The US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School Archival Project

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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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.

CONVERSATION WITH A MARINE

NOTE TO AUBREY FARB FROM MORRIS COX

David Hays at the Archives, University of Colorado, forwarded your EMail message to me, since it says you'd like to get in touch with other Boulder graduates.

Apparently our times at Boulder overlapped, but we weren't in the same class. I entered in May 1944 and graduated in August 1945. My class had nine or ten in it to start, if I remember correctly, but three or four dropped out and one or two were added during the course. The ones I remember in the starting class beside myself were Tom Kerr (who graduated with the highest average in the history of the School), Jethro Robinson, Clyde Reeves, Walter Merrill, John Catt (British), Howard Gilman, J. S. Judah (who died recently) , Manno, and Jacobs, and possibly another whose name I have lost. Merrill, Ritter, Manno, and Jacobs dropped out; Gilman didn't pass the physical exam; Cox, Kerr, Robinson, Reeves, Judah, and Catt survived and graduated in August 1945. VE Day came while we were there.

My wife came to Boulder as soon as I felt fairly certain I wouldn't flunk out, and got a job teaching in the Boulder Public Schools. We were fortunate enough to find a nice apartment and lived a pretty normal life Rationing was stringent, of course.

I was required to eat in the dining room of Men's Dormitory, and apparently the Navy wasn't bothered by rationing. We had steak every Sunday, and I always carried half of mine home for my wife. (to be cont'd)

Morris Cox
OLS 1945

Reminiscences Of a JLO (7)

After Hokkaido, there was still no "mustering out" for this language officer! I was shipped out to the Marianas Islands (Saipan and Tinian). There many Japanese, Okinawan and Korean civilians remained, farm laborers interned by US forces. Their repatriation was our task. Two of us, Lt. Arthur Szathmary *[an emeritus philosophy professor at Princeton University]* and I, served as interpreters for the Navy's liaison with interned civilians. The camp at Tinian was a thriving enterprise with several "cottage industries": sake, shoyu sauce and GI-tourist trinkets. Our family cribbage board came from Camp Churo. Tinian had been mostly pacified by then *[Telfer Mook had started a school for its children.]*. So on off-duty times I would – you guessed it – botanize in the hills surrounding the sugar cane. I also enjoyed a bit of R&R on the fine sandy beaches, bathing in the tepid tropical waters.

Finally, I got my orders to muster out … to become a civilian again, the "decommissioning of ARK" took place near Los Angeles, so I could be home with my family and parents easily. I was eager to rejoin my young family, wife Lyle and two daughters. This final lap of my Navy career took place some time in early 1946.

After becoming a civilian again, it was my intent to return to academic life. The GI Bill generously offered that opportunity … and challenge. My application for graduate study was accepted by the University of California at Berkeley. So in the fall of 1946, I began graduate work towards a Ph.D. in Botany. In 1950, with doctorate in hand, I began a lifetime career in plant ecology and systematics at the University of Washington, reaching retirement at that Seattle institution in 1989. Still, I continue an active life as a plant scientist. Over the years my modest expertise in Nihongo faded. But I am still in possession of some conversational competence. In 1989, I returned to Japan for a botanical tour of the archipelago, spending three summer months from Shikoku to Honshu, all the way to the northern tip of Hokkaido. Friendly Japanese botanists greatly facilitated that tour. And what modest Japanese I had retained was both useful and appreciated by the Japanese people I encountered. *"Nihon no shokubutsu wa taihen omoshiroi'n deshta!"(End)*

Arthur R. Kruckeberg
JLS 1944

Wayne Suttles (1918-2005)

After a long illness, Wayne Suttles died Monday, May 9, 2005, in his home on San Juan Island in the state of Washington. He was born in Seattle but grew up as a farm boy in the Bothell area to the north. After graduating from the University of Washington – by then a married man, he and Shirley having skipped class to visit a Justice of the Peace – he was recruited into the Navy's Japanese Language School and they headed south to Berkeley. The rigorous training that began there continued after evacuation forced the Japanese faculty and students to move to Boulder, Colorado, which turned out to be not so bad after everybody got used to being a mile high. Wayne got up every morning and headed for classes; Shirley packed herself a lunch and went for solo hikes in the foothills.

After service at Pearl Harbor and the Pacific Theater, he returned at war's end to get his Ph.D. in anthropology at the University of Washington, taught at the University of British Columbia from 1952-1963, at the University of Nevada (Reno) from 1963-1966, and at Portland State University until his retirement in 1985.

Somewhere in the midst of all that, he was chosen to edit the Northwest Coast of the Smithsonian's handbook of North American Indians. Shortly after retirement, he and Shirley moved to San Juan Island, where he continued to work on his passions – the culture and economy of the Coast Salish Indians and the complexities of their languages – work that resulted in *Coast Salish Essays* (Talon Books 1987), *Musqueam Reference Grammar* (UBC Press 2004), plus numerous scholarly papers. He continued working – and answering questions from far and wide – up to within a very few weeks before his death, and a revision and amplification of the bulk of his work on Coast Salish culture and economy is still in preparation.

He is survived by his wife, Shirley and – in order of age – his sons Duncan, Kuba, Malcolm, and Cameron, and his daughters Polly, Jill, and Robin, plus ten grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

It was hard to cram so much life into so few words. I hope I can find Ari Inouye's address in my husband's papers. In case I don't, I'd appreciate your passing my address on to him.

Shirley Suttles
4484 Cattle Point Road

Friday Harbor, WA 98250

[Ed. Note: I sent Mr. Inouye's address to her and emailed him the news of Mr. Suttles' passing, with her address.]

CONVERSATION WITH A MARINE

(Cox to Farb) After graduation we had a couple of weeks leave, then reported to Henry Hudson in New York for Advanced Intelligence School. VJ Day arrived while we were there, and that pretty well put an end to Advanced Intelligence School. Classes continued to meet, but consisted chiefly of war stories from the Faculty. In the afternoons everyone went to the Yankees home baseball games.

From Henry Hudson we scattered through Japan. Kerr and I were posted to JICPOA briefly, then to NavTechJap (Naval Technical Mission to Japan) in Sasebo. There wasn't much need for interpreters, and I spent most of my time cataloging various bits of Japanese naval equipment. I did various odd jobs in Sasebo for three or four months, then was assigned to an Army Major who was investigating Japan's preway conversion of merchant ships to armed vessels. We cruised around Japan for a couple of months, not accomplishing very much, and I was then sent to Tokyo and worked in the Dai Ichi Center on translations and sightseeing -- a little of the former and a lot of the latter. Finally, I was pulled back to Pearl Harbor and assisted in editing the reports of the Naval Technical Mission. There I was in my element and could be of some use, though I used my Japanese hardly at all.

Finally, I had enough points to be discharged, and sailed to San Francisco on a Victory Ship, my first and last voyage in the Navy, seasick the whole way.
(to be cont'd)

Morris Cox
OLS 1945

WW II Vet Reflects On Days as Code Breaker

(Cont'd) One day Amos was called to a very mysterious military interview with Marine Lt. Col. Alva Lasswell. During the interview Amos was asked many strange questions, including, "Do you like to do crossword puzzles?" "I don't think I'd ever done one in my life, but I said, 'Oh Yes, sir, I do,'" Amos said.

A few days later he and two others were assigned to work at FRUPac (Fleet Radio Unit Pacific), a building which was guarded by a big wire fence and Marines. At the time, Amos and the others had no idea what the building contained, and no one ever officially told them they were going to be trying to break Japanese codes.

"Other than the Manhattan Project, which produced the atom bomb, our work was the most secret of the entire Pacific war effort, and there was every effort to keep it so for many years after the war was over," he said.

Amos' job entailed the recovery of code groups, decoding messages from basically a series of numbers, and then giving meaning to each code group so a translation could be made.

"The Japanese were everywhere," he said, likening it to standing in Times Square in New York and listening to everyone talking at once.

Late in the war, every Japanese plane was potentially a kamikaze mission with courageous soldiers who were loyal to the emperor, he said. The difference between the Japanese kamikaze missions and today's suicide bombers, he said, is that the Japanese represented their nation with honor while trying to destroy only American armed forces. Today's suicide bombers are killing their own people and trying to create chaos, he said.

From just before the war began, American forces were given a great advantage when U.S. code breakers at FRUPac deciphered JN-25, the top code of the Japanese Imperial Navy. Code keys were frequently changed, so FRUPac's cryptanalysts were constantly busy.

Amos worked at a desk near Cmdr. Joseph Finnegan, who tricked the Japanese into revealing their plans in JN-25 by identifying Midway as the object of their imminent attack. "This set the stage for Adm. Spruance's ambush victory over a vastly superior Japanese naval invasion force," said Amos. "From that moment on, the Japanese were on the defensive, all due to the brilliance of one American cryptanalyst, Joe Finnegan."

Lasswell, who selected Amos to join FRUPac, deciphered the message allowing U.S. forces to shoot down Japanese Adm. Yamamoto - greatly impacting Japanese morale.

Code breakers often worked 'round the clock, and huge IBM machines helped sort all the information and show relationships between enemy fleet transmissions. Sometimes Amos would have to rush from his desk at FRUPac to personally deliver "hot messages" to waiting submarine captains.

One day while Japanese forces were resupplying their base in Rabaul, Amos had to identify and have sunk the Japanese freighter by which he had traveled to America as a college-bound youth.

"Maybe four years had passed," Amos said. "Most of the crew were probably the men I knew."

At FRUPac, cryptanalytic workers had to know what American forces were planning and where they were located as well as what Japanese operations were under way. The development of the atomic bomb, however, was not disclosed, and U.S. forces planned an invasion of Japan to help end the war.

"It would have been a terribly costly invasion for them and us," said Amos, estimating that the invasion probably would have cost the lives of several hundred thousand Americans and millions of Japanese.

The dropping of the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was like the changing of a kaleidoscope picture.

"I remember most that everything we had been working toward - helping our troops invade Japan - was gone," he said. "Suddenly the whole picture changed."

The realization of the bombs' devastation would come later for Amos. Initially he was just overwhelmed with relief that an invasion was unnecessary and that he could finally go home to his wife.

According to Amos, very few

Lt. William Amos while stationed in 1943 at FRUPac in Pearl Harbor.

commendations or promotions were awarded code breakers during the war because this might tip their enemies as to their importance. He received a Unit Commendation and a Letter of Commendation that allowed him to wear a little green ribbon with white stripes, but for two decades he could not tell anyone why he had received it.

The Internet has allowed Amos in recent years to begin thinking about his experiences and correspond with a few wartime friends and fellow officers.

"Unfortunately," he said, "there's not too many left I can remember those times with."

The Caladonian Record
PATIENCE DUSSAULT, Staff Writer
Monday September 26, 2005

Roger Hackett,
Professor Emeritus of History
"Zuru Zuru Koko Ni Kimashita"

When Roger Hackett "retired" from the U-M History department in 1993, it was a jump to an even busier world. Immediately he became involved in the "Japanese Curriculum Development in Urban Michigan" program. Attending workshops and working as an advisor, he helped shepherd secondary school teachers through informative sessions about Japan. For two years he also accompanied the group to

Japan for several weeks. It was near this time as well that Roger began to take classes again and turned his attention to a number of research projects he had not previously had time for. Add the children and grandchildren, playing sports, USC football, and colleagues looking for help and this retirement thing quickly turned in to a full-time job. The often-circuitous road that led Roger Hackett to Ann Arbor and his current, satisfying duties actually begins in 1920's-era Kobe, Japan.

Roger Fleming Hackett was born in Kobe, where his father was chief financial officer for Kobe College. He grew up alongside older sister Elizabeth, older brother Harold, and younger brother David speaking Japanese as a first language. Although living in Japan, the classmates of his youth were his "foreign" peers at the Canadian Academy, his scholastic home through high school. Roger Hackett was and is a "jock." Sport has occupied much of his life, basketball and soccer early on, but in his junior high school years this included a unique opportunity to swim. Japan's Olympic team was training for the 1936 games in nearby Nishinomiya and adopted the American boy as something of a mascot when he was constantly hanging around their training site. Roger learned the breaststroke from the eventual gold-medal winner of the 1936 games, training that stood him in good stead as a competitive college swimmer ten years later.

Growing up in Kobe, Roger was not primarily interested in Japan, preferring instead to follow the goings on in Europe. At one time this included obtaining weekly war maps that showed the progress of battles between Russia and Finland, and following the career of his favorite statesman Winston Churchill. Even Churchill, however, could not compete with sports. When it came time to apply to colleges, Roger was quite sure he wanted to go somewhere where he could be trained as a world-class athletics coach. His father gently suggested looking for other opportunities as well, including those near the home of Roger's grandfather in Minnesota. Armed with a grant from the nascent W.K. Kellogg Foundation, on June 6, 1940 Roger Hackett, together with the sons of two families working in missions in China, was standing on the docks in Kobe ready to board a ship that would take him to Northfield, MN and Carleton College. The other two boys, whom Roger had not met before they were tossed together for the trip, were Charles Cross and Lucian Pye. Cross eventually went on to Yale, and then to the American diplomatic service from which he recently retired after serving as U.S. ambassador to Singapore, Consul General in Hong Kong, and the first director of the American Institute in Taiwan. Pye went through Carleton and eventually on to graduate school, becoming a distinguished China expert at MIT. In 1940, they were but three 17 year olds thrown together on the docks of Kobe and leaving home. (To be Cont'd)

Center for Japanese Studies
University of Michigan
Winter 2000 Newsletter

Boulder to Bombay, To Burma & Back

(Cont'd) Then we got to Bombay, a beautiful town. The only thing I noticed about Bombay was that we had an earthquake there that shook us a bit. The Gateway to India Hotel, a beautiful hotel, faced backwards. The architect had sketched it out but never went to see how they were building it. They built it with the back end facing the bay there in the gulf. A huge arch called the gateway was there, but everything else was backwards. My first impression was that these people weren't very bright. But I learned differently – they were very bright and very nice.

After Bombay, I went up to New Delhi, made my bows to the Commander in Chief of all the intelligence guys in Southeast Asia and got on a plane to Calcutta. Calcutta was having street riots, but that didn't bother me much. I met some friends and stayed at the Navy base there and was at the Navy office and was able to avoid the riots in the streets. I went out to the streets after the riot and heard this funny sound like wind whistling through a wheat field. It had an odd tone to it. Then the one light that had not been shot out lit up the street. The street was moving! There were thousands of rats chewing on the carnage in the streets. All at once I lost my love of the glorious romance of the Orient. I raced through that and was scared stiff and my hands were white and sweating like crazy. I never got over that. Whenever I think about that, I get into the same sweat again. That was my Calcutta. (to be cont'd)

William Morganroth
OLS (Malay) 1945

We have lost track of **Ms. Chiyoko Otagiri**, widow of Otagiri Sensei.

One Who Served

When I started college in 1937, I was something of a socialist and pacifist. But I began to rethink my position with respect to World War II after what happened in Europe with Hitler and Stalin. The crucial thing was the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939. In a sense, it left Hitler free to attack Great Britain and the Jews. This had a profound effect upon those of us in the campus movement who had tended to be anti-war. On the one hand, we were what you might call peaceniks, but when we saw the British standing alone against Hitler in the Battle of Britain in 1940, we began to have different thoughts about that. When I graduated in the spring of 1941 I didn't think there was a likelihood that we would get into the war, but my main concern was simply that we should provide Britain with all the help we could. During my senior year, when I was chairman of the student government, I was visited by Joseph Lash, representing Eleanor Roosevelt, who had always been close to the student movement and was eager to enlist support for Roosevelt's policy of aid to Britain. As a result, I was invited to the White House and joined that effort.

When Pearl Harbor was attacked, I was at Harvard, studying Japanese and Chinese. The draft was in place, but I had a deferment, since I was a graduate student. I was one of a very few young Americans who had studied Asian languages, especially Japanese, so I was recruited into Naval Intelligence. In January 1942 I went to the Navy Japanese Language School, which was located in Berkeley, California, and later moved to Boulder, Colorado. I finished the program in January 1943 and was sent to Hawaii, to the headquarters of the commander in chief of the Pacific Area, Admiral Chester Nimitz. In Boulder we had learned basic Japanese, but in the Pacific I mainly translated technical manuals and had to pick up a lot of the language on the job *[Ah yes, OJT, a military watchword]*. I served in Naval Intelligence, but much of my time was assigned to working in the field with the Marines and the Army. I served in Hawaii, then the Aleutians and Central Pacific.

I went on operations and I was in the field with the Army and Marine regiments. It was tough for somebody who had had no training or military experience – nothing but language training. I translated documents our forces had captured and interrogated prisoners of war. On Okinawa, I went in with the Marines on D-Day, April 1, 1945, the Allies' final battle in Japan before the atom bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It was a tough battle, a long struggle. The Japanese had retreated to the south, but it wasn't long before we captured some Japanese civil officials who had just come down from Tokyo. When we interrogated them, we found out that they knew already that Japan was moving to make peace.

Unfortunately, their first diplomatic moves were through the only Western Power with whom they still had diplomatic relations, the Soviet Union. The Soviets had already gotten promises from Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry Truman about the rewards they would receive for entering the war, so they were not interested in having the war end before they could enter it. The Japanese got nowhere trying to work through the Soviets. As a result the War went on.

What I learned from the Japanese officials had a profound effect on me when I heard about the bombing of Hiroshima on August 6. I wondered if it was necessary, since the Japanese

were already trying to surrender. It was a problem for me. I believed that, in fact, it was not necessary to drop the atomic bomb on either Hiroshima or Nagasaki. But I felt I was not in a position to second-guess the judgment made by Harry Truman, who obviously had a lot of other things to consider and knew about things I didn't. So that was a profound experience for me at the end of the war.

It also influenced my own views of the War Crimes trials. I didn't think it was right for us to conduct them when the Japanese were the only ones on the dock It was one-sided: victors' justice. None of the Allies was subject to the same proceedings. I'm not saying they should have been, I'm just saying the justice meted out in Tokyo was one-sided.

After service in the occupation of Japan in the fall of 1945, I was reassigned to become head of the Far Eastern desk at the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington, DC. From there I returned to Columbia to resume my graduate studies. (End)

W. Theodore de Bary, JLS 1943
from Columbia, *Fall 2005, p.30*

[Ed. Note: Muriel Weissman, an emeritus professor and, researching here, told me she was the president of the leftist American Student Union at Radcliffe in 1939, when the Nonaggression Pact caused a similar falling out, closing down the ASU.]

Letter Reminds Reader Of Own Time In Service

Regarding the letter *[in the Asheville Citizen-Times]*, "Hopes Murtha's ministrations have some positive outcome," (March 13, 2007): about the Murtha proposal for training and how it may have saved his life, I want to add a true story of my own. My dad was a World War I fighter pilot, so come 1942 I signed up for the Navy Air Corps. I passed the rigid physical in Boston and could feel my wings growing when a cheerful senior medical officer at the exit of the examining facility stopped me and said, "Son, did they pass you?"

"Yes, sir," I responded proudly. He immediately assembled all the doctors who had examined me and beat them black and blue with their stethoscopes: "This man has a tortacaulus major (sprung tendon in neck from birth injury) and with any oxygen deprivation his head will snap down on his shoulder, destroying his horizon. He will never pilot a military plane." I was promptly shipped off to Japanese language training for Naval Intelligence.

The naval air squadrons I would have joined suffered terrible losses at Midway and elsewhere. I became a happy civilian pilot later but was restricted to single-engine light aircraft as they call us Cessna folks.

Oh, yes, the Japanese I learned spawned a 26-year career in the Foreign Service.

Bryan Battey
OLS 1945
March 20, 2007
Asheville Citizen-Times

Martin David Mulholland USAID, OLS 1945

Martin David Mulholland, 71, a real estate investor and retired Foreign Service officer with the Agency for International Development, was killed June 15 in a traffic accident on Interstate 66 near Virginia Route 234.

Virginia State Police said the car Mr. Mulholland was driving struck a guardrail and turned over. Mr. Mulholland was pinned underneath, and he was pronounced dead at the scene. The Northern Virginia medical examiner was conducting tests to see if he had suffered a heart attack or other sudden illness that caused him to lose control of his car.

Mr. Mulholland, a resident of Centreville, was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa. He grew up in Long Beach, Calif., and he graduated from Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles. During World War II he served in the Navy and was trained as a Japanese language interpreter.

After the war, he moved to Washington as a student at the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service. In the 1950s, he was commissioned a Foreign Service officer in the State Department. He transferred to AID after it was organized in 1961.

An economic specialist, Mr. Mulholland served in India, Indonesia and Vietnam. After his retirement from the government about 1971, he became a private real estate investor and property manager.

He was a former resident of Annandale, where he was a member of the parish of Holy Spirit Catholic Church. In Centreville, he was a parishioner of St. Timothy's Catholic Church. He also was a member of the Knights of Columbus.

Survivors include his wife of 40 years, Aileen Mary Mulholland of Centreville; five children, Jude M. Mulholland of Santa Fe, N.M., Corrine Mulholland of Manassas, Brian Emmett Mulholland and Glenys Mulholland, both of Burke, and Keith Andrew Mulholland of Centreville; a sister, Joan Albin of San Francisco; and a grandchild.

Jun 19, 1994

[Ed. Note: He is yet another of the JLS/OLSers who served in the US Foreign Service. Hammond Rolph asked me to search out his obituary.]

Don Carman BIC, OLS 4/45-

My parents were missionaries in China under the auspices of the Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio. My mother was a doctor (MD from the University of Michigan in 1912) and had her post in Swatow, China, where she met my father, a missionary. My mother's grandmother had been a missionary doctor at Swatow also and also at a mission in the Naga Hills of Assam, where her grandfather had died of Asiatic cholera in 1869, at the age of 38! But not before he had "converted" the "heathen" headhunters by his message and by playing his violin on first confronting them. His widow was given a ten foot long ceremonial Paramount Chief spear which has been in my keep for 60 years and I also have a beautiful daguerreotype in the original leather hinged box, taken in 1851.

In 1925, I was three years old, and I remember seeing and climbing on the stylized Chinese stone animals lining the walk to the Ming tombs on the Nanking Rood. I remember the taste of persimmons and lichee nuts. When we arrived on the President Lines ship from China, some of our relatives met in San Francisco and told us later that my brother, sister and I were chattering in Chinese. Chinese calligraphy is my passion and my efforts adorn my home.

I was precocious growing up. I "skipped" to a higher grade in grammar school and was a "teachers pet"… not my wish. I was also athletic, running and jumping in track, even without cleated track shoes … we couldn't afford them because we were poor during the Depression, even though my father was employed in religious duties. In a final exam in English as a college freshman, the teacher had me monitor the test in his total absence! I taught mathematics to the Army Specialized Training Program (deferred from the draft for 1¼ years) before I had a degree! I was graduated number one position with majors in mathematics and languages *[Now we know why CDR Hindmarsh recruited him!]* .

I have traveled extensively to Europe, South America, Hawaii, Canada and Mexico but am now mostly housebound – my wife Katherine (whom I met in Stillwater!) doing chores I used to do willingly. At 84 years I feel very lucky!

Donald N. Carman
OLS 4/45-

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Losses

- Martin Hirabayashi
- Leo Ball
- Grayce Nakasone Scott
- Douglas H. Eldridge
- Steward W. O'Rear