The US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School Archival Project

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 146 ✯**Remember September 11, 2001**✯ arv@colorado.edu April 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.

Giffith Way Honored

Griffith Way, a prominent lawyer in Seattle, was awarded the Order of the Rising sun, Gold Ray with Rosette by the Emperor of Japan in April. This was formally presented to him by the Japanese Consul General in Seattle on June 5, 2007.

Griff and his wife Pat, also a Boulder graduate, are remarkable examples of Boulder successes in Japanese American relations. Griff was recognized for his long time contribution to economic and cultural exchanges between Japan and the US. He and his law partner, Tom Blakemore, pioneered in developing extensive legal relations between the two countries. For 40 years Griff had spent half of each year in Japan. In the process he became an outstanding expert in Japanese art and his and Pat's collections have been widely shown in Japan and the United States and are currently being exhibited in the Seattle Asian Art Museum. For the past 20 years Griff has been the Trustee and Founder of the Blakemore Foundation which gives all-in grants to advanced American students to study Asian languages. In collaboration with the Freeman Foundation (Bucky Freeman JLS) these have become one of the most sought after scholarships in the field. The Foundation also supports Asian art programs throughout the country.

Charles Cross
JLS 1943

Walter Williams, 85, legislator and banker

Walter B. Williams, a Seattle banker and former state legislator whose civic involvement ranged from Japanese-American relations to the Woodland Park Zoo, died Thursday (Nov. 9) of complications from Parkinson's disease at Virginia Mason Medical Center in Seattle. He was 85.

During Mr. Williams' tenure, Continental Mortgage and Loan, now HomeStreet Bank, grew from a small Seattle real-estate lender to a full-service community bank with branches in Washington, Oregon and Hawaii.

He served as president and chairman of the company from 1963 to 1990, continuing on as chairman into the mid-1990s. His father, W. Walter Williams, was Continental's first employee in 1922.

A Seattle native, Mr. Williams graduated from Roosevelt High School and then the University of Washington in 1943. During World War II, he fought in Guam and Iwo Jima as a Marine Corps Japanese-language officer, using his Japanese to persuade opposing soldiers to surrender.

In Japan, Mr. Williams carried letters from Japanese POWs to their families, becoming lifelong friends with one of the captured soldiers. He opposed the internment of Japanese Americans and later became president of the Japanese-American Society of Washington. Mr. Williams tried to improve international goodwill through personal contacts, his son Bruce Williams remembered, once inviting a group of Pakistani sailors he had met on a train over to dinner.

"He was so focused on individual people," said Bruce Williams, now chairman and CEO of HomeStreet Bank. "He was who he was, no matter who he was with."

After the war, Mr. Williams attended Harvard Law School. He graduated in 1948 and worked for the firm of Bogle & Gates, eventually becoming a partner. He resigned in 1963 to work at Continental.

In 1961, Mr. Williams, a moderate Republican, was elected to the state House of Representatives. He moved over to the state Senate in 1963, where he served for eight years, working to pass Forward Thrust, a major public-works package for parks and infrastructure in King County.

He was an influential but modest senator, never trying to grab the big headline, said Neil McReynolds, a HomeStreet Bank board member who was Gov. Dan Evans' press secretary in the 1960s.

"He was one of the smartest guys in the Legislature," McReynolds said. "He didn't have an agenda. He just gave you an honest appraisal of the situation."

Mr. Williams served as president of the city, state and national Mortgage Bankers Associations and was appointed to the board of directors of Fannie Mae in 1975-6.

"His employees loved him," McReynolds said. "He knew everyone's name at the bank."

He had a long list of civic involvements: president of the Rotary Club of Seattle, the Puget Sound Association of Phi Beta Kappa, and the Downtown Seattle Association, a founding member of the Washington Roundtable, and a board member of the Chamber of Commerce, Municipal League, The Evergreen State College Foundation, and Medina Children's Services, among others.

Mr. Williams chaired the sometimes fractious 50-member Woodland Park Zoo Commission in 1984, when the zoo was in disarray. He pushed to pass a bond issue for the zoo the following year and helped turn Woodland Park into a world-class facility, said former zoo director David Towne.

"In his quiet way, he was a substantial leader," Towne said. "By the second meeting, he had them just eating out of his hands."

Mr. Williams' wife of 60 years, Marie, died in September.

In addition to his son, he is survived by daughters Kathryn Williams, Marcia Williams and Wendy Williams, and four grandchildren, all of whom live in Seattle.

Joe Mullin
Seattle Times
November 13, 2006

A Yeoman's Pay

I believe my question should be directed to David M. Hays or another archivist familiar with this program. Can you give me the first name of the USN recruiter Commander Hindmarsh *[Albert E.]?* What was the monthly payment students in the July 1942-3 group received, specifically those classified as yeoman 2nd class?

I will appreciate your answer.

Dallas Finn

[Ed. Note: I sent an email message out to a number of JLS/OLSers and they sent in answers which I passed

along to Mrs. Finn (wife of the late Richard B. Finn JLS 1943). So she received the following answers right away.]

I remember classmate Dick Finn (JLS July '43 grad class, the famous "Summer Group", most renown of all JLS Boulder classes) very well. My greetings to Mrs. Finn, who I have never had the opportunity of meeting. My recollection is that as civilian Naval Agents (from JLS entry in June 1942 until USNR Y2c enlistment in August 1942) we were paid about $150 per month by check, not a USN or U.S. government check, but a check from a commercial bank in Washington, DC, handed to us by the CU burser or treasurer's office. The USN Y2c pay, in cash, twice monthly, as I recall, was close to a $175 monthly total. No deductions, in those days, unless it was for allotment to family members, and "room and board" were free. What a delight it was not to have to wear uniforms, until commissions (USNR Ensign or USMCR 2dLt, in most cases) were received at time of graduation and then rather prompt departure from Boulder.

Probably the Navy Department will search its files for 1943 Y2c pay levels.

Dan Williams
JLS 1943

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The number $75 stays in my head but the interval does not. However, I am reasonably sure that this is retrievable from the US archives. Regards.

Jack Bronston
JLS 1944

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When I was in high school in Japan and in college in the U.S., my Dad insisted on my keeping personal accounts meticulously, and while you may not believe it, I found my personal cash journal of 1942. While I am not absolutely sure of the date of my arrival in Boulder, looking at the entries, I believe it must have been September 29, which, according to the perpetual calendar in an old World Almanac, was a Thursday. Therefore, JLS classes probably started on Monday, October 3.

I show an entry on October 28, for my first salary payment: $67. Then on November 16, I show a payment received of $51, and on November 30, another of $48. On December 15, the payment was $47, and on December 31, $48.

I don't recall the reason for the difference between October and November and December, but the lower payment in October was probably due to our being lowly Naval Agents, before being promoted to Yeoman 2nd Class in November!

I hope this is helpful. If you need the cash journal pages scanned, I can send them to you!

Dick Moss
JLS 1943

Encounters with Nimitz

I've had brief encounters with a fair number of eminent people during my lengthy life: Lillian Gish, Ezio Pinza, Daniel Schorr, Edward Albee, John Howard Griffin, Germain Greer and Molly Ivins. But there was one person whom I met three times as a linguist during World War II: Admiral Chester Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet (CINCPAC).

The first time I met Admiral Nimitz was in Pearl Harbor, where I translated captured documents, along with many other Boulderites, for JICPOA. On night, my buddy, Ed Whan and I hitched a ride in a jeep after seeing a movie and headed back to our quarters. Suddenly the jeep came to an abrupt halt and refused to move any further. It was impossible to see much under the hood in the darkness, and as we were wondering what to do next, we heard footsteps approaching and then a friendly voice, "I see you are having trouble with your car." It was Admiral Nimitz, taking a walk with one of his guards. "I'll leave my guard here with the flashlight so he can help out." In short order, Nimitz's guard and the driver had the jeep going again, and we were soon on our way. Both Ed and I, and the driver too, were impressed with Nimitz's informal amiability. (to be cont'd)

Paul F. Boller
JLS 1943

Joseph R. Levenson

History: Berkeley
1920 -1969
Sather Professor

Joseph R. Levenson, born and brought up in Boston, was a graduate of the Boston Latin School and Harvard. After wartime service as a Japanese Language Officer, he returned to Harvard, where he received his Ph.D. in 1949 and became a member of the Society of Fellows. In 1951 he joined the Berkeley faculty, of which he remained a devoted member until his death.

Levenson's major monument is his work in Chinese intellectual history of the 19th and 20th centuries, a subject which, according to one distinguished historian of China, he established as a field of learning. His first book, Liang Ch'i-ch'ao and the Mind of Modern China (1953), deals with the tensions between Confucian tradition and Western modernity in the mind of a prominent reformer and writer. His trilogy, Confucian China and its Modern Fate (1958-65), develops in broader and richer terms the same subject: the tensions among particularity and cosmopolitanism, persistence and innovation; Confucianism, nationalism, and Marxism. Not a chronological three-volume story, the trilogy consists of three parallel interlocking treatments of the same period. The first volume, subtitled, The Problem of Intellectual Continuity, deals directly with the agonizing choices faced by Chinese intellectuals caught between conflicting sets of values. The second, The Problem of Monarchical Decay, describes the institutional conflicts between monarchy and bureaucracy, the involvement of both these with the Confucian system, and the destruction or drastic alteration of all three through political and social revolution. The third, The Problem of Historical Significance, shows how a system of ideas passed out of contemporary reality into history, how what was once living tradition was handed over to traditionalists.

Levenson's work is complex in thought and structure. His organization makes constant use of paradox and metamorphosis; his principal tools are metaphor, which he uses with extreme virtuosity, and comparison, in which he never slights difference. "I tried," he says of his own work, "to relate the experience of other peoples and civilizations to the Chinese experience--not as forced analogy, not as decoration, not simply as `contact,' and not as an aggregation making instant world history but to real Chinese history as a universal subject." In this ambitious effort, thanks to an unparalleled breadth of culture, he succeeded. Literature, philosophy, and social science are drawn on without strain; comparisons to England, France, Japan, and Russia seem natural and inevitable; major interpretative points are suggested by poems of Yeats or Robert Graves; one of his central analytic passages rests on an examination of painting styles.

Levenson had an ample share of international recognition, of praise and fellowships and awards. He was particularly pleased by his appointment to the Sather chair of history in 1965. Of course Levenson's work, like that of all interesting historians, failed to please all readers equally. Critics stressed the difficulty and complexity of his writings, and their occasional abstraction. Indeed Levenson was never one to resist a tempting play on words or avoid a twisting path. His departmental colleagues remember with affection how, in our long meetings, his sharp discussion of a colleague's work would sometimes take off into a dazzling oral essay on the ideas presented in the colleague's book, while in sheer exuberance he forgot the exact question being decided. His principal fault as a historian, if it was a fault, was a noble one: too much disinterested fascination with ideas.

Levenson was not, however, at bottom a mere mental gymnast, any more than he was at bottom a connoisseur of the arts. Beneath the incessant verbal and intellectual playfulness, the wit, and the delighted appreciation, he was engaged with some of the

most difficult, the most universal, and the most pressing of historical problems, including that of the value of history itself. In dealing with an immensely controversial period, he indeed avoided the simplifications of both right and left, and he was criticized by members of both camps. He was not a campus politician or activist. Yet he was never intellectually aloof from the crises of his time and place; he was both disturbed and stimulated by the recent turbulence of Berkeley and also of Hong Kong, where he spent two sabbaticals. Some readers see in his most recent articles the suggestion of a new sureness and maturity of conviction as he turned toward a new major project, once more concerned with the relation between Chinese and universal history.

Posthumous tributes tended, like the moving article in the Daily Californian, to emphasize Levenson's gentleness. This is not wrong, yet the image of the "gentle scholar" suggests too much amiable fuzziness of judgment for one who could elegantly annihilate, as he could, a pretentious or dishonest book. He was, however, unfailingly generous and without jealousy: nothing pleased him more than successes of students and colleagues. He was also patient with people less gifted than himself, and willing to spend long hours trying to help them.

Many sources flowed together to produce Levenson's rich originality and serene balance. His intense and complex devotion to Judaism, together with his interest in religion in general, stimulated his fascination with the relation between particularity and universality. Music, an early passion which might have become his career, was always important to him. He delighted in the beauty of Bay Region and mountain landscape. Finally, his life centered in his family. In 1950 he married Rosemary Montefiore; their four children were a constant source of delight and interest.

At forty-nine Levenson was unquestionably at the height of his powers, his joy of life and his eagerness for new tasks unabated. When his friends and colleagues heard that he had been drowned in a boating accident on the Russian River (on April 6, 1969), the universal reaction was one of disbelief, shock--almost of anger. Only slowly did we begin to realize what we had all lost and, more slowly still, to draw some comfort from remembering the beauty of Joe Levenson's mind and character, the richness of his work and life.

Henry F. May, JLS 1944
H. Franz Schurmann
Frederic Wakeman
University of California: In Memoriam, December 1970
A publication of the University of California
56-58

Levenson Correspondence

I recently (June 2007) found a cache of letters sent to me by Joseph Levenson. They cover a period of about twenty-five years. If ever anyone is thinking of writing a biography of this wonderful man, the letters reveal not only where he was at a given time but the wit that marked his every utterance. Rosemary Levenson died not long ago. I am not in contact with his four children.

Donald Keene
JLS 1942

Reprise on Nave and Cloutier

You will find my small check enclosed in support of *The Interpreter* which I enjoy tremendously. Enjoyment is mixed with sadness, as obituaries appear with alarming frequency. Bob Nave, one of four naval officers in our apartment in Washington, DC in 1946 suffered an untimely death at 74, as a recent issue *[#111]* told.

I am amazed at how many important people attended the school, some of whom I knew slightly, others not at all. Harry Cloutier was a student of some importance in our class at USNR Midshipman's School at Notre Dame in 1944, battalion commander, I think, and he was said to have ranked second in our class of about 1300 (1900 starting). His remembrances of China just after the war were most interesting.

At age 82, 12 years after my retirement, I am still in the university classroom, and shall teach a history course for the School of International and Area Studies at the University of Oklahoma this fall, one entitled "Communism in China." It will be my 56th year of university teaching *[You go, guy!]*.

Sidney DeVere Brown
OLS 1945

In Memoriam: Hammond Rolph, 85

Julia Rolph and her husband of 61 years, Hammond

Hammond "Ham" M. Rolph, JLS 1944, former administrator at the USC College School of International Relations, World War II veteran and East Asian studies scholar, has died. He was 85.

Rolph died of natural causes on July 27, 2007 at the San Gabriel Medical Center, his wife of 61 years, Julia Rolph said.

Rolph served as associate director of international relations for nearly a quarter-century, from 1964 to 1988. He oversaw the school's overseas programs and was among the first to teach undergraduate and graduate East Asian studies courses at USC.

Last year, the Rolphs created The Hammond and Julia Rolph Endowed Fellowship for Graduate Students, providing funds for students in international relations and the department of East Asian languages and cultures. The Hammonds created the fellowship by donating their San Gabriel home to USC while retaining a life estate so they could continue to live there.

"Both Julia and I felt strongly that student aid was critical to the continuing success of USC," Rolph told USC College in August 2006. "Working overseas for much of my career helped Julia and me realize the importance of advanced education with an international direction. Julia's USC work with the department of East Asian languages and cultures helped us to focus our gift in those two directions."

Born Oct. 13, 1921 in El Campo, Texas, Rolph graduated from the University of Texas with a bachelor's degree in political science in 1942. He was commissioned in the Navy that same year and was sent to Boulder, Colo., to a Japanese language school.

Enrolled in his class was his future wife, Julia Hilts. Rolph returned from his service in World War II on Christmas Eve 1945, and the couple married the following May. They had a daughter, Rebecca, who learned Japanese when the family was stationed in Tokyo.

"We both found it amusing and frustrating to hear our 3-year-old speaking colloquially and fluently in no time, while Ham and I sounded bookish!" Julia Rolph wrote in 1993.

Rebecca later earned her doctorate in British history at USC and was an academic adviser at the College. Rebecca Rolph died of cancer in 1997.

During World War II, Rolph was stationed in the South Pacific, where he used his Japanese language skills.

"He used to love to tell the story of recovering a sunken ship from the Japanese military," said close family friend Carolyn Crane. "He found a teletyped message that held Japanese military secrets so important it was sent by courier to Washington, D.C. At the end of the message was the command, 'Destroy this paper once read.' "

During his military career, Rolph, who also spoke Chinese, was stationed in China, England, Washington, D.C., Seattle and Alaska. He retired after 22 years as a commander and immediately began his second career at the College.

Michael Fry of La Jolla, Calif., who was director of

international relations during Rolph's tenure, described Rolph as a man of integrity.

"He was absolutely devoted to the school," Fry said. "He was in the office every day. I can't remember him being ill one day. He was a good man all round. Everyone had deep affection for him."

Peter Berton, professor emeritus of international relations, had known Rolph for more than four decades.

Standing 6-foot-5 and lanky, "Ham was always with a smile," Berton said. "He had a great sense of humor, and I knew I could always rely on him."

USC College Vice Dean Steven Lamy, professor and former director of international relations who now oversees undergraduate programs in the College, remembered Rolph as being "one of those people who was always willing to help the professors. He was an active participant in the intellectual life at the School of I.R.," Lamy said.

Rolph wrote extensively about Pearl Harbor, North Vietnam, and communist strategy and propaganda. His book *Vietnamese Communism and the Protracted War* (American Bar Association, 1971) analyzed communism and its contrasts with liberty under law.

Julia Rolph, 85, who earned her bachelor's degree magna cum laude in Chinese with a minor in Japanese at USC, described her late husband as a true Southern gentleman.

"It was just a love affair," Julia Rolph said of their long marriage.

A year ago, the couple celebrated their 60th anniversary at the same Pasadena hotel where they spent their wedding night, even visiting their honeymoon suite.

"He used to always say," Crane recounted, " 'I don't know what I did to deserve two such beautiful and intelligent women in my life,' " referring to Julia and Rebecca. "He was so grateful for their love."

Rolph is also survived by his sister, Marilyn Caine, two nieces and a nephew. He was preceded in death by his brother, Norman Rolph.

Pamela J. Johnson
USC News, *August 2, 2007*

[Ed. Note: Ham Rolph was an active supporter of the USN JLS/OLS Archival Project. We had conversed in February '07. I will miss him. My sympathies go out to all his classmates and friends.]

Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century

14. Memories of postwar Tsingtao sour

(Cont'd) The next day I visited Japanese Army Headquarters. I did not know how to address the officers. The Japanese in Tsingtao had not surrendered. In fact, the Americans soon needed their help in keeping the railway open to the interior. Even though their country had been defeated, they themselves were as prepared for warfare as ever. I saluted and they saluted back.

The Japanese army officers in Tsingtao still occupied their old offices and little seemed to have changed. They treated me not only politely but with friendliness. The war was over, why not be friends? The atmosphere recalled gatherings after a football game when members of both sides happily drink together and remember incidents of the game.

My stay in Tsingtao, which had started happily, soured after a few weeks. The streets soon filled with American sailors, and with Chinese who sold the sailors articles that were as ugly and vulgar as they could make them. Gradually, too, I became aware of the pervasiveness of corruption in the city. The head of the Anti-Opium League, a professorial-looking man, was a dealer in opium. A Chinese who spoke harshly about the Japanese was likely to have profited from the Japanese occupation. The atmosphere of corruption seemed to be catching: one American officer amassed a collection of art by informing Japanese that if they gave him their works of art he would see to it that they were safely repatriated. People denounced their friends to the Americans, hoping to curry favor; every morning when I arrived at my office I would see a line of would-be informers.

My worst experience was investigating war crimes. One day, while talking with a Korean, I happened to mention the name of a Japanese naval officer with whom I was friendly. The Korean said with an ironic smile, "Yes, he's a nice man who eats human liver and boasts of it." I asked him in astonishment what he meant, and this led to an investigation of how Chinese, accused of various crimes, had been executed. The accused, without trial, were tied to stakes and used for bayonet practice. It was hoped that this would harden young recruits. Sometimes, I was told, a Japanese soldier cut the liver from the corpses.

I had not been trained in criminal investigation and the work was distasteful especially because it involved people I knew. I asked to be allowed to return to America. I was told that if I continued my work on war crimes another month I would be given a week in Peking, but I refused. I regret now I did not see Peking. It was before the brutal modernization of the city.

I flew from Tsingtao to Shanghai and from there to Tokyo. The plane from Shanghai flew low enough over Japan for me to see the landscapes clearly. Japan seemed incredibly green after China, where trees were a rarity. Trees visible from an airplane in China were usually like those planted around Japanese shrines. In Japan the villages, not surrounded by walls, seemed to melt into the forests. Never had two countries seemed more different.

When the plane landed at Atsugi, I was asked to show my orders. The orders read "You will return to your original command." I knew that this meant I must return to Hawaii, but I could not endure the thought of leaving Japan without seeing the country which had been on my mind every day for four years. I told myself, "The war is over. Nobody will care if I ignore the order." So I told the officer that my original command was now in Yokosuka. He accepted this explanation, and soon I was in a jeep bound for Tokyo.

The drive to Tokyo was the opposite of normal expectations. As the jeep approached the center of the city, the buildings instead of growing more numerous grew fewer and fewer. Here and there, in place of houses, were kura or only smoke stacks. Some buildings that seemed to have survived the bombing were, on closer examination, merely shells. The devastation was even worse than I had imagined.

Donald L. Keene
JLS 1943
Daily Yomiuri Online
April 15, 2006

Mind Over Matter
Charles Latimer 1944

Charles Latimer '44, OLS 12/44, knows a little something about the power of the mind. Before undergoing surgery for a hernia, he asked his doctor if he could forego anesthesia.

While an amazed anesthesiologist looked on, Latimer put himself into a trance and was able to remain conscious throughout the entire procedure – he even talked with the surgeon during the operation. To address any discomfort, he gave himself a posthypnotic suggestion to feel cold in only his left leg rather than feel any pain during the surgery or the subsequent recovery period. "One thing I have come to realize throughout my experiences," he observes, "is that we have much more power within ourselves than we think."

And that dedication to unlocking the mind's potential – both within himself and to inspire it within others – is certainly apparent in many aspects of Latimer's life.

A child of the Depression, he understood the importance of work. Work meant opportunity, and opportunity was a rare thing in those bleak times. As with many of his generation, he paid his own way through college by working a variety of afternoon and evening jobs. "At different times, I was employed as a clerk for President Harrison Randolph, as a night watchman and telephone operator for the Charleston Hotel, as a radio announcer and late-night deejay for WTMA and as a daily reporter for the *News & Courier*. I covered the police, hospital and court beats," Latimer remembers. (to be cont'd)

Mike Berry
College of Charleston Magazine
Fall 2004, Fall 2,
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