

# The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

[arv@colorado.edu](mailto:arv@colorado.edu)

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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.*

## Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century

### 13. Atomic Bombing of Japan

There were many prisoners in Okinawa. A photograph survives of me, sitting on one foot talking to a prisoner who looks considerably more cheerful than myself. I don't know where the picture was taken nor what the prisoner told me, but this is proof that for all my cloistered academic career, I once interrogated prisoners in a war-torn field.

I heard that the 96th Infantry Division needed a language officer, and I volunteered. For the first time in my life, I had a group of men under my command, ten or so Japanese-American interpreters. I was initially obliged to demonstrate that I really knew Japanese, even though I was a Navy officer, but in a short time we became friends. But I never acquired the ability to give orders. If I had to go to a dangerous area, the strongest command of which I

was capable was, "Who would like to accompany me to the front?"

The fighting on Okinawa lasted for months. I was seldom in real danger, but as the summer heat grew more intense, there were smells of rotting cabbages in the fields and rotting corpses everywhere. I had seen the face of war and smelled its odor. It was what I had dreaded since childhood.

I left Okinawa on a ship with about a thousand prisoners, half Japanese soldiers or Okinawan militia, half Korean laborers. Some of the prisoners died on the way to Hawaii and were given Christian burials at sea.

When the ship called at Saipan, a member of the crew made a mistake that admitted sea water into the hold. We had to wait for repairs. One night at the officers' club a drunken aviator from the neighboring island of Tinian was betting everybody that the war would be over in a month. This seemed absurd to me. I was convinced that the war would last for years, perhaps forever, and that I would die in uniform. Besides, ever since the mistaken testimony of aviators had led to an unnecessary assault on Kiska, I no longer believed what aviators said. However, this aviator knew a secret that the people of Hiroshima and the rest of the world would know in a few weeks. (to be cont'd)

Donald L. Keene

JLS 1943

Daily Yomiuri Online

April 8, 2006

## J. W. Featherstone II CIA Analyst

James Wesley Featherstone II, 90, [OLS 1944, Russian], a former analyst with the Central Intelligence Agency, died April 2 of a heart attack at his home in Alexandria.

Mr. Featherstone came to the Washington area in 1944 as a Navy officer. After studying Russian at the Navy's language school, he became an interpreter

and intelligence officer in Alaska. He helped train Russian personnel for the delivery of U.S. ships and supplies to Russia during World War II.

After the war, he was assigned to the Pentagon, where he worked as a civilian employee in the Russian branch of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

After he joined the CIA in 1952, Mr. Featherstone reviewed and edited many of the agency's intelligence publications. He briefed presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon on Chinese and Soviet affairs.

He was stationed in Singapore from 1966 to 1968 and in Saigon from 1971 to 1974. He received the Medal for Civilian Service for his work during the Vietnam War. He retired in 1974.

Mr. Featherstone was born in Sisseton, S.D., and graduated from high school in Staples, Minn.

He was clarinet soloist for the concert band and symphony orchestra while a student at the University of Minnesota. He also was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He graduated from the university in 1936. He received a master's degree in English from Minnesota, teaching in the English Department there until he entered the Navy in World War II.

He was a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Alexandria, where he sang in the choir and served on church committees. He had a lifelong interest in music and often played the recorder in small groups with family members. He also enjoyed gardening on a plot he rented in Old Town Alexandria. He and his wife spent winters in St. Petersburg, Fla.

His wife of 66 years, Eleanor Featherstone, died in 2003.

Survivors include three children, James Wesley Featherstone III of Richmond, Phyllis Jane Featherstone of Staten Island, N.Y., and

Elizabeth Featherstone Hoff of Alexandria; a brother; 10 grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

Washington Post  
April 3, 2005

## Recollections of a Year in the Navy Japanese Language School

(Cont'd)

### SOME REFLECTIONS

The Navy Japanese Language School seems to me to have been a remarkable experiment, undertaken at short notice and under great pressure, and carried out with remarkable success. This was not an academic exercise, but rather propelled by wartime imperatives.

I believe Florence Walne deserved all the plaudits later accorded her. The school's administration functioned smoothly so far as I could tell, with a high degree of consideration for the students. As the school proceeded, there was no doubt need from time to time to improvise and adjust but I was never aware of any severe disruptions. Similarly, the atmosphere seemed harmonious throughout. It would not be surprising if there arose professional disagreements about how best to proceed, or personnel frictions, or differences with Navy overseers in Washington or with the local Navy authorities (especially considering how removed we were from the standard Navy practices), or with the host university administrators or the local communities. But I cannot remember ever hearing of any. And I have indicated the mutual respect and friendliness that existed between the sensei and the students. It also bears mentioning that I knew of no disciplinary problems.

There were of course inherent limitations on what could be accomplished in the time

available. Boulder, more so than Berkeley, was an oasis from war and far removed from anything resembling a Japanese milieu. The process of learning a language as an adult is for the most part a tedious job, involving monotonous repetition, with the rewards residing mostly in the future, and to even halfway master a language requires some absorption of its cultural underpinnings, which were considerably removed from Boulder. Speaking for myself, I could have benefited from more emphasis on the spoken language, including more familiarity with speech patterns in sound and structure. The Naganuma texts were excellent but were probably designed with the expectation that the student would be living in Japan, constantly hearing the language spoken around him and being forced willy-nilly to converse from time to time. The school made some effort to compensate, for example by showing a few Japanese movies that gave us a little exposure to different voices as well as social patterns, but I remember feeling dismayed at how much I could not comprehend. No doubt some of the fault was my own, for I could have tried to arrange more occasions to practice speaking with sensei or fellow students. A related problem encountered only later was the almost total emphasis on polite and official words and forms, with almost no exposure to what might be called ordinary rapid-fire speech patterns and impolite or street language. But perfection could hardly be expected, and the Navy must have been impatient to get us out to duty, to begin to earn our keep, having after all allowed a full year of training.

Finally, as I have noted, I consider myself to have been most fortunate to have gone through the Navy Japanese Language School. The training and experience served as a foundation stone for my later graduate studies and subsequent career, and I am grateful beyond measure for the friendships that ensued, many of which remained close and active over the years.

Royal J. Wald  
JLS 1943

### **Professor W. G. Beasley: Historian Who Advanced The Study Of Japan In British Universities**

(Cont'd) Beasley once remarked that he and a friend had exchanged ideas on their academic ambitions while sitting on the deck of a battleship during the war. Beasley had then expressed a wish to write a new social history of England, thus displacing G.M. Trevelyan. Instead, after the war, he decided to concentrate on the study of Japan.

He completed a doctorate in 1950: this was later published as *Great Britain and the Opening of Japan, 1834-58* (1951). He was appointed to a post in the School of Oriental and African Studies (Soas) in 1947 and subsequently became Professor of the History of the Far East (1954-83). He was an effective lecturer, always lucid and thoroughly prepared.

In 1955 he published *Select Documents on Japanese Foreign Policy, 1853-68*, which comprised mainly translated documents. He then advanced to a challenging project reassessing the nature of the Meiji Restoration. This necessitated analysing the tergiversations and turbulence of the 1860s, culminating in the fall of the Tokugawa administration. Beasley concluded that the restoration was not bourgeois and certainly not peasant: it could perhaps best be described as "a nationalist revolution". This important monograph was published as *The Meiji Restoration* (1972).

For students and the wider public, Beasley's best known work was his popular general survey, originally entitled *The Modern History of Japan* (1963) and later republished in an amended form as *The Rise of Modern Japan* (1990). Here Beasley demonstrated his skill in producing a synthesis of political, diplomatic, economic, social and cultural history during the period of rapid change in which Japan advanced from the feudal era to becoming a world economic power. Numerous translations into foreign languages appeared. It is a remarkable tribute for an advanced textbook to be in print

for more than 40 years. In his acknowledgements to the revised volume, Beasley paid a well deserved tribute to his wife, Hazel, "who has also opened an alternative route to the understanding of Japan through her friends and interests there, which have often been different from my own".

In his seminar in East Asian history, held at Soas, Beasley presided incisively and genially over papers presented by postgraduates and staff on a wide variety of topics. He directed discussion with a combination of discretion, trenchancy and humour. He did much to encourage postgraduates from diverse cultures and backgrounds. Beasley had graduated in history and he was not a narrow specialist in Japan. While preparing his study *Japanese Imperialism 1894-1945* (1987), he took part, with Terence Ranger, in a debate on imperialism at a conference held in Aston; this was a lively and stimulating occasion and it did much to clarify the impact of imperialism in Asia and Africa. (to be cont'd)

Ian Nish and Peter Lowe  
The Independent  
04 December 2006

### **Russian OLSer Reprise**

In today's mail I received Number 110A (April 16, 2007). The first item, "Russian OLSer" aroused my interest, since it begins "We were then sent to Tsingtao to take the surrender of a small Japanese detachment and then to Chefoo and Weihaiwei...." I can't orient myself time-wise with H.H. Cloutier's actions. We (the 6th Marine Division) were in Tsingtao beginning in October '45, and our principal occupation was getting thousands of Japanese military and civilians onto ships to send them back to Japan, that, and holding the fort, so to speak, until Chiang got troops up to North China to forestall the Communists.

The part about Chefoo brandy was interesting. We had that brandy in Tsingtao while I was there and it was rather good. I had wondered whether the labels were bogus, but apparently the Communists allowed the Chefoo

distillery to ship the brandy down to Tsingtao. No doubt some yuan changed hands. Admiral Settles' caper of putting the brandy and men on the uninhabited island was a Solomon-like solution. On our way from Guadalcanal to invade Okinawa our ships did the same thing at Ulithi. Troops were put ashore along with a mountainous stack of cases of beer. Next day we sailed on, and went to the pharmacist's mate for aspirin.

Glenn Nelson  
JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: I connected Glenn with H.H. Cloutier by way of email, so they could cut out this middleman. However, I hope to post their conversation in future issues.]

Now I have heard of *Treasure Islands* before, but never *booze islands*. But for me, roaming around the German countryside in a jeep, there were the odd *bräuhauses*, wherever I looked. They were islands unto themselves.]

## **Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century**

13. Atomic Bombing of Japan (Cont'd) Once the ship had been repaired, it headed for Hawaii, arriving in August. I was happy to return to the house that I shared with five other officers, and we exchanged stories of our experiences. That night I had a strange dream, of a newsboy shouting an extra. This was peculiar because there were no such newsboys in Honolulu during the war. But in the morning, when I tuned on the radio, I learned that an atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima.

I went to headquarters at Pearl Harbor to report my return. The commanding officer informed me that I had spent sufficient time overseas to be given a leave at home. He asked, however, if I would not prefer to go to Japan instead, no doubt assuming that the atomic bomb would cause Japan to surrender. I replied that I would think it over.

I went to the prisoner-of-war camp. The prisoners had also heard about the bomb. Some congratulated me, but I was in no mood to gloat. I could imagine how unhappy they must be, realizing that the total defeat of

their country was imminent. Gradually they went off, probably wanting to be alone, but one prisoner remained. We had never talked before, but he said that, unlike many prisoners who felt they could never face the shame of returning to Japan, he was eager to help rebuild Japan and make it a better country. He asked me, as someone who understood the Japanese, to help. I first said no, that the Japanese would have to rebuild their own country, but gradually I yielded to his intensely serious expression. That is how it happened that I left the same night for the Western Pacific, expecting I would soon be in Japan.

I arrived in Guam, expecting the war to end at any moment, only to hear that another atomic bomb had been dropped, this one on Nagasaki. I was shocked to hear that President Truman had "jubilantly" announced the dropping of the second bomb. I could think of no justification for this bomb, but a few days later we learned there was to be an important radio broadcast from Japan. We guessed it might be an announcement ending the war. Fearing that I might not understand the broadcast, I took three prisoners with me.

The celebrated announcement was difficult to hear. The Emperor's voice was faint and there was much static. I caught some words, but not enough to know whether the Emperor was ending the war or asking the Japanese people to endure further hardships until final victory. But when I saw the tears in the eyes of the three prisoners, I knew the meaning of the Emperor's words.

A few days later some of the interpreters on Guam received orders sending them to Japan, and before long letters came from them describing the incredible destruction of Tokyo. The most cheerful fact anyone mentioned in the letters was that the Japanese would barter anything they possessed in exchange for cigarettes. Several interpreters with visions of obtaining treasures began to stock cartons of cigarettes.

I impatiently awaited my turn to be sent to Japan. This never happened. I was on bad terms

with my superior officer. I had always disliked this man who, perhaps because he was part Japanese, was determined to prove he was 100 percent American and had no sympathy for the Japanese. I think he hated me because I never laughed at his jokes. Now he had the chance to take revenge. He knew how eager I was to go to Japan, so he sent me to China.

This was a disappointment, but I took solace by recalling my Chinese lessons and my first acquaintance with East Asian civilization. I was assigned to the Sixth Marine Division. It was headed for China but needed interpreters not only of Chinese but of Japanese. The Army had not objected when I wore naval insignia on my uniform in Attu or Okinawa, but the Marine Corps insisted that I wear a marine uniform. I felt like a fraud--a short, thin, near-sighted man posing as a marine.

Donald L. Keene  
JLS 1943

Daily Yomiuri Online  
April 8, 2006

### **Professor W. G. Beasley: Historian Who Advanced the Study Of Japan In British Universities**

(Cont'd) Within London University, Beasley was secretary and later chairman of the History Board. He was Warden of the Connaught Hall of Residence. Himself a good sportsman, he was a strong supporter of the University Athletic Union. In 1967 he was appointed a Fellow of the British Academy and served as the academy's Vice-President (1974-75) and Treasurer (1975-79). He was a member of the Hong Kong University Grants Committee and was awarded the Hon D.Litt. of the University of Hong Kong in 1978.

Beasley retired in 1983 and devoted himself to publication. After *Japanese Imperialism, 1894-1945*, an admirable concise survey of Japanese expansion, he published *Japan Encounters the Barbarian: Japanese Travellers in America and Europe* (1995). Four years later, he produced *The Japanese Experience* (1999), a succinct history of Japan from the incursion of Buddhism to the

fall of the Japanese empire in 1945. In 2001 Beasley published his *Collected Writings*, which was essentially a selection of articles and reviews; it included an autobiographical "Personal Memoir". He was appointed CBE in 1980, to the Order of the Rising Sun (Third Class) in 1983 and Honorary Member of the Japan Academy in 1984. He was awarded the Japan Foundation Prize in 2001.

Beasley's later years were affected by ill health. The fact that he achieved so much was the result of the dedication of his wife, whose encouragement and support meant so much to him.

Ian Nish and Peter Lowe  
The Independent  
04 December 2006

### **Who is this Bill Sherman?**

"Who is this Bill Sherman taking our Jean Pearce away?"

A distinguished retired foreign service officer, he admits the pinnacle of his career came when he was chosen by newly named U.S. Ambassador to Japan Mike Mansfield to be his "number two," the Deputy Chief of Mission in 1977. And that was Bill's third State Department assignment to Japan, having first arrived in 1952 as Vice Consul, then in '68-'70 as Consul in Osaka-Kobe and from '70 to '73 as Political Counsellor at the Embassy.

Born in the small Kentucky town of Edmonton, he grew up in Lexington where he graduated from high school in 1940, on the eve of the outbreak of World War II. He joined the Navy in 1943 at the tender age of 19. After boot camp, he was assigned to the Navy's V-12 officer-training program as a "90-day wonder." He was assigned to the Japanese language school in Boulder, Colorado, where among his classmates were eventual Japanese scholars Edward Seidensticker and Donald Keene.

He was just completing the arduous language training when the war was won. Out of the Navy, he was hired, in a confusing series of events, as an Army civilian, assigned to the U.S. Coast Guard as an adviser to the Korean Coast Guard in Chinhae, South Korea. He

married Mary Jane in 1947 and they lived for a while in Seoul. He was taking the Foreign Service examination when the North Koreans poured across the 37th Parallel and the Korean War was on. As were so many young officers, he was recalled into active duty, now a full-fledged Japanese language expert. So where was he sent with this new-found knowledge? Right. Pakistan. Go figure.

He was accepted by the State Department as a Foreign Service Officer in 1952 where he served in a number of assignments ever increasing in stature until 1984. Even after retirement, he was called upon by the State Department for special assignments with the United Nations and the Security Council.

His wife Mary Jane died a couple of years ago. Bill and Our Jean began an e-mail correspondence which blossomed into something more meaningful. They will certainly live a most happy, productive life together in the shadow of the nation's capitol. They plan to write, perhaps collaborating on a book of how to retain happiness in later years. Two marvelous people who have found happiness together. We all wish them the very, very best in life, don't we!

Excerpt from  
Corky Alexander  
Weekender Editor  
"End of an Era:  
Jean Pearce Leaves"  
Tokyo Weekender  
August 4, 2000

### **The Holtom Family's Favorite Joke**

After the end of WWII, the Holtom family gathered together for Christmas, Thanksgiving and other celebrations at my grandparent's home in San Gabriel. These were always happy gatherings.

At one family gathering, my Uncle John (John Howard Holtom, USN JLS 1942) told a favorite joke:

It seems there was a certain Navy pilot who was always screwing up when he landed on his home carrier. Finally, the Admiral told him he had one last chance. If he screwed up again, he was grounded. So our 'hot

shot' pilot took off, made all his maneuvers perfectly, AND made a perfect landing on the carrier. He saluted the Admiral and said, "See! I did every thing perfectly".

The Admiral looked him straight in the eye, bowed slightly and replied, "Ah so des'Ka!"

The Holtoms, all fluent in Japanese, loved this joke.

*Katharine Holtom Jones*

## Howard Gilman 1924-1998

Howard Gilman was born in New York City in 1924. He attended Dartmouth College, was elected Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated in 1943 at the age of 19. Although he was nominated for a Rhodes Scholarship, the war years prevented him from accepting the honor. He remained in the United States to train as a Japanese linguist, preparing to become a code-breaker in United States Naval Intelligence. Later in his life, he was awarded honorary doctorates from both the Juilliard School and the University of Tel Aviv for his arts patronage.

Howard Gilman was the third-generation member of his family to assume leadership of the Gilman Paper Company, the largest privately held paper and building products company in the United States. He assumed the chairmanship in 1973, guiding the company's continued growth and profitability. At the same time, Mr. Gilman was a generous philanthropist with a deep commitment to the arts, animal conservation, and medical research.

Mr. Gilman's passion for the arts was broad-based, but his support was aimed primarily at performing arts, especially dance. He befriended many dancers and choreographers including Mikhail Baryshnikov, whom he helped to settle in New York immediately following Baryshnikov's defection from the Soviet Union. Later, Mr. Gilman offered White Oak plantation as a venue for creative collaboration between Baryshnikov and choreographer Mark Morris, which led to the creation of The White Oak Dance Project in 1989. In

addition, Howard Gilman supported major cultural landmarks, such as the New York City Opera, the American Ballet Theatre, and the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where the Opera House has been named after him. He was also a patron of a range of smaller modern dance companies and theaters.

Howard Gilman also had a strong interest in the visual arts. In 2000, his collection of visionary architectural drawings, assembled in the 1970s, was given by The Howard Gilman Foundation to the Museum of Modern Art, where it was exhibited in 2002. His passion for photography led him to develop the finest private collection of photographs in the world. In 1993, portions of the Gilman Paper Company's photography collection were shown at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in the exhibition: The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century. The Metropolitan's first permanent gallery devoted to photography, The Howard Gilman Gallery, honors Mr. Gilman's contributions to the Museum.

Howard Gilman was dedicated to the conservation of endangered species. In 1982, with a staff of conservation biologists and veterinarians, Mr. Gilman established the White Oak Conservation Center, an animal conservation project specializing in the captive breeding of endangered animal species. The Center cares for and breeds 60 endangered species from around the world, supports international efforts to protect vulnerable species in the wild, and offers study and training opportunities for students and researchers in zoology and veterinary medicine.

Another area of interest for Howard Gilman was cardiovascular health and research. Having suffered from heart disease throughout his adult life, he developed a close relationship with his cardiologist, Dr. Jeffrey S. Borer. With Howard Gilman Foundation support, Dr. Borer established The Howard Gilman Institute for Valvular Heart Diseases, a research, diagnosis, and treatment center focused on heart valve problems. Established in

2000, the institute is founded on more than 25 years of research, evaluation, and treatment of valvular heart diseases by a team of leading scientists led by Dr. Borer. In addition, Howard Gilman was an early supporter of AIDS research, supported a variety of organizations promoting human rights around the world, promoted international communication and exchange, and sustained the Howard Gilman/ Israel Culture Foundation.

Howard Gilman died in 1998. His legacy is carried on by The Howard Gilman Foundation, which strives to sustain the philanthropic vision, passion for excellence, and personal care its founder demonstrated in all areas of his life.

*"Metropolitan Museum Acquires World-Renowned Collection of Photographs from The Howard Gilman Foundation," Press Release, Metropolitan Museum of Art New York, March 16, 2005*

## Letter to the Editor

I enjoyed seeing my "Momotaro" afterthought in *The Interpreter* No. 110A. Thanks.

And it was good to see Norrie Sample's name on your New Recruits list in No. 112. Norrie, whom I remember well, was a member of our 1945 JLS cohort at Boulder/Stillwater.

Thanks for doing a great job with *The Interpreter*. I enjoy every issue.

*David H. Green  
OLS 4-9/45*

[Ed. Note: I have passed this memory to Mr. Sample, as well. We appreciate the compliments.]

## Taps for Reverend Sadao Masuko, Sensei

Reverend Sadao Masuko entered into eternal life on Sunday, June 17, 2007. This beloved servant of God, father, grandfather and great-grandfather, went home to be with our Lord on Father's Day after living a long, fulfilling life of 93 years only to gently succumb to time. Sadao was born on July 29, 1913, in Hiroaki, Aomori-Ken, Japan. He attended and graduated from Aoyama Gakuin University and Theological Seminary in Tokyo in 1937. In the same year he

immigrated to San Francisco, California. In 1942, he graduated from the University of Denver, School of Theology.

Upon graduation, he became a language instructor for the US Navy, teaching the Japanese language to naval intelligence officers at the University of Colorado in Boulder. Most recently, on November 2, 2002, he was honored and awarded the Distinguished Public Service Award by the Secretary of the Navy for his service during World War II.

In March 1944, he met and married the love of his life, Janet Ayako Okano, who preceded him in death in September 1999. They were married for 55 loving years.

Sadao served as a minister of the Methodist Church for 34 years all over the West Coast: teaching, leading and learning. As a scholar, he was an inspiration. His peaceful, gentle demeanor touched so many lives and still continues to influence ours. He was a loyal follower of our Lord Jesus Christ. We are so proud to have had him as our father, and to have been blessed by his presence. He is exceedingly adored. We will forever miss him.

Reverend Masuko is survived by his two sons, Richard Masuko and his wife Linda of Hayward, California, and Timothy Masuko and his wife Sharyn of Fresno, California; four grand-children, Timothy, Ashley, Kira, and Daniel; two great-grandchildren, Ethan and Madeline; step-grandson James Acosta and his wife Noelle and their children, Christian and Savannah.

*Masuko Family  
Fresno Bee, June 24, 2007  
Through JAVA website*

## Thoughts on Masuko Sensei

The above just in from Mrs. Kuwayama in Washington about Masuko Sensei at Boulder (June 2007). I knew him well in 1943-1944, as he was one of my teachers. A nice man. Just thought you should have it [Roger that].

*William Hudson  
JLS 1944*