

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 209

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

July 1, 2015

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.

Dick Moss to Ned Coffin

Coffin-san, shibaraku da na! Tayori wo itadaite, ooyorokobi da! Saigo atta no wa moo nanaju nen gurai mai to omou! Arutodo made Nihongo wo mada hanaseru keredomo, zannen nagara kanji wa moo zembu wasurechatte kaku no wa muri da!

It's great to have news of you, Ned, and to learn you're alive, well and thriving. At the end of May, I attended the 70th reunion of my class at Amherst, and had I known you were a couple of hours or so up the road--maybe three--we might have been able to get together. Actually, I had planned to meet Bill Amos, a very close high school pal in Tokyo who was also at the JLS and who now lives in St. Johnsbury, in Hanover for a brief reunion while I was up there. Very sadly, his wife of more than 70 years (I was Bill's best man when he and Catherine were married in Denver in 1942) died the day before I got to Amherst and we had to call off our get-together. But you and I could have met in, say, Hanover.

I enjoyed reading about the "Hindmarsh effect" on your life and congratulate you for your memoir writing ability. I'd like to take a course such as the one you took, for there's a lot to tell future generations. But where? Might one be available via the Internet?

My wife Rubí and I, are now into our 64th year of marriage. We met in NY, were wed in Asunción, Paraguay, lived in Dayton, Ohio, for three years and then moved to Paraguay in 1953. In 1955, NCR Corp. offered me their distributorship in Ecuador, which I promptly accepted. I should explain that after getting out of the USMCR in 1956, I started with NCR in NYC, and some three years later, after good sales training and experience on the streets of the city, from the Bronx to the Bowery and Wall Street, was transferred to the Executive Office in Dayton.

We've been in Ecuador since 1956. Not finding a single Japanese in the country when we arrived, I wrote to a friend who was at that time the Japanese Minister in Uruguay, suggesting that Japan should have at least an honorary consul in the country. He asked for my C.V., and I soon found myself appointed as such in Guayaquil. We lived in that city the first six years but then moved to Quito, where we have been living for some 50 years. While I continued to serve as the honorary consul for 28 years, going to Guayaquil whenever needed, the change in domicile eventually made it mutually inconvenient to continue as consul, so I gave it up. Several years later, I was invited by the Paraguayan government to be their honorary consul in Quito and now, 20 years later, continue as such.

Dick Moss
JLS 1943

Recent Losses:

Henry Winkler

President Emeritus of U. of Cincinnati, Dies at 96



Henry R. Winkler
Lisa Ventre
U. of Cincinnati

When Henry R. Winkler retired from the presidency of the University of Cincinnati, in 1984, he told his son, a fellow historian, that he had some unfinished business to return to.

A research project he had shelved three decades earlier, as he climbed the administrative ranks at Rutgers University and Cincinnati, beckoned.

His two children, who at times had chafed under his strict tutelage in the benefits of clear, crisp prose, took out their red pens "with the sense that it was payback time," says Allan M. Winkler, a professor of history at Miami University, in Ohio, who worked on the book with his sister, Karen J. Winkler, an editor at *The Chronicle*.

The collaboration led to two books at the end of an academic career in which Mr. Winkler made his name as a historian of 20th-century Britain, a civic activist, and a university president.

Mr. Winkler, president of Cincinnati from 1977 to 1984, died on December 26. He was 96.

He led the university during its transition from a city institution to a comprehensive

state university, and was the first Cincinnati alumnus to serve as president.

When Mr. Winkler arrived at Cincinnati, the university was nearly bankrupt, and its shift to state-university status, already under way, was key to its survival, he said in a 1982 magazine interview. "I took the university when it was in turmoil, and I think I've brought it a substantial degree of stability," he said.

Mr. Winkler wrote or edited seven books, dozens of scholarly articles and book chapters, and more than 200 reviews. During the 1960s, he was the editor of *The American Historical Review*, one of the world's leading historical journals.

In 1965 he joined other historians in marching from Selma, Ala., to Montgomery, Ala., with the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Mr. Winkler was born in 1916 in Waterbury, Conn. His father was an itinerant Hebrew-school teacher.

After switching schools frequently as a child, Mr. Winkler graduated from high school at age 16 and moved in with an aunt and uncle in Cincinnati to attend the University of Cincinnati. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa despite having to drop out for a year to work in a clock factory to support his family.

Mr. Winkler served in World War II as a Japanese language officer, resuming his academic career in 1947 to finish a doctorate and join the history faculty at Rutgers University. By 1976 he was acting president there.

At Cincinnati, "he was genuinely proud that he continued to teach every semester he was president and that he retained the confidence and affection of the faculty," his son says.

Katherine Mangan
Chronicle of Higher Education
January 7, 2013

Duane J. Flaherty

OLS 1945

1914-2013



Duane J. Flaherty, survivor extraordinaire, nevertheless caught the eye of Divine Providence on July 29, 2013 to give up this earthly life and journey to the next.

Duane was born in August 1914 in Hartford, CT, first-born of Mary Ellen Duane and Claude V. Flaherty, M.D. He eloped with his high school sweetheart, Gertrude Sanderson, to Millerton, NY in 1931. He then worked days at G. Fox & Co. in downtown Hartford, and studied nights, earning a B.A. from Trinity College, Hartford in 1935 and an M.A. in 1940. For a young husband and father, this was much-appreciated work and study during the Depression.

In 1941, Duane took a position with Field-Schlick & Co. in St. Paul, MN. Two years later, he became associated with O'Connor, Moffatt on Union Square in San Francisco. He joined the Navy during WWII, with O.N.I. (Office of Naval Intelligence), sending Duane and family to Boulder, CO for Duane to learn Japanese at the University of Colorado's Navy Japanese Language School.

Ensign Flaherty served his country as a Japanese interpreter during the Occupation in Fukuoka (Kyushu), Japan. His experience with the Japanese people he met during this time and in later years resulted in several lifelong friendships maintained, eventually, through correspondence.

In April 1946, Lt. J.G. Flaherty, upon release from his military duties, accepted the position of Fur Buyer at Woolf Brothers in downtown Kansas

City. In 1952, he transferred to Mabley & Carew in Cincinnati, and, in 1957, to Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney in St. Louis. Finally, in 1962, Duane and family resolved to return to their favorite city of K.C., MO, and he became Fur Buyer at Harzfeld's on Petticoat Lane, followed in 1969 by the position of Fur Buyer at Swanson's on the Plaza.

Duane was a charter member of the Retail Advisory Committee of the Fur Information and Fashion Council, and was a Director of the Fur Council of the National Retail Merchants Association (1960-1977).

Duane enjoyed both writing fiction and listening to classical music, especially the Italian operas of Verdi, Rossini and Bellini. His favorite restaurant in later years was Tony Scudiero's Villa Capri in Overland Park, KS, where Tony would sing, or play on CD, Duane's favorite arias during dinner on Saturday evenings after Mass.

As a writer, Duane's novel, *A Circle of Sand*, was published in 1965. It was reviewed in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (4-17-65) by Barbara Lawson: "Duane Flaherty writes in a sparing manner with no unnecessary trivia. The protagonist, Don Sheeley, reflects the weakness and pride that besets mankind, with which the honest reader cannot fail to identify."

Duane lived a happy life and a long life, with, truth be told, the dividing line being the death of his beloved wife Gertrude in 1995. Theirs was a truly happy marriage of sixty-three years, devoted to each other. In addition to his wife Gertrude, Duane was predeceased by his parents, his brother Morgan V. Flaherty; his aunts Rheta, Bess, Ann and Kit Duane; and his in-laws Bertha and George Sanderson.

He is survived by his daughter Gail L. Sturdevant and her husband Howard, Kansas City; his granddaughter Michele A. Jeka and her husband Paul, Atlantic Highlands, NJ; his nephew Morgan W. Flaherty and his wife Abbie, Niantic, CT; two nieces, Alison D. Trafton and Patia R. Haverty and their families; his former sister-in-law

Patia Mc Donough Kinnicut, West Hartford, CT; and many dear friends from near and far.

Duane's family would like to thank Peter Holt, MD; the staff of the Forum at Overland Park for eight years of exceptional, loving care of Duane; and the Catholic Community Hospice team during his last month.

Addio, Duane, we will always remember your fighting spirit; your humor in the midst of difficulties; your amazing charm; and your happiness during life with Gertrude.

Kansas City Star
July 31, 2013

[Ed. Note: It was with sorrow that I received word of Duane Flaherty's passing. He was an active and generous supporter of the USN JLS/OLS Archival Project. He once wrote to me, "The only thing wrong with The Interpreter was that it did not come out every day." So I sent him 20 completed issues on into the future in the mail, so he could read ahead. Stories by him as well as and references to him, appeared in Issues: #22, #52, #56, #69a, #74a, #89a, #91a, #102b, #107a, #108, #111, #117, #119, #123, #124, #135, #136, #137, #157, and #188. We will miss him.]

JACK BRONSTON

PATENT LEATHERNECK

Like Ned Coffin, I volunteered for Marine Officer Candidate School in 1942 but was rejected because of a minor medical problem. I was 20 at the time, intensely patriotic and volunteered for a risky service out of personal conviction. In any event, having gone through the War as a Marine Japanese Language Officer and experienced occasional combat, I am convinced that, as a line officer in the Marines, I would never have survived – my military skills were seriously limited.

I, of course, had the condition corrected and intended to reapply to Marine OCS. But in the meantime my draft number was coming up so I was exploring my limited options when Admiral Hindmarsh somehow came to my attention. As a Harvard Phi Bete, I was eligible for Japanese

Language School and, in addition, I had a language background having successfully completed an intensive course in Russian during my senior year and later in post-graduate work at Harvard. I was admitted to Boulder and, given the opportunity a few months later, took a commission in the Marine Corps in the Spring of 1943 entering into the Corps through the back door, as it were. My college roommate, a code-breaker on what turned out to be a neighboring island in the Pacific, called me a "patent leatherneck."

I did reasonably well at Boulder, "graduating" in 1944, and took AGOS training at Quantico which, among other things, convinced me that I would have been unqualified and even dangerous as a Marine line officer. Perhaps the Corps understood that as well because I was assigned to the G-2 (Intelligence) staff of the III Amphibious Corps headquartered on Guadalcanal at the time. Since Corps command was at a level higher than that of any Division in the Marine Corps, I was pretty well insulated from active combat although I was assigned to Division HQ for the Pelleliu invasion of 1944 only to be pulled out at the last minute.

My combat experience during WWII was limited to the latter stage of Guam and to the Okinawa invasion in 1945 where I continued to be assigned to Corps headquarters. Shortly after D-day, I had a memorable dinner with the famous war correspondent, Ernie Pyle, the evening before he was killed. I was sent North to the Motobu Peninsula which the Japanese had abandoned immediately after D-day. I was assigned to patrols in that peaceful environment and distinguished myself by falling off a hill and tumbling (uninjured) 100 feet or so to the bottom.

My first contribution to the Okinawa campaign was to warn mid-island villagers that they were in serious danger from the fighting unless they sought shelter at special camps set up by American forces. I don't know if they heeded my advice (there was huge civilian loss on

Okinawa), but I have a vivid memory of a farm woman mocking my improper use of an honorific Japanese word to lowly farm people during my impassioned speech.

However, I heard no shots fired in anger on Okinawa until Corps HQ was sent to Naha (Okinawa's capital), skirting the bloody fighting at Shuri Castle and overlooking the China Sea where kamikaze attacks were taking place daily. I finally entered the fray near the end of the fighting on Okinawa's southern peninsula where I was sent into a Japanese HQ cave to recover documents. As I entered the gloomy interior of that Japanese command post, I recall thinking to myself that if I heard atmospheric movie music as I walked through the cave, I would have been frightened, but was surprised that I was not, again confirming my lack of the military skills which would have heightened my awareness of danger!

The Japanese surrender occurred while I was in Pearl Harbor to which I had been sent to conduct in depth interviews with POW's. This was the height of my contribution to victory in the Pacific. I did a major interrogation of a cooperative Japanese sailor who seems to have been in the right place at the right time and whose information on mines and fortifications would have been helpful in our planned invasion of the Japanese home islands. The fifteen page detailed report I filed was, at the very least, a confirmation of my skills as an interpreter and an intelligence officer, or so I would like to believe in retrospect.

After the War, III Corps command was sent to Tientsin, North China, where I helped supervise the Japanese evacuation of Manchuria. There I endeared myself to my Japanese contact (Hayashi San or Mr. Forest) by taking him to inspect his primary concern in the aftermath of the War, the condition of the Japanese golf course just outside of Tientsin, our route to his country club lined with 100,000 cheering Chinese who were convinced of an imminent execution. In Tientsin, I learned my key

Chinese phrase to get me through this posting: "Youdai Kungfui, arshe tsuha lo" or "Take me to the Jewish Club on 24th Street" (Manchuria was an escape route for Jews fleeing the Russian Revolution and I had been designated by local command as Russian language officer in addition to Japanese (a rare combination if I say so myself). In Tientsin, I met a learned Russian-Jewish Kabbalist who, in December 1945, pointed out that the number of nations in the UN at the time, 45, equaled the numeric equivalent of Gog Magog (the Armageddon), meaning, he told me, that the UN would found the State of Israel which it did three years later. Honest!

I also witnessed first-hand and, as editor of the Corps Intelligence Bulletin, personally identified in 1945 the artfully concealed deterioration of Chiang Kai Shek's regime in favor of the Chinese Communists whose headquarters in North China was less than 100 miles from Tientsin. The gestures of the populace (a hand signifying the letter "8" for Mao's Eighth Route Army) and the quality of Chiang's "troops" (none of whom could have been older than fifteen) were easy clues. My intelligence bulletin pointed this out, so you could look it up!

And then I came home, finding little use for my language skills other than my startling a Japanese barmaid in Manhattan who laughed at my post-squash stiffness to which I replied "Shikata ga Nai" [Can't help it! It is the equivalent of the Russian "nichevo" or our contemporary "whatever!"] and making her regret her Japanese aspersions on her American customers.

Jack E. Bronston
JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: This memoir was sent in response to Ned Coffin's call to fellow classmates, like that of Dick Moss, above. I love that term – "Patent Leatherneck" and it makes me laugh. I had heard that Navy JLOs "commanded" LDMs (Large Desks, Mahogany), but not the Marine derisive, "Patent Leatherneck. No aspersion is intended here to any USMCR JLOs.]

Robert E. Graalman, Sr. Stillwater OLS (February 25, 1922 - August 14, 2013)

Graveside Services for Robert Edward Graalman Sr., 91, of Fairview will be Monday (Aug. 19) at 2 o'clock at the Rose Lawn Cemetery.

Any mention of extreme weather in Oklahoma prompted the late Otto Graalman to recount the Great Blizzard that hit Blaine County on February 25, 1922, trapping his father, the Rev. Edward Graalman, at one of his country churches and preventing his return to Okeene to welcome the son born to Otto and Laura that day. More than a week passed before he met Robert Edward Graalman, whose coda to his winter arrival in Okeene was his summer passing in his home in Fairview on August 14.

The 20 rural miles between the towns of his birth and death belie the breadth and depth of Bob's journey marked so by devotion to family and service to community, church and country. Bob's legacy is his proving that life need not be defined or narrowed by place or circumstance. By savoring moments great and small and by respecting individuals of all stripes who had a gift or talent to share -- and by emphasizing the great equalizers of reading, travel, sports and the arts --

he rejected the notion of geographic or intellectual chauvinism. For instance, he applauded a Fairview High School band concert as enthusiastically as the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall. And his praise for a good hamburger at a newly discovered Oklahoma roadside cafe compared in tenor to the report of the lunch at the U.S. Ambassador's London residence in 1996 with Okeene High School friend Shirley Grinnell and husband William Crowe, ambassador to the United Kingdom at that time. Golf with sand "greens" at the Fairview Lakeside course, tennis on the high school's concrete courts, basketball games from Fairview peewee tournaments to the

collegiate championships received the same zeal.

Bob left Okeene at age 16 for Oklahoma A & M, where he joined Beta Theta Pi fraternity and let it be known that he wanted to be a foreign diplomat. The University of Minnesota offered the coursework he wanted, so he transferred in 1940, graduating in 1942 with a degree in political science.

During the summer of 1941 in Okeene, he met Margaret Lee Shorter, "the new girl in town." They wed on May 31, 1943 in Richmond, VA, during the weekend between the end of his Navy basic training and his assignment to the V-12 Navy College Training Program at Colgate University. He received his Commission as Ensign in September 1945 after completing the U.S. Naval Reserve Midshipman's School at Cornell University (Ithaca, N.Y.) and then was posted to Hawaii.

Upon his return, Bob was recruited to the Navy's Japanese Language School that had started at the University of California-Berkeley, moved to the University of Colorado, and then expanded to Oklahoma A & M, where Bob, coincidentally, was assigned. The classified background of that program's postwar intent has only recently been described, including the school's closing after the Army received the Congressional authority for military intelligence in Asia. After Bob's June 1946 graduation from the language school, he ended his active duty with an Honorable Discharge.

He and Margaret moved that fall to the University of Wisconsin in Madison for the graduate program in international relations program, but the start of a family prompted their return to Okeene, where Bob entered his banking career at the State Guaranty Bank. Robert Jr. was born in 1947; Nancy arrived in 1951.

Bob and family moved to Fairview in 1953 when he joined the Fairview State Bank, eventually becoming president. His commitment to making a difference in the community led to years of service at the First Baptist Church (choir member and teacher of Adult Men's Sunday School Class for which

he spent hours in preparation to teach historical perspectives that went beyond religion); Fairview school board (he headed the board in the 1950s when Fairview's "iconic" gymnasium, later dubbed the EchoDome, was built), Lions Club (pianist for nearly 50 years), civic work (City Treasurer); and the Fairview Public Library (president of the library board for more than two decades). Fairview's remarkable library, his own extensive collection, and mail orders from *The Mysterious Press* in New York City remained a source of pleasure well into his 80s, with stacks of books always close at hand.



Bob's greatest energy and generosity were reserved for his family for whom no mile or degree of effort seemed too great: He crawled through sand plum thickets in 100-degree weather to get Margaret prime fruit for her jelly; rigged up lights for late-night basketball for Bob Jr. and Nancy; attended academic events for Bob Jr. and choral concerts of daughter-in-law Diane at Oklahoma State; traveled for granddaughter Sarah's musical performances; served as "location manager" for four days when he and Margaret hosted grandson Travis's 15-member film crew; and flew at a moment's notice to Grandparents' Day, science fairs and dance recitals in San Francisco for granddaughters Meg and Julia.

But perhaps his greatest happiness began every February when the brochures arrived and correspondence commenced to plan the summer family vacation. He was meticulous in his itineraries which always

prompted the question, answered with just a Cheshire grin, of how it was that the route home from the West Coast in June 1960 "just happened" to bring the Graalmans to Denver on the Sunday of the U.S. Open at Cherry Hills, and would Nancy and Margaret mind if he and Bobby walked "just a few holes" with Arnold Palmer. Those hours turned into many, many more as Bob and Bobby were among the small initial "army" that grew to witness Arnie's famous charge and victory. Starting in the mid-1960s, the trips throughout the U.S. and Canada gave way to extensive travel through both toured an extremely isolated regions of Mexico.

Bob's retirement from banking in 1992 allowed him to both "stay home" to devote untold hours to the conservation of Squirrel Hollow and to go abroad as he and Margaret began traveling internationally. His impressive vigor allowed him to continue strenuous outdoor activity, including playing competitive tennis, into his mid-80s.

Only with the loss of Margaret in 2009 did Bob's vitality decline. His sense of humor never left, however, as even in his last days he was reminding children and grandchildren: "If you're ever in Fairview, Oklahoma, stop by, and I'll put you on my schedule."

In his last years he was blessed by the care and love of Brenda Shelley for whom the family offers singular gratitude. Darlene Devlin and Barbara Devlin additionally brought extraordinary attention and support to Bob that will be remembered forever.

Bob is survived by children Robert Jr. and his wife, Diane of Stillwater; Nancy of Calistoga, CA; grandchildren Sarah of New York City, Travis and his wife Rachelle of Venice Beach, CA, Meg of Bozeman, MT (Montana State University graduate school); and, Julia of Calistoga (UC-Berkeley).

*Obituary by
Daughter Nancy*

http://www.fairviewfuneralhomeinc.com/fh/obituaries/obituary.cfm?o_id=2196522&fh_id=10710

[Ed. Note: Robert Graalman was an enthusiastic supporter of the USN JLS/OLS Archival Project. He took great pleasure in receiving The Interpreter, as one can see by how well informed his children were on the project.]

LA BIANCA, LANCE JLS 1943

LA BIANCA--Lance, of Dobbs Ferry, NY, passed away after a short illness on December 22, 2003. He was a former Vice President of the American Foreign Insurance Association. He will be deeply missed by his many associates and friends in Europe, Asia, the Near East and North America. Survived by his sister-in-law Dorothy La Bianca, and nephew Lance Michael La Bianca of Ardsley, NY.

*New York Times
Paid Notice: Deaths
Published: January 11, 2004*

Christmas Card Thanks 2013

Loved your Oriental-theme card and photo from the *Pineau Collection*. Must tell you I have just finished reading *Joe Rochefort's War* and found it fascinating. Glad to know *finally* what was really going on at the basement of CINCPAC's headquarters!

*Guy Riccio
JLS 1944*

Paulson, Roland M. (OLS 11/17/45-)

May 16, 1922 - March 20, 2013

Roland M. "Rollie" Paulson was born in Sioux City, IA, May, 1922, to Alfred and Sena (Madsen) Paulson, the youngest of four boys. He grew up during the Depression, working summers on the family farm.

He saw education as his ticket to a better life; he graduated early from East High School to pursue his dream: college at the University of Iowa. The WWII Navy Midshipmen Program sponsored his studies: Electrical Engineering at the University of Wisconsin, Columbia University, Japanese language school at UC-Boulder and finally, Stanford Law School.

He was recalled by the Navy during the Korean War and assigned to the CIA where he met Nicole; love at first sight for him. They married and raised four children. He was a District Manager with Farmers Insurance Group for 25 years, achieving President's Council, the highest company honor. He passed on his love of education to his children, resulting in no less than six Bachelor's degrees, three Masters and one Doctorate. He was a life-long tennis player and sports fan. After retirement, he kept his mind sharp with complex crossword puzzles and world travels.



Rollie passed away peacefully on March 20, 2013. He's survived by two brothers; Alfred (Bud) Paulson, Howard Paulson (Val); his wife of 56 years Nicole, sons Edward Bartlett and Eric, daughters Cristine and Lisa; eight grandsons and a great-grandson.

At his request, the memorial service was held at Grace Church & St. Stephens, Thursday March 28, 2013.

Thank you to the many wonderful caregivers from Home Instead, Brookdale Senior Living and Legacy Hospice who made his last year so comfortable. In memory of his life, donations may be made to University of Wisconsin, Stanford Law School or the Grace Church Organ Fund.

<http://obits.dignitymemorial.com/dignity-memorial/obituary.aspx?n=Roland-Paulson&lc=2325&pid=163779716&mid=5468826>