**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.*

## INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR JAMES W. MORLEY

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY (RET.)

(cont'd) *Research in Occupied Japan*

The problem there was that no foreign scholars had been admitted into Japan since the Occupation began. It was not until December 1950 that the bar was lowered, and Arthur Tiedemann and I were given permission, providing we had a place to stay. A missionary friend in Japan found me an apartment in Kyoto. I packed up my family immediately and boarded the President Wilson for the ten day voyage across the Pacific.

Angel: And how did you find Japan?

Morley: At first it was frightening. What spoken Japanese I had learned at Boulder had atrophied. The universities in Kyoto could not receive foreign students; and in any event the professors I called on said they could not help me with my research. For two months I took to the streets, dropping into stores, especially tea and antique shops, and tried to practice my Japanese on the hapless store owners.

Finally, desperate to get at my research, I went up to Tokyo and took an apartment in an old fashioned Japanese house in Seijo machi, and then, learning that the Japanese Foreign Ministry, which had been shut down, was holed up in a former Mitsui Bank building in Toranomon, I knocked on the door and asked if they had any materials on the Siberian Expedition.

I can't help thinking that the Ministry must have thought that I was an Occupation spy, except that I spoke so poorly and my story seemed so improbable, but to my great relief, I was invited in. For more than a year I was given work space, provided with the documents I sought, and helped by an extraordinary Ministry official, Kurihara Ken, a man who knew the Foreign Ministry Archives intimately, was devoted to historical truth, and became a lifelong friend, not only to me, but to many American scholars thereafter.

Of course, living in Tokyo five years after the end of the war was an experience I shall never forget—the veterans in hospital garb begging in the streets, the sidewalks laden with household goods that burned-out families were offering for sale, the tuberculosis that infected so many of the academics, and yet—I could not get over the beauty of the countryside, the fabulous, exotic richness of the culture, and most of all the sincere friendship offered by so many Japanese we came to know. I returned a Japanophile, determined to do what I could to strengthen the understanding between our two countries. that between us we would see war no more.

*An Unexpected Career Move*

Angel: Had you always wanted to be a teacher?

Morley: No, that was one profession I had had no interest in. I had entered the PhD program simply to learn. So when I finished my work at Columbia and the support from the GI bill and the University came to an end, I found myself broke, with a family, and no plans. At this point one of my professors called me in, told me of a teaching position at Union College in Schenectady, New York, and advised me strongly to get on the train the next day and get the job. Having no alternative, I did. The first years were hard—fifteen hours a week of European history and three of Asian history, for $2,800 and a war-surplus barracks building to live in, but I found I enjoyed working with students and valued the freedom to do my own work, so, when the invitation came in 1954 to join the faculty of the newly formed East Asian Institute at Columbia and teach graduate courses in Japanese and Chinese politics (Yes, Chinese politics too), I leapt at it. Hey, that was a challenge! (to be cont'd)

*Robert Angel*
Japan Considered
*University of South Carolina*
*College of Arts and Sciences*
*Department of Political Science*

## The Diplomatic Contribution of the USN JLS/OLS

(Cont'd) We have featured a number of Foreign Service Officers and State Department people in articles and obituaries: Thomas Ainsworth (above); R. Stuart Hummel (#12); Edward Seidensticker (#21); Halsey Wilbur (#24); Albert L. Reiner (#32); Leonard Weiss (#72); (Carl) Ferris Miller (#61A); Manning Williams (#95A); Robert D. Yoder (#96); Harrison Parker (#99); Foster Parmelee (#104); Laurence Thompson (#117A) Lyne Starling Few (#119) and Richard W. Petree (#129A), among others.

Other FSOs, Consuls, Ambassadors, and State Department Officials, like Ronald I. Spiers, Thompson R. Buchanan, are on the JLS/OLS mailing list. I know we left some names out. Please let us know if I left you out of this article, as I will include you later.

*[Looking for more specific Foreign Service information about Robert D. Yoder OLS 1946 (Chinese), I found on the web that he had passed away a year ago.]*

Robert Dunathan Yoder, a retired Foreign Service Officer, community service volunteer, outdoorsman, and environ-mentalist, died at his home in Springfield, Vermont, on May 21, 2005. He was 82.

Mr. Yoder was born in Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania. He graduated from Findlay College in 1943. He enlisted in the US Navy and was sent to study Chinese at the University of Colorado. He was honorably discharged in 1946.

Mr. Yoder entered the Department of State in 1947 as a clerk and was posted to Kunming. He was evacuated following the Chinese Communists' conquest of the mainland in 1949. He was detailed to Cornell University, then Yale University, to perfect his Chinese language skills. He was assigned to Manila in 1950 as a political assistant. He was transferred to Hong Kong in 1952 as an economic assistant. He was commissioned as an FSO in 1956. He was assigned to State from 1957 to 1961. In 1961 he was sent to Québec as a consular officer. He returned to State in 1965 to work as an intelligence research analyst. He was assigned primarily in the Bureau of International Organization Affairs, notably as Antarctica Treaty Officer. After his retirement in 1974, he visited Antarctica as a consultant to State to help assess whether the provisions of the treaty were being honored.

After retiring to Springfield, he worked for or volunteered with the Southeast Council on the Arts, the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, Vermont Public Television, the United Way, and the Vermont Land Trust. He was thrice elected to serve as a selectman, and was also a justice of the peace. He was an avid sailor, kayaker, and hiker, including in the Himalayas.

Mr. Yoder is survived by his wife, Dorothy Yoder, two children, four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. (to be cont'd)

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# John A. Kneubuhl

## Navy JLO, Hollywood Scriptwriter, Playwright & Samoan History and Language Expert

Of mixed Samoan/American ancestry, John A. Kneubuhl was an acclaimed Pacific Island playwright who died in 1992. Born of Samoan, English and German ancestry, Kneubuhl grew up in his Samoan grandmother's thatched hut until he was 13 years old. He was educated at Punahou and Yale and wrote plays for the Honolulu Community Theater. He joined the US Navy in 1942, entering the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado in July 1942 and graduated in August 1943. He served as a Navy Japanese Language Officer.

After the War, he spent 20 years as a TV writer in Hollywood, writing scripts for the *Wild, Wild West*, *Waterfront*, *Markham*, *West Point Story*, and other shows.

After a career in script-writing, he moved to Hawaii, as Nadine Kam states, "in his search of home and identity, two themes that ran through much of his later work." The latter part of his career was spent back in Hawaii and Samoa, researching, writing, and lecturing on Samoan language and Polynesian history and continuing to work on plays like *Think of a Garden* and *Mele Kanikau*. In this pursuit he authored: *Samoa: an Interpretive History; Samoan Language and Culture Curriculum Guide; 'Upu Samoa' = Samoan Words: a Guide for Bilingual Teachers*; among other works.

*David M. Hays*
*Editor & Archivist;*
*Nadine Kam*
Honolulu Star Bulletin
*November 3, 1998;*
*Native American Authors Project*
*Internet Public Library*

# Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century

9. Valedictorian address in Japanese
Autobiographical essays by Donald Keene

My first stop on the train was New Orleans. I had long hoped to see the one American city marked by French culture. Around me on the train were men and women of my age and soon we began talking, sharing our experiences of travel. I have rarely had a conversation with a stranger aboard an airplane, but when travel was generally by train, it was normal to converse with one's neighbors. People told their troubles and even their secrets to strangers on a train, confident they would never see the strangers again. No matter how tedious a long train journey might be, the atmosphere of the train favored conversation. I wonder if conversations with strangers on an airplane are so much rarer because one never entirely loses one's fear of flying, inhibiting conversation.

In New Orleans I had time between trains to eat a fine meal at a French restaurant. I had never been much interested in food. My idea of the supreme delicacy was shrimps in lobster sauce, as served in Cantonese restaurants. Paul Blum, who took me to various restaurants in New York, had taught me to appreciate the glories of French cuisine.

The next part of the journey took me over the vast emptiness of Texas. I generally enjoy looking out train windows, but for many miles in Texas there is nothing to look at except barren land and an occasional lonely house or cow. Not until the train reached Arizona did I feel again the pleasure of travel. When the train stopped at some small town in Arizona I got out on the platform and breathed the clean air. It was February, but it felt like a perfect spring day. Why do people live in New York, I asked myself.

The last part of the journey was from Los Angeles to Berkeley. I arrived late at night. Fortunately, the room I had reserved at the International House had been saved for me. I was very tired and fell asleep, my first night on a bed in five days. In the morning I woke and looked out to see flowers in bloom and girls wearing sweaters in pastel colors walking along the street. It is probably snowing now in New York, I thought.

Later in the morning I went to the university building mentioned in the letter from the Navy. Other men had already assembled. I looked them over, thinking these would be my classmates. It did not occur to me that some would also be my friends for life.

We were divided up into classes on the basis of the extent of our prior knowledge of Japanese. No class was larger than six. We had classes four hours a day six days a week, and an examination every Saturday. Two hours each day were devoted to reading, one to conversation, and one to dictation. In addition, we were expected to spend at least four hours preparing for the next day's classes. Although it was not mentioned at the time, we gradually became aware that we would learn nothing about the Navy. The Navy had wisely decided that learning about the Navy would divert our attention from learning Japanese. We did not wear uniforms even after being formally inducted into the Navy.

Our teachers were mainly kibei--Japanese-Americans who had been born in America, sent to Japan for schooling, and then had returned to America. Very few had previous experience teaching Japanese (or any other subject), but they threw themselves into their work with devotion. It did not take long for the students to become fond of the teachers, and this feeling was reciprocated. I did not know until recently that the teachers had been subjected to pressure and abuse from other Japanese-Americans, interned in camps in the desert, for their willingness to cooperate with their oppressors, but I never noticed the slightest reluctance to teach us; instead they seemed delighted with our progress in learning Japanese.

The students consisted of two groups. Members of the first group had grown up in Japan, the sons of missionaries or businessmen. Some had lived in China rather than Japan, but the Navy seems to have considered this would help them in learning Japanese. The other group consisted of people like myself who had done well in their studies, particularly in foreign languages. The latter group, mostly from major universities on the east coast, formed an assemblage of exceptional talent.

For foreigners, the experience of learning Japanese is a major event that links them to everyone else who has studied Japanese. Years later, when I travelled in Europe, it was easy to make friends with professors of Japanese wherever I went. Regardless of the country or the differences in our political opinions, the experience of memorizing kanji and learning Japanese grammar created important ties between us.

The textbook used at the language school had been prepared years earlier by Naganuma Naoe for teaching Japanese to American naval officers in Japan. Unlike the texts I had studied before, some intended for children, others aimed solely at acquiring a reading knowledge of Japanese, these suited the comprehensive method of instruction at the school. We were to be translators and interpreters in a time of war, and this required as complete and varied a knowledge of Japanese as possible, not solely of military matters. Once, someone came into the translation office at Pearl Harbor with a mysterious Japanese code. I recognized it as shakuhachi music, having seen it at a teacher's house.

We studied hard at the language school though there was no reward for proficiency. Everyone who graduated from the school was commissioned, regardless of his marks in the weekly tests. Perhaps there was an element of patriotism in performing one's best in wartime when other young men were dying for their country, but I believe that a more important reason for diligence was the desire of each student to prove that his own university was the best.

After eleven months we were graduated. Later groups took eighteen months, but we were told our services were urgently needed. We could now read not only printed Japanese but even some cursive script, and could write in Japanese a letter or a brief report. I gave the valedictorian address, speaking for about half an hour in Japanese, a language in which I could not have uttered one sentence a year before.

*Donald L. Keene*
*JLS 1943*
Daily Yomiuri Online
*March 11, 2006*

# Student By-Lines

*Last week* [month, for us] *Student By-Lines began the story of a San Francisco family's wartime odyssey from their home at Post and Webster to Seabiscuit's stall at Tanforan Race Track. You met Dr. Kitagawa and his children, Kaya and George. Not wanting his children to go to the relocation camps, the good doctor arranged for them to be hastily enrolled in the only college that would accept them, the University of Colorado. As Part One was ending they boarded the California Zephyr in Oakland not knowing what awaited them at the Denver Station. Relieved that, instead of indifference, there was a welcoming committee waiting for them, "two sobbing Asians alighted from the train." To continue a Fromm Institute student's personal tale of survival in a world turned upside down, here's Part Two of "Relocation" authored by Kaya Kitagawa Sugiyama, University of Colorado at Boulder.*

# RELOCATION (2)

*[The Kitagawa siblings']* Our first impression of the University

of Colorado was idyllic, for the campus situated a mile high in the Rockies seemed unreal with mighty slabs of red rocks jutting up into the azure blue sky. Brother George was being transferred from Stanford University in Palo Alto, and I from an inner city campus life, unaware of the fact that we were under constant surveillance from the federal government, the university, and the townspeople. Unknowingly, when the state of Colorado accepted us as students from California, we had been under their investigation for six months.

We felt furtive and insecure during the first few days after arriving at the university, for the nagging feelings and thoughts cropped up periodically of our family who were uncertain of their destination. As the days turned into the end of the first week, a white, coconut-covered, marshmallow frosted cake, the size of a large snowman's head (white candles included), was airmailed from Yuli's kitchen in Loomis, California. Yuli, a classmate from San Francisco State College had returned to Loomis, a small "bus-stop" community of fruit orchards situated in the foothills of the Mother Lode. From the veranda which circled Yuli's Victorian house, one could view in all directions the various fruit trees on her ranch, for this redwood Victorian House stood on top of a knoll. This exquisite cake was made from the last ingredients gathered together from Yuli's thirteen-foot high kitchen, and lovingly baked. I shared this beautiful cake and celebrated my birthday with new friends at the International House. Such a magnificent masterpiece would not be duplicated again for a long while, for Yuli's family had already received orders to report to their temporary assembly center before being incarcerated in a permanent inland relocation camp for the duration of the war.

During this time, the United States Navy Department was looking at various universities to establish a Far Eastern Language School *[sic]*. The site chosen was to be free of any racial prejudices, both on the campus and in the community *[Actually it was not]*. Many Asian teachers and their families were to be recruited to teach Japanese, several Chinese dialects, Malaysian, and Russian.

By this time, George and I were adjusted and felt comfortable, both as students on the campus and in the community. We later learned that the Department of the Navy decided to establish the Language School at Boulder. The surveillance by the federal government, university and townspeople proved favorable to the unsuspecting transfer students from the West Coast. We were cleared of any willful intentions, negative thoughts or actions toward the establishment.

Boulder prospered greatly during the next five years. Bilingual teachers were difficult to recruit. George and I requested the Navy Department to release Father and family from their relocation camp in Topaz, Utah. Father's qualification to teach the Japanese language was more than adequate. Shortly afterward, the request to release the family was granted by the Navy, and we were once again reunited in this university community; it was an unexpected, blessed turn of events for us. (to be cont'd)

*Kaya Sugiyama*
*in*
From the Rooftop
The Newsletter of The Fromm Institute for Lifelong Learning
*Vol. 84, Issue #4*
*September 29, 2003*

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## Robert H. B. Wade, US official, envoy

(Cont'd from #128) After the war, Dr. Wade continued working at ONI as chief Far Eastern analyst. During the Eisenhower administration, he served as director of the Office of National Security Council Affairs in the Pentagon, acting as liaison with the Office of the Secretary of Defense.

In 1962, Dr. Wade transferred to the US Department of State and served as director of multi-lateral and special activities at the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs; in 1964 he was assigned to Paris to serve as the permanent US representative to UNESCO. Dr. Wade returned stateside in 1969 when President Nixon appointed him assistant director of the US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

Following his retirement from government service in 1973, Dr. Wade worked in the nonprofit sector. He served as executive director of the Foreign Student Service Council until 1977.

Until his retirement in 1985, Dr. Wade directed the DC office of the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business, an agency responsible for accrediting university-level bus-iness schools.

Dr. Wade was an active member of the French Heritage Society and the Chevy Chase Club. He belonged to the Fifth Church of Christ Scientist in Washington, D.C.

In addition to his son, Dr. Wade leaves his wife of 58 years, Eleanor Borden Wade, of Washington, D.C., and North Chatham; and two grandchildren.

Boston Globe
*February 7, 2005*

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## INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR JAMES W. MORLEY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY (RET.)

(Cont'd) Columbia During the Early Post-WWII Years

Angel: What was it like, teaching at Columbia in those early years?

Morley: It was an exhilarating experience! In the years after the Pacific War the country was hungry for information about Asia. The universities, so long Western-centric, were eager to add Asia to their curricula, and the Foundations were rushing forward to offer support. At the same time, there were precious few scholars in the country to provide leadership and, especially in the social sciences, very little scholarly material to base the teaching on. In short, the Asian studies field, especially in the social sciences, was wide open as it had never been before.

I became absorbed in studying Japanese politics, primarily by going to Japan and observing it and by researching in collaboration with numerous American, Japanese and other Asian scholars. At the same time I threw myself into helping to build the East Asian Institute, Columbia's inter-departmental Asian area studies base, and sharing in the work of the Association for Asian Studies and the foundations

Angel: And the students?

Morley:: Ah, they were the best part. In those early years and for many years thereafter we were inundated at Columbia with students. Among them were some of the brightest, most dedicated people I have had the good fortune to know. I fear I had little to teach them. I was, after all, a learner too. Many of them had curiosities and experiences I had never had, and some of the most dedicated were anxious to apply the theories and methods they were learning in the political science discipline. It has been one of the great satisfactions of my life to see so many of them, after graduation, moving into positions of leadership in academe and in public life.

*Changes in the Study of Political Japan*

Angel: I wonder how you see the Japanese political science curriculum as having changed over the years?

Morley: The questions being asked about Japan are different than they were in the early post-war years. Then we were concerned, for example, with whether the Japanese economy could ever recover even to its pre-war level, whether it would keep its new democracy and whether the US-Japan relationship would last.

Well, Japan is a different place today. It is a far more comfortable place to live, but it is hardly without problems. Its economy has at last caught up with the West, but is now plagued with recession. Its society is in far better circumstances, but now it is being shaken by the rising demands of its women for equality, its youth for more recognition, and its aged for greater support. And its political parties seem to have lost their way. And on and on.

Our political scientists, being so contemporaneously oriented, have therefore had to grapple with constantly changing problems. Fortunately, over the years faculty members have become better trained than at any previous time. And their students have come better prepared: many have had undergraduate courses on Japan, many have already acquired basic language skills, and many have lived in Japan, so that our teaching and our research have grown more sophisticated.

On the other hand, in our graduate programs particularly, an old problem still troubles us: how much attention to give to the study of Japan in all its ramifications and how much to the theoretical questions and approaches integral to the discipline.

Our first approach was to say that they were equally necessary and we built doctoral programs requiring both area study and disciplinary study, trusting our students to integrate them productively. Some students were able to do that, some were not. In any event, as the discipline has become more sophisticated, the political science theorists have pushed back, insisting

on greater emphasis on the discipline.

The good effect of this has been to fold Japan more intimately into the study of comparative politics and international relations. But there also have been costs, one of which is the minimalization of the interdisciplinary study of Japanese culture that area studies provided and that, I believe is necessary if one is to understand any culture, whatever the discipline. Surely a better balance will someday be struck.
(to be cont'd)

*Robert Angel*
Japan Considered
*March 21, 2005*
*University of South Carolina*
*College of Arts and Sciences*
*Department of Political Science*

*[Ed Note: Two major figures in the Political Science of Japan]*

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# Nobutaka Ike

## expert on Japanese East Asian politics dead at 89

**Briefly confined to internment camp during World War II but released for language skills**

Nobutaka Ike

Nobutaka Ike, a longtime Stanford professor of Japanese and East Asian politics and former chair of the Political Science Department, died Dec. 15 at Saint Luke's Hospital in Jacksonville, Fla., following a brief illness. He was 89.

"[Ike] was one of a small number of leading people who were experts on Japanese politics," said Hubert Marshall, emeritus professor of political science and Ike's longtime neighbor on Alvarado Row. "He was a credit to the department."

Ike (pronounced EE-kay) was born in Seattle on June 6, 1916. He earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Washington in 1940. In the fall of that year, he and his future wife, Tai Inui, began teaching at the university but were abruptly fired after Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. According to a University of Washington Daily article published Dec. 8, 1941, Ike was confused by initial radio reports of the attack. "I thought it was a recurrence of Orson Welles' imaginative invasion from Mars and couldn't believe it was true," he was quoted as saying.

A few months later, Ike, Inui and their Japanese-American families were relocated to Camp Harmony, a temporary facility within the internment-camp system created after Pearl Harbor. Ike, the camp's assistant chief interpreter, spent only a couple of months there until the U.S. military realized it needed his language skills. According to Dorothy North, the widow of Ike's longtime friend and colleague at Stanford, Robert North, Ike persuaded camp officials to release Inui in August 1942. The couple married shortly thereafter and spent the war at the U.S. Navy Language School in Boulder, Colo. Ike and other Japanese-Americans taught a group of elite Navy recruits selected for a crash course in Japanese at the University of Colorado. Known as "The Boulder Boys," *[Sorry Boulder Girls]* graduates of the program served as interrogators, code breakers and translators during the war and later participated in the U.S. occupation of Japan. In the post-war period, many went on to become experts on Japan.

After the war, Ike earned his doctorate at Johns Hopkins University and, in 1949, came to campus as a research associate and curator of the Hoover Institution's Japanese Collections. In 1958, Ike joined Stanford's faculty as an associate professor of political science specializing in Japanese and East Asian politics. He served as department chair during the mid-1960s and as chair of the department's graduate admissions committee. During the late 1950s and 1960s, Ike also held visiting appointments at the University of California-Berkeley, the University of Michigan, International Christian University in Tokyo and the University of the Philippines.

Ike became a professor emeritus in 1984 but continued to live on campus until about five years ago, when he and his wife moved to Jacksonville to be close to their daughter, Linda Kelso.

"He was a very modest, quiet man, but when he opened his mouth [during a discussion with his colleagues] he nailed it," North recalled. "He was one of the most genuine, decent human beings I've ever had the privilege of knowing."

Ike wrote several books, including *The Beginnings of Political Democracy in Japan* (1950), *Japanese Politics: An Introductory Survey* (1957), *Japanese Politics* (1972), *Japan, the New Superstate* (1973) and *A Theory of Japanese Democracy* (1978). In 1967, Ike translated and edited Japan's Decision for War, based on the official records of the 1941 policy conferences, which revealed for the first time to an English-speaking audience that the Japanese general staff was aware of the possibility of defeat when they decided to attack the United States at Pearl Harbor but never officially mentioned it for fear of being thought treasonous.

Many years later, in 1982, Ike and Jan Triska, his longtime friend and colleague, self-published *The World of Superpowers.* Ike, Triska and North decided to write their own political science textbook, which accompanied a course they taught of the same name, to avoid the long delays and high book prices they associated with commercial publishers. The professors did the production and distribution themselves—Ike and his wife laid-out and pasted up the tabloid-style book on their dining room table at home.

Ike is survived by his wife of 63 years, Tai Ike of Jacksonville, Fla.; their daughter Linda Kelso of Jacksonville; and son Brian Ike of Darien, Conn.; and two grandchildren.

*Lisa Trei*
Stanford Report,
*February 3, 2006*

*[We had received word that Professor Ike had passed away, and had posted an earlier notice, but by the time this excellent obituary had surfaced, the first room in the newsletter was in this issue.]*

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# Thomas W. Ainsworth

Thomas W. Ainsworth, age 84, of Chambersburg and Amberson Valley, Pennsylvania, died peacefully at home, surrounded by his family, on Saturday, April 1, 2006. Tom was born March 20, 1922, in Beloit, Wisconsin, the son of Oliver M. and Annie Bruce Ainsworth.

He earned a B.A. in English from Yale College in 1942 and then began graduate school at Yale, with thoughts of becoming a university professor. His studies were interrupted by World War II, when he enlisted with the U.S. Naval Reserve in November 1942. As a U.S. naval officer, Tom learned Japanese during the war, an act which changed his life. He saw active duty aboard the *USS Fremont*, *USS Sands*, *USS Denver*, and the *USS Indianapolis*. He served in the US Occupation Force in Fukuoka, Japan.

After the war, Tom became a diplomat, joining the United States Foreign Service, the Department of State. He served in embassies and consular offices throughout the Far East, including: Fukuoka, Kobe, and Tokyo, Japan; Taipei, Taiwan; Saigon, Viet Nam; and Hong Kong, B.C.C. His final overseas post was as U. S. Consul General to Osaka-Kobe, Japan, 1976 to 1979. He also served many sections in the U. S. State Department, Washington, D.C.

Tom met the love of his life, Wilma "Sue" Seeman (of Uniontown, Pennsylvania), when they were both posted by the State Department to Tokyo, Japan. They were married December 9, 1950, in the U. S. Army Chapel in Tokyo. Tom and Sue introduced their five children to the pleasures of living in many different countries.

Tom is survived by his beloved wife, Wilma Seeman Ainsworth; three sons, Bruce H. Ainsworth of Cheverly, Maryland, Thomas W. Ainsworth, Jr. (and wife Terry) of Woodbridge, Virginia and Daniel E. Ainsworth (and wife Becky) of Severn, Maryland; two daughters, Jean Ainsworth Zablin (and husband Gary) of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Anne Ainsworth Kirkland (and husband David) of Houston, Texas. Tom's grandchildren are Candice and Charles Zablin; Jason, Daniel, and Andrew Ainsworth; Diana and Will Kirkland; and Samantha Ballard and Alexis Ainsworth. He is also survived by his sister, Elizabeth Ainsworth Steinberg and her four sons. In addition, he leaves his special companions, Twinkie and Ginger.

Tom was preceded in death by his infant daughter, Mary Ainsworth, and his parents.

*Received from his wife,*
*"Sue" Wilma S. Ainsworth*

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