

# The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 242

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

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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.*

## PLAIN TWP: THEY WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER IWO JIMA

Several veterans gathered Tuesday at a First Christian Church to recall the day 68 years ago when the U.S. first landed on the tiny Pacific island in a crucial battle of World War II.

Intense fighting would last more than a month.

"It was nothing but confusion," said Jonah Greer, 89, of Akron, who landed Feb. 19, 1945, with the 4th Marine Division. "I lasted 15 days."

A retired brick layer, Greer was awarded two Purple Hearts in the war — one from wounds sustained on Iwo Jima, the other at Saipan. He said he often wonders what might have happened to him had he not been wounded when he was on the island.

"The way it was, you had a 30 percent chance you wouldn't make it," he said, referring to Iwo Jima's fatality rate. As a rifleman serving on the front

lines, "You know you were going to get it."

He said the question was not if, but when.

"Day after day, night after night, you wondered. You wondered," Greer said.

And when he finally was being flown out after a grenade blast wounded his eye, he said, "I held my breath" until the plane was safely away from the island.

Navy Corpsman Joe Guillod, 90, of Canton, a retired meat cutter who operated his own neighborhood grocery store, said he always has considered himself a Marine more than a sailor because he served with Marines on Iwo Jima as a medic. He landed on the second day of the battle.

"It was not near as bad as Day 1," he said. "I was on the island for 28 days. I was glad I was able to do what I could to save some of the Marines, but that's it."

Guillod said he rarely talks about his experiences on Iwo Jima, his only battle during World War II. Being on Iwo Jima, he said, "broadened my vision a lot."

To this day, he has only one explanation of how he was able to leave the island unharmed: "It was a miracle. God was with me."

Emil Graves, 87, of Canton, a retiree from Ford's Canton facility, landed after the battle started and was a replacement Marine.

"One thing I'll never forget is I saw a Piper Pacer shot down right above me," he said.

His time on the island wasn't long — "I think about three days," he said — before he received a concussion from a grenade and wound up on a hospital ship.

"I learned a lot being in the Marine Corps," he said. "You are there and you do your duty. That's all I can say. They say, 'Do it,' and you do it."

Marine veteran Chris Beebe, a postal worker from East Sparta, arranged the Iwo Jima luncheon.

"I've read about this since fifth grade," Bebbe, 52, said of the battle. "The reason I started is so I can sit down and talk to these guys."

Missing from the gathering was former University of Akron history professor **Noel L. Leathers**, of Cuyahoga Falls, who died Jan. 28 at age 89.

A few years ago he wrote a book on his experiences in the Pacific in the Marine Corps as an interpreter. But it was not until the past New Year's Eve that the book was published and finally arrived at his home.

"He decided he would dedicate the book to the kids of Iwo Jima," the children, nieces, nephews and grandchildren of Iwo veterans who had never been told stories of the war, his wife, Violet Leathers, said Tuesday.

Her husband "never talked about [the war] to anybody," then decided to write a book of his experiences, she said.

*Reflections on the Pacific War: A Marine Interpreter Remembers* was inspired after attending a commemoration of the 65th anniversary of Iwo Jima, Leathers wrote in his book. "Most of the men who came back from World War II didn't talk about their experiences, so it's only recently that their children are learning about it," he wrote.

Writing about the day of the landing, Leathers, who also served as vice president for academic affairs and senior vice president and provost at UA, spoke of the firefight U.S. troops encountered when landing on the island.

"The intensity of enemy fire had steadily increased from mid-morning and continued into the evening," he wrote. As Marines established defense locations, "the Japanese lowered their anti-aircraft guns to fire over their heads. This provided a steady shower of shrapnel on all areas along the beaches until well after midnight. The hissing sound made by shrapnel as it hit the

volcanic ash made one feel as if we were targets in a shooting gallery."

U.S. Navy records put the American casualty count for the 36-day assault on Iwo Jima at 26,000, with 6,800 fatalities. Only an estimated 1,083 Japanese defenders of the island from a force of 20,000 survived.

Jim Carney

Akron Beacon Journal

[jcarney@thebeaconjournal.com](mailto:jcarney@thebeaconjournal.com)

[Ed. Note: Noel Leathers was a USMCEL before being sent to the USN OLS in May 1945. See issues #157, #160, #161, #194, and #206.]

## Reprise on T. Howell Breece

The English professor parents of T. Howell Breece were teaching in Peking and raised Howell there until he graduated from the Peking American School. They were on leave in California in 1941.

"Howell's parents, Tom and Ruth Breece caught in California on leave at the time of Pearl Harbor, could not return to China. Not wanting to be idle without an income, they both went to Tule Lake and taught high school at the Japanese "relocation" camp."

Mrs. Joan Breece

October 23, 2015

[Ed. Note: There are many cross-connections between USN JLS sensei, attendees and graduates and the camps. Here is another one.]

## William Otto Anderson JLS 1944, Stories

My mother once told me that one of my father's colleagues at an American legation had an irritating habit of prominently displaying and fingering a Phi Beta Kappa key on his tie when talking to my father (and perhaps while talking to other people in the legation as well).

One day my mother suggested to my father that he consider wearing both his junior and senior Phi Beta Kappa keys,

simultaneously, on his tie. My father did so in a very proper fashion, as if he were unaware of the presence of his keys at all.

The colleague's annoying habit stopped at once. *[I guess the FSO colleague did not know Anderson had been a JLO, or how many JLOs were Phi Beta Kappa].*

My father was stationed in Berlin in 1957, finally departing for Washington, DC in the late summer of 1960. Leaving Berlin at night on a train, heading for Bremerhaven to board the SS America for the trip back to America, our train stopped at Helmstedt, Germany which was at the time a mandatory Soviet checkpoint for trains traveling through the Soviet sector to or from Berlin. *[The Duty Train went to and from the BRD and West Berlin.]*

I awoke late that night in a Pullman suite bunk because I had suddenly realized that the train had not moved in several hours. Looking out the window I noticed that my father was talking to several Soviet officers and a few other men dressed in civilian clothes (my father knew Russian well). Finally he re-boarded the train and our journey continued to Bremerhaven.

After my father's death I mentioned that incident to my mother and she explained that when the train had stopped at Helmstedt the Soviets wanted to remove my father from the train and detain him for a reason that she would not say or did not know. At the time my father had a diplomatic passport and a Foreign Service Officer rank approximately equivalent to a brigadier general.

It seemed that higher Soviet and American officials were contacted and conferred with each other, resulting in our family being allowed to continue to Bremerhaven...it seemed that senior Russian officials did not want the situation to escalate into any kind of crisis so the situation was finally defused.

I never did find out the reason for the Soviets wanting to remove my father from the train, though later I did discover that he was the senior Foreign Service political officer while he was stationed in Berlin.

As an aside, I just found out this year that our Berlin residence was on the same side of the street and only five houses away from Heinrich Himmler's last residential Berlin address, though when my family was living in Berlin his home seems to have been blown up or bombed - there was a lot of rubble on connecting empty lots near where we lived, leading toward Himmler's demolished place.

Mark Anderson  
Son

## An Unusual Folsom Field Activity/Sign of the Times

*[The following except was taken from a letter Bob Christy, JLS 1944, wrote to his parents on July 5, 1944, from the Men's Dorm at the University of Colorado:]*

"...The Fourth of July was very nice, although I didn't notice it was any different from any other day except that last night there was a fireworks demonstration over in the stadium *[Folsom Field]*. There was a demonstration first of flamethrowers and incendiary bombs etc. by some chemical warfare people from Rocky Mountain Arsenal, and then about two hours of fireworks, which worked amazingly well, considering that they must be 2 ½ years old now at least. In fact the whole program was surprisingly well organized for one of those things..."

Robert W. Christy to Parents  
July 5, 1944

*[Ed. Note: One would certainly hope so, given those military fireworks. You can well imagine that our archivist, upon reading this was amazed that such Army pyrotechnics would have been used in a stadium full of onlookers. So we checked the Silver and Gold to verify the event and this was what we found:]*

### Independence Celebrated By Bringing the War 'Home'

Smoke Screens, High Explosives, Flamethrower Fascinate Audience

The War was brought closer to home Tuesday night, when a large crowd witnessed a sham battle in the CU Stadium put on by the Chemical War School of

the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. The battle showed how an enemy pillbox is put out of action with the use of artillery, infantry, and the deadly flamethrower. The men on the attack edged their way close enough with the aid of smoke screens, and then the flamethrowers went into action.

Other features of chemical warfare were displayed, such as: colored smoke signals, smoke screens, high explosives, magnesium bombs and thermid *[thermite]* bombs. The effectiveness of thermid bombs against tanks and oil was also illustrated when it melted its way through a tank and set fire to its oil.

The flamethrowers seemed to fascinate the audience with its intense heat. The heat could be felt on the south side of the field while the thrower was in action on the north side...

Silver and Gold  
July 6, 1944

*[Ed. Note: Doesn't everyone have flame throwers, thermite grenades, and burning tanks at their 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebrations? I guess you would NOT have wanted to play the Army Chemical Warfare School in football. Risk Management would be impressed/appalled that such live munitions were ever used on campus.]*

## A Russian Language Officer Reports

### Lloyd A. Kramer, OLS 1945

At the conclusion of my midshipman courses *[at Cornell]*, I applied to Admiral Hindmarsh for acceptance as a student in the Navy Foreign Language School *[at the University of Colorado]* in Boulder, Colorado. On the strength of my two plus years of Russian at Berkeley, I was accepted. Virtually all of my classmates were accepted, not on the basis of any background in Russian, but on the basis of their scholarly achievements.

The faculty at the Navy *[Russian]* Foreign Language School consisted of American Scholars of Russian descent. The six month course was intensive, with classes all day long for six months. One of my classmates, Robert Bunker, and I became friends. He was quite brilliant.

One day in class, the instructor put a Russian word up on the blackboard: "lozung." The word meant "slogan". Robert immediately noted that the words have essentially the same letters, just in a different order. He graduated ahead of me, even though I had some years of Russian, and he had not. Later, he became a member of the Office of Indian Affairs in the Federal government.

Ultimately I graduated, third in my class. Not bad, but it was mostly because of my earlier exposure to the language.

It was in Boulder that I met my wife, Martha. We were married in July of 1945.

Subsequent to my graduation, I was sent to Naval Intelligence School in New York City (at the Henry Hudson Hotel) *[where he would have run across many new Navy and Marine Japanese Language Officers]*. It was a short course. I was exposed to the discussion going on at the time about the relative importance of aircraft carriers and battleships. The answer became clear later *[actually, it had been clear since the carrier attacks on Taranto and Pearl Harbor, and the aircraft sinking of the HMS Prince of Wales and Repulse between 1940 and 1941. But naval orthodoxy changes slowly.]* We were also exposed to remedies for night vision and other matters.

I was then sent to Washington, DC, where I did translation work in an office on K Street. One day, I translated a three-page handwritten document written by a Russian astronomer. It described how one could send up a rocket at a certain speed with a certain payload. It went on to describe that a certain speed and weight, you could launch what he called a sputnik, to circle the Earth like a satellite. Reading the document then seemed like science fiction.

I did not think anything of it until October 4, 1957, when the Russians launched Sputnik. Little did I know that the satellite I thought was science fiction would be part of the space race between the US and the USSR. *[To be cont'd. in Issue #243.]*

Lloyd A. Kramer  
OLS (Russian) 1945

## Dr. Frank W. Ikle JLS 1944 1921-2015

Dr. Frank W. Ikle, loving father, husband, and longtime resident died peacefully in Albuquerque, NM on October 30, 2015. He was born in Zurich, Switzerland on January 18, 1921. He is preceded in death by his wife of 66 years, Maurine Barnes Ikle, who was the love of his life. He leaves behind three cherished sons, Martin T. Ikle and wife Linda of Memphis, TN, Maurice W. Ikle of Albuquerque, and Dr. Matthew O. Ikle and wife Laurie of Alamosa, CO; granddaughters Anna Wallace and husband Jeff of Memphis, TN, Kathryn Perez and husband Luis of Memphis, TN, and Dr. Jennifer M. Ikle of St. Louis, MO; and four great grandchildren.

He obtained his B.A. in 1941 and Ph.D. in 1953 from the University of California at Berkeley in Asian Studies and History. His teaching experiences included Reed College, Harvard University (Carnegie Fellow), the University of California at Berkeley, the University of the Philippines (Fulbright Lecturer), Miami University of Ohio, and the University of Hong Kong. He was also an Invitational Lecturer at the University of Zurich, Switzerland in 1962. Frank was a Professor at the University of New Mexico in the History Department beginning in 1963 and served as Chairman from 1967-1974.

He has published numerous books and articles and was the Professor of the Year at the University of New Mexico in 1969. He was a member of the American Historical Association, Association of Asian Studies, American Association of University Professors, and served on the NM Humanities Council Bicentennial Commission.

Frank proudly served in the USNR 7th Pacific Fleet as a Lt. Commander and Japanese language officer in Naval Intelligence during WWII from 1942-46. As a citizen of both Switzerland and the United States he was grateful to both countries, the one which nurtured him and the one which

gave him so many opportunities. He had many interests and was an avid reader, loved classical music, good food, theater, and travel.

Albuquerque Journal  
November 8, 2015

## Frank A. Bauman JLS 1944, 1921-2015

Bauman, Frank A., 94, June 10, 1921 - Nov. 19, 2015. Frank Anthony Bauman Jr. was born June 10, 1921, in Portland, to Frank Anthony Bauman Sr. and Josephine Carolan Bauman, both originally from Chicago.

After graduating in 1939 from Grant High School where he served as student body president, Frank entered Stanford University. Majoring in economics, he received his A.B. from Stanford in 1943 on a wartime accelerated schedule.

In 1942, he entered the U.S. Navy Japanese Language Program in Boulder, Colo., and served for three years as a translator for the U.S. Navy in the WWII Pacific theatre. His wartime service culminated in his work on the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey under Paul Nitze, for which he served on a four-person team assessing the economic impact of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. The Hiroshima experience was pivotal in shaping Frank's lifelong commitment to furthering international understanding, global governance and peace.

Following his WWII service, Frank graduated from Yale University Law School in 1949. That same year, on a homeward journey at Christmas from New Haven, Conn., to Portland, he visited family in Chicago and met Mildred Packer, a recent graduate of Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism. The couple married in 1950 and shared their life together for 47 years, raising three children, Barbara, Todd and Trisha.

They lived in London from 1951 to 1952, where Frank studied international law at the University of London, and then settled in Portland. In Portland, Mildred continued her work in media until the start of their family and Frank practiced law,

principally with the firms of Veatch, Bauman and Veatch and Keane, Haessler, Bauman and Harper.

The couple became extensively involved in civic affairs. Mildred founded and led the Portland chapter of the Great Books Foundation. Frank served for many years as the president of both the World Affairs Council of Oregon and the United Nations Association of Oregon, affiliations that continued throughout his life.

He maintained close ties with Japan and the Japanese language and was invited to participate in the 1966 Aspen Institute onsite study of Japanese philosophy and ethics. Additionally, he served frequently as a community leader in the Democratic Party of Oregon. In 1969, he volunteered in Mississippi with the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law to protect voting rights. During 1971 to 1976, Frank was appointed by the United Nations to serve as the UN Senior Officer to Australasia, where his responsibilities included overseeing the establishment of Papua New Guinea as a sovereign state and the assimilation of thousands of Vietnam War refugees into Australia.

After his diplomatic tenure with the UN, Frank returned to Portland where he resumed private legal practice and taught international law at Lewis & Clark Law School. He returned to community work, serving again as president of both the World Affairs Council of Oregon and the United Nations Association of Oregon, and on the Boards of Directors of UNA-USA, the English Speaking Union of the U.S., the Salvation Army of Oregon and Chess for Success.

He shared with Mildred a full life of friends and family in Portland and extensive world travel. Following Mildred's death in 1997, Frank was married to Jane Carter of Colusa, Calif., from 1998 until 2003. Well into his late 80s, Frank continued to travel widely, enjoy extended time at his beach house in Gearhart and invest his energy in his community work. All who

knew Frank would agree that he loved to regale his friends and acquaintances with the many remarkable stories from his long life and particularly from his experiences in WWII. In his last few years, Frank's great joys were his family, his warm friendships both near and far and his involvement in the Arlington Club of Portland where he was a longtime member and frequently lunched.

Frank is survived by his daughters, Barbara Bauman Tyran (Garry Tyran) and Trisha Bauman; son, Todd Bauman (Lori Irish Bauman); and grandchildren, Timothy, Claire and Carolan Bauman.

The Oregonian  
November 27 - 29, 2015

[Ed. Note: It was with great sorrow that I read of Frank Bauman's passing. We had been in contact with him since the beginning of this project in 2000. I recall sitting with Frank and his close buddy, Harry Muheim, in Boulder, and listening to them recount their college and JLS lives, as well as a pre-war dinner they attended with the president of Stanford, at which they met a young JFK. We have the Frank Bauman Collection. Frank shows up in issues #61, #65, #68a, #81a, #94a, and #212.]

## CPT JOSEPH G. FINNEGAN USN RET. TOKYO-TRAINED JLO

Retired Navy captain Joseph G. Finnegan (USN ret.) of Malden, who aided in breaking the Japanese naval code during World War II, died Monday in Boston [September 1980]. He was 75.

Capt. Finnegan was awarded the Legion of Merit for his assistance in carrying out vital operations of the Division of Naval Communications in World War II. An article in the US *Naval Journal* praised him as "the most successful initial translator in all the Navy's communication intelligence stations . . . his contributions were essential, especially his intuition, during the critical Pearl Harbor-Guadalcanal period."

Between 1941 and 1945 he served in the combat intelligence headquarters of the 14th Naval District, Pacific Fleet Radio Unit. From 1937-39, he was the Japanese language officer of the

Naval Communications Intelligence Unit in the Philippines. During this time he was also attached to the US Embassy in Tokyo as the Japanese language officer. *[During this time Finnegan underwent intensive training in Japanese.]*

He commanded the USS *Winston* from 1947-50, and during the next two years was chief of the advisory council for the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington. He was placed in command of the USS *Menard*, an attack transport, in the Korean War.

Capt. Finnegan, a native of Dorchester, graduated in 1928 from the US Naval Academy.

He leaves four sisters, Mary F. Corbett, Katherine M. Walsh, Agnes F. McCravy and Barbara A. Sherlock; a brother, W. Leo King; A son, Gregory Alan Finnegan, PhD, of Evanston, Ill., and two grandsons, Seth and Noah Joseph Finnegan of Evanston.

Boston Globe  
September 10, 1980

Burial:  
Arlington National Cemetery  
Arlington  
Arlington County  
Virginia, USA

Created by: Sally - Midcoast Maine  
Record added: Jan 02, 2014  
Find A Grave Memorial# 122622753

*[Ed. Note: Although not a CU-trained USN JLS/OLS alumnus, CPT Finnegan was a legend to those JLS/OLSers who served under him at FRUPAC, among whom were: William Amos; Frank Roegge; Tom Polhemus; Charles Sargent; Sandy Sims; R. Stuart Hummel; Frank L. Turner; Edward L. Hart; Lawrence Olson; and Mary Jane Carroll.]*

## Harry D. Pratt COL, USMC, OLS 1945 1918-2015

PRATT, Col., Harry Douglas, USMC (RET) Harry was born in Los Angeles on December 26, 1918 to an English father, Sydney Pratt, who owned and operated a pharmacy on Sunset Blvd. His mother was Mildred Pratt from Missouri, an elementary school teacher in the Los Angeles School District. Harry's education was in the L. A. system, from first grade to graduation from UCLA with a

degree in languages and history. International tensions were high at that time, and the Draft Board was waiting to conscript new graduates into the Army. Harry, however, immediately volunteered to join the Marine Corps. He was already serving as a junior officer in San Diego when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Needing transportation to get troops to the front, the U.S. government commandeered ships, and Harry went to war on a cruise ship, named the *Lurline*. Arriving in Samoa, Harry was placed in an intensive Japanese language class, and served as an interpreter and translator in landings on several Japanese islands, including Iwo Jima and Tarawa. Later his Japanese studies were continued at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and he served as Chief Interpreter at the War Crimes Trial of General Yamashita. After World War II was over, Harry married Jeanne Patricia Scully and they had four daughters, Stephanie Wells, Victoria Pratt, Allison Pratt and Heather Elisabeth. As his military career continued, the family lived on bases in the U.S. and also lived in Washington DC when Colonel Harry served three years at the Pentagon. Later they were sent to Japan, where Harry became Naval Attache at the Embassy in Tokyo. After retirement from the Marine Corps in 1963, Harry's language skills led to a business career with Pepsi Cola as Vice President of Marketing in Japan, the Philippines and other countries in the Far East. Later he had a similar role with Royal Crown Cola, living and working in Manila. After his retirement, Harry returned to California, built a house in Sonoma and lived here for the rest of his life. In Sonoma he married Grace Helling, which brought him two stepdaughters, Pamela Jeanne Helling and Wendy Schmitz. Harry and Grace were active in Marine groups, including the 5th ROC, who are members of the original group of officers who enlisted before Pearl Harbor. Several of them still survive. Harry helped begin the Marine Corps Birthday Ball tradition in Sonoma, where he was "The Oldest Marine" for several years.

This group has continued and expanded to become The Wine Country Marines, which includes a charity The Semper Fi Fund for injured Marines. Harry was a Marine to the end of his life. He passed away peacefully on November 6, 2015.

Sonoma Index-Tribune  
November 17, 2015

- See more at:  
<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/sonomanews/obituary.aspx?n=harry-douglas-pratt&pid=176527594#sthash.qrBtq89c.dpuf>

*[Ed. Note: COL Pratt had been a fairly constant correspondent and contributor to The Interpreter. I found his obituary on one of my regular searches of Google for USN JLS/OLS news and stories and was much saddened, though not surprised.*

*Harry is mentioned, or appears in the following issues: #26, #49, #54, #61a, #64a, #70, #79a, #91a, #99a, #100, #102b, #119, #140, #147, #149, #155, #156, #157, #165, #179, #195, #197, and now #242. I always enjoyed his insights, comments and camaraderie, and the close ties he shared with fellow Samoa Marines, Elmer Stone and Bill Croyle, as well as their later "adoptee" at the OLS, Robert R. "Brown Dog" Brown. I always wanted to insure that my reports and newsletters passed muster with COL Pratt, whose keen, military eye reminded me of another Colonel, my father. I always knew if our project drew his praise, I was doing alright.]*

## Bernard J. Martin OLS 3/20/45- 1925-2015

**Bernard Joseph Martin, 90, of  
Oak Harbor in Vero Beach,  
Fla., formerly of Montclair,  
dies**

Bernard Joseph Martin, 90, of Oak Harbor in Vero Beach, Fla., formerly of Montclair, died Monday, Dec. 7, at his home.

Mr. Martin, who was known as Barney, was born in Brooklyn, N.Y. to the late Mabel (née Hartnett) and Joseph B. Martin Jr.

He graduated from Regis High School and Fordham University in New York City. He was also a graduate of the Advanced Management Program at Harvard Business School.

A U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, he successfully completed the V12 Program at

St. Lawrence University and graduated from The Midshipman School at Notre Dame. He was a graduate of the Japanese Language Program in Colorado and Oklahoma and served in Naval Intelligence.

He retired from the Montclair Bancorp as chairman and chief executive officer. Prior to that, he was a senior officer at Blyth Eastman Dillon. His early career was with Citibank.

In addition to John's Island and Oak Harbor Club in Vero Beach, he was a longtime member of the University Club and Japan Society in New York City. He was also a member of the Montclair Golf Club.

He was predeceased by his first wife, Jean Hannon Martin; second wife, Dorothy Magher Martin; son, Lt. John B. Martin II; daughter, Linda Martin Law; son, Christopher H. Martin and son-in-law, Richard J. Calhoun.

Mr. Martin is survived by his daughter, Suzanne Martin; sister, Mary Louise Jensen; grandchildren, Jenny (Gilbert), Julia, Greg and William, and great-grandchildren, Honey and Chase.

The Montclair Times  
December 17, 2015

## JLOS AT SEA, 1945

"First Lieutenant Cleland H. Graham, '42des, '37-'38, and First Lieutenant John Allen, '42, of the Marine Corps, were both aboard the ship which carried First Lieutenant John Clark, '39arch, in the Pacific in February. The two men are both Japanese interpreters with the Intelligence Section, having attended Navy school at Boulder, Colorado. In a more recent letter from Lieutenant Clark, he told of being at Iwo Jima."

The Michigan Alumnus  
Vol. 51, June 16, 1945  
420-21

*[Ed. Note: All college and university alumni magazines carried such news of their alumni in the armed forces during WWII. The Colorado Alumnus issues during wartime showed enlistments, training, assignments ... and casualties.]*

## Recent Losses: