

# The Interpreter

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

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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.*

## Dr. Martin Bronfenbrenner : Scholar, Critic, Cynic, and Comrade-in-Arms 1914-1997

Colleague and Coworker

1. Matsuura on Martin as a distant friend with shared interests

(Cont'd) Martin's trouble in studying Japanese thought was further exacerbated by what he called "professional schizophrenia." Many Japanese academicians did talk about current economic issues, as was to be expected from professional economists. Unfortunately, what they said in the media or to a government committee was quite different from, and even totally opposed to, what they taught in the classroom.

In his later paper on Japanese economic thought, Martin pointed out three special types of Western-style economic thought transplanted in Japan. First, especially before World War II, Japanese professors pursued translation-as-scholarship

projects. This meant that particular professors became over-specialized in the works of one single Western authority to the neglect of many other authorities. Second, and particularly after the war, there was the subsequent rise and persistence of an entirely different complex or syndrome of economic theory, as with ultra-rigorous applied mathematics plus grandiose computerized logical econometrics. Finally, as part of the third and last stream, many Japanese economists continued their study of Marxian economics, and various versions emerged.

To explain these features of Japanese economics, Martin tried to compare the transplantation process of the Western-style economics to the developing countries with the Japanese experience. He concluded that the uniqueness of Japanese economics was produced by its peculiar transplantation process. Martin offered an interesting model of the transplantation process. At the start, perhaps as a student, a Japanese economist learns about his to-be-adopted Western economist in his university classes. Then the study becomes more intense both in Japan and in the subject economist's country where the Japanese scholar travels off to study. Finally, the Japanese economist introduces the Western economist's major works to Japan in translation, along with a companion study of that economist's biographical history and intellectual influences.

In Japan, such translation-introductory work is considered a major academic contribution. The same can not be said in the West where translation work is grossly underpaid and unappreciated in the academic world.

Martin considered such a career-path in the study of Western economics as having no substantial relation to traditional

Japanese intellectual history. Martin denigrated the activity as "translation economics." Such specialist life-plans are still common in Japan. Martin did report some evidence that found these customs changing. In his last letter to me, he asked me for information about the history of economic teaching in Keio University. Martin was interested in Yukichi Fukuzawa's English Language School (now Keio University), which was one of the origins of "translation economics" in Japan. Unfortunately, with Martin's passing I can no longer deliver this project to Martin.

Finally, I would like to offer a few remarks about Martin's personality. I have always felt that he talked to me and wrote to me rather cynically. His apparent cynicisms concealed his profoundly warm heart and deep insight into human nature. Especially, I have been immensely impressed by his evident love for Japan and Japanese culture. At the beginning of his second paper, he quoted a passage from Gilbert and Sullivan's book entitled *Patience*

I do not long for all one sees,

That's Japanese.

From this quotation, now I could imagine a scene: Martin comes into this room and stands at the door. He says to me: "Your speech about me is bad too bad, because you are almost ignorant of me. You know me very little." And then he smiles, looking at me very warmly.

(Part III)

The American Journal of Economics and Sociology,  
July, 1999 by June Bronfenbrenner, Urie Bronfenbrenner, Bruce Fitzgerald, Craufurd D. Goodwin, Samuel Hollander, Tamotsu Matsuura, Warren J. Samuels, Werner Sichel, Roy E. Weintraub

## Dugout Cleaners

(Cont'd) I read my morning paper and compare crossword puzzles with Vince Elwood, the longtime second generation co-owner of the "Dugout" Cleaners, with his brother, Bill. Vince was raised in Boulder, went to CU (1941), and was an engineering officer in the US Navy during World War II. He remembers where Francis Wolle (pronounced Wally, Vince states unequivocally) lived with his mother, by the Chi Psi House. Ben Galland, a Law Professor, lived there too [We have archival collections for both of them]. He also remembers receiving dance lessons upstairs, in lieu of rent, in the 1930s. He told me he would hand-carry his tuition of \$35.00/quarter from the Cleaners to Macky, where the Bursar's Office was located.

Boulder, as you remember, was a much smaller town then, with town business people and CU faculty and staff forming a close, tight-knit society. Henry Elwood had many ties with CU. He knew the self-styled CU photographer, Charles N. Snow, quite well, and the Dugout's walls sported framed, CU athletics photos by Snow for years [We have the Snow Collection]. He knew Mrs. Curtis, who ran the dorms, and cleaned dorm rugs and furniture regularly. During World War II, the Dugout had a Navy contract to make alterations on uniforms. He continued the service for the Navy ROTC after the War. The "Dugout" also cleaned the CU Band uniforms. The Elwoods lived on the same street with the Paddocks, longtime owners/publishers/editors of the *Boulder Daily Camera* [We have a Paddock Collection], and the Valentines, owners of Valentine's Hardware. Some of Vince's dance lessons had been with the Valentine's daughter.

Vince joined his father and older brother, Bill, in the family business after his tour in the Navy and a stint in the steel

industry. The Art Deco sign stayed up decade after decade, until students gradually gave up their suits and sport coats for stay-pressed shirts and pants and then jeans and t-shirts in the 1960s and 70s. Vince's son runs a cleaner elsewhere in Boulder.

David M. Hays  
Archivist & Editor

[Ed. Note: I showed Vince all the issues with histories of the Alba Dairy, the Sink, the Canyon Inn, Stoeffle's Awful Waffle Shop, Wayne's, Howard's, and so on. He relished those stories.]

## Excerpts from the Coffin Songbook

### SENSOGO

*Sensogo nihongo ga dekiru ka*  
Shira (3 times)  
*Soo ja nai desho*

#### Ame Ame

*Ame, ame furi, kaa san ga*  
*Chano me de omukae, ureshiina*  
Chorus: *Pichi Pichi, jabu, jabu,*  
*ran, ran, ran*

Ned Coffin, Compiler  
JLS 1944

## ALOHA JIGPOHA

Speaking of songbooks, in the late spring of 2006, I was contacted by John Mehlburg, an aficionado of drinking songs, who keeps a website to celebrate the same. He had found a copy of the JLS/OLS songbook, edited in Hawaii by Robert D. Thornton, who cannot remember his involvement.

The dedication reads, "ALOHA JIGPOHA The following anthology is the result of one night's alcoholically - inspired conception in the bar at the St. Francis, Erdman Annex. The work acquired considerable bulk and possibly even some quality during the ensuing weeks of incubation under the supervision of the Editorial Board — though its birth here seems hardly credible. In any case, we present the offspring for your own drinking and singing pleasure.

I. BOULDER - JIGPOHA  
JIDAI

## II. WAR IN THE POA III. POLITICAL POTPOURRI IV. DRINKING DITTIES AND COLLEGE CLASSICS V. BAWDY BALLADS

To all collaborators, contributors, and sundry mid-wives, a hearty "DOMO ARIGATO GOZAIMAS."

Honolulu, T. H.  
February 1945"

If any have details they would like to offer to Mr. Mehlburg, please pass them my way. There are many typos and scanning errors.

David M. Hays  
Editor & Archivist

## Not Just a "Bunch of Nerds"

I have enjoyed *The Interpreter* because I was married for 54 years to James William (Bill) Norman, Jr., one of the graduates of the JLS in Boulder. We were married March 3, 1945, when Bill was already stationed in Washington, DC. He died in September 1999, at the age of 78.

We corresponded often during his stay in Boulder. Bill mentioned the grueling hours of study as well as an extra-curricular activity; a field day with the regular university students. The Japanese Language students worked very hard to perfect their field day calisthenics performance. As it happened, the leader with the microphone was very far away from the language school participants in the back rows. The front rows heard the leader before the back rows. This resulted in the language school students being completely out of step, convincing the regular students that the JLS boys were a bunch of "nerds" [I wonder if this was the same *Undō* effort described by Art Dornheim].

Nancy R. Norman

## Class of May 1944

(Cont'd) Dear Phil [Burchill]:  
Here's Polly Fleming's letter of December '05. She's doing rather well at 101! ....

Frank Tucker  
JLS 1944

Dear David:  
Frank Tucker received the enclosed card from Mrs. Rudd Fleming, which

speaks for itself. At 101, she is still with us. She also appeared in the Graduation Day photo of May 27, 1944 which you used on the program of the 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary reunion.

*The Interpreters* arrive regularly, and I enjoy reading them all.

Philip G. Burchill  
JLS 1944

## A. NICHOLAS VARDAC JLS 1943 FILM MAKER

Dr. A. Nicholas Vardac, 86, a retired executive film producer for the Department of the Interior, died of cancer at Mount Vernon Inova Hospital on August 6, 2001.

Dr. Vardac was a native of Boston and graduated with a BA with honors from Harvard in 1935 and a Ph.D. in fine arts in 1941 from Yale School of Drama. In 1942 to 1943, he completed a crash course in Japanese Language at Colorado University which led to a commission in the U.S. Navy as a Lieutenant Commander. During WW II he served in a special intelligence unit in the Pacific decoding Japanese communications traffic.

After the war, he served with the United States Strategic Bombing Survey in Japan documenting wartime damage in Nagasaki and completing several documentary films there including, "Japan Today, 1946". While working with the USIA in Vietnam making films in support of the Diem Government, he met his future wife whose father was running the railroads for the French Army. Later, back in the States, he was a professor of drama at Stanford, Boston and Michigan State Universities.

From 1960 to 1984, he worked at the U.S. Department of Interior. There he was engaged in the conduct of an industry-sponsored program in which he produced documentary motion pictures covering the full range of mining activities in North America. Many of these won awards both here and abroad.

Survivors include his wife, Janine P. Vardac; two children, Michael A. Vardac and Eric A. Vardac and two grandchildren, Graham and Easton.

A Memorial Service will be conducted on Saturday at 11 a.m.

in the DEMAINE FUNERAL HOME, Alexandria Chapel, 520 S. Washington St., Alexandria. Rev. W.T. Reynolds, officiating. Inurnment on August 23, 2001 at 11 a.m. at Arlington National Cemetery Columbarium, (meet at the Administration Building C at 10:30 a.m.).

Arlington National Cemetery  
Website

## Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century

1. My childhood in New York  
Autobiographical essays by  
Donald Keene

When I was a child (and even much later) there was almost nothing to make me think of Japan. The word kimono (however I pronounced it), was probably the only word of Japanese I knew, but thanks to my collection of postage stamps I was also aware that Japanese and Chinese writing was similar or perhaps the same. That was the extent of my familiarity with the Japanese language and Japanese culture. I never saw a Japanese film, never listened to a Japanese piece of music, never heard a word of Japanese spoken. It was not until I was in junior high school that I even saw a Japanese, a girl in my class. I knew infinitely less about Japan than the average Japanese boy knows about America.

A Japanese boy is almost certainly familiar with at least the English words relating to baseball. He will have noticed the names of the players written in romaji on the back of their uniforms and the name of their team written in English on their chest. He will have seen American films, sung or played American tunes, learned the names of a few American presidents and rock musicians. He will know many English words even without realizing that they are gairaigo.

Although I attended a high school that has produced a surprisingly large number of Nobel Prize winners, our education was more or less restricted to the history, literature and science of the West. I don't recall a single thing I heard about

Japan in my history classes, though probably Commodore Perry's great achievement in "opening Japan" was mentioned at some point. When I was about ten, I received at Christmas an encyclopaedia for children that had three supplementary volumes, one each devoted to Japan, France, and Holland. I don't know why these countries had been selected. Perhaps it was because they lent themselves to attractive illustrations--taikobashi for Japan, lords and ladies dancing on the bridge at Avignon for France, and wooden shoes for Holland. One fact I learned from the Japanese volume was that the Japanese wrote a very short kind of poetry called haiku. That was my introduction to Japanese literature.

Ignorance of Japan was not unusual for a boy growing up seventy years ago in America, but growing up in New York set me apart from other American boys in many ways. For example, Japanese friends are always surprised when they discover that I cannot drive a car. They tend to assume that every American learns as a child to drive. This is true of boys who grow up elsewhere in America, but New Yorkers find travel by subway or bus the normal way of getting around, and few own a car.

I grew up in a middle-class suburb where some people had cars. My father in fact owned cars of various kinds, the size and condition depending on his financial situation, but they held no allure for me. I preferred the subway and was proud (at the age of nine) to be allowed to travel alone. In recollection it seems as if there were never many vehicles on the street where I lived. Children played in the middle of the street and resented every car that passed.

Cars were not the only vehicles. Every morning the milk was delivered from a cart pulled by a horse. The horse knew exactly at which houses to stop and gave the milkman just the proper amount of time to place the milk bottles by the different kitchen doors. Junkmen (rather like the chirigami kokan in Tokyo) sometimes passed along the street in horse carts singing a

kind of song that urged people to sell their used clothes.

Last year I visited for the first time in over sixty years the street in Brooklyn where I grew up. I thought how lucky I was to have grown up in a house along a street with trees on both sides, but as a boy I did not realize my luck and wished that I lived somewhere else, anywhere else.

My greatest pleasure was going to the movies. I went cheerfully to the dentist and even to the barbershop (which I hated even more than the dentist) if my mother promised as a reward to take me to a movie afterwards. I liked every film, indiscriminately, but I was attracted especially by those that showed typical American families who lived in small towns. The father in the film was always kindly, with gray hair and moustache, and the mother was constantly baking pies. The problems of the boys in the films--whether or not they would be chosen for the baseball team or whether their date would show up on Saturday night--were not problems that bothered me. I envied them because their lives seemed so much more cheerful than mine.

The Great Depression had begun when I was seven. Conversation at dinner table from then on often related to my father's financial problems, a subject never discussed by people in the films. Not much that happened at the time arouses nostalgia. In 1934 my sister died, leaving me an only child. From that time on the relations between my parents deteriorated in a way that even a child could sense. One day my father stormed out of the house, saying he would not return. My mother asked me to beg him to come back, and I succeeded, but the nightly disputes continued. One night I overheard my father say that the only reason why he had continued to live with my mother was that he had loved my sister, but now that she was dead this reason no longer existed. Perhaps he did not really mean the words. They may have been spoken in a flash of anger, but I never forgot them. The final separation of my parents and the move of my mother and myself from our house to a dreary

apartment occurred when I was fifteen.

Donald L. Keene

JLS 1943

Daily Yomiuri Online

January 14, 2006

[Ed. Note: First of a multi-part autobiographical "journal" by one of the many illustrious USN JLS/OLS graduates and attendees.]

## Mukashi Mukashi

I mislaid my copy of *The Interpreter* that told of some graduate who was trying to remember *Mukashi Mukashi* [Ned Coffin, JLS 1944, in Issue #93]. I have not tried to dig it out of my JLS materials, but I remember it as one of those kids' tales we were assigned. Most important, however, was that the record of it played over the PA system, the voice being that of FDR, a perfect imitation may have been provided by John Davenport Scheuer, Jr., who died May 21, 1991. The Yale University 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion book quotes him, "I still imitate FDR -- Now I'm more successful because there are fewer people around who ever heard him. [Most of the rest of my bunch probably think FDR sounded like Ralph Bellamy, Edward Herrmann, or John Voigt]."

I did not know John Scheuer personally, but the sound of FDR speaking Japanese is still with me. FDR died while I was at JLS, and the PA system still played the imitation, at which time I objected to the Japanese staff in the sound booth, who said they thought it was not mockery, but a pleasant reminder of a great man. I have since wished I had kept my objections to myself, for it is a pleasant reminder of FDR. How do I apologize in retro [Many years younger, I have been pondering that particular question for quite some time.]?

Robert J. Fitzwilliam

OLS 1946

[Ed. Note: Mr. Fitzwilliam thought that the imitation must have been that of his old fellow Yalie, Scheuer. But John Davenport Scheuer does not show up in any of our JLS/OLS lists. Perhaps the FDR voice might have been provided by Laurence Royce Grannis, JLS 1944, of Stanford, who, word has it, performed a mean FDR imitation himself.]

## Excerpts from the Coffin Songbook

### KIMI GA YO

*Kimi gay o wa  
Chi yo ni yachiyo ni  
Sazare ishi no  
Iwao to narite  
Koke no musu made*

### GUNKAN

*Mamoru mo semuru mo  
kurogane no  
Ukaberu shiro zo tanomi naru  
Ukaberu sono shiro hi no moto  
No  
Mikuni yomo wo mamorubeshi  
Magane no sono fune hi no moto  
No  
Adanasu kuni semeyo kashi.*

Ned Coffin, Compiler  
JLS 1944

[Ed Note: Ned Coffin thought you would be like these Japanese songs, printed here for posterity.]



**John (Jack) E. Jessep,  
M.D., USMCEL  
1925 - 1982**

Jack was born in Pasco, Wash. in 1925. At the age of 19, he entered the U.S. Marine Corps, where he served as a Japanese interpreter during WWII. At the conclusion of the war, he returned to Washington and attended Whitman College in Walla Walla.

After graduating from Whitman with a bachelor's degree, Jack enrolled in the UW School of Medicine and graduated with honors. He then coordinated his surgical training with his research activities and received a master of science degree from the UW in 1956. After completing his residency in 1959, he was appointed to the faculty and continued his research, including early investigative studies into the

development of a system for open-heart surgical procedures. Jack's research led to several more faculty appointments at Brookhaven, Ohio State University, and Indiana University. Jack served as a director of the American Board of Surgery from 1974 – 1980 and as its chairman from 1978 – 1980. In 1975, he was honored with a doctor of science degree from Whitman, his alma mater.

Jack and his wife, Marley, had been high-school sweethearts. She recalls Indianapolis as a very satisfying "last stop" in Jack's career, one where he, as chairman of surgery at Indiana University, could fully express and share his ideas. In the last two years of his life, he devoted a great deal of time to helping create a National Guard Medical Officer Training Program, a college program similar to the ROTC. For his work, Jack was given an Eagle Award, the highest honor the National Guard can bestow. His friends and family remember Jack as a devoted husband, a loving father to his two sons, Steven and Jerry, and a proud grandparent.

*an edited excerpt from alumni who provided information for the UW Medical Alumni History Project. Complete information is on file in the UW Medical Alumni Office*

*[Ed. Note: Found this on the web while looking for JLS/OLS info and stories. I include it as a nod to Irwin Slesnick and Cal Dunbar, USMC enlisted interpreters "who worked for a living".]*

## Marie A. Edwards

**EDUCATION:** AB-Latin, 1938-Indiana University, Bloomington, IN, Phi Beta Kappa, *Cum Laude*; MA-Political Science, 1950-Northwestern University, Evanston, IL; PhD-Political Science, 1956-Northwestern University, Major emphasis-Comparative Government- Asia Dissertation- "Political Activities of Japanese Postwar Labor Unions"

**NAVY-USNR Waves, 1943-46-** Retired as Lieutenant Graduate of Naval School of Oriental Languages- Japanese Service at Washington Document Center-Translator

**WORK-** 1983-43 Social Studies Teacher, Lew Wallace High; 1946-53 School, Gary, IN; 1954-62, 1962- 83 Supervisor- Social Studies and Foreign Languages-Gary Schools; 1956-Present Adjunct Associate Professor, Political Science, Indiana University Northwest, Gary, IN; Research in Japan- 1953; Fulbright in India- 1974.

**COMMUNITY ACTIVITY**  
Until Retirement- President of Gary YWCA; President of Northwest Indiana Crime Commission ; After Retirement- President of Lake County, Retired Teachers Association Member of AARP State Legislative Committee-Indiana; Occasional Lecturer on Japan or India; Member of the Board of Police Commissioners of the town of Merrillville, IN.

I have lived and worked in Lake County, Indiana, all of my life except interludes as noted. It has been my good fortune to be part of a closely knit family which now numbers 53, 40 of whom live within 60 miles.

*Neko no Ko* is the name of my Siamese cat who thinks he owns my home and me. Knowing no Siamese, I tried for "Kitty" in Japanese.

Marie A. Edwards  
JLS 1944

## Insider Out Front

James McNaughton Hester, 37, could almost star in a play titled *How to Succeed in Education Without Really Trying*. He is not a practicing scholar, never taught a class, and has been a college administrator for only four years. But he has so much inborn ability that people keep pressing him to take better jobs. Last week he became the youngest president in the 130-year history of 43,000-student New York University, biggest private university complex in the U.S. Not until he got the job was Hester even sure that he wanted to stay in education.

The son of a Navy chaplain, Hester went to high school in Long Beach, Calif., simultaneously earned a summa in humanities and a magna in history at Princeton ('45), served in World War II as a Marine Corps Japanese-language officer.

Then he found himself bossing "the implementation of democratization" of Japanese schools in Fukuoka Prefecture. "Ridiculous," he now calls it: "One boy 22 years old was trying to do a job for 3,000,000 people." Hester went on to a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, where he took a doctorate in international affairs; then he tried advertising research. Recommended by impressed elders, he wound up at 33 as provost and later vice president of Long Island University.

Hester learned how to raise money, which is a good way to succeed in U.S. education. Just one year ago N.Y.U. made him dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. When President Carroll V. Newsom resigned in September, Hester was the logical insider to step out front. He knows the intricacies of N.Y.U.'s vast operation at 15 schools and colleges. Not yet through with a drive for \$102.5 million, N.Y.U. is already off on another drive for \$75 million, and young President Hester is likely to face many more. Now, he says, "I am thoroughly committed to higher education."

Time Magazine  
Friday, Dec. 8, 1961

*[Ed. Note: I found this little gem on the web, a 45 year old piece, when I found it.]*

## Robert D. Thornton 1917 – 2006

**CHERAW --** Robert Donald Thornton, Emeritus Professor of English and State University of New York Exchange Scholar, died on October 24, 2006 in Cheraw, SC. Dr. Thornton was born on August 10, 1917 in West Somerville, MA of John William and Winifred Amelia, late longtime residents of Winchester, MA.

Professor Thornton was educated in the Winchester public schools, at Wesleyan University in Middletown, CT; from which he received in 1939 the B.A. with Honors in General Scholarship and High Distinction in English; and at Western Reserve University and Harvard University, where he received M.A.s before World War II. Further studies at the University

of Colorado (Boulder) Naval Japanese Language School prepared him for his overseas service with U.S. Naval Intelligence as both a translator and interrogator. With the peace he returned to Harvard for his Ph.D. in English Philology, graduating in 1949 as a Teaching Fellow and as a Dexter Fellow.

For 45 years, Dr. Thornton made a career of teaching at Harvard University, the University of Colorado, St. Stephen's Episcopal School (Austin, TX), the University of South Carolina (Columbia), Kansas State University (Manhattan), and the State University of New York at New Paltz, where he chaired the department of English and World Literature. His scholarship made him an international authority on Robert Burns and the cultural history of 18th century Scotland. Dr. Thornton was the first professor to be singled out by the Graduate School of Kansas State University as a foremost teacher; at the University of South Carolina he was the first recipient of the Donald Russell Price for illustrious scholarship. Articles, books, and such collaborations as that with the Melville Smith, Director of the Longy School of Music and with Thomas Heyward, Metropolitan Opera tenor, for the LP record of the songs of Robert Burns and Francis Hopkins brought Professor Thornton such awards as Fellow of the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation, Grantee of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, Grantee of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, Grantee of the American Council of Learned Societies, and inclusion in 'Who's Who in America.'

Professor Thornton leaves his beloved wife of 63 years, Grace Ellen; his sons, Robert Harrington, college dean, Naugatuck, CT, and David Farrington, actor, New York City, as well as a brother, Norman Miles of Yarmouth, MA.

Charlotte Observer  
October 25, 2006

*[Ed. Note: He was an enthusiastic contributor of papers, stories and support. We will miss him.]*