The US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School Archival Project

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 150 ✯**Remember September 11, 2001**✯ arv@colorado.edu August 1, 2010

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.

Richard King Beardsley Anthropologist of Japan

Throughout his career, Richard King Beardsley was a pioneer in the field of Japanese community studies. He graduated summa cum laude from the University of California, Berkeley, in 1939. Immediately after graduation, Beardsley spent four years in the United States navy, serving as a Japanese language officer. After WW II, Beardsley returned to Berkeley to earn his PhD. For his dissertation, *Temporal and Areal Relationships in Central California Archeology*, that was a synthesis of fieldwork of the archeology of the California Native American. Despite the wide reverence for this work, even up until the time of his death, Beardsley chose to shift his focus back to Japanese studies. He accepted a position at the University of Michigan in 1947.

In 1950, Beardsley became a pioneer in multi-disciplinary study when he, and several of his co-workers, participated in an ethnographic study of a small farming village in Okayama Prefecture. Beardsley co-authored Village Japan based on this study, in 1959. This work was read and revered as frequently in Japan as in the United States. In 1974, he returned to restudy the village, and was working on a book at the time of his death.

During his time at the University of Michigan, Beardsley served as a member of the senate assembly, acting chairman of the department of anthropology, and director of the Center for Japanese Studies. Beardsley also was a book review editor for American Anthropologist, trustee and continental editor for Council of Old World Archeology, president of the American branch of the Far Eastern Prehistory Association, director of the Association of Asian Studies, fellow and council member for the American Council for Advancement of Science, and a member of the American Advisor Committee of The Japan Foundation.

Beardsley did not limit himself to the study of Japan. He also studied Japanese Americans living in California, spent many years teaching a course on the people of Soviet Asia, and taught a popular course on the anthropology of art.

Beardsley was a pioneer in multi-media; he was one of the first scholars to write and act in a series of programs on Asia, done for the University of Michigan television center. He was well known for warmth, kindness, and gentle disposition; and he gave generously to his students.

Richard Chalfe Archive
www.publicanthropology.org/archive/aa1979.htm
Published on: 12/1/1979

[Ed. Note: While I already posted an obit for Professor Beardsley, this anthropological information on his career appeared to be far more specific. So I thought I would include it.]

Bit Part in a Big Theater

(Cont'd) Getting the actual surrender document from Washington caused a delay, so we were two days behind the Tokyo ceremony. Also, the waters surrounding the island were found to be too shallow for a destroyer. Finally, on the morning of September 4, with our Coast Guard boat anchored off Aguijan, an admiral's gig arrived bearing a stern-faced Rear Admiral named Marshall Greer, dressed in whites, resplendent with campaign ribbons and gold braid.

When Yamada climbed aboard from a landing craft, his greenish pallor matched the color of his faded uniform. He looked even smaller than he had at our first meeting, encumbered as he was with an outsized dispatch case. The confined deck space on the slender vessel posed a problem: where to place the surrender documents for the signing. Finally the skipper of the Coast Guard boat suggested using the cover of a ventilator just behind the wheelhouse, and that was where the parties arrayed themselves, the Americans on one side and the three Japanese on the other. Nobody invited me to be part of the US contingent, so I positioned myself directly behind Yamada.

After someone read the contents of the surrender document, the signing began. In the meantime I had noticed Yamada occasionally bending over his big dispatch case. I knew he was ill, but the rest of the group was oblivious of any impending disaster until the Japanese 2nd lieutenant leaned forward to inscribe his name on the document. He threw up, loudly and spectacularly, spewing the stuff on the papers and the Americans directly across from him, including the Admiral. Thus did World War II formally end for the garrison of Aguijan Island.

There was one postscript. Several days later, as had been agreed by the parties, the evacuation of the soldiers and civilians from Aguijan was scheduled to get under way. A number of large landing craft were anchored close to the landing, and a small party of officers huddled there, deciding how to manage this complicated maneuver. I tagged along, and while the group conferred, I headed up the pathway to the top of the cliff. When I got there I found the Japanese standing in two orderly groups, the soldiers on one side, the elderly men, women and children on the other, rifles and automatic weapons neatly stacked between them.

Yamada was standing in front of the two groups, and as I approached him, he called my name, bowed, and presented me his sword. I detected a knowing smile on his usually somber face. The formal ceremony of the other day notwithstanding, Yamada was surrendering his island to me. (to be cont'd)

James Holton in
"My Brush with History: by the Readers",
American Heritage,
April 2000, 36-40
Sent to us by Euan Davis, JLS 1944

Martin Hirabayashi, Sensei

US Navy Japanese Language School

Hirabayashi Sensei died in 2007.

Martin Hirabayashi, though not related, was a neighbor of Gordon Hirabayashi for many years while working on a farm located in Kent, Washington. The farm was located in a region called Shirakawa, the name given the White River Valley--a fertile crescent between Seatttle and Tacoma, Washington--by the Japanese immigrants who first arrived there as itinerant farmworkers in the late 19th century. By the 1920s, the Japanese were the majority

ethnic group in the Valley farm belt. (Martin Hirabayashi to David Hays, April 17, 2001; *Shirakawa: Stories From A Pacific Northwest Japanese America*, by Stan Flewelling)

Martin Hirabayashi was a member of Beta Gamma Sigma and Pan Xenia at the University of Washington immediately prior to World War II. Martin Hirabayashi and Chisako Higuchi were married at Richmond, Indiana, on Sunday, November 22, 1942. Chisako was a senior at Earlham College in Richmond. Martin was working in Indianapolis. (*Pacific Cable*, Vol. 1, No. 11 -- 2 Dec. 1942, About People)

He was recruited to teach at the US Navy Japanese Language School, at the University of Colorado, in December 1942 to meet an increasing demand for instructors, as the school was bringing in many more Navy and Marine students. He was in Boulder from December 1942 to July 1943 [his rememberance] or June 1944 [when his release was noted in the CU Regents Minutes]. He always downplayed his role at the JLS, deferring to those sensei who had been there longer than he had. "Teaching Japanese language to the naval officers was a real challenge but a satisfying experience for me. I had the privilege of teaching the initial group of WAVE students. The Phi Beta Kappa students were all exceptional and we should be proud of their efforts during the War ... Roger Pineau, Don Keene and Edward Seidensticker are people with whom I was acquainted. They were outstanding Naval Officers."(Martin Hirabayashi to David Hays, March 18, 2001)

In the late 1940s, Martin Hirabayashi was a member of the Japan Branch, Division of Research for Far East, U.S. Department of State. (*Japan's Economy in War and Reconstruction*, by Jerome B. Cohen, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1949, vi.; *[Jerome Cohen was a graduate of the USN JLS]*).

David M. Hays
Archivist & Editor

[Ed. Note: I placed this obit in the JAVA/AAVA newsletter, care of Grant Ichikawa. We do not know very much about his post-war career, as Hirabayashi Sensei never sent us very much biographical information. The above was pieced together from information on the web. I have placed a more complete obit in a future issue.]

Dave:

I can only add that some time in the 1960s Martin was consul general in Fukuoka.

Rick Straus
US Army JLS

Reprise on Hirabayashi Sensei

My son, Lane Hirabayashi, sent me a copy of your obit on Martin Hirabayashi. He remembers you and is appreciative of all the help you gave him while he was at Colorado. After leaving Colorado, he went to UC Riverside for a few years and last year he was appointed to the Aratani Professorship at UCLA. This year he was appointed the Chair of Asian American Studies.

He wondered whether Martin was a relative or not after reading the bit about Gordon Hirabayashi. “The exclusion of all Japanese Americans from the West Coast and the conscription of Japanese Americans into the United States Army led to diverse reactions on the part of four Nisei cousins who were raised in Japanese American communities in and around Seattle, Washington.” [4]

The cousins are Grant Jiro Hirabayashi, Gordon Kiyoshi Hirabayashi, Robert Taro Mizukami, and Henry Nobuo Hirabayashi. They are the sons of Issei immigrants from an extended family neighborhood of eleven Hirabayashi households in the township of Hotaka, Nagano Prefecture, Japan. Toshiharu Hirabayashi, father of Grant; Shungo Hirabayashi, father of Gordon; Isami (nee Hirabayashi) Mizukami, mother of Robert; and Hamao Hirabayashi, father of Henry, were the relatives who who emigrated to America. (In “Four Hirabayashi Cousins: A Question of Identity”, *Nikkei in the Pacific Northwest: Japanese Americans and Japanese Canadians in the Twentieth Century*. Louis Fiset and Gail Nomura, eds. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 2005).

I do appreciate your bio of Martin. He had an interesting and very productive life. Martin and I did not cross paths very often as our careers lead us to different parts of the world, I have sent a copy to Carole Hirabayashi, who is the family historian. She is married to a nephew of Martin's.

James Hirabayashi
Emeritus Professor of Anthropology and Ethnic Studies
San Francisco State University
San Francisco CA

Senior Advisor
Japanese American National Museum
Los Angeles CA

The JLS Experience of T. Howell Breece

(Cont’d) Later I was assigned to edit intelligence manuals on Japan for the use of ships’ officers. We had to work from photographs taken by missionaries, from articles in old newspapers and magazines and from other such random materials. When I said that I couldn’t do a very good job because I didn’t know enough about such things as dams and hydroelectric plants, I was told to keep quiet and get on with it. I was told later that when a ship’s captain got such a manual he attached a lead weight to it and dropped it over the side. I can see why.

One day early in June 1944, Cmdr. Hindmarsh opened the door into our workroom on the top floor of the Navy Department and started counting heads. The figure he reached was one short of the number of men in the room. Someone said, “Sir, you haven’t counted Breece.” “Oh,” said the Commander, “He’s going to China.” That was how I learned what my next assignement would be.

DDay was, of course, June 6, 1944, and getting anyone onto a transatlantic airplane in June was very difficult. So the Navy made me a courier, provided me with a 38 caliber revolver in a shoulder holster and sent a Marine driver to pick me up at my Washington hotel where I said a somber goodbye to my wife and year-old son. I knew nothing of revolvers. The only handguns I had ever fired had been automatics.; so I admitted my ignorance to my Marine driver. He told me to put only five rounds in the cylinder of the revolver with the empty chamber next to the loaded chamber on which the hammer rested. Pulling the trigger once would allow the hammer to fall on the empty chamber, thus reducing the chance of an accidental discharge. The driver brought with him the courier bag for which I was responsible. When I got to the airfield at Patuxent, Maryland *[Naval Air Station (NAS) Patuxent River, commissioned in April of 1943]*, the crew stowed my bag in the nose compartment of the C47. I wondered how I could be responsible for it when I had no way of getting at it, but decided that if we were shot down or crashed, I would be dead anyway and beyond caring what happened to the bag.

I think I was the only passenger until we landed at New York where the plane filled up with passengers, including a brigadier general. We made a night flight to Gander, Newfoundland, where we refueled and then we flew to the Azores. Again we landed to refuel and to have a meal in the Army mess at the airfield. Because I was a courier I was allowed to leave the airplane with my 38 in its concealed holster. Otherwise the agreement with the Portuguese government was that no one carried side arms when they left a plane. From the Azores, we made a long flight to Casablanca and from there the next day to Cairo with an intermediate landing at Tripoli to refuel. At the airfield in Tripoli, I saw my first war damage, the jagged holes torn by machine gun bullets in the metal hangars of the Italian Air Force. There, also, I got into a conversation with one of my fellow passengers, a captain in the Royal Navy. We were the only two naval men on the plane, something that caused him to ignore the enormous gulf between our ranks.

In Cairo, I was able to turn my courier bag over to an officer at US Naval Headquarters. I was interested to learn that part of the

contents of the bag which I was to guard with my life turned out to be two bottles of bourbon for the naval station *[Probably more worthy of defense than other paperwork would be]*. I was in Cairo three days, the only time I have ever been to Egypt. The station commander thought that no American naval officer should come through Cairo without seeing the Pyramids. He provided me with a jeep and driver and sent me out to Gizeh for a long afternoon of looking at the Sphinx and the great Pyramids *[“…My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings, Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair! Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away." Percy Bysshe Shelley (sorry couldn’t help it)]*. I no longer remember his name, but I am still grateful to him. I was quartered in great luxury at Shephard’s Hotel. (to be cont’d)

T. Howell Breece
JLS 1944

J. Maynard Kaplan JLS 1944

I'm sorry to write you that my dear friend, J. Maynard Kaplan, whom I met in the JLS in 1942, died on July 15, 2007, in Columbus, Ohio, at the venerable age of 94. Maynard was born in Salem, MA, and graduated from Brown University and Harvard Law School. He graduated from the JLS either in late 1942 or early 1943 -- maybe you have a record of that *[actually we do, he entered New years Eve 1942. + 14 months would put his graduation in late winter 1944]* -- and was sent to the Naval Communications Annex in Washington, where he rose to Lt.(j.g.), and we worked together for many months. He and his wife, Rhea, became close friends of mine and we spent a lot of time together during those wartime days, culminating in our celebration of V-J Day by joining the delirious crowds in downtown Washington.

The Kaplans returned to Salem for a few years, and later moved with their young son and daughter to Columbus, where they settled permanently for the rest of their 66 years of marriage. My wife, Gloria, and I kept in touch with them and we visited each other from time to time. Maynard never used his Japanese professionally, but he remembered a great deal, and when we got together we would have fun recalling phrases and songs. Rhea reminded me recently that on one of their trips to New York we went to a Japanese restaurant and "performed," much to the surprise and enjoyment of the waiters!

He had a great sense of humor and a sharp wit, as well as skill in solving puzzles. He often entered contests and won a respectable amount of money from some of them. His love of words produced "New Millennium Limericks for Grandmothers and Others," published in 2001. Whatever he did was with total commitment and unlimited energy, which made him a valuable member of several boards in his community.

Gene Sosin
JLS 1943

[Ed. Note: Such personal obituaries by peers seem much better than the standard obits from newspapers. Regrettably, Mr. Kaplan did not want to be disturbed and never received our newsletter, a disturbance he might have enjoyed, had he known.]

Mind over Matter Charles Latimer 1944

(Cont’d) He returned to Brookline for a few years and then accepted an assistant principal job in Wallingford, Conn., and later, Montclair, N.J. For those blessed with smarts and an unyielding work ethic, windows of opportunity can grow to the size of doors. One such door opened for Latimer when the U.S. Army contacted him to supervise their secondary schools in Europe. “I was basically in charge of overseeing 149 schools scattered across Germany, France, Italy, and Ethiopia – with 3,000 teachers and more than 60,000 students,” recalls Latimer. His reputation as a capable administrator quickly attracted the attention of education professionals back in the United States.

Alice and Charles Latimer on a recent trip to Panama

Latimer had planned to accept a job offer as an assistant superintendent in Minnetonka, Minn. However, as a favor to a few friends at Columbia, he agreed to meet with the superintendent of the Panama Canal Zone Schools over breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. This informal Sunday morning conversation led to a flight to Panama and a job offer.

In 1962, Latimer became dean of The Canal Zone Junior College, and two years later, the deputy superintendent of the Canal Zone schools. “My family and I loved Panama,” Latimer reminisces. “The school system was fantastic. Our home was air-conditioned, we had great outlets for swimming and playing golf and we got to travel quite a bit.”

After 19 years in Central America, Latimer returned to the States ready to open a private practice in counseling in Greenville, S.C. Shortly after returning, he was coaxed back into education by a small school system in nearby Polk County, N.C. “Once everyone there figured out that I knew how to work with children, they came to depend on me not only as the school psychologist, but also as the school system guru,” says Latimer. “I had no authority, no power. All I could do was suggest. And some of my recommendations created near miracles. I ended up being an advisor to the superintendent, principals, teachers, children and parents. . . . Helping that school system was one of the most pleasurable experiences in my professional career.”

And it is fortunate for a great number of children, spanning generations and even continents, that Charles Latimer chose education as his professional career and shared with them his unwavering belief in human potential.

Mike Berry
College of Charleston Magazine
Fall 2004, Fall 2,
Page 27

One who Slipped Away Unnoticed: Benton ("Ben") Hines Marshall

In response to my letter asking some long-time members to join me in Founder membeship status, I was notified that Ben Marshall had died July 4, 2000, nearly three years ago. It pained me that one of us who had been a participant in our organization since its organization in 1978 could leave us unreported; it seemed unseemly.

I requested more information of the person who had responded and received a CV which emphasized how little I had known of this fellow AGLP member. I had known Ben only from brief contacts at our annual meetings; he was a quiet person, not given to talking about himself.

Reading his CV I wished I had gotten to know him better. He had served in the U.S. Navy 1943-1945 in the Pacific theater with the 118th C.B. (Seebee), then a year at the Naval Oriental Language School (Japanese) *[Oklahoma A&M, Stillwater]* and then 6 months in a Central Intelligence Group.

He graduated from the Louisville School of Medicine in 1951, interned at the Graduate Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania and was a resident in psychiatry at Friends Hospital, the VA and Philadelphia State Hospital.

Over the years he worked at and received an A.M. degree in Anthropology from the University of Pennsylvania. He worked at a number of Pennsylvania State and community organizations and institutions.

I last saw Ben in May 2000 I think, when he somewhat gleefully announced that he had retired. It appears he had little time to enjoy that phase of his life.

A tardy goodbye, Ben; you were missed - we just didn't know where you had gone.

Frank Rundle
Association of Gay and Lesbian Psychiatrists
V. XXIX(2), April 2003
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A Perfect Choice

[A JLO Submariner]

Two days before OPERATION ROAD'S END, during which we sank the remaining 24 subs of the Japanese submarine fleet, Captain Follmer asked me to secure from the *I-58* a souvenir for him to give Captain McVay of the *Indianapolis*, who had survived the loss of his ship. I asked him for suggestions as to what to secure and he had simply replied, "That's up to you."

Photo #: USMC 139990 I-58 (Japanese Submarine, 1944-1946) **At Sasebo, Japan, 28 January 1946. This submarine torpedoed and sank USS *Indianapolis* (CA-35) on 30 July 1945.**
U.S. Marine Corps Photograph.

It should be mentioned here that my life aboard the *Nereus* was such that I was wrapped in a cocoon as far as outside world events were concerned. I had no Japanese newspapers and no radio to keep me informed of world events. I did know that Captain Hashimoto of the *I-58* had been sent to Washington in December 1945 to testify at the court martial of Captain McVay where his arrival had horrified the American public. The press had howled. "What we are doing in this case is putting an enemy in the position of determining the justice we mete out to ourselves. It was a perverted sense of values that produced this course of action," wrote the *Washington Post.* Hashimoto had to be lodged during the trial in The Navy Yard and was given guards to protect him from harm; such had been the extent of the public hostility.

He had returned to his command of the *I-58* about the same time I arrived aboard the *Nereus* and never referred to the trip in such discussions as we had previously engaged. Thus I knew nothing about his trip or the outcome of Captain McVay's court martial. All I knew was that Captain Follmer had asked me to get a souvenir from the *I-58* for him to give Captain McVay.

Aboard the *I-58*, I discussed the problem with Hashimoto. He took me forward to the forward torpedo room and pointed out the tube from which the fatal torpedo had been discharged. There was an oval base plate affixed to the round door of the tube designated with a particular number in Japanese. Hashimoto told me he could have the brass plate removed and suggested it would be a suitable souvenir for the ill-fated Captain McVay.

Because such a memento seemed to me somewhat ghoulish I went along with the suggestion hesitantly; but when I gave it to Captain Follmer the following day he was delighted with it and proclaimed that it was a "perfect choice."

A year or so later, while on active duty with COMSUBLANT, I learned of Captain McVay's suicide …. *[This must have been a rumor since McVay's rank was restored in 1946 by the new CNO Chester Nimitz. McVay retired in 1949.]*

Was it, I inevitably asked myself, my "perfect choice" that had persuaded him to take his own life?

S. Paul Kramer
JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: To answer Mr. Kramer's question - probably not. I think Mr. Kramer's conscience can rest easy since Admiral McVay did not commit suicide until 1968. From the USS Indianapolis *Association website it is hard not to come to the conclusion that the many were attempting to whitewash themselves of this incident while tarring Captain McVay. Certainly this is not the only time a commander has been sacrificed to protect the reputation of the Army or Navy. The failure to zigzag had to be a trumped up charge.*

"McVay was found guilty on the charge of failing to zigzag. The court sentenced him to lose 100 numbers in his temporary rank of Captain and 100 numbers in his permanent rank of Commander, thus ruining his Navy career. In 1946, at the behest of Admiral Nimitz who had become Chief of Naval Operations, Secretary Forrestal remitted McVay's sentence and restored him to duty. McVay served out his time in the New Orleans Naval District and retired in 1949 with the rank of Rear Admiral. He took his own life in 1968." http://www.ussindianapolis.org/mcvay.htm

"In 1998, Rep. Julia Carson sponsored legislation in Congress to clear McVay's name. The bill was opposed by the Navy and did not pass, but in 2000 Congress approved a resolution clearing McVay's name as part of the 2001 defense spending bill. Then, in July 2001, the Secretary of the Navy ordered McVay to be exonerated of wrongdoing in the loss of the ship". http://www2.indystar.com/library/factfiles/history/military/uss_indianapolis/history.html. Mr. Kramer has now passed.]

John Joseph Craig
1918-2005

John Joseph (Jack) Craig *[JLS 1944]* was born on October 2, 1918 in Manhattan, New York to Helen (Nellie) Meany Craig and William Craig. Unfortunately, his father, an accountant, died two weeks later during the influenza epidemic, leaving Nellie with Jack plus two-year-old Francis. A few weeks later, she married Charles Desmond, and had a third son, William Desmond. Jack grew up with charming, kind, yet impractical parents, who often were evicted from various apartments for failure to pay rent. Sometimes the boys would help their parents move on the sly from one building to the next before facing overdue rent, even moving furniture via rooftop to avoid the attention of landlords or building superintendents. Although times were lean, Jack and Francis did well in School in Mt. Vernon, NY, and they remained best friends for life. Jack and his brother enjoyed camping trips in the more rural areas of Westchester County. In Mt. Vernon High School, he was on the track and cross country teams (he continued running in college and even ran for pleasure into his 70s). He won a full scholarship to NYU, where he graduated second in his class with a degree in chemistry. Summer jobs included life-guarding and working in a bank. After graduation, he worked in a chemical lab in Louisville, Kentucky. Although he was exempt from the draft because of his occupation, he volunteered for military service after Pearl Harbor.

He met Ruth Halverson at the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado in Boulder *[where she was attending as a WAVE, see Issue #135]*. They were married in February 1944. Ruth dropped out of the program when she discovered she was pregnant. After Jack was deployed, she moved to Springfield, Illinois (to live with her parents), where her son Joseph was born in March 1945. Jack was in the Pacific at the time, with the Marines *[See Issues #68, #81-#83A, notably on Iwo Jima]*. The baby was healthy for a few days. They wrote to each other daily, but mail delivery was another matter. Therefore Jack received glowing letters about their new son. The baby developed a lung infection and died when five days old. Jack wrote back about his happiness, only to find his exultant letters crossed with Ruth's heartbroken ones about the baby's death. It was a sad time for them on top of the war separation.

After Jack served in the War and briefly in Occupied Japan, he was honorably discharged from the Marines as a captain. He and Ruth lived outside of Manhattan (where Jack worked) – first in an apartment in New Rochelle (where daughters Karen Craig Carter in 1947 and Kim Craig Lambey in 1949 were born), then in their first house in Levittown on Long Island (where Susan Craig Gerson was born in 1952), then in Norwalk, CT (where son Anthony was born in 1961), then to Pelham, NY in 1965. Jack worked first as an editor/writer for *Chemical Week*, then at a large advertising agency (G.M. Basford) where he specialized in chemical products, then for William Zinsser Company (shellac/paint manufacturers) where he served as a corporate officer and advertising/public relations director for over 30 years, and retired in his 70s. When Zinsser relocated from Manhattan to New Jersey (mid 1970s), he and Ruth moved to a home in Califon, NJ. (to be cont'd)

Kim Craig Lambey
Biographical Sketch
