

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.

Flaherty's Class of 1944

It was beyond the call of duty to send copies of issues #123 and #123A [where his last letter, referred to here, was printed], but I got a big kick out of them and thank you for the extra effort. The playwright William Saroyan, when the doctor told him that his illness was terminal, said, "I knew we all had to die, but I thought an exception would be made in my case." My doctor has told me nothing, but the chances look slimmer and slimmer that I'd be around to open them on the due dates.

The "old up-chuck ploy" did not work. He was gone a short time later. But it was not Sparrenberger.

The italicized list [of the entrants of mid to late May 1944] did not contain names among those missing (if my 39 is correct). I knew most of them well, and graduated in late June or early July 1945. Catt and Quine were Royal Navy. Another was Heath, who was 'smart as a whip'. That judgment came from Tom Kerr [Who was

himself no piker in that regard and was probably as good a judge of Japanese linguist ability as there was.] So I am left with Prendergast as a solid one missing [He is listed with a later entrance class], "Up-Chuck", or wobbly two [Schlaretzki, Sheldon, Shumaker are possibles], and my roommate as a wobbly three. Any records for occupants of room 18 starting in May 1944? [I sent him an entrance roster.]

There is one other unusual fact about graduation. Because Germany had given up, additional attention could be diverted to Japan, and more interpreters would be needed. Our studies were speeded up, time pushed for an earlier than 14-month graduation (by three weeks). Graduation ceremonies were cut out, and we were handed our certificates at the same time the class that started ahead of us in 1944 received theirs.

To identify that class, here are 3 names: Murray Isard from the Philadelphia area, Felix Levy-Hawes from Harrison, NY, and Donald Farnsworth Smith from Schenectady, NY.

Levy-Hawes had his car in Boulder, and didn't want to drive home. I offered to do it. We stopped the first night in Chicago and went to the Stevens Hotel. It was full, but we must have looked so bedraggled that they said they'd scare up something. While we waited in the lobby, General Omar Bradley [former commander of the US 1st Army at Normandy and the 12th Army Group in the ETO] walked by and stopped, bent down, and said a few words to our nine-year-old daughter. What does protocol require you to do under those conditions? I stood like a boob with my mouth open.

Duane Flaherty
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: I remember my response to seeing our V Corps Commander, LTG Fair, enter our Battery. I flattened myself against the wall to let him and his staff march by and

croaked "Attention!" at the top of my voice. Boob may be the right stance.]

Flournoy at War

(Cont'd) Truly effective language work was carried out on Saipan by the late Cliff Graham and others.

Fifth Corps G-2 did not hit the beach on D-Day, since our transports pulled away to sea on reports of a possible air raid out of Japan that evening. It was somewhat later that we took up our billets on the well-secured main street of Charan Kanoa, far from the sounds of hand-to-hand combat. For a couple nights, to be sure, the alarm catapulted us into our foxholes as "Washing Machine Charlie" buzzed around overhead, dropping flares and taking pictures, until one night his own plane lit up the sky on its way into the ocean.

There seemed to be little to be terrified about. I was concerned the first day about the wisdom of interrogating our POWs in the immediate vicinity of an unexploded 500-lb. aerial bomb, nosed into the schoolyard dirt. I was also worried about some of our own Marines, who for my own protection, relieved me of my brand-new K-bar, parting gift from my mother, as I went into the POW stockade. They failed to return it afterward.

At one point I was also somewhat uneasy about a self-styled "Major Yoshida". The Japanese POW appeared unescorted one morning, trimming his moustache with a small pair of scissors, coming up behind me as I sat alone in our G-2 section translating a description of Tinian's water supply. As it turned out, I was not killed with my own weapon. He only wanted some help with an Aussie phrase that appeared in a P.G. Wodehouse paperback he was using to brush up on his English. In return he helped me a bit with my Tinian document.

The day after the nighttime *banzai* attack on the Army's 27th Division, three or four of us were sent up to confirm the estimates

of casualties in that sector. Today's veterans of US television, with *CSI*, *Law & Order* [in multiple series, yet. Ah, yes, the post-Peckinpah exit-wound movie and TV land, not to mention violent video games], and the like, may be inured to the sight of human faces and corpses complete with all manner of grisly contortions, lacerations and contusions. In those days, however, there was no television and movies were strictly censored [In the old movies there were few wounds that went beyond the odd spot of ketchup: ahhh..., they got me]. Therefore, the first encounter with so many fresh enemy corpses, bayoneted, disemboweled, or blown apart in the charnel house of that day produced a sense of unreality. Yet when I turned and saw a fellow Marine, lying in a perfect firing position aiming right at me, I almost yelled at him. That is, until I noticed that he was drilled right through the forehead just under the lid of his helmet – then the reality began to take hold [shades of Eugene Sledge, With the Old Breed on Pelilui and Okinawa]

A few weeks later, I lay moldering in a corner of the G-2 tent on Tinian, laid low with dengue fever, worried they would leave me there as part of the "permanent" garrison. But I managed to get packed up and aboard the transport to Maui instead [Where's that ship? Can I stow away?]. I went on to take part in the Iwo Jima invasion and the occupation of Sasebo.

Thomas N. Flournoy
JLS 1944

Walter Nichols BJ

Great new edition of *The Interpreter* [Our 2006 Status Report and August midmonth issue!] "Fact-studded" as my old boss Tom Sorensen would say. About BJ's, what about Walter Nichols? In my class. Brought up by maids and nurses [in Japan] and never could shake the kitchen vocabulary and

construction he picked up from rural help. His Boulder teachers had a real hard time with him. When I arrived in Japan, Walter was part of the cultural centers program.

Bryan Battey
OLS 1946

[Ed. Note: Thanks for the kudos. According to Slesnick's Graduation List for all JLS Schools, a Walter Nichols was a Harvard JLS graduate in May of 1942. He may have been sent back for grad work but he was not on our Boulder Roster or in our CU transcripts. There must have been an even higher percentage of BIJs and BICs in the Harvard and Berkeley rosters, as I have been told CDR Hindmarsh chose those who were BIJs and BICs first, before choosing stateside language expertise, Phi Beta Kappa, elite school attendance, and grades. I also did not include RIJs (raised in Japan) as I do not have a way to determine that status easily.]

Mysterious indeed. Thanks for background. Hindmarsh got me thru Phi Beta Kappa. Interesting - Kappa in Japanese means Demon Frog, a figure to scare kids with.

Bryan Battey
OLS 1946

MISTAKES

I enjoyed Hillary Conroy's poem, but if he is the same Hillary Conroy I knew, he was OLS 1945, not 1946 [oops!].

Also, I knew a Tommy Ainsworth, so are you sure of the spelling of his name [ouch]?

Your issues are pure fun to read.

CPT Norman Juster, USNR, ret.
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: CPT Juster wins the Editor's Contest "catch the errors". I apologized to Mrs. Ainsworth.]

A Wyoming Memory

I read that a JLS person had been born in Wyoming and it sparked a story.

I went to Japan (my first time) to start the field work on my doctorate in January 1952. One cold day in February or early March I was reading an historical plaque at the Takamatsu Castle grounds in the midst of rice fields about five miles west of Okayama, where the University of Michigan had its field station. The castle itself had disappeared after it was flooded out by Hideyoshi in

1582. He had assembled a large group of laborers, and overnight they built an earthen dam across the valley. Only a portion of the dam remains at the valley's eastern wall. It is called the "frog's nose."

As I was reading the plaque, I was vaguely aware of an old man, dressed in padded garments against the cold, coming toward me. As I kept reading, I suddenly heard a voice saying, "Howdy Partner!" I replied, and asked where he had learned English. He told me that at age eighteen he had left Japan for a cowboy's life in Wyoming. After WWII he was forcibly sent back to Japan. He said he was lonesome for Wyoming, and liked nothing about Japan.

I am sending a photo of myself (on the right), George O. Totten in the middle (A Michigan JLS graduate [George O. Totten, III, Camp Savage, Class Sav 44-02], and Young-Hwan Kihl (left), an expert on North Korea, teaching at Iowa State University at Ames, Iowa. Totten is a close friend of Kim Dae-Jung, and served as the Japanese-Swedish interpreter at Kim's Nobel Prize ceremonies. George and I worked at the Library of Congress in the summer of 1949.

Forrest R. "Woody" Pitts
OLS 3/45

[Ed. Note: this is such a poignant note about a displaced cowpoke. The photo mentioned was taken at the Association for Asian Studies in San Francisco.]

John Holden Davis

Your letter brought me real sadness. Poor Johnny Davis, - so bright, so cheerful, so wise-cracky, - and to think he's not alive. I still have a gift he gave me on the last day there: a book of Spanish proverbs, and it's inscribed, "To Fred, as something to remember me by, John". I still have the book in an honored spot among some 4,000 books in my library.

If Johnny died in 1979, he was only about 59 or 60 years of age. Young! During the turbulent years of the War, it was hard to keep track of any personal friend, and I did lose contact with him. I recall that in his last months at JLS, he'd gotten hold

of a Dutch (Holland) language text, and was studying it. I never knew why. But it could be that his postwar years were spent in some travel.

Fred W. Franck
JLS 1944

Student By-Lines

In the last three weeks [several months] through our Student By-Lines column, we've traveled back to America in the 1940's and journeyed with Kaya Sugiyama from Tanforan Race Track to Boulder, Colorado experiencing her family's personal odyssey as forcibly displaced citizens. Through it all, her moving story has echoed the triumph of the human spirit in the face of adversity and prejudice. Last week "Relocation" looked at a family finally reunited. In this final chapter Kaya meets Kenri and love transcends while war ends.

RELOCATION (4)

The evacuated draftees were recruited from the various relocation camps to serve in the military force. Word got around in the camps that if any of the recruits were on their way to their basic-training destination and were passing through Denver, (a forty-five minute ride on the bus to Boulder), they were welcome to stay at our home.

The very east we could offer them before they were again housed in another barracks, was to share our home-cooked dinner and our home with them. Whenever the neighbors heard of houseguests arriving, offerings of turkey, fresh vegetables, and fruit of the season came pouring in. We were always assured of a turkey, or poultry was not rationed. The dinner for the GI's became standardized - roast turkey with all the trimmings, "sushi" (vinegared rice, a special Japanese dish) vegetables, and dessert. The dessert was either a fruit pie or a strawberry short cake, depending upon the fruits of the season. Our G.I. guests were aglow with our hospitality, for it was long ago since they had been in a real home. We had hoped that the brief stay with us would sustain and give them comfort during their difficult times ahead. Through this

unexpected, pleasant experience with us, their hopes for the relocation of their own families became more of a reality, and also a vision for them to look forward to.

Their thoughts of the journey to the unknown were temporarily put aside until the next day; we sensed that they were thoroughly enjoying themselves, creating pleasant memories they could fall back on.

As weeks sped by we received mail from the soldiers who visited us. Mr. Holman, the postmaster and our next door neighbor, noticed mail arriving frequently from a same "Private," although each letter had a different A.P.O. return address. His curiosity got the better of him and he asked us about the letters with the frequent A.P.O. changes. We explained to him that the "Private" was a family friend from San Francisco, and the army was having difficulty trying to place him in the proper rank.

Private Kenri received his degree in dentistry in absentia from the University of California in Berkeley, for he was interned in camp before his graduation. Since he was recruited into the army from the Gila Relocation Camp in Arizona, the army could not decide on his rank in the service. Under any normal circumstance a dentist recruited, automatically received an officer's rank of a first lieutenant.

Finally after a year an opening for a truck driver in a mobile dental unit came up, and immediately Private Kenri was assigned to a medical unit and ordered to ship overseas. Before shipping out, he requested a two-week furlough to visit his parents who were interned at the Gila Relocation Camp in Arizona. Upon his return, the atmosphere and the environment in the relocation camp became unbearable; it was not the physical aspects of the camp - the barbed-wired fences, guards, barracks - but the gloomy and depressing mental attitudes which prevailed among the interned families. Eligible draftees were hurriedly recruited from the Gila Relocation Camp, for immediate replacements for

the 442 Battalion from Hawaii became critical.



Japanese-American soldiers of the 442 Battalion, the most decorated Japanese-American Battalion in the war.

The 442 Battalion, fighting in Italy, became the most decorated Japanese-American Battalion, but was being decimated by the enemy and the vacancies were not being filled quickly enough. Private Kenri was in this original draft lottery from his camp; this original infantry unit from Gila had already completed their thirteen-week basic training in the states long ago, had seen action in the European Theater, and had participated in active combat, replacing the soldiers killed and lost in the 442 Battalion from Hawaii. This replacement from the United States became known as the 100th Infantry Battalion, composed entirely of Japanese-Americans recruited from the relocation camps. Letters from their sons in France and Italy, notices of casualties sent to the next of kin, slowly filtered back to the camps. When the internees saw or heard that Private Kenri was on furlough visiting his parents, they unconsciously transferred their griefs and anxieties to him. Realizing that their sons were recruited at the same time as Private Kenri, his presence at the internment camp became a reminder to them of their absent sons serving in the European Theater. This sensitive setting made it difficult for Private Kenri, his family, and the internees. The unexpected sad turn of events during the first few days of his furlough made him decide to spend the remaining furlough with us at Boulder.

The morning of his departure, splashing and dragging sounds from the upstairs bathroom continued for quite awhile.

When it stopped, I ran upstairs to see what was going on. In the four-legged bathtub, I found our guest laundering his bedding and linens by walking back and forth, knee deep, in the soapy water; he was just getting ready to rinse and finish the wash. He had to leave within an hour to catch the bus for Denver. Ironically, his port of embarkation was from the West Coast to Europe. With the constant reminder, "He'll return, and we'll all return, once again, to the West Coast..." gave us strength and comfort to wait out the duration of the war. Private Kenri saw Europe, driving the truck and taking orders from his officer.

The long tragic years finally came to an end. With hopes of new horizons, we returned to San Francisco in the fall of 1946. This final relocation completed a cycle of historic events, not only for the family, but for the entire world. A new and different cycle was in the offing. Private Kenri and I plunged into the future together, anticipating untold accomplishments for greater changes during our generation. With the advent of the human rights movement, the postwar period of healing and reconstruction became a remarkable awakening to the world. This created and rippled undreamt-of consequences. As the nations mellowed over the years, we also learned to blend and work harmoniously with the mainstream of society. Gradually, as greater understanding of events and circumstances surrounding Pearl Harbor were revealed by the federal government, the guarantee of justice for all Americans was reaffirmed once again. A forty-three year battle by "American-Japanese" versus "The United States Government," culminated on February 10, 1986. The federal judge ruled that the United States Government had engaged in misconduct "of the most fundamental character when it justified the forced removal of 110,000 residents of Japanese ancestry to the wartime relocation camps."

Kaya Sugiyama
in

From the Rooftop
The Newsletter of The Fromm
Institute for Lifelong Learning
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David Frehn, BIJ & Kitchen Japanese

David Frehn – OLS 1945 Japanese. A real BIJ. True kitchen Japanese. Delighted in using his special vocabulary on teachers - Joroya (whore house) Sakanayasan (fish monger). Not listed in your big list [*Only 1942 BIJs on that list. He's on our '43-46 BIJ List*]. Now I know you are tired of chasing wild Nichols geese, but could you take a shot at Frehn? Give you something to do (ha ha).

Bryan Battey
OLS 1945

Ashikaga Reprise

I read Ashikaga's obituary in Issue #107 with interest. I knew him very pleasantly, though I was never in his classes. He was said to be the best calligrapher on the Faculty and, in fact, he did the textbook we used showing us the order of strokes for kanji.

One thing the students learned -- some, including myself, the hard way --- was never to let Ashikaga pour your drinks. He would slug you.

Another well-known calligrapher was Tomizawa Sensei. While I was at JLS, he would compose a short poem, write it in beautiful, but undecipherable sosho, and present it to each graduate. I can still recite mine, though I couldn't read it even then.

Morris Cox, OLS 1945

Ruth Halverson Craig

Ruth Halverson Craig, WAVE, JLS 1944, and wife of John J. "Jack" Craig, JLS 1944 passed away on April 8, 2006. Ruth Halverson was born March 30 1922 in Massachusetts and grew up in Maine and Connecticut. She received her B.A. magna cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa, from Pomona College in 1943.

In the spring of 1943, Ms. Halverson found job hunting in

southern California a disaster. Industrial jobs were plentiful, but unsuitable to the young college graduate. "Douglass Aircraft would teach me welding—no matter that I'm all thumbs, mechanically. Union Oil Company offered a job doing chemical tests, though I'd not even had high school chemistry. I believed they'd hire anyone with two hands. The prospects were depressing—until I saw a notice on the bulletin board at college, about Commander Hindmarsh, USN, interviewing women to learn Japanese for the Navy. Eureka! I applied."

She found that Eleanor Wells (a class ahead of her at Pomona) had also applied. They were interviewed and told to report July 19, 1944. "Was everyone's interview as cursory as mine?" They went by railroad to Cheyenne, thence by narrow gauge train to Boulder, arriving July 18. Someone pointed out the Boulderado Hotel, where they got a room furnished with two metal-framed double beds—no pretensions of grandeur. As they were unpacking, the hotel manager appeared, asking if they'd mind sharing the room with Anne Sheffer, "another young lady who's going to the language school." There was no room left in the hotel.

"The next day, naïve about the wording of our orders, we tracked down the commanding officer, and were shown into Capt. Robert's office. He beamed at us, chatted, and told us we should really report to the fraternity house, 1029 Broadway. A few evenings later, Marylou Siegfried, Marguerite Anderson and I went for ice cream to the Anchorage. Three men from the language school were there; one of them, Martin Packman, was an acquaintance of Marguerite's from the U. of Chicago. We were introduced to him, Jack Craig and Norton Williams. In February, '44, Jack and I were married in Boulder; Marylou and Norton, after Norton's return from the Pacific in '46. There were other weddings, of course, but as far as I know, Marylou and I were the only ones who met our future husbands at the same time."

After the War, the Craigs settled in the New York City

area, and raised three daughters and a son. While Jack commuted to the city, Ruth joined Girl Scouts, PTA, League of Women Voters, as well as other organizations. With children in school, she became a part-time reporter and frequent columnist for the local newspaper, and performed editing duties for a publisher of legal books. She eventually became editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine*. By the 1990s they had moved to rural New Jersey and Mrs. Craig continued with freelance writing and editing at home, specializing in children's literature. She wrote a children's book, *Malu's Wolf*, in 1995. It was published in the US, UK and Germany.

In the 1990s, semi-retired, Jack and Ruth Craig traveled widely to many parts of the U.S. and to Europe. Jack and Ruth Craig are survived by children and grandchildren, "who are scattered between New Hampshire and Virginia". They attended several JLS/OLS reunions, 1976, 1990 and most especially the 1993 Boulder WAVE Reunion.

Ruth Halverson Craig was buried beside John J. Craig, who preceded her, at Arlington National Cemetery on May 5, 2006.

*Adapted from the
WAVE 1993 JLS Reunion entry
David M. Hays & Kim Craig Lambey*

AN INTERESTING PART OF MY EARLIER LIFE

I wish to thank you so much for sending to me all *The Interpreter* reports from the past as well as the new reports which I look forward to seeing each month.

As I mentioned on the telephone, I was actually in Boulder for 10 months when I was given the opportunity to return to Japanese Counter Intelligence at the 12th Naval District in San Francisco. I feel I completed my Boulder language school actually in 1947 when I was getting my Master's degree at Cal Berkeley. One had to be proficient in a foreign language and I chose Japanese and of all things, my qualifying instructor was Miss Florence Walne, who was then back at Berkeley.

It is wonderful to read about people I knew so long ago. In

recent years I was in contact with Captain Roger Pineau, before he passed away, and he knew of my situation at the DIO.

I went on to career as president and CEO at Consolidated Textile, the largest drapery and upholstery manufacturers and distributors in Northern California with branches in Seattle, Hawaii, Sacramento, and Hong Kong. Since the War, I have had little use for my Japanese background, but it was an interesting part of my earlier life.

*Dr. Wil Fountain
JLS 1943*

Ex-Naval intelligence officer had second career, grateful family

PUNTA GORDA -- Retired Lt. Cmdr. Wayne J. Pike studied Latin, French, German and Spanish before entering the Navy during World War II. Then he added Japanese, Russian and some Italian.

His multilingual abilities led to his appointment as a naval intelligence officer. He was one of the first three officers sent to deliver Japanese destroyers to the Big Four powers in 1947.

Pike was the first naval officer to attend the Russian Institute at Columbia University. He was on duty in the Pentagon during the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis. He retired from the military in 1964 after 21 years, then spent 20 years with IBM. He retired in 1984 and moved to Punta Gorda.

Pike died Monday {*January 1, 2007*} at the age of 81 due to complications of heart failure.

"He was a man of honesty and integrity, very sociable and just a great guy," said Helen Gene Pike, his wife of 61 years.

Pike was born Feb. 24, 1925, in Montpelier, Ohio, grew up in a family of nine children and attended a one-room schoolhouse. In his first year at Bowling Green State University in Ohio he met his wife at a football game.

He left to enlist in a special Navy V-12 officers training program at 19 in 1944.

At his first posting as an ensign, Pike studied Japanese at the Oriental Language School in Boulder, Colo., and received his bachelor's degree from Bowling Green State.

At Columbia, he earned his master's degree in 1953 in Soviet international affairs. His thesis traced the Soviet navy from 1925 to 1950.

In his second career with IBM Federal Systems Division, his knowledge of Soviet navy systems helped develop sonar systems on U.S. attack subs. He also was involved with navigational gear for B-1 bombers.

"My father gave me direction and taught me to put 100 percent into anything I did," his son Larry Pike of Centerville, Va., said. "He taught me that actions have consequences, to think things through and to pay attention to detail."

After retiring to Punta Gorda, Wayne Pike became an elder and deacon at Burnt Store Presbyterian Church, where Pastor Tim Stewart described him as enthusiastic and energetic with a strong faith and a love for his country.

His Masonic work raised him to the degree of Master Mason, and he became a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason. In 1997, he received the "Red Hat" as a Knight Commander Court of Honor.

He was past president of the Charlotte County Veterans Council, president of Sun Coast Chapter Navy League, Retired Officers Association (TROA/MOAA) and a member of the PGI Civic Association and the Isles Yacht Club.

His eldest daughter, Leslie Monarch, of Aiken, S.C., told of her father: "We always shared mental challenges. I even use him as an example in my work training Army instructors at Fort Gordon in Augusta, Ga."

His youngest daughter, Carla Malinovsky, of Kannapolis, N.C., said her father was a fair man, generous with advice and material things. He established the "Pike Scholarship" for his grandchildren's education.

"He often said it didn't matter whether you were a janitor or a president, as long as you did

your job. He had no regrets in life," she said.

In addition to his wife and children, Pike is survived by his sisters, Marcella Lovejoy of Angola, Ind. and Vera Lovejoy of Montpelier, Ohio, and brother Jack Pike of Howell, Mich.; six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

*Helen Phillips
HeraldTribune.com
January 05, 2007*

helen.phillips@heraldtribune.com

[Ed. Note: We found Commander Pike, OLS 1945, in 2005, since that January, he was on the mailing list.]

Williams Memorial

Shirley, Rich White and I along with several hundred of his admirers and friends attended Walt Williams' memorial service in early December 2006. We were at the same church a few weeks earlier for his wife Marie's service. They met at Boulder.

Finally, thanks as always, for all you are doing for us. We older ones--earlier classes that is--rely on you more than we can say to keep in touch with a vitally important period in our lives. *[The honor and pleasure is entirely mine.]*

*Charles T. Cross
JLS 1943*

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If you wish to support the JLS/OLS Archival Project in ways other than giving papers you may contribute donations to our US Navy JLS/OLS Fund. We hire work-study students on this fund, tripling its value. If you wish to donate, make your check out to the **University of Colorado Foundation**, writing **US Navy JLS Fund** on the memo line to the bottom left of your check, and mail it to our contact address.

\$Donations Received

I regret to say that I filled up the early 2009 issues in advance of acknowledging the following 2009 donations:

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