity College Newsletter
*Issue 2 * Spring 2006*

[Author's Note: The Fountain *is a biennial publication of Trinity College, Cambridge University, England, of which I am a graduate. The article was written at the request of the editor who rewrote it to appeal to a British reader. The title, "An Other Spy," is a play on words to describe me, as distinguished from other Cambridge spies such as Kim Philby, who worked for Stalin. The editor wrote the title.]*

[Ed. Note: Titles are the editor's purview, I guess. The comment on acting skill and espionage is interesting. I wonder what kind of spies Harry Muheim, Larry Vincent and others from the Revue cast would have made. I suppose "singing" would not be a talent one would look for in a secret agent.]

George Rhodes Waddington
OLS 1945 (Russian)

George R. Waddington, 88, died on May 3, 2006. he was a beloved father, grandfather, teacher and tennis coach who dedicated his life to his family, students and community.

George was born in 1917 in Clark Mills, New York where his parents, Samuel Waddington and Annie Baily had emigrated from the mill towns of Yorkshire, England. After attending Clinton High School, he continued his studies at Hamilton College and graduated in the class of 1938. He earned a master's degree from Albany State College for Teachers and began teaching social studies at the Hoosick School in Hoosick, New York.

George proudly served as a LT in the US Navy during WWII, entering active service in November 1942. His tour of duty included teaching navigation at Ft. Schuyler in the Bronx and assignment to the University of Colorado's US Navy Oriental Language School to study Russian.

In 1944, he married Francis Sabalskis in New York City. George and Francis moved to Oneonta in 1946, when George was hired by Oneonta Public Schools. His senior high school social studies classes are well remembered by former students, as is "Waddington's World Watchers" a current events club he sponsored. He also taught at Bugbee School and joined the Social Science Education Department at the State University College at Oneonta in 1964. George officially retired from the college in 1993, but continued to teach part-time.

An avid tennis player since childhood, George started the summer youth program with free tennis lessons at the Wilber Park courts in 1946. His 1963-64 tennis team at Oneonta High School, where he coached from 1954 to 1964, went undefeated and claimed a New York State Championship. In 1999, the City of Oneonta dedicated the Wilber Park tennis courts in his name. George was still hitting tennis balls at the courts into his 80s.

George Waddington's public and personal commitment to the community are well known in Oneonta. He was elected to the Oneonta City Council and served from 1974-76. He was honored for his support of the Family Services Association in 1997 and in 2002 was presented the Faculty Emeritus Award by the SUCO Alumni Association for his faithful dedication to the College at Oneonta.

Mr. Waddington's professional interests in the UN, world, national and local events defined his sense of global citizenship. The Fulbright program sent George to Brazil in 1963, which initiated a study of Latin America and two trips to Guatemala.

In 1970, SUCO's President Netze recommended George for his success with the Hockerill College Program, a student international experience in Bishops Stortford, Hertfordshire, England.

Believing in the education value of travel, the Waddingtons traveled to China, New Zealand, South America, Kenya, South Africa, Europe and the Soviet Union. His travels provided lessons for his students.

George was a dedicated member of St. James Episcopal Church and is survived by his two children and their families. He was predeceased by his beloved wife, Frances and his dear sister, Kathleen Skonzak of Oneida.

Composed by his family
Edited by David M. Hays
Archivist & Editor

Avis Pick Waring—
Biographical Mileposts

December 29, 1920, Born during major snow storm on a farm, Eastern Oregon, no doctor available. December 1942, *BA degree English, U. of Washington. July 1943- May 1946, US Navy, Japanese Language study & work. Aug 1946- June 1949. Civilian, US occupation of Japan. May 1951, *Cambridge U., BA Honors Degree, Economics. September 1951, Married Ronald Waring, Salem, Oregon (He became an editor/writer for the Federal Government). 1952-1954, Economist, Bank of Guatemala. February 1954, Daughter Rhonda born in Guatemala City. 1955- 1977, Economist for CIA, 22 years October 1958, Daughter Elizabeth born in Washington DC. September 1977, Retired, began subdividing land in FL, now a real estate agent.

How did I get involved with Japanese Language? The Pearl Harbor attack came during my senior year at the U. of W. I was studying French but switched to beginning Japanese immediately. I heard that the Navy was searching for Japanese linguists.

Memories of Boulder are numerous, most outstanding of which are the beautiful campus and mountains, marching on the streets, rooming with Barbara

Shuey in the big frat house on Broadway, and study, study, and study!

Another highlight of the WAVE days was the good friends I made: During officer training at Smith College I came to know Jean Barnes Morden, who continues to be a special friend. I roomed again with Barbara in D.C. and over the years since have seen her in Paris. And I roomed with Blanche Belitz in Japan; we took many trips together. Since then we have seen each other often. Abbie Jane White Bakony and I took flying lessons together in Washington and have had occasional visits in Seattle. Such friends are dear to me.

My assignment in ONI consisted of translating captured aircraft operating manuals. That translation unit was located in the Stuart Building at 5th and K Streets. The documents were technical and boring, however, that subject did prompt me to take flying lessons which were fun. (to be cont'd)

Avis Pick Waring
JLS 1944

1993 WAVE JLS Reunion Book

Student By-Lines

In its first two parts, "Relocation" by Kaya Sugiyama followed the story of her uprooted Kitagawa family displaced from their San Francisco home by the wartime prejudice against Japanese Americans. You met sister and brother, Kaya and George and their father, a medical doctor at the Stanford Lane Hospital on Clay Street whose next assignment ,at $19 a month, was the medical units of the Tanforan Race Track. At his urging they enrolled at the University of Colorado, Boulder, thousands of miles away from home and family. Once on campus Kaya waited in vain for an acceptance into the war effort, but her application to join the WAVES was never answered. "To beat the game of irony'" she applied as a bilingual teacher to Naval Language School at the University. This week in part three, her story unfolds like a mountain wild flower in the morning sun. Separation becomes reunion.

RELOCATION (3)

The soft breeze gently stroked father's face, and the rays from the crisp, clean mountain sun touched and warmed his body. As father rested on the front lawn; his countenance showed utter exhaustion and weariness. His nerves were still tense and frayed from the continuous stress and hardships which he had endured as the head medical director at the Topaz Relocation Camp in Utah. The hospital had only the basic services. In order to adequately care for the patients, his ingenuity was constantly in demand.

It was the end of the second day for father at his new relocated home in Boulder, and he slowly accepted the grateful fact that there were no longer the barbed wire fences separating his two worlds. As the sun gradually descended, the rays from the afterglow reflected on the surroundings, and in no time twilight faded into the night. Father listlessly sauntered toward the still unfamiliar kitchen, when he realized that the family was waiting for him to join them in their first supper together. He hurried to his chair, automatically gave the familiar "Grace", and added a few more blessings and extra "thank yous" to the prayer. As father excitedly put his chopsticks full of steaming rice into his mouth, a sweet feeling melted his hard, ashen look. The aroma and succulent bites from the teriyaki chicken, sautéed vegetables, and even a second helping of rice with hot green tea poured over it, momentarily flushed his cheeks.

For the first time since his arrival we saw the convivial, happy face we knew in San Francisco. The short bursts of laughter and expressions of camaraderie ended abruptly, for in a moment, the sadness and silence returned. We carried on with our incessant chatter in order to overcome and conceal the dark, sad, mood which hovered over the household since his arrival.

When we all finished dining father nodded gratefully and left the table. He could have stayed a little while longer and enjoyed us, but evidently, he could not shake the habit of always being on the go. We realized from the sound of water filling up the bathtub upstairs, that he was still exhausted and already preparing for a long soak before retiring. We silently wished him "a very good night", and finally a calm feeling prevailed throughout the house.

Half awake the next morning, I heard father's staccato footsteps descend the stairs to the kitchen. Unaccustomed, early morning greetings from the neighbor's cows, horses, chickens, and dogs awakened Father at daybreak. The rattle of pots and pans, and soon, the aroma of coffee and toast wafted up to my room. He was preparing his own breakfast! In great relief I covered my head again, and soon fell asleep, realizing that the quiet and peace of the night had begun to restore his health. Yes, father's deep sleep in the starlit night gave his body a miraculous healing. Upon awakening to a new dawn the ecstatic feeling of being free must have revitalized his energy.

After a hearty breakfast, he looked around and then felt a strong, magnetic pull from the front door. His curiosity took him out for the first time beyond the front lawn; his stroll in the early morning air turned out to be a complete tour of his new surroundings. Father walked block after block on tree-lined streets to downtown Boulder. The town's population of fifteen thousand *[Actually over 20,000]* was the same in number as the inhabitants at the Topaz Relocation Camp in Utah.

The unexpected walk in this beautiful small town, the stillness of the early morning gave father time to contemplate and look ahead. Gradually as his downhill gait quickened, this confidence and self-esteem restored him back to his old self. Leisurely he explored and enjoyed discovering the back roads, but finally decided to return home. This time with a determined push, he opened the front door and shouted, "It's ten o'clock. Don't you have classes this morning? The fall semester had just begun and with all the excitement of the family being reunited again, I was totally unaware of the time. Father made sure that "Reunion" was over, and we were, once again, the "no nonsense" family.

Father was not allowed to practice medicine in Colorado; since the California license was not reciprocal with the state, a barter system for medical care rendered to neighbors and teachers was used to supplement the $200 a month salary he earned as an instructor in the Navy Language School. Through this joint effort the family accumulated some of the rationed items: coffee, sugar, oil and gasoline.

Kaya Sugiyama
in
From the Rooftop
The Newsletter of The Fromm Institute for Lifelong Learning
Vol. 84, Issue #5
October 7, 2003

To Be Continued
Next Time - Kaya Meets Kenri - Love Transcends,War Ends

Malay Instructors

When I sent you my Malay language books, I said I didn't have the names of the four Malay instructors, all of whom I believe had jumped ship in the United States *[a better place to be than Japanese Malaya, for certain]*. I recently came across a list giving the names of two I remember, Emyt Dollan and Ma Hi Dohlan, a third is Sapin bin Ali, who was very young.

My list also included Mahmod Raksapevmana, but frankly I don't now after 60 years remember him.

James W. Falk
OLS (Malay) 1945

A Korean Adventure

Just one small vignette to add - I mentioned that our little Task Group was at one point ordered to Inchon to pay a courtesy visit on General Hodge. On the way from Inchon to Seoul, our car hit a honey cart, which cloaked both car and passengers in most unpleasant aromatics. It is no figure of speech to say that, on arrival, we were received in very bad odour!

H.H. Cloutier
OLS Russian 1944

$Donations Received

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