

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

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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.

Russian OL Ser

(Cont'd) The Shanghai business community was peopled by many American Old China Hands, who were a colourful band and gave great parties. I became a life member of the Harvard Club of Shanghai and of the Columbia Country Club. After a short period of living in splendor in the Cathay Hotel, both then and today one of the world's palaces, I was asked by a wealthy Chinese to occupy his large country home in Hungjiao, on the outskirts of Shanghai; all I had to do was to fly the American flag over the house to discourage assaults from bandits and communist raiders. The owner would come on Sundays and have a huge garden party for a hundred or so of his friends.

At the end of the war, the principal OSS outpost in the Far East was in the Calcutta Consulate. OSS was quickly disbanded in the fall of 1945, but an intelligence agency named External Service Detachment 44 was created as a pilot operation

for what ultimately became the CIA. The former OSS personnel were transferred to ESD44, and the agency itself was moved to Shanghai. (to be cont'd)

H.H. Cloutier
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: This OLS Russian Language Officer requests more RLS stories, if any are out there. Please send such stories as you can, I can only print what I find on the web or what I receive from the readership. He liked the China Marine story. We are looking for more graduates of the Russian program as we again sweep the remaining 471 unaccounted for entries to the school. Hopefully Genevieve and Carolyn will have some luck in their search. We will let you know what we find.]

A GAIJIN GROWS UP

SCENE ONE

I remember very little of my first year in a "real" school; this would have been in 1930, in Tokyo; I was six years old. I had attended a Japanese kindergarten before that, in Kyoto, where my father taught at the *Doshisha*, but that experience lives for me only in a couple of faded photographs. Considering that both of my parents worked, and that I spent most of my time either at the kindergarten or with our Japanese servant, I realize now that I must have been more fluent in Japanese than I was in English. But that fluency, like the photographs, has faded. I do remember with vividness the process of getting from our house in Tokyo to the school, for it was a journey of some complexity. We lived near the *Togoshi-Ginza* station on the *Ikegami-Sen*, a small electric rail line whose terminus was the *Gotanda* station of what was then called the *Sho-sen* (now the *Yamanote-sen*). For the first week or so of school, my father walked with me to the little station, rode with me to *Gotanda*, changed to the big *Sho-sen* train, took that train to *Shibuya*, changed again to the

Toyoko line, and finally to the *Naka-Meguro* station. From there, it was a short walk to the American School in Japan. The whole journey took about an hour. I tried to make that same trip, many years later, and found it daunting. To remember that I did it alone at age six, after that week with my father, seems almost inconceivable to me now. What is even harder to credit is that neither my father nor I apparently thought of it as of any particular import. I simply set off, with my newly purchased pass hanging from my neck in a plastic container, made the two changes, and went to school.

I must add one other small matter. In the same container that held the rail pass, my father carefully placed his business card, with both his business address downtown and our home address. If you should ever get confused or take the wrong train, he told me, just find an adult and show him my card.

One day, I did get confused. I took the wrong train at Shibuya and got off at, of all places, Shinjuku, which was perhaps not quite so frantic in those days as it is today--but it was still very loud, very busy, and it reduced one little *gaijin* to tears. I selected an adult (Dad had said something about choosing an "older" man; I suppose he meant "respectable," or something like that.) and held out the card. He looked at it, then took me by the hand. I remember that we passed the gate and that the gentleman then went to the ticket window and came away with two tickets.

I realize now that he had bought one for himself and another to cover the ride my pass did not cover..

We rode together all the way back to *Togoshi-Ginza*. I was feeling better now and insisted that I knew my way home, but the gentleman walked with me all the way to our front gate. I asked him to come in, but he bowed gravely and walked away.

I hope I had the grace to thank

him, but I cannot be certain. (To Be Continued)

A. J. Downs
JLS 1944

MALAY COMMENT

Thank you for the update on my fellow Malay students in the U.C. programs. Maurice Bellemans was our senior officer, a Lt. Cdr. in those days – a very fine leader. Evan Salmon was an easy-going friend with a mature outlook.

Palmer Smith and his wife, a twin, were good friends of my wife, Jeanne. Tom Marker, a good fellow, went along to Henry Hudson Intelligence School – the last I saw of him.

Thank you for your interest.

William M. Morgenroth
OLS (Malay) 1945

Them Your Kinfolk?

The issue with Lucie Anne Porterfield's letter brought back so many memories of our year in Boulder. Not the least being our many trips to Denver, and making a lot of noise when meeting other JL students at the railroad station. On one such trip, we were signaling to someone just off the train and an older woman – she might have been Marjorie Main – asked, "Them your kinfolk?" "Oh, yes indeed!" was our answer, and our generation of language students became and remained so-named to this day. "Kinda crazy, ain't they?" she added, and we agreed to that too.

You will find a photograph of all of us taken on graduation day. Lucie Anne, Julie Hiltz, Lyle Baker and the three of us: Rolph, Tucker and me. The picture was taken by Frank Tucker's mother and subsequently used for the cover of the souvenir brochure handed out at the JLS 60th Anniversary Reunion.

I had hoped to find a Bachrach picture of Lucie Anne among my things here, but it hasn't been where I could get it and send it to you for the Archives.

Phil Burchill
JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: For those who do not recall the allusion to Ma Kettle; from the 1930s to the 1950s, Marjorie Main was cast as "a slum mother, witty housekeeper, nosy neighbor, meddling maid, town gossip, and most memorably, Ma Kettle. Marjorie Main is best remembered for her portrayal of the farm mother of 15 children and wife of shiftless Pa Kettle. The characters were introduced in the 1945 film *The Egg and I*, and were such a hit that eight films followed. At an age when most actresses' careers are waning, *Main's star was just beginning to rise. In real life, Main was as down to earth as the characters she played. Her attire on the set and around her house was the same: a simple cotton house dress or jeans. She preferred riding the bus because she enjoyed interacting with regular people — the inspiration for her characters.*"

Michelle Vogel]

Reprise on Whan Story

An early tax review shows that I am behind last year in OLS contributions. The enclosed check will catch me up [*Yes, of course. Thanks much.*]

In *The Interpreter* #91A that I got earlier this week [9/23/05], Anne Getts wrote to Edgar Whan that she was working on a guide of JLS/OLS photographs for easy access. A photo I came across recently was taken on the steps of a classroom building by a sensei [*it looks like the Arts Building, now called Hellems*]. It pictures the class that graduated on June 9, 1945 [*Back row: Conroy, Juster, Stout, Rackus, McLucas; front row: Mullholland, Flaherty, Bowes, Willens and White.*]. I don't remember whether I sent a copy earlier or not. These days, I put English words on flash cards.

When Edgar Whan answered Anne, he was listening to Maria Callas. I'm a Callas fanatic. Maybe he would like to exchange notes [*I'll check with him.*]

As of October 5th, 2005, I will have a new address. It is a retirement resort, without a beach.

Duane Flaherty, JLS 1944
3501 West 95th St., Apt. 131
Overland Park, KS 66206

Reminiscences Of a JLO

War had already come to envelop all of us, months before my marriage. In fact, I was a bachelor grad student at Stanford University on that awful Sunday of Pearl Harbor (December 7, 1941); I was studying in my 5th floor Encina Hall room when it happened. It wasn't long after I married that I felt I should get involved in the War — and NOT as a buck private draftee. Some time in 1942, I had applied to the US Navy Japanese Language Program — to learn Japanese. The Navy was taking at first those US citizens (i.e. young men) who had grown up in Japan [*and China*]. The next round of trainees was to come from the pool of "egg-heads" with language aptitude and/or Phi Beta Kappa membership. I qualified on both latter counts! That was the start of a three year stint in the Navy.

It began in a miasma of the enlisted man's fate on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. Here we got processed along with other raw recruits — sailors: they gave us our medicals, enlisted man's uniform, "short-arm" inspection, severe haircut, duffle bag, etc. My wife, Lyle, and I finally said goodbye to Palo Alto to head for Boulder Colorado, which would be our home for 14 months.

The Navy Language School was housed on the campus of the University of Colorado, an idyllic setting with the east slope of the Rockies looming over the small city and campus. We found a fine place to live out the Boulder months, in the Pullman Apartments. Other Japanese Language families were neighbors: the Davises (Ewan & Harriet), Halsey Wilbur, Jean and Dean McKay. The Language Program was grueling: six days a week with intensive sessions — reading, writing and speaking; then the showdown on Saturday — exam on the week's studies. Our instructors were mostly Japanese Americans (Nisei), including the head instructor, Professor Henry Tatsumi (Tatsumi had been the Japanese instructor at the University of

Washington, a post to which he returned following the War)
(to be cont'd)

Arthur R. Kruckeberg
JLS 1944

Kimiko Miyamoto JLS/OLS Faculty (1910-2005)

Kimiko Emma Miyamoto, who with her family survived the upheaval of World War II in an internment camp, died Jan. 14 at the age of 94. Mrs. Miyamoto's late husband, Sumio Miyamoto, owned and operated Miyamoto Travel Service as well as insurance and accounting businesses.

A second-generation Japanese American, Mrs. Miyamoto was born Feb. 13, 1910, in Oakland, where her parents owned a plant nursery. She married in 1934 and the couple moved to Sacramento, where Mr. Miyamoto worked for the state as an auditor.

"When the war came along, the state fired all the Japanese workers," daughter Terry Katsumata said. The Miyamoto family was among thousands of West Coast Japanese Americans forced to live in internment camps during World War II.

"She said it was hard to be uprooted from her home on such short notice and have to live in army barracks in those primitive conditions," Katsumata said. "She handled it quite well. It was just something she had to do."

Not long after the family was sent to the Tule Lake camp, Mr. Miyamoto was recruited to teach Japanese to Navy intelligence officers at the Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado in Boulder, Colo. Mrs. Miyamoto was also hired by the school as a teaching associate.

After the war, the Miyamotos returned to Sacramento. In the early 1980s, Mr. Miyamoto was active in the California State Redress movement, which won compensation for Japanese American state workers fired after the start of World War II. "My mom wasn't involved in the politics, but she was always there supporting my dad," her daughter said.

"She loved her family and my father. That's what I remember most about her."

Mrs. Miyamoto enjoyed traveling to Greece, Japan, Europe and Australia, as well as shopping.

"She loved to garden," said grandson Kurt Katsumata. "Even when she was in her 90s, she'd come to our house and sit in the front yard and pick weeds out of my flower bed."

Survived by: Daughters Terry Katsumata, Beverly Miyasaki and Jo Ann Miyamoto of Sacramento and Patti Kobayashi of Albany; son Jerry Miyamoto of Sacramento; sister Mimi Tsuruda of San Jose; 13 grandchildren; and 20 great-grandchildren.

Jennifer K. Morita
Sacramento Bee
January 24, 2005

Corrections

I've seen the Slesnick's book with my photograph. The text got the story wrong. I'm not the *florist* who decorated periscopes with cherry blossoms! The Japanese did it. But this is par for the course. Two books published in England this year listed me as a "political historian" and a "connected drug dealer". Earlier, two books, one in communist East Germany and the other in Argentina described me as a "malevolent capitalist secret agent". Hopkinson [*CDR L.F.*] and Mashbir [*COL S.F.*] were right — better that I remain a "corpse" for security reasons. Hopkinson was secretly the SOE (special operations executive) at ATIS, but Young didn't know this. [*Regarding their 1st edition*]

S. Paul Kramer
JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: I place this correction for all those who have suffered the unintended "slings and arrows" of misattribution, misidentification, and other such smears by scholars, authors and journalists. I contacted Carole Slesnick just as she had received Romaji corrections from Jish Martin.]

Robert W. Nave Missionary OLS (Malay) 1945

Robert W. Nave, who attended the US Navy Oriental Language

Reminiscences Of a JLO (2)

School in Malay in 1945, was a missionary in India for 27 years and later helped start a nonprofit company to establish businesses to solve food-related problems in developing countries.

Nave, the son of missionaries, and his first wife, Jeanne McEldowney, were missionaries in India for the United Methodist Church for most of the time between 1950 and 1981.

The Soya Production and Research Association SPRA was founded by Robert W. Nave. His interest in improving the well-being and economic status of low-income people in India led him in 1967 to establish the Nave Technical Institute (NTI), a Methodist missionary foundation and school at Shahjahanpur, Uttar Pradesh. In 1968 Nave and co-worker Peter Chowfin visited Dick Matsuura, director of the soy program at Pantnagar. Matsuura encouraged them to consider a church-sponsored program for producing soyfoods—since no private businesses were willing to take the risk and the work was clearly of real importance. In 1970 Nave founded a nonprofit, charitable organization called NTI Soya Products. Joe Wenger and his Manufacturing Company, old friends of Nave's parents, donated a Wenger X-25 extrusion cooker to the new organization to help in setting up a pilot project in India making textured soy protein foods. Soon additional funding was obtained from the USAID, Pant University, Bread for the World of West Germany, the Methodist Church, and Nave Technical Institute. Nave started building a factory at Bareilly, an industrial center 50 miles northwest of Shahjahanpur, in March 1971. Key people helping to start the new company were Prof. A.I. Nelson, Surjan Singh, Dick Matsuura, and Eldon Rice.

Nave, 74, of Bloomington, was killed by a car Tuesday while walking on a street in Decatur, Ga., where he was visiting a relative. He had been on a trip with his wife, Ruth Sanwalia.

Furst, Randy
Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN);
11/22/1998
& David M. Hays
Archivist & Editor

Our brief time outs [at Boulder] came on Saturday afternoon and Sunday – a little R&R, both locally and in Denver. I loved hiking in the foothills above Boulder, in the shadow of “The Flatirons”, the tiled sandstone formations of the eastern Rockies. We would take infrequent trips to Denver, usually by train. The quaint Colorado & Southern RR had a branch line into Boulder. In fact The train backed into Boulder on its way from Cheyenne to Boulder. Our favorite “watering hole” in Denver was the Brown Palace Hotel, a grand old, vintage hostelry.

Other limited diversions intruded on the perpetual “Nihongo” grind. All the Navy Language Officers partook of daily (or weekly?) *Undō*, a mix of calisthenics and for me, basketball. The exercise session was brief, usually held outside, between the language building [which one was that?] and the Gym. Some of us language students then finished off the the *Undō* session with a brisk pickup basketball game.

Another diversion was a weekly all-student assembly, presided over by LT Conover [G. Kenneth] and the School's headmaster, Professor Tatsumi [Actually, Susumu Nakamura was the head instructor and Florence Walne was the director until Glenn Shaw replaced her, I believe Tatsumi Sensei may have been Nakamura's deputy head instructor, but I have no evidence]. The only memory I have of these sessions was the singing of the JLS song ... it will never go away!: “*Sekai no hakiri, oyobu made*”. The assembled students persisted in giving the last three words a raucous ending, accenting the “bu”! I later met Professor Tatsumi at the University of Washington where we both served on the faculty, he as head of the Japanese language program and I in Botany. Professor Tatsumi had, in his later years at Washington, produced several small phrase

books in Romaji Japanese. He set the type and printed the same at his home!

Learning Japanese was an unrelenting challenge. We worked our way through six or so volumes of the Naganuma Kaigun Tokuhon (“Navy Readers”). With the help of our Nisei instructors and several dictionaries, courtesy of the USN (I still have them!), we learned to write and decipher *Kanji* as well as Japanese script, *Katakana* and *Hiragana*. A major event of our Boulder months was the birth of our first daughter, Janet Muriel; she was born in Boulder Community Hospital on November 5, 1943. Janet was less than a year old when we left Boulder, first to Los Angeles, to leave Lyle and the baby with my parents, while I went off to the Pacific. (to be cont'd)

Arthur R. Kruckeberg
JLS 1944

A GAIJIN GROWS UP

SCENE TWO

It is January, 1942, the first day of school after the Christmas holiday. The school is Newton High School, near Boston. I am now a senior in high school; my mother, my two younger siblings, and I returned from Japan last April, while my father, after remaining in Tokyo for a few months, has been re-assigned to a mission station on Mindanao, in the Philippines. Since Pearl Harbor and the fall of Manila, we have not heard from him.

The school day begins with a special assembly; the speaker is the football coach of a nearby college. He delivers a rousing speech, filled with contempt for the cowardly, yellow-bellied, subhuman Japs and calling for their extermination. The class immediately following is an honors English class, and the teacher announces that a few minutes will be allowed for any comments students wish to make about the assembly. The school is an old-fashioned one in which students rise to speak when called upon. Seven or eight of my classmates rise to pass on various “facts” about the Japanese—their innate barbarity,

animalistic character, physical deformities, ape-like appearance, etc. Finally, I raise my hand, am recognized, stand, and manage to speak enough to say that while I don't know about all that has been said, I have lived in Japan and was always treated kindly and with courtesy. There is a long silence, and the teacher goes on with the lesson.

The teacher calls me to his desk after class and commends my courage. He becomes my beloved mentor and we keep in touch until his death many years later. (To be Cont'd)

A. J. Downs
JLS 1944

William Jay Smith Papers at University of Washington at St. Louis

William Jay Smith, a prolific man of letters for over 40 years, has produced more than 30 books of poetry, criticism, translations, and children's literature. A native of St. Louis and an alumnus of Washington University (BA 1939, MA 1941), he has received numerous literary honors and has read his work at universities and symposia throughout the world. Smith has held academic appointments at a number of universities and served as the Poetry Consultant to the Library of Congress from 1968 to 1970.

Although Smith is equally at home in most literary genres, he is probably best known today for his work as a translator and for the role he has played in introducing the work of numerous foreign authors to English-speaking audiences. Smith's early work as a translator was directed towards French literature (*Poems of a Multimillionaire*, by Valery Larbaud, 1955; *Selected Writings of Jules Laforgue*, 1956); over the past decade, however, he has been particularly active translating the work of East European authors. His translations of work by Hungarian authors brought him that country's Gold Medal of Labor, making Smith the first American to receive this award. And Smith continues to expand his translating interests. In the past few years, for example, he has co-edited two anthologies of

contemporary verse, *Brazilian Poetry: 1950-1980* (1983) and *Dutch Interior: Postwar Poetry of the Netherlands and Flanders* (1984), thus helping to introduce two unique bodies of writing to a wider audience.

William Jay Smith's Papers make up one of the largest groups in the Modern Literary Manuscript Collection; they are also one of the most varied, and help demonstrate Smith's versatility. His extensive file of incoming correspondence includes hundreds of letters from literary figures dating back to the 1940's, including a substantial group of letters from Russian, Hungarian, and other Eastern European authors. Numerous letters from publishers, editors, scholars, and friends are also present in the collection. Smith's papers include manuscripts and editorial matter towards all of his published work, as well as a large collection of manuscripts by other authors. Finally, the Smith Papers include a large assortment of miscellaneous material relating to specific writing projects, academic work, literary awards panels, Smith's travel, family and other personal papers, all of which help document in detail the career of this American literary figure. literary figure.

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[Ed. Note: Mr. Smith, OLS 1945, is on our mailing list. We have a few other poets in the USN JLS/OLS, such as Ernest Kroll, Harvard JLS 1942; and Stephen LeRoy Mooney, JLS 1944, who was at the University of Tennessee.]

Barber, Wartime

Seaman First Class, name of Cartocelli,
Clipper-quick, adept at dialects,
Trigger finger poised above the belly,
Trims the dormant intellects.

Off there, the long white razor of the reef
Slashes lather through the slender trees;

A mynah bird berates a breadfruit leaf,
Light trails, hairy round one's knees.

Off there, in faded blue, men go walking,
There, grimy and gray, a dusty lorry comes;
Evening; bugles, and the blur of talking; and the darker sounds of drums.

What are life and death to Cartocelli,
Who shears the domes his dimming glass reflects?
Night falls; men die – to him details are silly,
And trim, the dormant intellects.

William Jay Smith,
Collected Poems, 1939-1989,
(New York: Charles Scribner's Sons,
1990) 21

[Ed. Note: Since I had put in an article on him, I thought I would find one of William Jay Smith's poems. Our columns are too thin, so I had to wrap around the longer lines. I must admit that my intellect was never so dormant as when I was being shorn at basic training in 1973. This poem indicates that Mr. Smith saw some of the Pacific Theater before coming back to the OLS in September 1945. Interestingly, even in his poetry, he translated work from many languages for English audiences.]

Stephen LeRoy Mooney JLS 1944, Poet

Stephen L. Mooney entered the USN Japanese Language School on January 19, 1943 from Columbus, Ohio. He served alongside JLS classmate Phil Burchill, with whom he was a close friend.

He was born January 9, 1915. He went to school at Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland; and the University of Tennessee. He taught at the University of Alabama; the University of Tennessee, Knoxville; the University of Southern Alabama; and the University of Tennessee, Martin. His papers, stored at the University of Tennessee, do not contain any of his earlier correspondence or records reflecting his wartime service or USN JLS/OLS attendance.

Professor Mooney was the author of the poetry volumes, *Shakespeare's Father and Three Poems*. In addition he had works published in the *New Yorker*, *Sewanee Review*, *New Republic*,

Beloit Poetry Journal, *Chelsea*, *Shenandoah*, and *Georgia Review*. Mooney was also a founder and editor of the *Tennessee Poetry Journal*, a regional publication designed to encourage fledgling poets and to recognize established ones.

He died in 1971, in mid-career.

Special Collections Library
The University of Tennessee
Libraries
& David M. Hays
Archivist and Editor
USN JLS/OLS Archival Project

Young Swimmers

When we knew nothing but a bluejay's feather,
Acres of wooded sunlight, the generations
Of birds shouting their ancestry together
In fields where causes proved their own occasions;
When water was all the wisdom of the diver,
The surface poised to meet the clean delivery
Of the boy into his picture, and up, and over,
Whetting his knife-like body for what bravery?—

Then we knew music, for we were a rhythm
Of scythe and scissors working to no design
But the rush of mirrors in a downward fathom,
Ourselves the plummet and the sounding-line:
Then in ultimate summer the healing ways
Of images commanded all our days.

Stephen Mooney,
Poems by Stephen Mooney: News from the South, (Knoxville: The University of Tennessee Press, 1966), 26.

[Ed. Note: Again, a poem from a poet. "Whetting the knife-like body for what bravery?" indeed. I hope everyone likes poetry.]

The Meadows Honors Howard Boorman



The Meadows is proud and honored to announce Professor Howard Boorman as January's resident of the month. A surprise

celebration was held for Professor Boorman on January 26, with friends and staff by his side. He was presented with a beautiful special design book cake made by Mary Ann Dorris. Professor Boorman has made many contributions. In 1943 he went to Colorado to study Japanese at the United States Navy Language School at University of Colorado. From there, in 1944, he sailed to Oahu where he served as a Japanese Language Officer, translating at the Joint Intelligence Center Pacific Ocean area during World War II. Following many more years of translating and studies, Professor Boorman settled into the Department of History at Vanderbilt University where he primarily taught East Asia History from 1967-1984.

Westview Online
February 7, 2007
Lifestyles

[Ed. Note: We had lost track of Mr. Boorman in 2006, receiving his newsletters back in the mail. It was good to find him again in 2007.]

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