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.

Wilcomb Washburn
1915 - 1997

Wilcomb Washburn was born in Kansas in 1915 and raised in New Hampshire. In 1943, entering the United States Marine Corps, he rose to Second Lieutenant by 1946. Trained as a Japanese Language Officer at the Universities of Colorado and Oklahoma A&M *[OLS 1946]*, he worked for the military government in Japan from 1946-47. There he published his first article in Japanese. He also served in the Korean War. He retired from the USMCR as a Colonel.

He went to school and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1948, and five years later received his Ph.D. in the History of American Civilization at Harvard University. After Harvard, he taught History for three years at the College of William and Mary. He then joined the Smithsonian Institution as Curator in the Division of Political History, US National Museum in 1958. He was Chair of the Department of American Studies, National Museum of History and Technology, and from 1968 as the Director of the Smithsonian's Independent American Studies Program.

He pursued a very active career of research, publication, lecturing and teaching on diverse topics. He was editor or coeditor of nine works, from *The Indian and the White Man* (1964) to the *Cambridge History of the Native Peoples of the Americas: North America* (2 vols., 1996). He is also author of six books, including *Red Man's Land/White Man's Law* (1964), and about 200 journal articles, book chapters, newspaper op-ed. pieces and book reviews. His earliest important work, *The Governor and the Rebel* (1957), reversed the traditional view of the causes and significance of Bassoon's Rebellion in colonial Virginia, based on documentary evidence he discovered in England. Also in the same year he worked on an important essay and critical bibliography on Indian-European American relations.

He made major contributions to the emerging field of ethnohistory and in 1957-58, serving as President of the American Society for Ethnohistory. He also joined and participated heavily in the American Anthropological Association in 1960, until his death. He was a Member on the Smithsonian Archaeological Team investigating the site of Frobisher's mining activities on Baffin Island in the 1570's. He had been an advisory editor of `Terrae Incognitae,' the annals of the Society of American Historians, and had served on the USMC Commandant's advisory committee on Marine Corps history.

Wilcomb Washburn, 82, a historian and anthropologist, died from prostate cancer on February 1, 1997. He passed a month after retiring from his position at the Smithsonian Institution.

Minnesota State University
& the Washington Post
February 2, 1997

[Ed. Note: During graduate school, I read many of Professor Washburn's works and we looked up to him as a giant in the field of Native American history and anthropology. Imagine my surprise to find such a familiar name among the JLS/OLS entrants.]

One who served

The day after Pearl Harbor, I was on the living room floor of of my fraternity house, Beta Sigma Rho, listening to Franklin D. Roosevelt's broadcast. We were stunned. I had graduated from Columbia in June 1941 but had remained to take my master's in French. I remember going to class that day. I had a professor of 19th -century French literature and criticism and he encouraged us to be firm and have resolve, and to not lose our spirits, because our way of life will prevail.

It was obvious to us that we would have to serve in some way or another. The father of one of my fraternity brothers said to me, "You're a good linguist, you got honors in French. Take Japanese immediately. There will be a desperate need for Americans who know Japanese." *[Great advice!}*

So I enrolled in an intensive Japanese class in the spring semester. A member of our course was Henry Graff, who later became a professor at Columbia. By the time the class ended, we could read and write pretty well, so when the military recruiting officers came to Columbia, *[the class roster]* was a gold mine for them.

The Navy snapped up several of us *[see issue # 103, September1, 2006]*…. The Navy Japanese Language School had been located at the University of California at Berkeley *[after moving from Tokyo in 1940]*, but because of that tragic page in American history where the Japanese were moved inland, the whole school was relocated to the University of Colorado. A member of my Columbia graduating class transferred from Berkeley – William Theodore de Bary, who later became chair of the Department of East Asian Languages and Cultures and Provost of Columbia.

We were pretty good at Japanese because of the training we had taken at Columbia, so the first few months at school, we did a minimum of homework while everyone else caught up. We got to go horseback riding and went swimming in the lake. That was fun. We were commissioned in July 1943 as ensigns. Half of us were sent to Hawaii and the other half – including me – were sent to the Navy Communications Intelligence annex in northwest Washington, DC. (to be cont'd)

Gene Sosin, JLS 1943
from "Six Who Served",
Columbia,
Fall 2005, p.35

EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER

(Cont'd) *North and South*

As with so much in Japanese society, what you see is only a fraction of the story the real changes have taken place at a less obvious level. Neighborhoods have changed geographically, the city has expanded, boundaries have been redrawn.

Tokyo has long been divided roughly into two geographic regions: The "low city," or shitamachi, the "plebeian" flatlands east of the Sumida River, and the "high city," or yamanote, the "aristocratic" hilly areas west of the Imperial Palace. Today, Seidensticker prefers to run a dividing line from Ginza to Shinjuku and call each side north and south. "One hundred years ago, the Ginza and Nihombashi were the center of Tokyo as far as shopping and entertainment went. Nowadays, the newer satellite cities of Shinjuku, Ikebukuro, Shibuya, Shinagawa, and Yokohama dominate. The Marunouchi still

holds as the financial center, but the cultural heart has shifted from the low city into the hills. Aside from the museums and concert hall in Ueno, everything else is in the south."

One level lower, street life has changed. "One hundred years ago, the streets were alive with the calls of vendors. They still exist, but not in the numbers that were here even fifty years ago, when I came. People were out in the streets. There was more chatter and talk. The television and the automobile now keep people shut off from each other, especially in the summertime, which was when the streets were really part of home, when people spent their evenings in the streets." This is part of a larger shift in the sense of community, a shift augmented by Westernization. For example, before the war, the sento, or public bath, was a stable binding force. "Sento were once social and community centers. Nowadays, people have their own baths, so there are fewer sento and less need for them." Unfortunately, nothing has taken the place of the sento as a community center in the neighborhoods of Tokyo. "It's gone. The television set is the center of life now and, like the bath, each house has its own."

Low City, High City
Tokyo Rising

"Low City, High City" and "Tokyo Rising" together comprise Seidensticker's definitive history of Tokyo. The former documents the growth of the city from Edo times and the Meiji Restoration until the Great Kanto Earthquake of 1923, which left the "low city," or shitamachi, razed to the ground by fire. The latter explores the subsequent resurrection of Tokyo, through the firebombing of World War Two and the bubble years up to the 1990s. Seidensticker's style is detailed and diverse, recording everything from the smallest political changes to the broadest social trends. The distinguished Japan travel writer, Ian Buruma, said of "Tokyo Rising" in the New York Review of Books: "Seidensticker, to my mind the most distinguished living celebrator of Tokyo in the English language, is steeped in nostalgia... This elegiac mood is deepened by Seidensticker's wry commentary on the changes which continue to chip away at his great affection for the city. But then grouchiness about the present is inevitable in literary nostalgia... And, if expressed with sufficient wit, there is as much pleasure to be derived from grouchiness as from its concomitant desire to catch the shadows of the old before they fade forever..." Publisher's Weekly added: "[This] is much more than a portrait of Tokyo; in good measure, it is a serendipitous social history of modern Japan."

Eastern hearts

Digging even deeper, to Tokyoites themselves, naturally modernization and globalization have had effects both on the way people present themselves and the way people perceive themselves. Seidensticker sees the changes most in the role of women. Often in cultures, women are more conservative than men and play a greater role in preserving traditions. "Into the 1920s, women wore Japanese dress while men didn't. Traditional hairdos, too, were still prevalent. But now they wear wigs for weddings, no one wears it naturally that way. Kimono, too, have been relegated to formal occasions."

These days it would seem that young women are leaders of change and innovation. High school girls rule the fashion scene and the birth rate is dropping to dangerous levels. "Today, women aren't more conservative than men. They used to be quieter, today the decibel count is atrocious. Students now talk and use phones in class, both unthinkable 30 and 40 years ago. They would've been quiet - maybe asleep, but quiet."

It is this generation that is usually typified as the changing face of Japan. They are embracing ideals of independence and individuality more than ever. Seidensticker, though, is less certain. "Young people certainly look liberated these days, but I don't know. It might finally be happening. Everyone's always said, 'Japan is changing, look at the young people.' But I always said, 'Yes, but wait a few years.' When they're 40, they're what their papas were at 40." (to be con'td)

Janet Pocorobba, with an introduction by Donald Richie
Metropolis, Japan Today
Issue 300

Thomas W. Ainsworth Passed

April 1, 2006. Obituary to follow.

Boulder to Bombay, To Burma & Back

(Cont'd) *[Andeman Islands, off Burma]* Later on, a British ship showed up and took me from the Andemans to the Nicobars. They were getting ready for Viceroy Wavell to fly down from India. He couldn't fly to the islands from India via Burma, or he would lose his Viceroyship. He had to fly directly. So they got him a big plane with pontoons and the natives all found out about the visit even though his arrival was supposed to be confidential. They put up a big banner that said "Welcome Lord Navel". They had fixed up floats to allow the amphibious plane to be anchored off shore, but the floats were so heavily weighted that they sank below the water and were not visible to the pilot. So when the plane landed, it ran over the floats and tore holes in the pontoons. Lord Wavell, his family, and his entire party, some 35 of them, had to debark quickly. They had a 41 gun salute for him that turned into 411. Unfortunately they did not use dummy ammunition. The salute barrage cut up the island considerably. While on shore, mechanics determined that the float plane could not be repaired, so the entire party had to bed down in sleeping bags in a gymnasium that night. All Lord Wavell wanted to do was to get out. His party and the island's dignitaries stood around in the blistering sun, dropping in droves. I went out in the hot sun and fell down too, crawled out and got back and took pictures of Wavell and the military people welcoming him.

Finally the British Forces were able to defeat the Japanese Marines in the area. The captured marines were big, mean looking guys. The British authorities would try them for war crimes.

William Morganroth
OLS (Malay) 1945

[Ed. Note: In the Army, I was involved in televised change-of-command ceremonies, parades, visits by dignitaries, inspections, and even in peacetime, I always found that that there were not just flies in the ointment, but whole swarms and species of "insects". This sounds so familiar. The Saturday matinee continues.]

One who served

(Cont'd) For the first few months *[at the Navy Communications Intelligence annex]* we translated Japanese diaries taken from the bodies of soldiers in the Pacific. Here were young men our age who had obviously perished. And the bloodstained pages were indicative of the conditions under which they died. They wrote simple things: the feelings that they had had at the time. The human tragedy of war was so stark for us. We couldn't help but empathize with these gallant people who fought for the things they believed in. But for the wrong goals, we felt.

Then I was transferred to a more hush-hush section of Naval Intelligence. The knowledge of Japanese was crucial, not only for those who went to the Pacific to interrogate prisoners, but also for those in Washington who did cryptography and translation of some of the codes and ciphers. If I hadn't learned Japanese, I probably would have been drafted and ended up in the infantry.

Cryptography was under both the Army and Navy. A lot of the pursuit, the conquest of Japan and its war effort depended upon stopping Japan's merchant fleet from bringing food and raw materials from its empire to the Japanese home islands. These ships broadcast their positions for the next day at noon, in code. They reported that they would be at such-and-such latitude and longitude at 12:00 noon. These were known as "noon positions". We were so good at decrypting these messages that we were able to inform Navy submarines of where they would find the merchant ships. I think we sank an awful lot of them.

We *[Boulderites]* had an inside joke to describe ourselves. Ships that carry men and tanks were called LSTs, or Landing Ships, Tank. These were the vehicles that transported the Allied troops from England to the French coast on D-Day. Hence, we would say we were captains of LDMs – Large Desks, Mahogany.

By 1946, I was honorably discharged, and I came back to Columbia in the fall of 1947 and entered a two year graduate program in Russian language and literature, which led to a master's degree. At the same time, I received the Certificate of the Russian (now Harriman) Institute. I eventually got my Ph.D. in 1958 in Russian language and literature. But most important, in a course on Dostoyevsky in Philosophy Hall taught by Professor Ernest J. Simmons, I became aware of an attractive young woman who always sat in the first few rows. For many months I admired her at a distance. I alsoattended meetings of the Russian Circle, of which she was the president, and finally got up the courage to ask her for a date. By the end of the course, we were going steady. She was my future wife, Gloria Donen '49GSAS, who had also come to Columbia on the GI Bill, having served in the Women's Army Corps (WAC). It led to a 50-year partnership in the field of Russian studies that began right after we were married, when we moved to Munich, West Germany, as members of a Harvard and Columbia team of specialists who interviewed former Soviet citizens (Displaced Persons). A year later we returned to the US and had our two children, Donald and Deborah. (end)

Gene Sosin, JLS 1943
from "Six Who Served",
Columbia,
Fall 2005, p.35

HAROLD STEVENSON

Professor Emeritus of Psychology And Fellow Center For Human Growth And Development

In June 2001, Center for Japanese Studies faculty associate Harold Stevenson retired from his teaching position in the psychology department and was awarded the title Professor Emeritus. Professor Stevenson, in his 30 years at the University of Michigan, was an active and integral member of the Japanese studies community. He served on CJS's graduate student admissions and fellowships committee, the faculty fellowship committee, numerous Japan search committees, the CJS executive committee, and was acting director of CJS in the mid-1990s. So, how did a psychologist whose research interests include learning and cognitive development, cross-cultural studies, and child development and social policy become interested in Japan?

Harold Stevenson's first encounter with things Japanese occurred over fifty years ago. He grew up in the hills of Wyoming and then in a small town in Colorado, and was in high school when the United States entered World War II. At that time, with the country at war and Harold at a young age, he felt he had three choices: join the Army, join the Navy, or be drafted. He chose to decide his own fate and joined the Navy, and what happened following that decision would change the course of his life and career. [to be cont'd]

Center for Japanese Studies
University of Michigan
Winter 2002 Newsletter

EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER

(Cont'd) Liberalization has not been smooth or linear, but it has deep roots dating back to the Meiji Restoration. "The Meiji period was very exciting. There must have been a huge sense of liberation after the repression of the Tokugawa shogunate. People look sentimentally at Tokugawa but it was a very harsh time when people were sat upon. Meiji was liberation an exhilarating, vigorous time. Japan set to work to catch up with the world and did a very good job of it. At the beginning of Meiji, Japan was an occupied country with extraterritoriality - where foreigners were tried by foreign courts - and at end of Meiji, it was a world power. That is a tremendous achievement."

There have been so many radical changes in Toyko over the past one hundred years, and yet there are many things that remain the same. "The change over the years hasn't been even. Modes of behavior don't change and they're most important. They're changing now somewhat - that's inevitable - but the pace of moral and customary change is surprisingly slow. Surface things change fast, but deeper things like morals, ethics, and manners don't. For example, the Japanese are a law - abiding, very moral people, and this has remained unchanged for over 100 years. There has been corruption, of course, but basically it is a conventional, fundamentally conservative society despite all the tremendous surface change."

Looking for direction

As we head into the year 2000, some people will invariably look fondly to the past and hold out for preservation. In the Meiji period, there was the Edokko, a native of Edo who lamented the changes in Tokyo and longed wistfully for bygone days. Is the Edokko spirit alive today? Seidensticker laughs. "No. The Edokko was a fictitious figure. Edokko was the old resin of the flatlands, or low city, of Tokyo. Even Tanizaki Junichiro - a great admirer of Edo and the Meiji of his upbringing - had great contempt for the Edokko." The Edokko may have been pining for the past, but was not necessarily poised to do much about it. "The Edokko weren't up and at it. It was the country people [who came to Tokyo] that made the new city, not the Edokko." As Tokyo continues to expand into the next century and beyond, it can only be Tokyoites who determine the pace of change while preserving the past. Being Tokyoites too, the foreign community will no doubt continue to thrive while remaining a steady element in the city's future. Where Tokyo is one hundred years from now will depend on the twists and turns of history. "Some people see the seeds of 1945 in Meiji. I don't share this view at all. History is not that determinate. To say that from 1865 there was a string of events leading to 1945 is foolish. That's not the way history is." There is something optimistic about Seidensticker's statement. History is slippery and change inevitable. That the best thing we can hope to do is remain engaged and aware of the changes so that we can understand where both we and our city are going in the next hundred years. (end)

Janet Pocorobba, with an
introduction by Donald Richie
Metropolis, Japan Today
Issue 300

Memorials to Frank Gibney & Otis Cary

My wife, Yasuko, and I attended Otis Cary's Memorial Service in Oakland on April 21, 2006. As you may know his Memorial Service in Japan was on June 3rd in Kyoto. We also attended Frank Gibney's memorial Service here in Claremont on May 16, 2006 *[Otis Cary's* LA Times *obituary was placed in the Interpreter in Issues #128A, #129, and 133. Ms. Woo's version was long, but quite good, and centered on his WWII experience.]*.

Hallam Shorrock
OLS 1946

Mary Jane Konold Carroll

My father was a married undergraduate at the University of Illinnois when I was born in Champaign on November 13, 1921. Dad's college allowance covered his wife but not his baby, but he was a hot card player and an evening of Red Dog enabled him to bail me out of the hospital and start me on my way.

All of which led to growing up in Warren, Ohio, a first year of college at the University of Montana and the last three years at the Ohio State University (where I never learned where why they insisted on "The" in the name.) I graduated with a bachelor of arts degree in June of 1943, cum laude. Just before graduation a classmate told me about an opportunity for Phi Beta Kappas to join the war effort by entering a Naval Japanese Language School and she thought that as a Phi Beta and language major (Spanish) I might be interested. My dad had been a marine on the U.S.S.

Arizona in World War I, so I had Navy pride instilled in me. I went to Washington for an interview with Commander Hindmarsh. I was nervous, but he asked me only one question- "Do you want to be a Japanese language officer?" I said yes, and went home to pack. He must have had a pressing engagement that afternoon.

I was in the last wave of WAVES to go through the school—living with a great group in the old Phi Delt house, with the Phi Delt's wonderful St. Bernard dog named Heidi. Some of my memories of the 14 months of training I've already passed along to Roger Pineau. Some memories have long slipped away, but I'll never forget Heidi—going to class with us; damming up the irrigation system when the heat drove her into the cool water; following us when we went into the mountains on horseback; and coming back exhausted and so stiff we'd have to carry her (not an easy job) to her sleeping spot on the stairway landing; slipping out of our hands in the middle of her shampoo, soapsuds flying, and hiding out in the coal cellar. It is Heidi who brings back a little memory of one teacher, Mr. Aiso, a nervous little man who was obviously thrust into a teaching job he wasn't geared for. Mr. Aiso worried about doing a good job, and so one night he came to the Phi Delt house to try to clarify a point of grammar he felt I hadn't got. Heidi answered the door with me, big and gentle but imposing. I felt compelled to introduce her, "Mr. Aiso, have you met Heidi?" Mr. Aiso quickly lifted his hat and said, "How do you do, madam," before plunging into the business of grammar. After that Mr. Aiso probably felt it was only polite to permit her space in his tiny classroom.

In August of 1944 I married Bill Carroll, also a language school officer. He went to Pearl Harbor.

After a month or so of duty on K Street in Washington I was transferred to the Naval Communications Annex and the command of Captain Rudyard "Rosy" Mason. He was tough and demanding but fair, and invariably referred to us as "guys" and "dolls" in his memos. There's not much point now for keeping silent about our work, but like so many areas of government, nobody gets around to lifting antiquated restrictions. Maybe Roger Pineau' s book will explain it all; still I feel bound by the oath. I loved working for Capt. Mason, particularly because he finally yielded to my pleas to be sent to Pearl's Frupac office so I could be with Bill. I didn't know Bill was about to leave for the invasion of Japan. But the atom bomb changed all that; I stayed in the States, and Bill went in with the occupation forces.

I learned years later that "my" Captain Mason (now an admiral) was the beloved uncle of an old college friend and classmate at Ohio State.

Bill and I have two sons, and three grandchildren (so far). About midlife I got bored with being a housewife and joined a hospital public relations firm that later expanded into advertising. I retired in 1984 and continued as a freelancer, mostly in hospital P.R. writing. The biggest project was writing a 50-year history, "coffee-table" type book for a local hospital.

Mary Jane Konold Carroll
WAVE JLS 1944

1993 50th Anniversary
WAVE JLS Reunion Book

Reinert Clothing Store Clothier to the JLS/OLS

Sixty-five years ago, I met Cdr. Hindmarsh at New York's Hotel Commodore for the interview that shaped my life.

I've enjoyed your items on the various Boulder establishments that contributed so much to our Boulder experience *[hide outs, watering holes & holes in the wall]*. Another business that I found particularly useful was Reinert's Clothing Store. As our commissioning date neared, Reinerts became a convenient source for our soon to be needed uniforms. The uniforms – blue, white, and khaki – fit beautifully and all the accessories were of top quality *[I remember those heavy wool gabardine and twill uniforms, had one from the thrift shop myself]*. The uniforms were actually tailored in Chicago to measurements made by Reinerts. The sales people took great pains with each order, making sure we had a full compliment of uniforms and accessories while staying within our uniform allowances. I wore the blue uniform for many years after the War while in the Reserves.

Reinerts was on the NW corner of Broadway and Pearl. I am sure it has been gone for many years, but , fortunately, it was there when we needed it.

Paul Hauck
JLS 1943

[Ed. Note: The Martin and Emma Reinert, and their son Francis J., are first listed in the Boulder Directory in 1908 running the Hub Clothing Company at 1139 Pearl. By 1913, they had moved Reinert & Son and the Hub Stores to Pearl and 14th. In 1918, the Reinert family also had Hub Stores in Longmont. By 1928, the Hub Store has moved to 1147 Pearl (corner of Pearl and Broadway). By 1930, the Hub Stores were Reinerts, owned by Francis J. Reinert, who was also vice president of the Citizen's National Bank. By the time Paul Hauck had ordered his uniforms, Reinerts had uniformed a previous generation for the "War to End All Wars". I wonder if they uniformed CU's Korean War and Vietnam War contingients. Reinerts lasted longer than many Boulder stores. In the 1960s they relocated to Basemar, the shopping center on Baseline and Broadway, to take advantage of the suburban growth along South Broadway. They leased space in the Reinert Building on 1147, which held Cottrell's, another clothing store, when I arrived in 1979. Since then, the 1147 Pearl location has housed a Banana Republic and a Mont Bell's. It is vacant now. I cannot remember a Reinerts at any location since 1979.]

Allan Hathorn Smith Anthropologist 1915-1999

No service was held for Allan H. Smith *[JLS 1944]*, a retired Washington State University academic vice president, at his request. Private burial took place at the Pullman City Cemetery. Kimball Funeral Home in Pullman was in charge of arrangements.

Mr. Smith, who was born in Norwood, Pa., died Monday. He was 86.

In 1915 his family moved to New Haven, Conn., where he graduated from high school. He received a bachelor's degree in anthropology from Yale University in 1935. He later received a doctorate from Yale.

Mr. Smith moved to Austin, Texas, and taught at the University of Texas.

In 1939 he married Ann Voorhees. In 1942 he entered the Navy as a lieutenant and Japanese language officer. He received the Purple Heart and was honorably discharged in 1946. He moved to Pullman in 1947.

Mr. Smith was a professor of anthropology at Washington State University. He was also the first chairman of the WSU Anthropology Department from 1965 to 1969. In 1969 he was selected as academic vice president and served until he retired in 1978.

Spokesman Review
October 2, 1999

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