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.

Yale Candee Maxon 1907-1999 JLO

Yale Candee Maxon, '28, of Berkeley, in August 1999, died at 92. After graduating with a degree in English, he taught at high schools in Hawaii and Japan. During World War II, he worked as a Japanese-language officer in Naval Intelligence and served as the interpreter in the interrogation of Japanese Prime Minister Hideki Tojo in 1946. He returned to the United States to earn a PhD in political science at UC-Berkeley and taught at Santa Rosa Junior College and Merritt College. Survivors: his wife, Helen; his son, David; his daughter, Jo Maxon-Dadd; and four grandchildren.

Class Notes
Stanford Magazine
January/February 2000

[Ed. Note: I did not find him in our Boulder entrance list, or among the graduates on Irwin Slesnick's list. It is possible he could have been an instant JLO like the Shiveleys.]

Losses: Bernard C. Welch, OLS 1945; J. Keith Mann, OLS 1945; James V. Martin, Jr., Omer C. Ostensoe, OLS 1945

Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century

2. My voyage to Europe
Autobiographical essays by Donald Keene

An even more painful factor in my unhappiness was caused by being clumsy in sports. Unlike the boys in the films, sports gave me no pleasure. I sometimes half-heartedly attempted to join boys playing baseball, but once they discovered how badly I batted and ran they did not want me on their team. My mother sometimes bribed the other boys to include me in their games, but this never lasted long.

I resigned myself to being a failure. My hope was that when I became an adult (I imagined this would be when I was eighteen), nobody would expect me to throw or hit a ball. Other boys who were poor at sports overcame their inferiority by sheer determination, but I never really tried, sure that nothing would ever improve my ability.

Friends of mine from junior high school days, most of them not seen since then, have written me expressing surprise at what I have published about childhood days. Their recollections of the past are happy, and they wonder why I was sad. Probably I have unconsciously exaggerated my loneliness as a child. I do have some happy memories, especially of collecting stamps. My friends were classmates who also collected stamps. I dreamed of escaping to a country whose stamps I particularly liked. I settled on the island of Reunion in the Indian Ocean.

My happiest memory by far, however, was the trip I took with my father to Europe when I was nine. He travelled to Europe every year on business and I had often seen him off or welcomed him when he came down the gangplank on his return to New York. I repeatedly begged him to take me with him to Europe, but he always refused. Either his trip would take place during the school year, or I was too young to understand Europe, or he simply did not have the money.

When he mentioned in 1931 that he planned to go to Europe that summer, I saw my chance. School was not in session during the summer. I was sure I knew a great deal about Europe; I had all but memorized "A Child's History of the World." Finally, I said that if my father was short of money, I knew that a savings account had been created in my name when I was born, and he could use the money for my travel expenses.

That still did not persuade him, so I did something my father had never seen before. I wept for about three hours. Children weep when they hurt themselves or when they do not get what they want, but even as an infant I never cried. My father capitulated. Weeping was the best thing I ever did. We left for Europe that July.

My father and I sailed for Europe in July, 1931. The ship was the George Washington of the United States Line. It was by no means one of the grandest of the passenger liners that crossed the Atlantic, but for me it was a whole new world. For one thing, it was exciting to be among strangers and to be introduced to them by my father. In recent years I have travelled several times aboard cruise ships and enjoyed the experience, but my memories of the George Washington are totally different. My fellow passengers were not rich, elderly people less interested in the destinations than in life aboard ship. They were of every age and occupation and, no matter how urgent the business that took them to Europe, had no choice but to accept the necessity of spending a week or more on the sea. Ships were the only means to get to Europe.

Of course, the passengers also hoped to enjoy the voyage. The baggage they brought aboard was many times the bulk that is normal today in air travel. The women especially provided themselves with different costumes for each meal or social occasion while aboard ship. Even I had my steamer trunk, a heavy metal object that I could not carry or even budge. It accommodated not only clothes, but everything else I might need. My father had used this trunk on earlier travels and there were labels pasted on it with the names of expensive hotels in many cities of Europe.

There was no air conditioning on the ship. Passengers who travelled first class had outside cabins with portholes that admitted ocean breezes, but the third-class cabins were sweltering, as I discovered in later years when I travelled on my own. Dinner table conversations of the third-class passengers often were devoted to arguments as to whose cabin was the hottest, each person insisting that no cabin could possibly be hotter than his own. I travelled first class this time, thanks to my father, who despite his difficult financial situation, could not imagine travelling in the steerage.

Much of the day aboard ship was spent stretched out in deck chairs. If the weather was chilly, a steward brought blankets and tucked one in, and from time to time brought bouillon or tea. The passengers amused themselves during the day by playing shuffleboard. This uninteresting game was given some spice by the prizes that the ship provided for the best players. Ping-pong was another diversion. My father, an accomplished ping-pong player, was ship's champion that year. He sometimes boasted that on a previous voyage he had beaten at ping-pong the celebrated English tennis player, Fred Perry.

The first-class menu was elaborate, with many choices of dishes each meal, and as soon as the ship left American territorial waters, it was no longer necessary to obey the American

law against serving alcohol. Instead, liquor was ostentatiously consumed. We never had liquor of any kind in our house during the days of prohibition. I knew the location of a speakeasy not far from our house and had seen drunken men emerging, but I naturally had never thought of going in. My first taste of liquor was aboard ship when my father allowed me to drink the foam of his beer.

The one unpleasant aspect of the voyage was the presence of some American boys who were about my age. The first thing they wanted to know was which position I played in baseball. I could not very well tell the truth, that I was no good at any position, so I had to pretend. Without thinking much, I said I was a catcher, and from then on dreaded the possibility of having to demonstrate my skill. In the effort to establish a relationship with these new acquaintances, I joined them in their furtive smoking of cigarettes in a corner of the ship where we were unlikely to be observed. For six months after this I stole cigarettes from my father and smoked covertly, largely as a gesture of incipient maturity. I continued to smoke until one day I realized that it gave me no pleasure and I never smoked again.

Donald L. Keene
JLS 1943
Daily Yomiuri Online
January 22, 2006

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

Marine Corps Detachment Presidio of Monterey

While checking new hits on the web with a search on "Navy Japanese Language School", I came across a brief history attached to the mission statement for the USMC Detachment at Monterey, home of the Defense Language Institute. Their mission is to support Marine language students. Their posting was extremely incomplete and somewhat inaccurate, so I called their office and reached Master Gunnery Sergeant Michael Dobbs. He welcomed a more accurate history, so I provided them with Irwin Slesnick's three part history of the JLS/OLS featured in Issues #17, #18, #19. His treatment was brief and accurate. I also cited Roger Dingman's Article. I advised that there may be Marine WWII JLS veterans out there who might be willing to guest speak. I imagine there might be "a thing or two" you might be able to pass along to young Marines.

David M. Hays
Editor & Archivist

Richard Moss
Businessman, Marine & Honorary Diplomat

Richard Moss is Chairman of MACOSA, the developer of COBIS and has lived in Ecuador for 45 years. He was born and reared in Japan, and attended The American School in Japan and Amherst College. During World War II, he enlisted in the U. S. Navy's Japanese Language School and, graduating with a commission in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, served as a combat Marine Japanese Language Officer. He transferred to the Inactive Reserve in 1946 and entered the employment of The National Cash Register Company (NCR) in New York City. In 1949, he was recruited to serve in the Executive Office at NCR's headquarters. Mr. Moss left NCR in 1953 to work in his father-in-law's firm in Paraguay, returning to the NCR business in 1956 when NCR offered him its distributorship in Ecuador. Mr. Moss was honorary consul general of Japan for 28 years, receiving from the Emperor the Third Class Order of the Sacred Treasure for his distinguished services, and he is presently the honorary consul general of Paraguay in Quito, Ecuador. He was formerly a member of the U.S. Defense Orientation Conference Association. Mr. Moss initiated the activities of Mitsubishi Corporation in Ecuador and served as consultant to that company and to The Bank of Tokyo. He is engaged in various public and charitable activities and serves on the boards of several companies.

ZOOMINFO
April 10, 2006

Bryan Battey Sends Book

Bryan Battey, OLS 1946, sent the Archives *Tokyo Memoirs.* We are thankful for the gift.

Marylou Siegfried Williams, JLS 1944

WALLINGFORD - Marylou Williams, 82, of 30 Grantham Road died Friday, March 4, 2005. She is survived by her husband of 59 years, D. Norton Williams.

She was born in Seattle, WA, December 4, 1922, a daughter of the late Thorvald and Lou-Vee Bradford Siegfried.

A Phi Beta Kappa graduated of the University of Colorado, Mrs. Williams received her master degree in German from Yale. She graduated from the U.S. Navy Japanese Language School at Boulder and served as a naval officer translating Japanese intelligence in Washington, D.C during the war. Since that time, she has been a resident of Wallingford where she was an active member of the First Congregational Church of Wallingford and a member of its choir. She was a past President of and served thirty-six years on the board of the Wallingford Public Library, was a member of the Wallingford Garden Club, the Thursday Morning Club, the Wallingford Chorus and the Wallingford Land Trust. Other activities included being a Girl Scout & Cub Scout Leader for many years and involved in the American Field Service (AFS).

She is survived by two sons, Bradford Williams and his wife Patricia of Falling Waters, WV and Jonathan Williams and his wife Mary of Longmont, CO, two daughters, Nancy Ward and her husband Alex of New York, NY and Mary Sylvina Williams of New Haven, 4 grandchildren and 2 great grandchilden.

B.C. Baily Funeral Homes

Bill Norman
Legislative Assistant

I'm writing this letter to update your archival records regarding some of Bill's accomplishments. In 1946 he graduated from the University of Florida Law School. He then attended Harvard University's Law School, graduating with a Master's Degree in Law. For two years he taught law at Stetson University in Florida, and the University of Florida Law School in Gainsville, Florida.

About 1950, we moved to Washington, DC, where Bill worked as an Administrative and Legislative Assistant for various Congressmen and Senators. The following are among Boll's many outstanding accomplishments:

While working with Congressman Bennett of Jacksonville, Florida, in the 50s, one of his most consuming jobs was helping to get "In God We Trust" put on all US currency. In recognition of his work, he received the second one dollar bill that came off the press with the motto, "In God We Trust".

When he was with Senator Spessard Hollard, he suggested that the three words, "or other tax" be added to the final draft of the 24th Ammendment of the US Constitution (known as the "Poll Tax Amendment") which prohibits States from imposing a poll tax as a requirement for voting in elections.

As an assistant in the Administration on Aging, he was considered a pioneer in alleviating the problems of the aging population. He was responsible for the writing of the first Older Americans Act which set up the first Senior Centers in the US.

Nancy R. Norman

$Donations Accepted

If you wish to support the JLS/OLS Archival Project in ways other than giving papers you may contribute donations to our US Navy JLS/OLS Fund. We hire work-study students on this fund, tripling its value. If you wish to donate, make your check out to the **University of Colorado Foundation,** writing **US Navy JLS Fund** on the memo line to the bottom left of your check, and mail it to our contact address.

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