



THE HISTORICAL TIMES

Quarterly of the Granville, Ohio, Historical Society

Volume XXVI, Issue 1

Winter 2013

From Arno to Arnie

Arnold Joseph's
journey from
Saarbrücken to
Samson Place by
way of the
Nuremberg Trials

By TOM MARTIN

When I was sent to Nuremberg, I was fully aware that I was involved in a significant historical event. At the time I viewed it as a postscript to the war, an act of generosity of mind and feeling which would demonstrate once and for all the horror of the Nazi atrocities and their futility. At the same time I harbored the less magnanimous opposite conviction that the leaders of the Third Reich were guilty, that they would hang, that they should hang. I was 18.

Since then I've come to realize that there was indeed a great deal of magnanimity on the part of many who set up and conducted the trial. I've also come to realize that, whereas Old Testament axioms apply: – an eye for an



Pvt. Arnold Joseph in his room during the first Nuremberg trials.

eye... those who live by the sword.... The long-range significance of the International Military Tribunal has to do with the conduct of nations in conflict and with the humanizing of behavior during international and intranational settling of accounts.

I was in Nuremberg from January 1946 until mid-1948 and my remembrances, while they do not have a place in the annals of international law, do add a few threads to the tapestry of events at Nuremberg. My additions to the story are what Flaubert called "the little significant details." Mine was the view from the Baerenschantzstrasse.



The Schloss Stein, the home of the Faber (pencil) family, where Arnold lived during his second assignment at the Nuremberg Trials. He notes it is "a far way from the Schloss to Samson Place. It's humbling."

Being 18, a private in the US Army in 1945 meant that:

- *I was anxious to serve my country*
- *I knew that our side was good and the Axis powers bad;*
- *Democracy was right;*
- *The war was over and there would be no others.*

The above is not an abbreviated summary. It constitutes my thinking on these subjects in its entirety.

I felt sheepish in contacts with GI's who had seen action and who were now being repatriated. They were recognized heroes while we had sailed eastward from a New York Harbor that displayed messages such as "Welcome Home!" "Job Well Done". The veterans in Nuremberg felt the War Department was dragging out their army service and while they waited they griped and got drunk. Seemed normal to me. Eighteen-year-old males are often sort of dumb. I was a graduate of the Manhattan High School of Aviation Trades, trained to earn a living servicing airplanes and nothing in my profile suggested I go to college, let alone hang out there for the rest of my life.

So, in order to manage the piecing together of the experience, I had to conjure up my pre-professional past, my precollege identity. Not an easy task (if you're going to

be honest), and, it turns out not a pleasant one. It involved many letters I'd sent home, letters which now seem to have been written by someone I never knew, someone I do not particularly care for. I was judgmental, superficial, and — — — boring. Once settled into the routine of my job I seemed almost oblivious to the drama and historical weight of the proceedings in which I had a part. I wrote of workload, my colleagues, and superiors, my billets, my leisure activities. There were occasional observations of encounters with Germans (consistently referred to as Krauts). I derived no small satisfaction from their beaten state, their inability to obtain sufficient food and other essentials, their begging for handouts, their pouncing on cigarette butts flicked away by the victors. None had ever been a Nazi. This information was always volunteered.

This was an international military tribunal, not only inside the courtroom. Nuremberg was in the American zone of occupation, and the prison administration and security were handled by the US Army. However, the ceremonial guard duty of the Palace of Justice was assumed in turn, on a monthly basis, by companies of soldiers of the four occupying powers. I remember no contact with the French and British but I did chat with some Russians. Strange fellows. They had been paid all at once at the end of the war and pranced around with satchels of money. Favorite purchases were watches with

luminous dials and I saw some with a whole collection ascending the length of their arms. That does not strike me as strange as the pride they took in the length of their military service. One Russian acquaintance pounded his chest, making his metals bounce, to boast of his five years plus. In 1946, the war over, a G.I. derived prestige from the brevity of service.

I remember the old city of Nuremberg, a medieval walled city, the fortress, the gutted Frauenkirche (Church of our Lady), old houses, monuments. The sort of place I now explore at length. At the time, not much left. Empty streets buried with rubble heaped 5 to 6 feet high in which we practiced stunt driving with jeeps.

Sounds like fun, this unenlightened, all too typical daily routine. But there was another side to my participation. I had brought some baggage to Nuremberg that was not your standard general issue (GI). When you're Jewish and you get yourself born in Germany in 1927 it is likely that you will develop some characteristics which set you apart. If you are spared to develop, that is. Because you see, very gradually, you come to understand that which is made clear to you every day but what you are reluctant to accept, namely that 10% of your countrymen, neighbors, colleagues, schoolmates think you should be destroyed; 80% don't really agree but what can they do and besides they don't know; and another 10% oppose persecution and either get out or join the victims. (Figures based on impressionistic data). Thanks to parental foresight and luck, my mother, brother and I moved to Luxembourg in 1935 and in 1938 to the US. We lost most of our material possessions but by 1938 that mattered little. We were comfortable and, in spite of the burden of being different, mine had been a happy New York adolescence.

Some of our relatives preceded us, a few followed. Most perished. My maternal grandmother, the person I loved most, my paternal grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins. Their annihilation in Theresienstadt and elsewhere was documented by the bureaucratically efficient machinery of planned destruction that makes the Holocaust unique. I knew they were gone but I continued to look for them in transports and camps for Displaced Persons. At home we had not talked about it. It was always there, and in generalized references during congregational assemblies, religious rituals for the dead. But our private grief was shared stoically, and in silence.

The grief was part of my emotional paraphernalia when I arrived at the Palace of Justice. So was hatred and the desire for vengeance. The hatred was abstract, directed at

a generic group called Germans. Like the Soviets representing their nation in the courtroom, and for the same reasons, like Churchill, I wanted them hanged, bombed, destroyed. They taught me well. Individually no German ever aroused feelings that extreme. I would feel disdain, repugnance, – superior. But I had no desire to hurt anyone. The Nuremberg defendants, as a group, were part of the abstraction. The first time I saw Hermann Goering was when we crossed paths in the wooden enclosed passageway that led from the prison to the courthouse. I was delivering the day's mail to the prison. He was being escorted to the courthouse. The passage was about four feet wide. I stopped, stepped aside, intimidated. This bothered me for a long time! Still does

In my letters home I spoke of such encounters, of letters to and from the defendants that I was reading as part of my job. But, in part to spare my mother, I assumed my guarded, stoic mode. I did not display my feelings. I sent home the excerpts (that are on a separate page in this article). Commentary, I felt was superfluous. Frankly, I still can't comprehend the doublethink of these individuals. Their obvious moral awareness, the authenticity of their family bonds and then, somehow, the total suspension of these feelings and convictions in their dealing with the groups who, in final analysis, were deemed inconvenient. For Albert Camus, the criminal is one who has an ignorant heart, who accepts the plague that kills. I do not believe, from what I read in these letters that their hearts were ignorant. On the other count, accepting the plague, spreading it, I return the verdict of guilty.

And that is my judgment. Or the present state of my evolving opinion. I am a reluctant judge, a judge in spite of myself. It is a judgment derived after long deliberation, the judgment informed by the thinking of wise mentors like Camus. I have not forgiven anyone. Forgiving is a godlike act and I'm not that presumptuous.

Besides, no one has asked me for forgiveness. I've not forgotten either. The memory of what happened protects me from complacency. Nor is Nuremberg just a fading abstraction. Avatars like Rwanda – Burundi – Zaire have not been far from my mind since I have a daughter who has served in the area.

Fortunately I don't dwell on this past. I have the

distractions of much that is good in life to safeguard me from the temptations of victimhood. I live well and in contentment and that also is a form of revenge. And on

that paradox, leading to yet another dilemma, I conclude..

--Arnold Joseph,

The View from the Baerenschantzstrasse.

Official translation in files of Internal Security Detachment of the International Military Tribunal

Robert Ley to Henry Ford

17 Aug, 1945

Sir Henry Ford, Detroit, U.S.A.

Sir: I am sure you are familiar with my name through the press and radio. Besides, you know, Sir, that I have built the Volkswagen Works and have planned the tractor works. Furthermore, I am founder and director of the German social order, the German Labor Front and the vacation organization "Kraft durch Freude" (strength through joy). I am sure you are also familiar with my success in these fields of endeavor. Now I offer my services to you, Sir, to do the same work in your factories. I am now a prisoner, although I have done nothing but write essays and books against the Jews, the same as you have done. I have done this with the holiest conviction to be of benefit to my people. I swear to you that I have committed no other crime. In the interest of my social ideals and also in the interest of my poor unhappy people, which must be stabilized, I am perfectly willing to come to any agreement, even with the Jews. Only give me a chance to work. I was still working on immense plans especially in reference to the Volkswagen and the tractor.

Respectfully yours,

Dr. Robert Ley

*Robert Ley was head of the German Labor Front. Historian Richard J Evans described his "arrogance, incompetence and drunkenness" in **The Third Reich in Power**. Ley was deeply implicated in the mistreatment of foreign slave workers. He committed suicide as the trials began.*

Julius Streicher to son Elmar

June 6, 1946

Dear Elmar,

The American chaplain said that Adele [Streicher's wife] always laughed and cheered up the other prisoners. In my cell I heard her laughter from the courtyard every day. For five days I have not heard her dear voice. Yes, you are right, my dear Elmar: "How small a human can become when his little bit of life is at stake!" Poor German youth! Where is their example? Heartiest greetings,

Your father,

Julius Streicher

*Julius Streicher, described by Historian Ian Kershaw as "short, squat, shaven-headed bully...utterly possessed by demonic images of Jews" in **Hitler 1889-1936: Hubris**, was publisher of **Der Stürmer** newspaper, which was a central element of the Nazi propaganda machine. His publishing firm also released three anti-Semitic books for children. He was convicted and hanged.*

Wilhelm Keitel to wife

Oct. 1946

My dearest wife,

The verdict has been *handed down!* I hope you were informed about the judgment in complete detail. You will never understand it and that is good. I had to expect the death sentence. The manner of carrying it out puts me on a level with Fieldmarshal von Witzleben. I am not afraid to die. One cannot do more than die for one's fatherland and to act and obey in good faith. I

will not be cowardly when my wife and three sons have demonstrated the highest courage. Should I be one to lag behind them? For seven years I administered anonymously and with arduous resignation the most thankless charge ever imposed on a soldier whose hair has turned white in the course of thirty-seven years of service with honor and beyond reproach! No one envied me. All who knew how and what I suffered pitied me! And now fate has not only stamped me as a war criminal but as a common criminal! How I pity you and the family. In my soul I see inscribed day and night, now and until the last breath : " Be loyal until death and I will give you the crown of life!" Forgive! all the pain I have inflicted on you! In eternal love!

Your husband,

Wilhelm Keitel

Wilhelm Keitel was a Field Marshall and served as head of the Supreme Command of the Armed Forces and was de facto war minister. Keitel testified that he knew many of Hitler's orders were illegal but claimed he was merely following orders. He was convicted and hanged.

Rudolf Hoess to wife.

April 1946

My dear Mutz, [his wife]

Today I am writing a fifth letter without having received any news. I am completely despondent and imagine the worst. What sorts of things may have happened to you? This uncertainty is terrible. A whole year has passed since our flight, the beginning of our misery. Oh, if only we had left then - for our children's sake we did not take that step.- Was it a mistake? What will they still have to endure? Especially you, poor thing, what will you still have to fight and endure? And I can no longer help you unfortunate ones - the most bitter thing for me!- Our dear Burling will be nine years old. He had the sunniest childhood of all and probably does not sense much of the difficulty and pain which you and the older ones must bear. Best regards to him. Heartiest greetings to you all from

your

Daddy

Rudolf Hoess (not to be confused with Rudolf Hess) was Commandant of Auschwitz. At the Nuremberg trials, he testified that "I commanded Auschwitz until 1 December 1943, and estimate that at least 2,500,000 victims were executed and exterminated there by gassing and burning, and at least another half million succumbed to starvation and disease, making a total dead of about 3,000,000." He was convicted and hanged.

Hermann Goering to wife

My dearest,

Many thanks for letters 7 and 8. How happy I am with them and Edda's little letter. Stahmer told me everything. Ach, my darling, if I could only help you. But I'm completely alone and without resources. You're right, for me also the whole thing is only a difficult dream, it is all so incomprehensible. But in spite of everything we must accept the difficulties with bearing and not offer a spectacle to our hate-filled, mortal enemies. If only our people would finally understand that they belong together and must help one another instead of engaging in inter-party fighting and persecution of each other. I believe that in the history of the world never have so many people been arrested as today in Germany. An unimaginable mass persecution. The Almighty will not, however, let our people perish and he will help us.

Hermann Goering to daughter Edda, age 9.

My sweet little Edda,

I was so happy with your last letter. How well you already write. Mother says that you also know a great deal of arithmetic. The spring flowers are blooming now all around you and I hope you are taking in the benefit...I hug you and kiss you.

Your Daddy

Edda to Hermann Goering

My dearest Daddy,

What a joy it was for me when your card arrived. I'm sending you a kiss for it. I've asked Mommy to give me a briefcase for your letters and cards as a birthday present. On my birthday, especially, I will miss you. Yesterday I began to knit a coat for my Teddy. I've knitted him a sweater and pants out of reclaimed wool. If I had enough wool I would knit you a scarf. I love you very much and always pray to God for you.

Your Edda

Hermann Goering was named deputy and successor by Adolf Hitler before he began to fall out of favor. He commanded the Air Force and Four Year Rearmament Plan among many other duties. Goering was known for his extravagant tastes and garish clothing, which he changed multiple times each day. He was heavily addicted to drugs and was extremely corpulent. Despite tight security, Goering was able to obtain poison and killed himself the day before he was to be hanged after his conviction

The Joseph family in Germany

Arno Joseph was born March 10, 1927 to Else and Ferdinand Joseph in Saarbrucken, in the Saarland province, or state, of Germany. At the time, the British and French administered this area under a fifteen-year mandate from the Treaty of Versailles that began in 1920. Brother Gert was also born in the occupied Saarland a year and a half later. *They turned out to be dissimilar in looks and outlook. People say, "You don't look alike." Both would say "Thank you." Arnie also notes that his "brother has more money but I have more hair."* The Joseph family lived comfortably in an apartment with balconies and employed a maid and a nurse. Ferdinand had a dry goods concern that required him to travel a great deal.

In 1932-33 Arno entered first grade in a traditional German school, but in 1933 many events occurred which changed his life dramatically. Adolf Hitler came to power and immediately began to put into place the doctrines outlined in his political gospel, **Mein Kampf**--one of which demonized the one percent of the German population of which the Joseph family was a member. Simultaneously, Hitler escaped the control that President Otto Von Hindenburg thought he could exert by appointing as Chancellor the leader of the large-- but minority -- party of the last parliament of the Weimar Republic, the National Socialist Party.

As a direct result, Arno was forced to attend a Jewish school for second grade. He remembers being frightened walking to school. One of his worst memories was encountering his first grade teacher --*you know, you worship your first grade teacher*--on the street. He turned his head and would not even acknowledge Arno. *These are*

the things that stick with you. Fifty years later, in a meeting of Denison faculty and African-American students who were expressing unhappiness and outrage at incidents of perceived racism on campus, Professor Joseph asked the assembled group, "You say that you are unhappy when no one seems to notice you while at the same time you are unhappy when people single you out."

Ferdinand Joseph died that year as a result of injuries sustained in an auto accident. Else, who was familiar with both English and French, took over the business. Life became stressful for her in many ways.

In January of 1935, the citizens of the Saar voted on the status of their state: the choices were to become French, return to Germany, or remain a demilitarized area administered by the League of Nations. The vote was overwhelming: the Saarland would return to Germany. That was a signal to Else Joseph that it was time to go. She sold what she could of the business and took her family to Luxembourg, forty-five miles away, soon enough that they could take some belongings and money with them, unlike Jewish refugees from the rest of Germany, who had to leave virtually everything behind. The boys were happy in the school there, sharing a classroom separated by a potbellied stove taught by a man who kept bees. *Arno was bewildered at the strange black marks that the children had on their foreheads* the first day, Ash Wednesday, that he came to school, which turned out to be an otherwise all-Catholic school. Although the family no longer would be able to afford household help, the brothers *never felt*

deprived, there or here.

The Joseph Family Arrives in New York

In 1938, at the urging of an uncle who told Else that she would gain neither employment nor citizenship in Luxembourg, the Joseph family moved to New York, where Arno became Arnold and Gert became Gary Mark. They moved first to Washington Heights, which *everyone called The Fourth Reich* because so many German refugees lived there. The round footballs of Luxembourg were oval shaped in New York. Gracious balconies and terraces gave way to fire escapes in Gothams's visual landscape. The young boys would look out their window and watch other boys playing a game with a stick and a ball.

People were really nice to them in the frightening situation of arriving in America and immediately going to school speaking no English. There were two friends in school right away, a redheaded, freckled boy of Irish extraction named Williams and an African-American boy named Frank. *Both were really nice, but having only seen one black person before in his life, Arnold worried that he wouldn't recognize Frank if he saw him on the streets of New York.*

Else Joseph did not want to stay in an area surrounded by German-speakers, and because of her fluency in English, she was able to move herself and the boys quickly to the Bronx. By the time they were teenagers, the boys had part time jobs such as delivering dry cleaning, for which they were paid five cents per delivery if they brought the hanger back.

Having arrived in the United States at the age of eleven, when did Arnold feel totally American? Paradoxically, in some ways he still does not, while at the same time he felt at home in New York as a teenager. *Anti-Semitism doesn't go away, and there were "little incidents" at Denison that reminded him of that. In some ways he feels that he is more than American. He loves the country even if he gripes, and is very aware that Americans have many things that others do not..*

Arnold was recognized as the member of the family who was the most handy, the most mechanical and that led to his enrolling eventually in the Manhattan High School of Aviation Trades with hopes of getting a ground crew job at La Guardia airport. His advisor, Dean Wiener, made certain that he kept out of the Army until he had



At Camp Blanding with specially bloused trousers.

graduated, and when he did in June 1945, the war in Europe was over. He was afraid of being classified 4-F (unfit for duty) and not being eligible to serve in the Army because he feared he had a punctured eardrum. Frank Sinatra had one and was classified 4-F. *President Truman didn't waste any time* after he had graduated and Arnold was drafted. He was *delighted because people his age wanted to go, wanted to be heroes.*

He was sent to Ft. Dix in New Jersey on the way to Camp Blanding, Florida. There he was trained to be in the infantry reserve, members of which would be ordered



***The Stars and Stripes* Spills the Beans about
Arnold's Second Trip to Nuremberg**

to go forward to fill the gap when someone in the front line had fallen. In 2013, he mused that *of his nine lives, about seven are used up*. He had two reactions to this assignment: it was a *road to certain death, and his placement there was surely what frightened Emperor Hirohito into surrendering before Arnold could be deployed to Japan*. The photo from Camp Blanding shows a soldier slightly out of uniform. He is wearing boots to look like a paratrooper and he and his friends bloused up their pants by inserting condoms just above the boots.

To Nuremberg

In the end, he was deployed to Europe as a replacement for the Signal Corps or even possibly the Medical Corps, because the Japanese had surrendered before his training was completed. His cadre quietly sailed out of New York in December 1945, past the Statue of Liberty as returning soldiers were being saluted with "Welcome Home, Job Well Done." The outgoing soldiers *were resentful*

because they would not be heroes. He started changing his mind when they got to Germany. On Christmas Eve, he was on a train that had no heat. It was so cold that GI's began to tear down the wooden paneling in the compartments in the train cars to build fires. As Arnold faced the prospect of freezing to death or choking to death, he began to think about what *life in a foxhole would be like, and any heroism left him*.

In Europe, by chance the person reading his qualification sheet noted that he was fluent in German. Suddenly he was off to Nuremberg, where the victorious powers were organizing the first war crimes trials in history. Fears of being assigned simultaneous translation came to naught as Arnold was assigned to be a censor of the mail that went to and from the twenty-two defendants who were present. These were the highest-ranking Nazi officials still alive who were in captivity (Martin Bormann, whose death was not confirmed at the time, was tried in absentia). The mail was not only between the prisoners and their families, but also to and from others. Arnold says there was mail, especially from the United States, that requested autographs, crank mail, and mail from angry Germans blaming the prisoners for the ruins that were the cities of postwar Germany. Each defendant was allowed two postcards and letters per week. Some samples are printed beginning on page four..

In October 1946 the trials were over and Arnold returned to New York a couple of weeks before the executions that were meted out to most of the defendants. He went home on a troopship and was discharged.

Several jobs in New York followed, including bell hopping at a resort in Loon Lake and working in the shoe department at Gimbels, before he applied to go back to Nuremberg, and eventually did go back. Thirteen people were given an exam in which they translated a paragraph from Time magazine into German. They flew to Nuremberg by way of Bermuda, the Azores, and Paris. There they took another exam, this one from a German legal code and all flunked. (See newspaper clipping). Arnold *knew people* and got a job at the Nuremberg trials anyway, and as a civilian wore a uniform without insignia. He arranged meetings between defense counsels, their clients and witnesses, and headed a company of Baltic guards. At this point the Nuremberg Trials were those that readers familiar with Abby Mann's **Judgment at Nuremberg** associate with the lesser officials such as the one portrayed by Burt Lancaster.

During this time, the Berlin airlift took place and Arnold was disillusioned because he thought *that Uncle Joe (Stalin) was our friend.*

At the big trial he had lived at a bombed-out building across the courtyard from the Palace of Justice; this time he lived in the Faber (pencil) family castle in Stein, a little town outside Nuremberg.

In mid-1948 *it was time to go home and do something with myself, knowing that the world of Nuremberg was not real and could not last.* The way home went via Paris, home of the Alliance Francaise, the venerable higher private education institute where students from around the world come to learn French as a second language. Arnold applied and was enrolled as a "*weak beginner.*" He made rapid progress in the four months he was there.

His orneriness, the term his daughter Laurie uses, appeared when Arnold and other classmates were driven to despair by a Franciscan monk in one of his classes who *had two salient qualities: roundness, from his tonsure to his cranium to the shape of his face and tummy;* and enthusiasm and energy. In Europe, instead of raising one's hand in class, a student raises his or her finger to answer a question. Fra Adino Fimarco would not only raise his finger, but his arm, then his whole body would shoot up. This happened frequently. One day Arnold and another former GI were sitting on the bench behind the monk when, as the rotund man sat, the rope on his robe landed on the bench between the Americans. They looked at each other and in no time, quick hands wound the rope around the monk's bench and the next time the monk shot up (*like a rocket*), the entire end of the bench he was occupying went up with him, dumping the young woman on the other end of the bench onto the floor. Arnie still recalls *the look that had no charity in it* and the sound of sandals as he and his friend were being chased out of the classroom and up the main stairway.

He had a great and adventurous time and met people from all over Europe. He was able to go to Grenoble to ski for four months. But.... *it was time to face the music and the music was not pleasant.* He was supposed to be doing as his brother was, *working his way up from office boy to president,* but he did not *like to ask.* Finally, a distant cousin in Columbus purchased a candy and baking business named Holiday Sweets and needed an *office-boy-to-president guy* and Arnold was the one. He moved to Columbus to start as a packer, in fact the *head packer,*



Loon Lake Bellhop Joseph

which he learned was an *executive position, meaning no overtime.* He hated the job.

One night in Columbus *he heard voices: "Thou shalt teach!" No one in the family had taught or even thought about teaching—You talk about vocation!* With a strong ability to read and write he was able to get into Ohio State as a special student *several steps up from a "weak beginner."* He loved university academic life and had to set an alarm to stop studying. He chose to teach French because he had had the head start at the Alliance Francaise and wanted to have nothing to do with anything German.

In any other country you would have to decide what you



Arnie Joseph upon arrival at Denison in 1963

want to do at thirteen. In the US I could decide at twenty-one—and I had the GI Bill. While at Ohio State, he married Sherry, and after receiving his Masters headed for the University of California at Berkeley to pursue a PhD. There, the French Department turned out to be *nasty*: it did not like him, he was married and had a baby, he worked in a department store, did not have a background in Latin, was not an Ivy Leaguer, and simply wasn't supposed to be there. Instead he went to Oklahoma and taught full time for three years from 1957 to 1959 and then went back to Ohio State to finish his PhD. In 1963 he started looking for a full-time university level position.

Daughters Theresa Rose and Laura Michele were born in October 1955 and 1957, respectively.

And the Rest is History

With a contract with Ohio University in hand, Arnold was visited by Dr. Walter Secor, then chair of the Denison Department of Modern Languages who came over and interviewed him between classes. He took the Denison job because it enabled him to be near his doctoral advisor and began in the academic year 1963-64, completing his doctorate in 1968. His was an interesting department. Despite the fact that when he was hired it was known that his doctoral dissertation would be on 17th-century French

literature, another member the department already taught in that area. Arnie said *give me some literature and I will play with it and came up with a 20th-century course* but then another member of the department wanted that course. He ended up with the 20th century novel and never got to teach Racine or the 17th century.

Colleagues expected him to assume the (recently vacated) Chair of Moral Turpitude, but he declined. The reason for this expectation was described fifty years later by Michele Toleda Myers, former President of Denison and President-emerita of Sarah Lawrence. "When I moved to Granville, I spotted him often on his bicycle, a long scarf floating behind him, in his tight spandex shorts and shirt, fit and good looking, and if you didn't know better you could take him for a man thirty years younger than he was. And that's the way he acted: Young, energetic, full of zest." Coffee companions note that he attracts greetings and hugs from women of all ages who come up to him when the coffee group sits outside in good weather.^{7 8}

A colleague points out that Arnie was very careful with students, that he was in no way a Lothario. A former student and lifelong friend noted "he acts like an old Letch but really is a perfect gentleman," but she could not refrain from quoting a letter in which he mentioned *walking by a mirror and seeing a lascivious glint in his eye*. He also wrote on March 28, 1998:

Up on campus there are also signs, audio and visual, of the season. Some of the visual is still stimulating enough to retain membership in the Society of Dirty Old Men, i.e. men over twenty-five who are normal. The things that slip out of a pen.... I don't spend all that much time ogling. I am still studying Italian language, history, literature, and the distant past. I have studied Dante, Petrarch, and this is all very exciting. I don't know how much progress I will make by June, but if I can't communicate properly I will just pinch women like the natives.^{1 6 7}

From 1963 through 1965 he commuted from Columbus and then moved into 19 Samson Place in 1965 while he and Sherry built their "modern" Chapin Place house. It was complete in 1966 and they lived there until their divorce of 1973.

His daughter Laurie recalls that when she and Terry reached the age when their eyes rolled and smiles disappeared when video and still cameras came out, Arnie

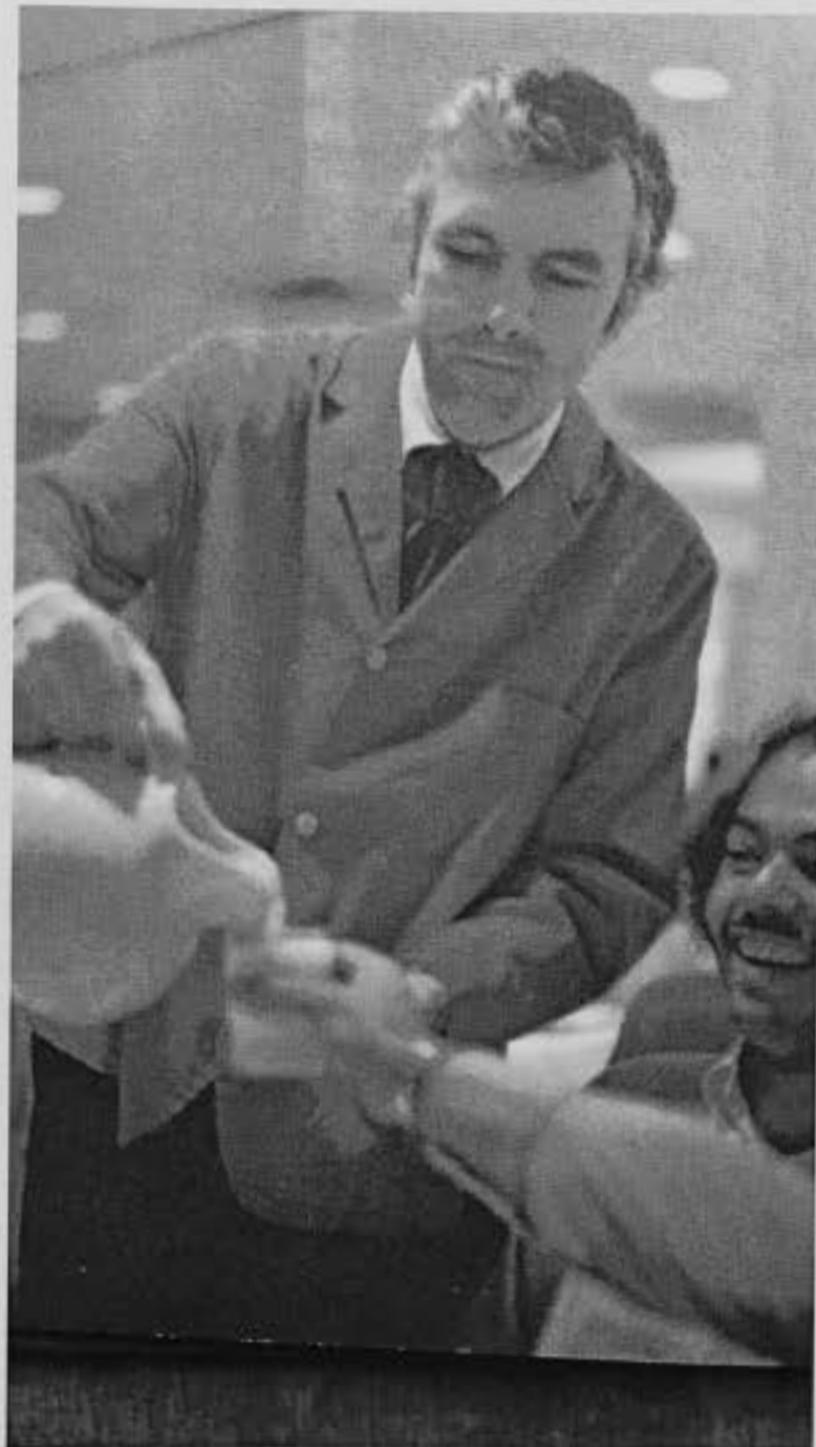


January Term Director Arnie Joseph as Waiter at dinner at the end of January Term 1974

turned to photographing cows. The family has a collection of very good, cute, and stimulating expressions and poses by photogenic cows taken when his daughters were teenagers.⁹

He was a charter member of the "Granville Hicks," a faculty country folk band complete with steel guitar, washboard, and gutbucket along with more conventional instruments. That author had visited the campus shortly before the group was formed in about 1966, and the founders discovered a name that had fallen into their laps. Arnie played the washboard *until it started making noise*, whereupon he was asked to leave the group repeatedly when *other members began to take themselves seriously*. *He was under no illusion about his musical talents and recalled that they kept kicking him out when he was already out...*

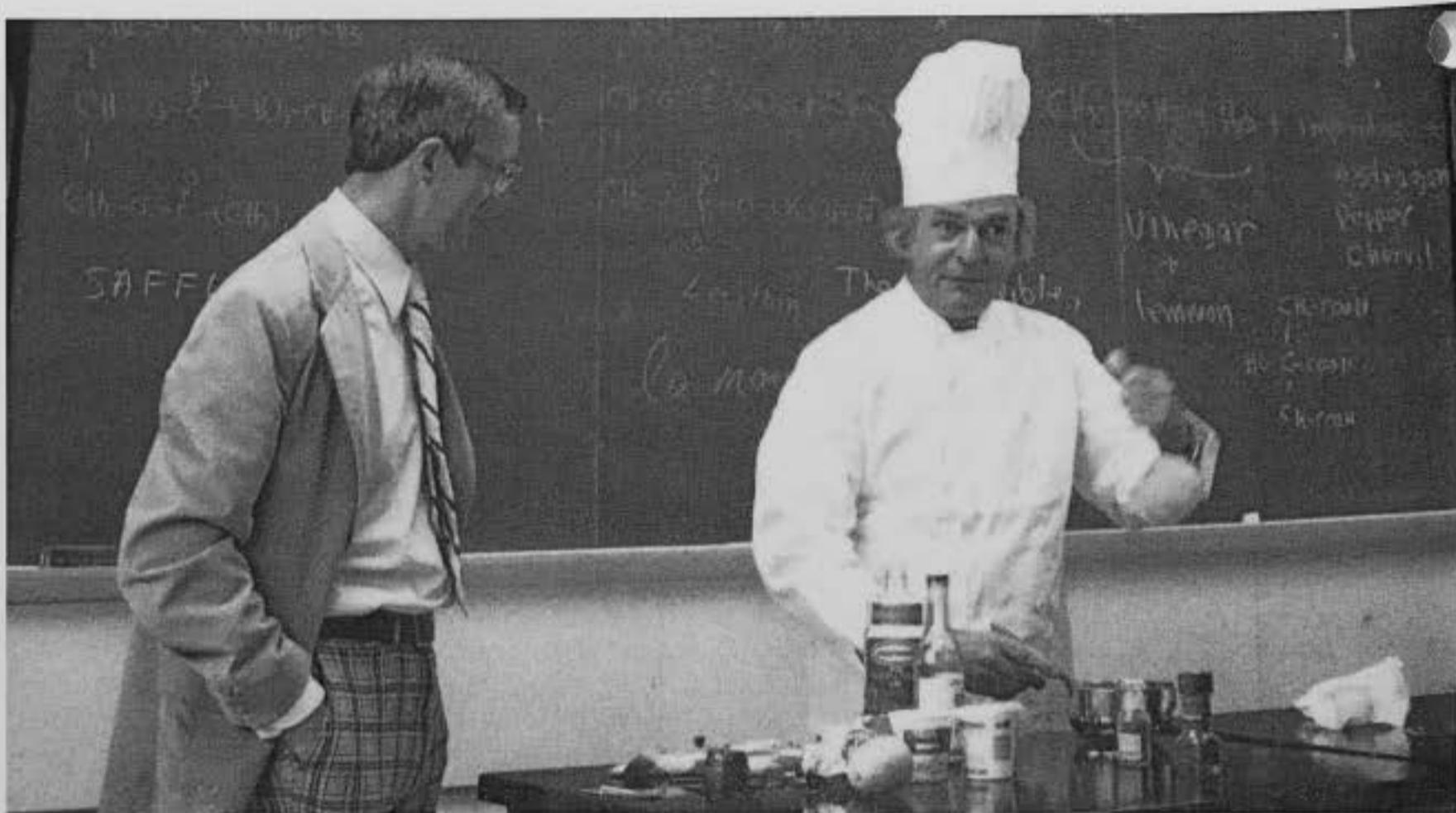
As a teacher, Arnie felt challenged to make his course interesting, to engage students. An Art major recalls being a mediocre student of the French language but enjoying the course because Arnie made it fun. Students were instructed to make up excuses to be given in French if they arrived late to class. He cited Denison campus personalities in some of his conversational examples,



President Joel P. Smith is an uneasy waiter at the January Term Dinner. Here he serves Newark's Oren Henry

which kept learning interesting. One time he suggested citing Guillaume (William), a favorite campus dog, as the reason for missing homework. Arnie's office had personality as well, including a gargoyle that stared down at you from above the office door. Majors recalled Arnie's classes as being interesting and challenging, and colleagues noticed that he interacted well with students outside the classroom and that students loved him.¹⁶⁷

When he was its advisor, the formal induction into the newly revived French Club took place in the Denison Biological Reserve at Arnie's suggestion. The President



"The Emulsification of Lipids," a presentation in French to Dr. Richard Doyle's Chemistry Class, was what the year-end brag sheet read. In reality Arnie made mayonnaise at Dick's request for the introductory level class.

of the French Club one year almost inadvertently raised \$1,400 from admission to French films and similar activities. In a quandary as to what to do with the money, members of the club decided to go to the Maisonette, then a five star restaurant in Cincinnati. Not only did Arnie go, but so also some of the more stuffed shirts in the department. ⁶

Administrative Challenges

Arnie turned to an administrative challenge from 1973 to 1975 as Director of the January Term, an inter-session in which students spent an ungraded, intensive month sharing a non-traditional learning experience with a faculty member. Arnie enjoyed the opportunity because it was *the only kind of administration he would want to do*. He felt it was also *a teaching job in that he could spread the message about what academic means – the subject is not as important as how you go about examining it*. He vigorously defended Biology Professor Gail Norris' Ping-Pong course and Chemistry Professor Richard Doyle's mushrooms course because of the methodology that both used in teaching them--- once again underscoring that the methodology was more important than the subject matter. Much of his teaching philosophy was reflected in the

philosophy that he brought to the January Term.

Each January Term closed with a dinner at which the faculty members acted as waiters, complete with napkins over their arms. President Joel Smith was game but appeared to be so nervous in his role that Arnie *fired him*.

Some of his teaching philosophy put him at odds with his colleagues. Arnie began to see less eye to eye with the faculty in general regarding scholarship as it changed. He leaned toward a colleague in the English department who also felt that if one did too much research in teaching language it distracted from other things. It made no sense to involve modern language students in advanced research when they were still at the *goo-goo gaga stage* of language acquisition. At the same time he had no difficulty with the importance of research in other fields. He became Director of Self-Designed Majors and was delighted when Richard Downs came into his office and with *a big smile said that he wanted to design a major in **Life***.

As professors become more senior, some become grouchy at times. A *Cabal of Four* emerged, consisting of Frank Bellino of the Music Department, George Bogdanovich of the Art Department, Librarian Charles



At a Denison reception in about 1980.

Maurer (who opposed all digitization of the card catalog system or any other part of the library) and Arnie (see photo on page 14). Laurie Joseph, who perhaps could stand in for Arnie to furnish family wit, said they were “grumpy, not even old men.”⁹

A good friend says that one of Arnie’s hobbies is injuring himself. It was across the street from the Bellino house that the Virgin of Chapin Place incident occurred. There was a gnarly tree across the street from their house that came to be called the Virgin of Chapin Place because of a certain likeness in its bark. Arnie had been on crutches for a knee or ankle injury, and one day he summoned family and neighbors, disappeared into the woods toward the tree, threw away his crutches, walked back, danced a jig and proclaimed that a miracle had occurred.^{6 9}

He directed the Sweet Briar Junior Year Abroad program in Paris in 1969–70 and also in 1976–77 and 1986–87. The chaos of post 1968 France—when student demonstrations brought higher education to a halt for weeks and challenged French authorities to rethink access to and conduct of higher education—was particularly challenging because course descriptions were not

published and schedules not set when American students arrived in the fall. That year saw the opening of Paris 8 (the eighth unit of the University of Paris, of which the Sorbonne is Paris 4) in the Garden of Vincennes. *The Communists are the liberals there.* It was a year that required a good bit of flexibility and agility.

As Director-in-Residence, he was responsible for the academic side of the year for students from many different colleges which participate in the Sweet Briar program, as well as teaching some courses in French. He enrolled program students in various parts of the University of Paris and various institutes (all classes were in French). *All Paris was at his beck and call*, as he was able to attend a play a week and had a budget to take professors out to lunch. His Sweet Briar groups still have reunions and keep in touch.

During the middle directorship daughter Laurie lived with him for a while. She had become fairly fluent in French and would leave him notes in French when she went out. When she returned they would invariably be corrected in red ink. They conversed in French except when discussions became heated, and then both fell back on English.⁹

His favorite places are Paris, which he has visited perhaps thirty times, and Santa Monica. He loves *living in Granville and would not want to live anywhere else, but periodically needs to seek his venues for de-Granvillization*. He often accompanies visitors from Granville when they are in Paris. A friend recalls walking with him and every few minutes stopping to look down a street to see a large cathedral. After while the friend realized it was the same cathedral, and Arnold explained that they were stalking Notre Dame to see how different it looks from several different angles. When he is alone in Paris, he "*flânerie*" (*wanders*) a lot. His goal is to find things of interest rather than having a set of things to see or activities. He rented Michele Myers' apartment in Paris many times, always leaving behind a thing or two to remember him by. One year, it was a funny little cow with wings; another, a new colander (hers was apparently "minable" - his word, meaning shabby, pathetic, hopeless); another time a walking stick. Michele still has all of them. ⁴⁸

Arnold Joseph retired from Denison in 1990 Professor Emeritus of French.

Arnie the Person

He is an adherent to the concept contained in the writing of the novelist and mythmaker Michele Tournier, that each person has his or her own *Essential Age*. As Arnie has developed it, the definition has not to do with intellectual growth and abilities or physical attributes, but as a basic way of looking at the world that is typical of a certain age. His essential age is seven: *he sees the world as a playroom, there for him to play with and manipulate. It always was and is still there*-whether in his art exhibits or in words. He plays with words and with friends who are fluent in other languages he likes to translate English idiomatic phrases literally into languages they both understand. "Give Me a Break!" is an example he uses. ⁶

Colleague Tommy Burkett notes Arnie has contributed to his vocabulary certain "French" words, mis-translations - such as "Kro-zjay Sav-on," and "Cite de



"Campus Beautification," Arnie's photo of the *Cabal of Four*. George Bogdanovich, Frank Bellino, Charles Maurer, and Arnie in front of the "Christian Plaque," a source of controversy the entire time Arnie was at Denison. In the mid-1990's when this photo was taken, there was a futile attempt by someone to plant vines with the hope that they would grow over the word "Christian." Despite the guarding of the Cabal of Four, the vines ended up on the President's porch one night and there was no further planting.



With the Pompidou Center in the Background, Arnie illustrates a Helicopter motion in Paris while Directing the Sweet Briar Program in the 1970's

valeur,” shopping venues that both men frequented. Arnie threatened to send a communication in German to his mother when he was promoted to full professor at Denison. “Ich habe mich voll gemacht,” which translated means “I’ve made full;” but in idiomatic German it means, “I’ve dirtied my diaper.” When he moved out of his house on Samson Place where he had lived for thirty-five years and into the condo at 224 East College Street, he told Tommy “I’ve moved into the inner city.”⁵

Gail Lutsch points out that Arnie’s wit has long been evident in the answering machine messages on his landline phone. “They are a bit arch, a little teasing, usually implying that the caller has to earn a reply from Arnold by leaving a high-quality, amusing message!” “When I was a sophomore at Denison, Arnie was off-campus running the Sweet Briar Program in France. He sent me a postcard from Majorca telling me

that his yacht had broken down during his vacation there. I was enchanted by the exotic locale and distressed about his yacht—a gullibility that Arnie has recalled to me for almost 45 years!” Arnie invited Laurie Joseph to meet his new gardener. She was surprised to see Mr. Nabuko appear from behind Arnie’s house when she arrived there until she studied more carefully the character wearing the Vietnamese straw hat borrowed from a student, tattered shorts, and holding hedge clippers as he crouched to make himself appear smaller.⁷⁹

The persona that he does not proclaim is also part of Arnie. He quietly attends to members of the community who have lost a spouse, who are physically afflicted, or who otherwise need support. He is good at helping his friends: trips to the airport, offers of a warm fireplace during power outage snowstorms, and gifts of rhubarb and other specialty items to those who need them.³⁷

Painting became an interest for the man *who was ridiculed for his difficulty in drawing stick figures in school*. He had a showing entitled **Dada not Data** in the Denison museum composed of three-dimensional creations from parts he had found at an airplane surplus shop in Columbus. The cover to the program is contained in this article and includes a reference to the *Essential Age*.

Arnie’s sociability and dedication to exercise came together in the 1990s with the formation of a bicycling group that eventually took eleven trips of somewhat epic proportions over the next two decades. Core members were Joel and Sally Berman, Sara Jean Wilhelm, and Arnie. On various trips others came along. They went to France seven times, East Anglia, Prince Edward Island and elsewhere in Canada and to Niagara Falls. Arnie did general route planning once a region was selected but the itineraries were best described by turning to the question, “How do you bike?” *From meal to meal. The nose knows.* Personal goods were kept to two saddle bags, and perhaps an additional bag somewhere to hold dress clothing for the one meal at a Michelin Guide rated restaurant, the gift from the other riders to Arnie for organizing the tours. Before the first trip, the two women prepared themselves by taking fifty mile rides, losing approximately the same weight as their saddlebags would be when they got to France. It turns out that the two men had not trained at all. Arnie’s theories about everyone’s *Essential Age* came into discussion early on in the trip cycle, and while three of the four were grade schoolers in his estimation, the fourth was between thirty-five and forty. That so bothered the

Dada, not Data

(Cover of Denison Museum show catalog)

Dada, following its iconoclastic binge, was the initial phase of Surrealism, a spasm in the history of the arts recently diagnosed as "make-believe anarchy and fun-house revolution." Among other things, Dada, early in this century, was mischief directed at standards of art by means of the most outrageous creations with which a bunch of wild and crazy innovators ever shocked the bourgeois sense of the tolerable.

For my part, I claim nothing so heroic with the samples on exhibit here. I lack the talent and experience to aspire to plastic art, even in the guise of anti-art or non-art.

What I share with Dada precursors is an irresistible "ludic" inclination, a disposition that initiates and nurtures the activities we think of as "play." In my case, the situation has been attributed to arrested cerebral development in the left hemisphere (or is that the right?) at about age seven. My essential age is seven. I play, i.e., manipulate the world, as one does at age seven. On the one hand, this handicap has been an impediment to my intellectual growth; on the other, I avoided that byproduct of formal education and acculturation, which is the unlearning of genuine truths revealed to the child.

The pieces on display are disparate objects re-assembled into changed and changing contexts. Mysterious, presumably flawed aircraft parts scavenged from the North American Aircraft Surplus depot are arranged into something other. Metamorphoses are sustained by the application of provisional names. A piece I once called "Myth as Metaphor" reappears as "Post-modernist on Prozac." Words and objects in flux among changing contingencies evolve and are transformed. They are born-again trifles attending the reinvention of myself.

Arnie Joseph

fourth person that reports have it that his behavior changed so that his essential age was later downgraded.⁵

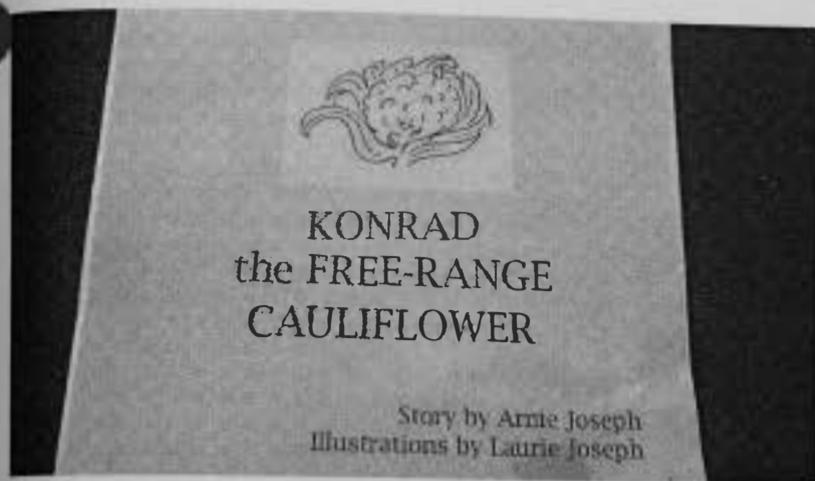
On a visit to Bill and Nancy Nichols in New Hampshire, they took a sightseeing bike ride that included a long, steep hill. As they started back up the hill, others got off their bikes to walk, but Arnie peddled past them and up the hill. His climb seemed particularly significant to the Nichols because Arnold had recently turned eighty. Subsequently, Bill Nichols mentioned in a column in the Granville Sentinel that Arnie the octogenarian left him in the dust on a steep uphill climb in New Hampshire. A prolific letter writer, Arnie wrote that he was being accused of using performance-enhancing drugs.⁴

Food has always been a passion for Arnie, and proper preparation and presentation are part of that passion. Laurie Joseph says it is his main reason for life. Although no one can remember Arnie being heavy, and although his exercise regimen has lasted for decades, he prepares meals. Frozen food, fast food, packaged dishes have not graced, or disgraced, his refrigerator. Laurie notes that he has never opened a can. Michele Myers remembers

"Going to a party where Arnie was invited meant tasting some of his best baking: the madeleines were a dream. Worthy of Proust." He makes cream puffs in the shape of swans. They appear annually at Thanksgiving dinner at the Burkett household and graced Gail Lutsch's wedding reception. He also makes a beautiful and delectable buche de noel complete with piped meringue mushrooms.²⁷⁸⁹

He ate lunch for decades in Slayter Hall at Denison with many of the same people, and for the period of her Presidency, with Michele Myers, who noted that Arnie's view is that administrators come and go and are simply to be endured while they are around. There was a ritual flipping of coins after lunch to see who would buy coffee for all. Later a second coin flip was instituted to see who would divide the large cookie that the coffee buyer also had to purchase.¹

The Granville Broadway coffee group shares stories and news and in general looks out for each other. One summer morning, members of the coffee group arrived in their pajamas. Arnie was the stand out as his featured monkey images and a wee Willie Winkie cap. The



Arnie's March 2013 Book

group's composition is politically diverse in an era when Americans of differing political views are having difficulty talking to each other. His friends say that Arnie can sort out the good and the bad, and had more trouble with power people on campus and colleagues who were trying to get more power, than he does with coffee friends with political views that are polar opposites from his. ¹⁷

A colleague describes Arnie as one who quickly sees things in people in interesting ways, reveling in eccentricity. Most of all he has great appreciation for relationships. He enjoys a *joie de vivre* with all sorts of people and their common foibles—and his own. He really likes people, not indiscriminately, but is basically a people person. He will mention with considerable glee some mistake that would result in a funny saying by a student or colleague. ¹⁶⁷

His sociability also twice saved his life in his later years, as Laurie notes. In a biking mishap on the Granville bike path, he broke his neck and fellow riders stabilized him, got help, and brought food and comfort during his recuperation. When he had a mild stroke, his regular coffee companions goaded him to see a doctor and actually accompanied him to make sure he followed through. ⁵⁹

Tommy Burkett expands on his forty-year tradition of sharing Thanksgiving with Arnie: "Two or three Thanksgivings ago he had someone call at the last minute to say he couldn't come – he was on the way to the hospital, where he had brain surgery (something to do, I think with the accident he'd had earlier on the bike path). Whoever called said he was more worried about not bringing the swans than about the surgery. We wanted to go see him, but were advised to wait until Saturday. We did, and then took him a turkey sandwich or something –

found him in bed, of course, with tubes running in and out, head all shaved and bandaged. The next night we went to the then new Chinese restaurant downtown Granville and there was Arnie having dinner with family and friends. Brain surgery on Wednesday, out to dinner on Sunday." ²

Finally, in about 2005, Arnie took his daughters back to his birthplace, many years after most of his other relatives had gone back to visit. Laurie Joseph recalls that despite her grandmother's hopes that she and Terry would learn German, the only German that Arnie taught them was funny words. Although he began speaking English at home and with all around him at age ten during World War II, he still speaks German with Dr. Gabriele Dillmann, Associate Professor of German at Denison, and German-born friends in Granville. As described earlier, his favorite wordplay is literally translating English idiomatic phrases into other languages, and the language he most uses is German. The part of Arnie that can do this coexists with the part that could never study or teach German or things German and is consistent with his delicate balance of sensitivity and tolerance, which in him are far from the same. ⁹

Hot off the presses is "Konrad the Free-Range Cauliflower," a children's book by Arnold Joseph, illustrated by Laura Joseph. In discussing it, Arnie recalled the German children's tales he read as a child, the *worst pedagogy*, such as "Slovenly Peter," which *consists of a set of tales about children, each one with a "moral"* intended for German children of the 19th century. *For us these tales seem like immoral child rearing advice and can seem kind of humorous. In one tale three little hooligans make fun of a black boy. In an unusual role, St Nicholas finds out and dips the three into an inkwell so that they end up even blacker.* Arnie's book is really a gift for his grandnephews and grandniece. An autobiographical allegory in a children's format, it is about confinement and liberation. That's why it is autobiographical: "I have always been confined but now have managed to sneak out over the fence". Arnie says that reading it will enable anyone to understand him. It is a *testament*; it says things *he really believes*.

A former student (whose essential age is eight) for whom Arnie is a kindred spirit --and vice versa--describes him as "a kind, loving, fun, crazy intellect." His daughter Laurie understands him as "The intellectual, the college professor: he thinks a lot about a lot of things in an intellectual way but the really important things are



With Laurie Joseph in the 2001 Fire-cracker Five race.

human interaction and food. He is witty and has a gentle and forgiving soul.”

Note: Sentences and phrases in italics are direct quotes or paraphrases from Arnold Joseph. The author chose to use this format to weave Amie’s wit into the narrative without having to resort to endless quotation marks. Contributors to this article were quick to agree to talk or write about their memories of and interactions with Amie Joseph, and all did so with great affection. Zaven Karian¹, Tommy Burkett², Florence Hoffman³, William Nichols⁴,

biking companion Sara Jean Wilhelm⁵, all of whom describe themselves as friends of fifty years, former students Liza Love Johnson⁶ and Gail Lutsch,⁷ former Denison and Sarah Lawrence President Michele Tole Meyers⁸ and daughter Laura Joseph⁹ contributed. They are acknowledged with superscripts after paragraphs that contain or combine their recollections and sometimes additional interpretation by the author. Photos are from Arnie’s collection save for the January Term pair, which Heather Lyle found in the Denison Archives.

Tom Martin is editor of the Historical Times



Swans by pastry chef Joseph.

This is another in the series of brief biographies of people who either live in Granville and have had particularly interesting experiences or who were born in Granville and led accomplished if not necessarily famous lives. In future issues, brief biographies of Mary Kay Campbell and Mary Roberts are planned, along with President Dale Knobel’s assessment of the architectural style of some of Granville’s houses, and building biographies of both north corners of East Broadway and Prospect Streets, a history of Radio in Granville, some less-than-favorable reactions of Connecticut visitors to newly settled Ohio and its residents in the early 19th Century, and later, visitors to Bryn Du in the time of John Sutphin Jones and Granville’s Alexandrian Bank and the economic system in which it operated in the first half century of Granville’s existence. --Ed

Sinnet's Civil War Letters are latest Pocket History

The Civil War letters between Edwin and Sarah Sinnet are the subject of the latest Pocket History published by the Granville Historical Society. Dr. Sinnet enlisted twice serving as a surgeon with the Union Army forces in Kentucky and Tennessee. Sarah remained in Granville to care for their daughter, Alice, and newborn daughter, Clara. *By Means of Ink and Paper* traces the adventures and cares of the couple. How do they handle finances, the deaths of family members and neighbors, or the naming of their new daughter.

In addition, the book tells many tales of life in the camps and in the hospitals where Dr. Sinnet cared for the sick and wounded. Before a company of Granville soldiers ever got close to the war front they had to survive being served coffee boiled with a cake of soap. At the front they were sold fruit pies not worthy of the name, drank too much, and died from wounds, disease, and self-inflicted disasters.

Compiled by Maggie Brooks, the Sinnet letters have been selected to reflect the most interesting passages from the large number of letters that the Society holds in its archives. They also keep story lines complete wherever

BY MEANS OF INK AND PAPER

*The Civil War Correspondence of
Edwin & Sarah Sinnet*

EDITED BY MAGGIE BROOKS



GRANVILLE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
POCKET HISTORY

4

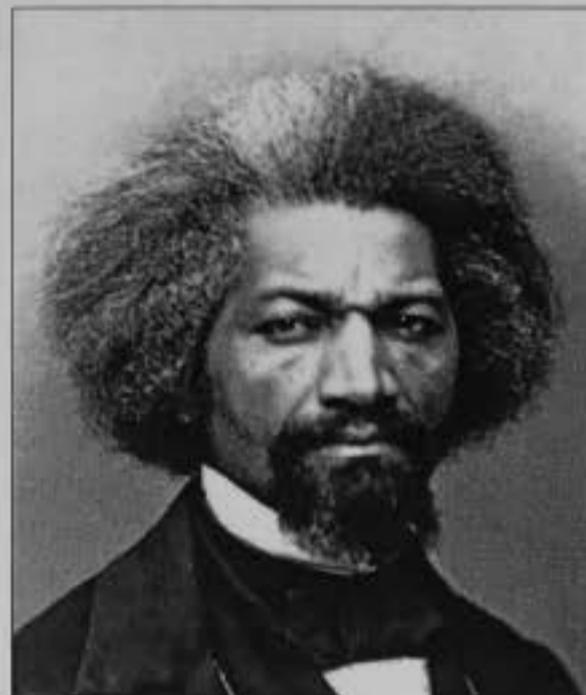
possible and include some that tell about village life in the mid 1800s. *By Means of Ink and Paper* is available at the museum, online at the Society website, at Readers Garden, and as an e-book from Amazon.

Frederick Douglass schedules Granville visit in May

On Saturday, May 18, the GHS in collaboration with the Granville Public Library, the Avery Downer House, and the Granville Fine Arts Commission, will present a historical reenactment of "An Address to the People of Granville" by noted abolitionist Frederick Douglass at the First Presbyterian Church.

Set in 1837, this program envisions Douglass coming to Granville to "smooth over" the differences between the abolitionists and the majority of the local population (who supported the Colonization Movement). Although Douglass never actually came to Granville, his voice and presence were central to the debate over slavery that divided the town and the nation.

A professional Douglass reenactor will help re-create that important era in the village's history. We encourage you to attend, then join us for a reception at the Avery Downer house following the event.



GRANVILLE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
115 E. Broadway
P.O. Box 129
Granville, OHIO 43023

Non-Profit
Org.
**U.S. Postage
Paid**
Granville, Oh
Permit No. 22



THE HISTORICAL TIMES

Celebrating its 26th year of publication
by The Granville Historical Society

Publications Board

Tom Martin, editor and chair; Lyn Boone,
Richard Sheils, Bill Kirkpatrick, Stewart
Dyke, Marianne Lisska, Maggie Brooks,
Jamie Hale, J. David Rinehart and Charles
A. Peterson.

Designer: Charles A. Peterson

Printing by:

Denison University Department of Office
Services

Board of Managers

President - B. Kevin Bennett
Vice President - Cynthia Cort
Secretary - Charles A. Peterson
Treasurer - Alex Galbraith

Class of 2015

Stewart Dyke
Janet Procida
Jennifer Evans Kinsley

Class of 2014

Florence Hoffman
Anne Aubourg
Amy Welsh

Class of 2013

Maggie Brooks
Karen Graves
Theresa Overholser

Office Manager

Jodi Lavelly

Docent Coordinator

Cathi Zupancic

**Address comments, suggestions or queries
to:**

The Granville Historical Society
P.O. Box 129, Granville, OH 43023
740.587.3951

office@granvillehistory.org

The Historical Times is published quarterly

www.granvillehistory.org

Museums operated by the
Granville Historical Society:

Granville Museum

115 E. Broadway

Old Academy Building,

Corner West Elm Street and
South Main Street