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 Rubi 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

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 Mangum
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 trivial. 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, I joined the Marine 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 course just outside of Tientsin, 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 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

[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 16, 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.