

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 145

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

March 1, 2010

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

14. Memories of postwar Tsingtao sour

We did not leave Guam until the end of September. The headquarters section of the division boarded a destroyer that reached Tsingtao before the main body of marines. The night before we arrived, the destroyer was caught in a storm and rocked so badly that I had to cling to the rails at the side of my bunk to avoid being thrown out of bed.

The next morning it had cleared, and Tsingtao from the sea looked like a huge picture postcard. I was among the first to go ashore. I was instructed to proceed to the International Club. I couldn't find the club on my map, and I was trying to remember how to ask directions in Chinese when two Chinese officers approached and asked me in English to guide them. Before long we found the building, a monstrosity of late nineteenth century architecture

erected before the First World War when the Germans colonized Tsingtao. Some American aviators were already living on the second floor of the club. I left my belongings on an empty cot.

I walked out into the street and was immediately surrounded by a crowd of men clamoring, urging me to board their rickshaws. I had never actually seen a rickshaw before, but I had thought it typical of the worst aspects of the Western presence in China; photographs often showed Chinese pulling arrogant foreigners who wore tropical helmets. But, not knowing what else to do, I got into a rickshaw and gestured to indicate the man should go straight ahead. Thinking it would make it easier for him, I leaned forward as far as I could. This was actually the least helpful thing I could have done; sitting back would have made it easier. Ashamed that I was using another human being, I dug my nails into the armrests of the rickshaw.

In the meantime, I had become an object of attention to people in the streets. Children, running after my rickshaw, shouted at me, a group of actors dressed in the traditional costumes and false beards of the Chinese theatre saluted, as did a work party of Japanese soldiers. Unlike the descriptions I had read of the food shortage in postwar Tokyo, the markets along the streets of Tsingtao overflowed with food, cigarettes, articles of clothing, pots and pans. Nobody wanted to barter masterpieces of art in return for cigarettes.

I got down from the rickshaw, gave the man a few American coins, and began to wander aimlessly through the streets. The depression I had felt while in the rickshaw lifted, and I felt exhilarated. I was in China! A Chinese army officer who spoke English joined me and guided me into shops where I bought myself a Chinese robe, Chinese shoes and a jade ring.

"Everything Chinese now but the face," my new friend commented. (to be cont'd)

Donald L. Keene
JLS 1943

Daily Yomiuri Online
April 15, 2006.

JLSer to Russian OLSer

Ahoy, H.H.:

My initial message to David Hays will explain my curiosity about the transport of some Japanese [POWs] at Tsingtao. There must have been something special about those people to have warranted such a pickup. I would appreciate any details you can provide. Your experience with the assignment to Admiral Settles was one of a kind.

I was a Marine Language Officer (Japanese) graduate from Boulder May '44. I was in Tsingtao from October 1945 to February 1946.

Semper Fi!
Glenn Nelson
JLS 1944

On Admiral Settle's Staff

Dear Glenn:

How interesting to hear from you! Admiral Settle's staff, of which I was a junior member, was originally destined for Vladivostok to establish a liaison office with the Soviet navy, a project that engaged the enthusiasm of Admiral King, but not that of Admiral Nimitz, who kept us at Guam for the last several weeks of the war.

Immediately upon news of the surrender, we were sent aboard the heavy cruiser *Louisville*, with a small task group of a couple of destroyers and a submarine, and ordered to Dairen to establish contact with the Red Army at Harbin in order to effect the evacuation of white prisoners of war incarcerated in Manchuria, transport them to Dairen and embark them in U.S. Navy hospital ships for

evacuation to the general hospitals in the Philippines and ultimate return to their native lands. We spent the last part of August on this task and then were sent to Tsingtao to accept the surrender of a small Japanese naval detachment and embark them on a Japanese transport for repatriation. If memory serves, we were at Tsingtao in the early days of September.

Subsequently, we were sent to Chefoo and Weihaiwei to evacuate white prisoners of war from camps in the Shantung Peninsula. We also paid a courtesy call at Inchon and visited Tientsin on board an LCI, which grounded overnight on the Taku Bar. LCI's did not have flag accommodations, and the presence of a half-dozen staff strained the vessel's facilities and crew, particularly as, during the grounding, the engines had to be stopped in order to avoid sucking mud into the evaporators.

By November, there was really nothing more for us to do, and the task group, having at some point been transferred into the light cruiser *Springfield*, was disbanded. I had succeeded in being named Assistant Naval Attaché for Shanghai and disembarked there.

I do not recall any contact with Marine detachments while we were in north China, but there may have been one at Tientsin, where we were amazed to find the jai alai front on in full operation with Basque players only a few weeks after the end of the war!

The Japanese detachment at Tsingtao was small and pretty scruffy; I don't recall anything very special about it.

H.H. Cloutier
OLS Russian 1945

Allan Hathorn Smith Anthropological Reprise

ALLAN H SMITH, 85, passed away on September 27, 1999 and will be remembered as one of the early Plateau ethnographers, an able administrator and a father figure to many who are now

senior faculty. Smith attended Yale receiving a degrees in anthropology (BA 1935; PhD 1941). His dissertation, "Dynamics of Cultural Diffusion in the Plateau Area of North America" was based on studies among the Kalispel Indians in northeastern Washington (1936-38). While working on his doctorate, Smith also taught at the U of Texas (1939-42). He served as a Japanese Language Officer in the central and western Pacific in the US Navy (1943-46), and was awarded the Purple Heart. In 1947, with his wife Ann Gertrude, Smith moved to Pullman, WA to join the Department of Sociology at Washington State College (now Washington State U) as an associate professor of anthropology. Two years later he was granted a year's leave to conduct ethnological research in the southern part of Ryukyu Island. In 1951-52 he served as the Ryukyu Civil Administration Advisor to Ryukyu U and as the Anthropology Adviser to Ryukyu Army Command. From 1954-55 he served as Staff Anthropologist on the Advisory Board of the High Commissioner of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands in Honolulu. Smith served as the Director of Programs in Anthropology in the NSF (1963-65). Following his return to WSU in 1965, the doctoral degree in anthropology was approved and a separate Department of Anthropology created. Smith served as the first chairman until 1969 when he became Vice-President, Academic, WSU. He served in that position until his retirement in 1978.

Smith's early publications focused on the Ryukyu Islands. He reported on anthropological research conducted in the Ryukyu Islands, Formosa and general Micronesia for Asian Perspectives throughout the 1950s and 1960s and was editor of Ryukyuan Culture and Society (1962). His interest in the Pacific Northwest, however, did not wane for during the 1960s he undertook an extensive study of the travels of David Thompson linking his place names to specific map locations and tribal groups which resulted in several publications. Following his

belief that anthropology was a unified discipline, Smith worked closely with archaeologists in the Pacific Northwest. His Ethnographic Guide to the Archaeology of Mount Rainier National Park prepared for the National Park Service (1964) is a splendid example. Following retirement in 1978, Smith remained active. Two major publications, Kutenai Indian Subsistence and Settlement Patterns, Center for Northwest Anthropology, WSU, Project Report 2 (1984) and Ethnography of the North Cascades, Center for Northwest Anthropology, WSU, Project Report 7 (1988) are his final contributions.

Smith was a meticulous scholar who utilized historical sources as a means for delving further into the cultures of the Plateau peoples prior to the impact of white settlement. Smith was a fine colleague, a very able administrator and a person whose efforts made the department and the university a better place.

(RE Ackerman)
*Miscellaneous Obituaries
Of Anthropologists*

[Ed. Note: Although I already posted a newspaper obit for A.H. Smith, I thought this anthropological obituary covered more of the academic and professional ground than did the earlier obit.]

Beasley's Speech to the Japan Foundation

[I am sorry I found this speech after Professor Beasley's death.] Due to his health condition, Dr. Ian Nish, who is one of his friends and The Japan Foundation Award recipient in 1991, is present on behalf of Dr. Beasley.

I am Ian Nish, Professor Emeritus of the University of London. Since I was a student under the guidance of Prof. Beasley, I have been studying Japanese history. After graduating, I became a colleague of Prof. Beasley, at the University of London, and became a member of Prof. Beasley's seminars. Since that time, to date, we have been close friends. Prof. Beasley published a very detailed research account

on Asia toward the end of the Edo era and the Meiji Restoration, which is his specialty. After retirement, he has also written about youths who were sent to Europe for studies from Choshu. This year, his past academic papers were compiled and published as his collected writings. Please allow me to convey Prof. Beasley's message on his behalf:
William Gerard Beasley

"It is a great honor to have been awarded the Japan Foundation Prize for the year 2001. I feel this all the more, because I have long regarded the work of the Japan Foundation with admiration and respect; it provides a means not easily available in other ways by which foreign students and teachers wanting to improve their knowledge of Japan, may be put in touch with Japanese individuals, books and institutions able to help them. This is something well worth doing.

When I started my career, there was no such organization to which I could turn. It was in October 1947 that I was appointed lecturer in Japanese history at the School of Oriental and African Studies in the University of London. My qualifications, I think, left something to be desired. I had a degree in history, it is true; but it was a degree in British and European history. When I was in the Royal Navy, I had learned Japanese in the US Navy language school in Boulder. But this was wartime duty, of which I did not then expect to make any further use. Equally, the six months I spent in Japan during the first six months of the occupation, had been devoted almost entirely to naval business. I had never at any time attended a course in Japanese history.

Looking back, I do not believe that my early lectures were very good. The books needed to prepare them were quite scarce in Britain, and scattered in several different libraries. There were no useful guides to them, no computer catalogues. Relevant works in Japanese were even harder to find. One had to go to each library that seemed likely to have them, asking questions, and the

answers were not always helpful or well informed. The British Museum, for example, it incorporated what is now the British Library, certainly had the largest collection of Japanese works; but it did not have a librarian who could read Japanese. Discovering what was available was therefore difficult and time-consuming. And that was true for material for research and teaching as a whole. Work became a kind of treasure hunt. What you could do depended on what you could find.

In my case, these problems were largely overcome after 1950. In that year, I was granted sabbatical leave together with finance to make a journey to Japan. On arrival in Tokyo, I met Vere Redman, then information counselor at what would shortly become the British Embassy. Through his good offices, I was admitted to the Shiryo Hensanjo at Tokyo University, my first direct contact with Japanese academic life, made at the highest level.

The staff of that institute were enormously helpful. They gave me an expert introduction to the use of Japanese materials, discussed problems of historical methodology with me, and helped me to meet Japanese historians elsewhere in Japan. By the end of the year, my research had made exceptional progress, as had my ability to teach Japanese history as a whole. I had bought many books, they were very cheap at the time, and sent home lists of books for my university library to buy. I had also made friends among Japanese scholars to whom I knew I could turn for advice in future years. Teaching Japanese history in London at last seemed a practical possibility.

This was life before the Japan Foundation, one might say. It would certainly been much easier had the Foundation existed at that time. Even so, I thoroughly enjoyed it, just as I have enjoyed the study of Japanese history ever since. For this reason, while I accept the Japan Foundation prize for 2001 with very great gratitude, I also feel a touch of guilt about it. I am being rewarded, after all, for doing the things I have enjoyed

for the greater part of my career."

That is the message from Prof. Beasley. Thank you very much for your kind attention.

The Japan Foundation
Information Center, 2001

http://www.jpff.go.jp/e/jffc/award/01/sho01_b_2.html

FOR SOME REASON HE INVITED ME

When I read the December 11 newsletter first message [*Sgt Grit Marine Corps Newsletter*], I truly remember 59 years ago this month when I received the treatment from Lou Diamond which I still remember. I did well enough to be assigned to the Japanese Language School and then Combat Intelligence School at Camp Lejeune, then under the command of Chesty Puller, then a Colonel and the day after Pres. Roosevelt died, for some reason he invited me to set down with him on a bench near the drill field, just to talk a little. I think he had been honored by the President and felt the need to communicate with someone, but I was a little ill at ease to be in his presence, but I will always remember it. The time at Schools Regiment kept me out of trouble but we were on ship heading for the invasion of Japan when the war ended. I served in Transient Center and FMF-PAC headquarters and help send many men to places like Tsingtao, Tientsin, Okinawa and others lost in memory. This was brought to mind when I spent last week in China and saw those names again, but close up this time. I have just sent out releases on my trip to some media and I will forward my current impressions in another e-mail.

Great job you are doing.

George D. Weber
WWII Marine 981062
Eureka, MO

From
Sgt Grit Marine Corps Newsletter -
December 24, 2003

[Ed. Note.: I pulled this off the web and thought I would include the words of yet another USMCCEL, like Slesnick and Dunbar. I chased him down and left a message on his machine. I'll let you know if he calls back.]

Arthur Dornheim's "Reflections" on his Boulder Experience

Perhaps there was an Unseen Hand beckoning me to the Navy Japanese Language School. Indeed, there was a foreshadowing event in my freshman year at Yale (1938-9). One day as I was leaving the "commons" after lunch, I met two Japanese men who asked me how to get to the Payne Whitney gymnasium, then perhaps the most advanced such building in the country. It turned out that they worked for the Japan national railways and were returning from an educational trip in Germany. Having no afternoon classes, I took them to the gym and to other buildings on the campus. They treated me to some ice cream and gave me their business cards (meishi). Fascinated by the Japanese characters and unable to throw away any interesting piece of paper, I kept the cards.

When I knew I was going to Japan in October 1945, I researched the names of these two men in a directory of Japanese university graduates and found the address of Mr. Okazaki Yasumitsu in Tokyo. Sometime after my arrival there I went out to his home, which fortunately was not in a bombed-out area. I was met at the door by his son-in-law, Mr. Sonoda Kazuro, formerly an army captain. I was told Mr. Okazaki was still interned in China. Next Spring I was informed of his repatriation and before I returned in July I met with his family and even drove them down in a jeep to their summer home on the Ise peninsula. Our final get-together was on July 12th and was commemorated on a piece of paper which everybody signed. The enclosed copy contains the date in Japanese written in my clumsy calligraphy, as well as a photo of Mr. Okazaki's family, a photo of my chubby freshman self resurrected by Mr. Okazaki, and a photo of the Sonoda family in Berlin, where Mr. Sonoda was posted in the 1950's by the Bank of Tokyo. Years later I learned - that he had become the bank's managing director. (I must say

that Mr. Okazaki's son, Kunimitsu, created a very imaginative conversion of his kanji into a caricature of a British palace guard.)

Boulder Days

My senior year at Yale was interrupted by Pearl Harbor. So instead of taking a second semester of international economics, I enrolled in beginning Japanese taught by George Kennedy. Around March 1942 Comdr. Hindmarsh came by to recruit us for the Navy's Japanese Language School at Boulder. By June of the following year, when I was commissioned, I had an "acquaintance" with maybe 2-3,000 characters and knew how to locate in a dictionary any that were unfamiliar. The military vocabulary we learned was dated, and my speaking skills were limited.

My Boulder memories include:

-- the entertaining skit which Otis Cary and ??[Leo Clarence] Lake performed at a welcoming picnic for us new arrivals in June 1942 in which Otis played a peasant, speaking very colloquial Japanese, who suddenly encounters a downed American pilot (Lake) speaking very polite, school-learned Japanese ("sumimahsen gah....").

-- Yale classmate and men's dorm roommate Jack Wiley's cello practicing in our room after he had finished his homework (he later became the Cincinnati orchestra conductor)

-- a Harvard man down the hall in the men's dorm who still shaved himself with a straight razor.

Art Dornheim
JLS 1943

<http://www.dornheim.org/bould1x.txt>

An Army MIS Linguist Comment

During the several years you have been sending me *The Interpreter* (since 2001), there have been more interesting stories than anticipated. My first thought was that after the Newton Steward article, not much would catch my eye. As for Charles Sheldon, I believe I

was the one that verified his passing at Cambridge. The article on Ensho Ashikaga was particularly interesting since I was a student of his prior to WWII.

Yukio Kawamoto
US Army MIS
SAV42-12

[Ed. Note: I always welcome comment from the Army MIS liaison readers we have. I hope he continues to find our articles interesting.]

Polly Fleming Reprise

Frank Tucker wrote yesterday (June 8, 2007), telling of a telephone call to Polly Fleming, now 102. He suggested that I telephone her too, which I did. She is on the famous Graduation Day picture [*The 1944 shot in front of the Faculty Club that was on the 60th Anniversary USN JLS/OLS Reunion Program*], just behind Mary Lyle Baker, but did not know this. I sent her a copy of the picture from *The Interpreter*.

She told me that she's enjoying her retirement in Chevy Chase, and reads the news from Boulder each month with a magnifying glass. I do the same, with relish. She also visits a daughter in Southern California with help from a wheel chair and air transportation. More power to her.

Phil Burchill
JLS 1944

Harry Packard JLS to Collector of Japanese Art

Harry Packard was born in Salt Lake City on September 3, 1914. He grew up in Seattle, Washington and in California. Packard studied at the University of California. He served in the US Navy during WWII as a Japanese Language Officer. During the Occupation of Japan, he was in charge of a camp for Japanese repatriates in Nagasaki, and while in Japan, began collecting Japanese art. He attended Waseda University in Tokyo, worked for a news agency, and, after 1960, was employed by a Tokyo engineering consulting firm. He sold his extensive collection of Japanese art to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1975.

*Found in David Shavit,
The United States in Asia: a
Historical Dictionary,
(Westport, CT: Greenwood Press,
1990), 379-80*

*[Ed. Note: Our records show him to
have passed away. He is listed in the
Pineau Collection.]*

Weapons During The Occupation

Dear Editor:

I was in the Fall 1942 Class in the Navy's Japanese Language School at Boulder, served in Pearl Harbor and Guam (Admiral Nimitz's Advanced Pacific Headquarters), and landed, with 3000 other servicemen, in Sasebo, the naval base in southern Kyushu, in September 1945. Just before we went ashore, we had to turn in all our weapons (mine was a .45). I'm wondering whether any other Boulderites had the same experiences I did. I served six months in Occupied Japan and I recall that the only the American military police were armed. Is my memory correct? I'd like to hear about the experiences of other Boulderites when it involved weapons.

*Paul F. Boller, Jr.
JLS 1943
Professor Emeritus, History
817-334-7981*

*[Ed. Note: The following mention
Sasebo in their stories: Richard
Moss (#35), S. Paul Kramer
(#65), Daniel Busch (#69), Thomas
Carey (#82A), Edward Greenfield
(#90A) Aubrey Farb (#113), Dick
Moss (#115), Morris Cox (#116),
Edward Seidensticker (#133),
Lawrence Seymour (#134), Tom
Flournoy (#135), Bill Hudson
(#138). I sent out an email to folks,
as I assumed Paul Boller did not
want to wait 2 and a half years to get
an answer.]*

Replies to Boller

This reply is from Morris Cox, OLS August 1945.

I reached Sasebo in late September 1945 or early October, if I remember right, attached to JICPOA, with assignment to NavTechJap as Language Officer. I don't remember seeing any arms display on the streets except the MPs and SPs. However, in November (as I recall it) I was sent over

into Shikoku alone by Japanese fishing vessel to search for a couple of Navy Officers who were for a while unaccounted for, and I was issued a standard .45 with belt and holster, which I wore for the three days I was on the mission. I also carried two cartons of cigarettes, which opened doors more effectively than any firearm could have done, as the locals hadn't had any American cigarettes since before the war and, in fact, hadn't seen any Americans.

At that time, I think there were no Allied armed forces on Shikoku, and I suppose I was the only American on the whole island. The mission itself went smoothly. I can't remember the name of the little town where I landed in Shikoku, but the Japanese were cooperative, put me up in what passed for a luxury hotel, sent the Mayor over to pay a courtesy call, and gave me an interpreter whose English was better than my Japanese. They even sent over a three-piece orchestra to my hotel to entertain me the two evenings I was there. When I left to return by fishing boat on the third day, the entire hotel staff lined up chanting "O kaeri nasai." There was no outward sign of hostility.

Incidentally, I didn't find the two missing officers, but they eventually showed up back at their posts in Sasebo.

*Morris Cox
OLS 1945*

This reply is from Martin Packman, JLS 1944.

My experience was quite different from Paul Boller's:

In September 1945 I was attached to ComPhibFrp 12 aboard Hansford tied up at the dock in Yokohama. When I went ashore, and later in Tokyo, I wore my unused .45. So did other "occupying forces." A notable scene was the lobby of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama, which bustled with admirals and generals buying pearls from a local dealer. All wore 45s *[Must have looked like a Japanese version of the Long Branch Saloon.]*

*Best, Martin Packman
JLS 1944*

This is a reply from Dan Williams, JLS 1943.

Answer to above question would vary according to whether the Boulderites concerned were in the USMC or USN, and also as to whether the time period was prior to VJ Day and the following multiple local surrenders, or after that time.

Marine Corps Boulder JLS grads had USMC infantry training and were issued M-1 Carbines, M-1 Garand rifles (the WW2 stalwart weapon), Colt or Colt-designed .45 automatic pistols, or some combination of those three. During the post VJ Day North China USMC occupation of Tsingtao, Tientsin, and Beijing, we each were issued and kept at least one of those weapons until return to Stateside. As to Marines in occupied Japan after the surrenders, I was not there and do not know. There were multiple locations, so policy may have varied. USN Boulder grads temporarily assigned to Marine units during battles (some with us on Saipan, Tinian, and Iwo Jima invasions) generally were equipped with pistols, as I recall.

As to postwar U.S. occupation, Boulderites in Japan during 1945 and 1946, I do not know. Of my JLS friends who were in Japan during that period, some mentioned having a weapon, but most did not.

Hope this is helpful.

*Very best wishes
Dan Williams
JLS 1943*

Reprise on Mike Moss

Dear Dave,

The piece on Mike Moss in the #113 *Interpreter* by his son-in-law captured his adventurous personality. In the Ed. Note you mentioned that Mike was diffident about attending the 2002 Reunion in Boulder because he had been Army *[and not Navy or Marines]*. He actually had a good solid Marine Corps reason. Mike was attached to the 23rd Marines of the Fourth Marine Division for our landing on Saipan in June 1944. The purpose, as I recall, was to give him some amphibious

experience. However, his talents in Japanese were so obvious and his familiarity with infantry operations so unimpeachable that he immediately was used as the third JLO in our regiment along with Dave Anderson. Mike got along with the Marines despite some anti-Army teasing by his fellow officers and was respected by the enlisted Marines--important during operations he led. Mike and I talked about these things at the Reunion.

*Chuck Cross
JLS 1943*

With John Reifsnyder

I do enjoy looking at *The Interpreter*. There is the occasional familiar name that brings back memories -- Harry Foote, with his recent comment on Okinawa, roomed diagonally across the hall my sophomore year at Bowdoin College.

If the Archives does not already include the reference to John Reifsnyder *[JLS 1944]* contained in the enclosed article clipped from the April 2000 issue of *American Heritage*, it may be of interest to you. Johnny and I were both attached to Military Government on the island of Tinian on the Marianas. The CO decided two of his language officers should live in the middle of the 13,000 strong civilian community in the event of emergency during off-duty hours *[a sort of language officer charge of quarters?]*. So Johnny and I were designated. He was a natural to be selected since he spent the large part of his childhood, 17 years, in Tokyo. It was a pleasant relationship even though our accommodations may have rated perhaps, a MINUS 10 STARS. If you ever obtain his address, I would very much appreciate being advised of it.

*Euan G. Davis
JLS 1944*

[Ed. Note: Davis has since passed. I never found John Gordon Reifsnyder. But at Euan Davis's request, I checked again and found his son of the same name and granddaughter and gave the address to him. It turns out that John Reifsnyder passed away many years ago. I sent letters to the Reifsnyders and gave Mr. Davis Arthur Kruckeberg's address. I hope they connected before Mr. Davis died.]