

*The Interpreter*

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

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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.*

**Richard B. Sanborn  
OLS (Russian) 1945**

Richard B. Sanborn, 80, of Brunswick, died Wednesday, June 23, 1999 at Maine Medical Center in Portland. Born in Augusta on August 16, 1918, he was the son of Walter M. and Nita L. Sanborn.

He attended Cony High School for two years and graduated two years later from Phillips Exeter Academy. At Bowdoin College he was president of his fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi, a varsity track man, and Marshall of his class. He graduated in 1940 Phi Beta Kappa and summa cum laude. He then attended Harvard Law School where he was treasurer and an editor of the Harvard Law Review.

After Pearl Harbor he volunteered in the U.S. Navy and served four years until the end of World War II. He received his L.L.B. from Columbia Law School.

Returning from the war he practiced law with his father and later formed the firm of Sanborn, Moreshead, Schade and Dawson.

In 1949 he was elected as the then youngest mayor in the history of the city of Augusta and served two terms.

Very active in the civic life of the community, he was a director and president of the Augusta General Hospital, president of the Kennebec Bar Association, and charter member and president of the Augusta Junior Chamber of Commerce.

For about 20 years each he was a director of the Bank of Maine, the Kennebec Savings Bank and the Augusta Federal Savings Bank, becoming chairman of the latter.

Mr. Sanborn served as director of the Augusta Board of Trade, the Boothbay Region YMCA, the Indian Point Association, the Barter's Island Association, the New England Carriage Association and the Maine Standardbred Breeders and Owners' Association. He was a member of the Maine Bar Association, the Republican State Committee, the Litchfield Planning Board and trustee of the South Parish Congregational Church of Augusta.

He held memberships in the Brunswick Rotary Club, the Litchfield Lions Club, the Kennebec Yacht Club, the Abenaki Ski and Outing Club, the Augusta Country Club, the Kennebec Valley Bowdoin Club and the Friends of Bowdoin.

In 1965 the Franco-American Calumet Club made its first award to him as the Outstanding Citizen of the City of Augusta.

He greatly enjoyed the outdoors, including extensive mountain climbing in his early years, skiing from his chalet at Sugarloaf, sailing and scuba diving at least once a year from various Caribbean islands.

After his retirement he operated a 200-acre farm in Litchfield from which he bred and raised Standardbred harness horses and competed in carriage driving contests in the New England states. At one time he had a collection of 65 antique carriages.

A couple of years following the death of his wife Helen, he moved to his college town of Brunswick and married Priscilla A. Keene of Old Orchard.

Survivors include his wife Priscilla A. Sanborn of Brunswick; his children, Stephen W. Sanborn of Dresden, Jeffrey M. Sanborn of Owings Mills, Maryland, and Carol A. Sanborn of Livermore; several grandchildren; a great-grandchild; step-children; his brother, John M. Sanborn of Augusta; and sister, Margaret S. Hodgdon of Boothbay.

Boothbay Register

July 1, 1999

Vol. 123, No.26

**My Wife Liked the  
Way It Went**

Your two letters dated January 24, 2007 were certainly surprises. It is 62 years ago that I was in Boulder at the Navy Language School (Russian).

I didn't know that the language school started in 1942, while I was there I don't remember seeing or even hearing about the other languages [*good security?*]. We had our class of 19 (?) members, met from 8 to 12 five days a week, had a test every Saturday morning and free to do whatever the rest of the time. Study in the afternoons usually, but we played some golf, too. My wife began to learn golf some of the afternoons and years later we went on many trips and played fine golf courses (including St. Andrews).

The only reason I went to Boulder was because the Navy asked me if I wanted to go. I didn't know that the Navy had this school.

First, let me give a little background. I am a native of Des Moines, Iowa, went to Iowa State University (back then it was Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts). I graduated in engineering in June 1942 and went to work for the Aluminum Company of

America (now ALCOA, Inc.) in Massena, NY. In early 1944, President Roosevelt said things were going to be tightened, deferments were going to be looked at. So to keep from being drafted I went to an Office of Naval Officer Procurement [*Now I was trained, as in ROTC. News to me that officers could be "procured", I thought they were "shaked and baked".*] in Utica, NY, to find out about getting in the Navy. They gave me various tests, said I could be commissioned an Ensign and gave me orders to report to Indoctrination School in Plattsburg, NY, August 1, 1944.

While I was there (only 2 months) they asked a few of us if we would like to go to the Communications School at Harvard University. My wife and I had been married in August 1943 and this sounded very nice, so we went to Cambridge, MA. And while at that school they asked me (possibly others, I don't know) if I wanted to go to the Russian Language School at the University of Colorado. That sounded good to us so we went, arriving in January 1945. During our eight months there, President Roosevelt died, the war in Europe ended, and the war in the Pacific ended. Just after Labor Day we were sent to Washington, DC and I worked for the National Security Agency, which I recall was located then at Arlington Hall in Arlington, VA. (to be cont'd)

Lynn Edward Gleason  
OLS 1945 Russian

**Questions About  
the '42-'43  
Summer Group**

Dear David,  
Thanks for the info about pay for July 43 JL group. Why does Dan say "most renown?" Seriously, I would like to know how many were in that group, did they all stay and get commissions, and what was the size of the group before, which, I believe, Marshall Green

belonged to and which may have started in Monterey [sic]?

Dallas Finn

[Ed. Note: I gave Ms. Finn the background history of the Tokyo-Harvard/Berkeley, Berkeley, Boulder and Stillwater JLS/OLS and recommended the Slesnicks' book as a primer. I corrected the Monterey notion and told her that Monterey did not become a center of language until after the War, and then, for decades, only for the US Army. As for the fame of the "Summer Group", I supplied some suggestions. But Dan will have to answer that question.]

## Levinson & Bryson Reprise

Thank you for sending me the splendid obituary of Joseph Levenson. It is exactly right. You might have noticed what I wrote about Joe in my *Daily Yomiuri Online* serial [Your serial has been in the newsletter].

In the last (I think) issue of *The Interpreter*, there is mention of John Bryson [Issue #112, under new recruits]. He was unique among the students in that he played the bagpipes and on occasion wore a kilt. For some reason, he was dropped from the school, probably because he had too many Nisei friends for the Navy to accept [this was not an unusual reason for Navy discomfiture]. I have often wondered what happened to him. I am glad he is apparently in good health.

Donald Keene  
JLS 1942

[Ed. Note: I have sent Professor Keene John Bryson's address.]

## Encounters with Nimitz

(Cont'd) Several months later, I saw the Admiral the second time, after I was transferred (along with Boulderites like Alfred Ferguson and George Romani) to his Advance Headquarters on Guam. Soon after taking over his command there, Nimitz asked to meet everyone on his staff, including the linguists, and I got to have a short, but pleasant exchange with him.

The third time I saw the Admiral was more formal. One morning I ate breakfast in the

mess hall and then headed for the POW camp, where I was working with some of the prisoners preparing leaflets to drop on Japan. I hadn't gone far, when to my consternation, Admiral Nimitz and Admiral Raymond Spruance loomed on the horizon with their aides, and I instantly snapped to attention and saluted as best I could, with my hopelessly unmilitary ways. Ronald Reagan could have done better, of course, but I think I did pretty well. The Admirals and the other officers gravely returned my salute and it may well have been my finest minute in the Navy.

There were two other officers for whom I worked when I was overseas, and I remember them with respect and appreciation. One was Commander John W. Steele, my boss at JICPOA. He was a tough, salty, and hard-working officer who translated along with the rest of us and usually worked two shifts. He sent me to Guam as senior translator, but I ended up working with the Japanese prisoners and he didn't seem to mind a bit. "Just don't let 'em screw us," he admonished me, referring to people in other departments at Nimitz's Headquarters.

My boss at Guam was Frank Huggins [Huggins, Frank B. June 1942 N, Berkeley Class I], who spoke fluent *Nihongo* and warmly supported my work with the prisoners. He also took me on special assignments to Tinian and Saipan, and acquired permanent travel orders for us in the Pacific Ocean Area. Every time we disagreed on something, he reminded me, "Who got you permanent travel orders in the Pacific?" "You did," I'd say, "And I hope to get to Australia some day." Neither of us actually got to use the travel orders. I saw Frank from time to time in Occupied Japan, but lost all track of him after the War. For me, he was, like Admiral Nimitz and Commander Steele, unforgettable. Even more so, of course, were my Boulder buddies: Ed Whan, Griff Way, Carl Bartz, Wendell Furnas, and Carl Nelson [All are on our address list [Mrs, not Mr. Bartz], but Nelson did not want to be disturbed].

Paul F. Boller  
JLS 1943

[Ed Note: Admiral Nimitz has had the singular compliment of having been played by Henry Fonda in *Otto Preminger's In Harm's Way* and *Midway*. He seemed to be portrayed as described here. Frank B. Huggins became a writer, it seems. I found an article by him: "Girls, Girls, Girls," *The New Yorker*, April 5, 1952, p. 125, about an American boy in Japan. I am looking for more information.]

## Obituary: Lawrence Olson (1918-1992)

Lawrence Olson, a widely known authority on Japan and retired Professor of History at Wesleyan University, died of cancer at his home in Washington, D.C., on March 17, 1992. Decorated in 1987 by the Government of Japan with the Order of the Sacred Treasure in recognition of his role in spreading knowledge of Japan in the United States, Olson was responsible for developing the program in Asian studies at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. He served on the faculty at the school from 1966 until his retirement in 1986. He continued his scholarly work after retirement, and his new book, *Ambivalent Moderns: Portraits of Japanese Cultural Identity*, was published in the month he died.

Born on May 7, 1918, in Memphis, Tennessee, Olson was raised in Mississippi and received his undergraduate education at the University of Mississippi, graduating in 1938. He earned a master of arts degree at Harvard University in 1939 and his doctoral degree there in 1955. During World War II, Olson graduated from the U.S. Navy Japanese Language School in Boulder, Colorado. He served in naval intelligence as a lieutenant with the Pacific Fleet Radio Unit (FRUPAC) at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, the unit that deciphered the Japanese military codes. From 1948 to 1950, he worked at the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington, and he served as cultural attaché at the U.S. embassy in Manila, Philippines,

in 1951-52, before completing his studies at Harvard. In 1955, he joined the American Universities Field Staff, an educational foundation dedicated to providing in-depth studies of contemporary foreign societies. He lived in Japan for most of the next twelve years, serving first as a staff associate with the organization and, from 1962 to 1966, as a senior staff associate. He and his family also maintained a home in Manchester, Massachusetts, during those years.

Olson wrote many articles and reports on Japanese social, political, and economic issues that were important reading for U.S. government officials and others concerned with Japan. He also lectured extensively on Japan.

In addition to his new book, he was the author of *Dimensions of Japan* (1963) and *Japan in Postwar Asia* (1970), as well as a book of poetry, *The Cranes on Dying River and Other Poems* (1947).

Lawrence Olson was a man of the world and of the word. He knew the importance of language and history for the study of East Asia and drew upon these for his own vivid writing and teaching about Japan. As my colleague at Wesleyan, he never tired of warning me about the burden of "bearing witness" to my field in a largely Western-oriented academic community. That burden became lighter in the company of this large-hearted man.

Few of us who knew him well or read his works will forget the deep, brooding voice of the poet, of the Mississippi-bred word craftsman, who continued to inspire the scholar of Japanese intellectual life. Lawrence Olson was-to borrow some lines from one of his favorite writers, Marianne Moore-one "who sees deep and is glad, who/accedes to mortality/and in his imprisonment rises/upon himself as the sea in a chasm, struggling to be/free and unable to be/so in its surrendering/finds continuing."

Vera Schwarcz  
The Journal of Asian Studies  
Vol. 51, No. 3. (Aug., 1992),  
pp. 731-732

## Bit Part in a Big Theater

It was summer of 1945. The fighting was over in Europe, Japan was on the brink of collapse, and I was on the island of Tinian in the Marianas [where a bunch of JLS/OLSers were], putting out a mimeographed newspaper and worrying the war might end before I got anywhere near the action. But in the coming weeks I found myself an obscure player in three immense events: the birth of the nuclear age, the surrender of Japan, and the start of the Cold War.

One afternoon early in August, I sat sweating in a Quonset hut complaining about distribution problems of the *Tinian Times* to Captain Joe Buscher, an intelligence officer with the 393<sup>rd</sup> Bombardment Squadron, a somewhat mysterious B-29 outfit. Buscher seemed preoccupied, and he interrupted our talk with a strange suggestion, "If I suddenly have to leave, why don't you follow me, stick right with me, and if anybody asks who you are, tell them you're with me. It'll be something you'll never forget."

A few minutes later Buscher stiffened, grabbed his cap, and bounded for the door. I was right behind him as he rushed up to a truck that was discharging a group of men in flying gear. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a gaggle of US Army Air Forces brass greeting the fliers and recognized one of them as Carl Spaatz, commanding general of the Army's Strategic Air Forces in the Pacific. Buscher pounced on one of the airmen, who was carrying a bulky instrument that proved to be a camera, and hustled him away from the group in the direction of another Quonset hut. I was two steps behind them as they entered what turned out to be a darkroom. The man with the camera quickly unloaded the film and deposited it in a tray of chemicals. Everybody crowded around him. No one spoke as the film was developed, dried and put into an enlarger.

Finally the airman held up an 8X10 print, still dripping with developer. In the faint red glow

of the darkroom's safe light I beheld what would become one of the most memorable images of the 20<sup>th</sup> century: the mushroom cloud rising over the city of Hiroshima. There was a collective gasp and mutterings of wonder from the group. My own reaction included bewilderment, since I had not been in on the atomic secret. The airmen, of course, were members of the crew of the *Enola Gay*, fresh from their historic mission. The 393<sup>rd</sup> Bombardment Group was part of the 509<sup>th</sup> Composite group, and the date was August 6, 1945. (to be cont'd)

James Holton in  
"My Brush with History:  
by the Readers",  
American Heritage,  
April 2000, 36-40

Sent to us by Euan Davis, JLS 1944

## Grayce Nakasone Scott: A Daughter's View



Assembly Center, Santa Anita 1942  
Left to Right: Grayce Nakasone,  
Haruko Itow, and Osamu Nagai

West Side Church of Christ  
Pepperdine University

I regret to inform you that one of your greatest US Navy JLS/OLS instructors, and my dearest friend in all the world, my mother, Grayce Nakasone Scott, passed away April 14, 2007. I am connected in some ways to the Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries, as my white father, William A. Scott, taught at the University of Colorado in the 60s and 70s [William Abbott Scott, 1926-1991, OLS 1946, Oklahoma A&M, Stillwater, Psychology Professor, CU 1955-1960s?]. I'm Terry, Eurasian or I guess since the Vietnam War Amerasian, and I owe this significant genetic mixture to my mom who raised me from infancy in Willow Run,

Michigan to the extravagant doors of the University of Southern California. What else did she have to spend her hard earned teaching salary on than her beautifully spoiled daughter, me? Did I say beautiful, the modesty apparently from my dad's side of the gene pool?

At any rate, Grayce, born in Los Angeles, California, and having graduated from Foshay High School, learned early on in the 20s how cruel life could be by taking grandma when she was just eleven. Of course, she and Henry could always have moved to Japan and have her mean old-fashioned Japanese aunt torture, I mean raise them, sister and brother. But she was quickly reminded of the realities of life when her little brother, Henry, was so meaninglessly yanked from Grayce's temporary safety in Japan.

Mom was overly independent, how could one not be after all of that? As probably many of her colleagues remember back in the Language School, how curious was her attitude and how enormous was her intelligence. Teaching in the Los Angeles Unified School District from the early 1960s through the 1990s was personally rewarding and a wonderful outlet for her creativity. I know. That is, if you do not mind inner city "lock-downs", undisciplined children, a serious lack of materials and just plain old basic poverty. She loved teaching, though, perhaps as much as she enjoyed the luxury of world traveling. She journeys took her from the Great Wall of China, to Machu Picchu, Aberdeen, Australia, Turkey, Greece and Italy. We traveled Asia together when I was about fifteen. I remember getting drunk on Singapore Slings and she was angry. But what was she going to do? Ground me? Sure she would, in the middle of Manila, in the Philippines, on an Asian tour for teachers.

My Nisei mom was strong, reticent, and yet ethereal, refined and delicate. I remember when Trigger, our 13 year old cat died, and though 39 years old myself, it was the first time I had ever seen my mom cry. Can you believe it? I can't. The Land of the Rising Sun never had it so

good. And neither did you all at JLS.

Thank goodness for wonderful, fond, and loving memories. Thanks mom, you did swell.



Navy students in the Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado learn to write by dictation. Language instructor, Grayce Nakasone, corrects blackboard writing as she dictates Japanese passages. Grayce, a former Los Angeles college student, spent several weeks at a war relocation center after evacuation of West Coast defense area. -- Photographer: Parker, Tom -- Boulder, Colorado. 2/3/43

War Relocation Authority  
Photographs of Japanese-American Evacuation and Resettlement Series 12: Relocation: new homes, etc. (various places)  
Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley

I sure hope *The Interpreter* will publish some of this letter, though my donation was small, hers was everlasting.

Ms. Terry L. Scott  
Loving daughter of Grayce N. Scott  
Sensei, USN JLS/OLS

## Reprise on the Shivelys

I was very sorry to learn of the passing of John and Don Shively. I served with both of them in the Pacific during WW II. Don was with me in the 2nd Marine Division, and I met John in Hawaii while at JICPOA with Elmer Stone, plowing through the material we brought back from Tarawa. I saw John frequently during the 2 years I was Naval Attaché in the Tokyo Embassy and John was MacArthur's G-5. Both of these men were outstanding Marine Corps officers, and contributed greatly to the post war U.S.-Japan relationship. The Corps did a good job in locating and acquiring outstanding BII personnel, both before and after Pearl Harbor. They were the

type of men who could do both the military research work and perform well in the field.

Harry D. Pratt  
OLS 1945

## Willard White, 81, Dies; Legacy of Service to Others

So well did Willard Jurey Wright [JLS 1944] guide community groups and legal clients through taxes, estate and financial planning that the law firm he co-founded in Seattle offers an annual award in his name.

"He insisted by his demeanor on standards of civility that are tremendous models," said Bradley Diggs, managing partner of Davis Wright Tremaine. "Our firm has a Willard White Award for the lawyer who best exemplifies Bill Wright's spirit as a lawyer active in the community."

And so well did Mr. Wright cultivate friends and family that people as far away as Spain were expected for his funeral. Mr. Wright died November 26, 1997 of cancer. He was 81.

"His theme was service to others," said daughter, Susan Wright Reed of Santa Rosa, California. "He was involved in their lives, inside their problems, not afraid of that .... He had a large family, but made everyone else feel like family too."

Born to Seattle lawyer Raymond White and Elizabeth McPherson Wright, he was proud of his Scots ancestry, played Scots golf courses and displayed the McPherson tartans on everything from towels to ties.

He graduated from Lakeside School in 1932, Princeton University in 1936 (BA in political science) and the University of Washington Law School in 1939. In World War II, he studied the Japanese language and served in Naval Intelligence in China [He served with T. Howell Breece, who sent us this obituary].

Mr. Wright was deeply involved in civic groups and his family. He was a longtime trustee of Lakeside School, a supporter of the Seattle Art Museum and an organizer of

family gatherings – particularly at his beach home near Bremerton. He also visited his nephews, niece and grandchildren at college.

"He made people feel good and tried to raise us that way, too," said Reed. "He gave us an allowance for showing consideration to others, as well as for chores. I would get 57¢ for kindness. But you couldn't brag about your kindness, or you wouldn't get your money."

Mr. Wright made his children keep account books, Reed said. "He still had his account book from seventh grade .... But he also taught us how to cheat on those, because he told us his father didn't notice when he but down under expenses, 'One bucket of air.'"

His affiliations include service, as a trustee of Princeton, president of the Seattle-King County Bar Association, trustee of The Seattle Times board of Directors and President of the Seattle Urban League. He was also a delegate to the 1952 Republican National Convention.

Other survivors included his wife of 27 years, Katharyn Wright of Seattle, children Alice Hyde of Wilmington, Del., Rosemary Steven of Seattle, Raymond Wright of San Diego, Anne Little of Seattle, Gwendolyn Brinkley of Seattle, and Kathy Gildea of Jackson Hole, Wyo.; sister Elizabeth Massie of Moraga, Calif., and 13 grandchildren. His first wife, Alice Wright, died in 1969.

Carole Beers  
Seattle Times  
November 30, 1997

## The JLS Experience of T. Howell Breece

In November of 1942, when I was almost 26 years old, I realized that I was going to be drafted soon unless I could find some alternative to the Army. I had been married for a year and was working as a conductor on the Key System trains that ran across the Bay Bridge between San Francisco and the East bay to support myself and my wife. I had graduated from the University of California in 1938, obtained an MA in English in

1939, and had worked as a teaching assistant from 1939 until May 1941. The Department of English decided that I was not making enough progress toward a Ph.D. and terminated my teaching assistantship in May of 1941. The only job I could find was on the trains. The Key System employed Berkeley graduate students during morning and evening rush hours [Wow! MAs driving trains; not what I would have expected.]. One of them told me that Cmdr. Hindmarsh was at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco recruiting students for a Japanese language school run by the Navy.

I thought he would certainly accept me because I had grown up in Peking, spoke Peking Chinese with no trace of a foreign accent and knew something of the written language. When I went to see Cmdr. Hindmarsh in his hotel room, I began to tell him about my fluency in Chinese. He was not in the least interested. As I remember it, the conversation went this way: CH: "What did you major in?" THB: "English." CH: "How well did you do?" THB: "I graduated with highest honors, am a member of Phi Beta Kappa and have an MA in English." CH: "You're In!" (to be cont'd)

T. Howell Breece  
JLS 1944

## Note on Grayce Nakasone

I read in the latest *Interpreter* [#116, October 1 2007] that Sensei Grayce Nakasone (Scott) has died. Do you have any other information? Could you dig up an obituary or something that might tell me of children or other surviving relatives to whom I might send condolences? I would appreciate whatever information you can gather. I would be interested in knowing about her life and history after leaving Boulder [I sent him the obit above and Ms. Terry Scott's address, Ms. Terry L. Scott, 1218 Armacost Ave., #2, Los Angeles, CA 90025.]

Miss Nakasone, a veteran of the Santa Anita Racetrack

Evacuation, was a Sensei at Boulder during my time there in 1944-45, and we became good friends. She was an accomplished pianist, and I enjoyed many hours at her apartment listening to classical records. I kept in touch with her during and immediately after the War but eventually lost contact. I have not seen her or heard from her for more than sixty years, but I remember her as a charming person and an excellent teacher.

Morris Cox  
OLS 1945

## Mind Over Matter Charles Latimer 1944

(Cont'd) In the spring of 1943, his life changed. World War II was raging, and America's involvement was increasing. Like many college-age men, Latimer took an officer's placement test. Unlike many of those men, he aced it, receiving a perfect score on the exam. The U.S. Navy allowed him to finish his degree that summer before sending him to midshipman school at Notre Dame. Within the Navy's vast training program, he worked as an editor, taught classes in mathematics, navigation and personnel administration, studied Chinese at the Oriental Language School and went through naval intelligence officer school. As it happened, the war ended before he saw action.

After the war, Latimer turned down a regular commission, and instead, enrolled at Harvard University, where he earned a master's degree in education and a master's degree in counseling and psychology. He then took a job as a seventh- and eighth-grade teacher in nearby Brookline, Mass., and did double duty as the school system's community relations director. Given a sabbatical after only two years of teaching, Latimer earned his Ph.D. in education and psychology in 1951 from Columbia University. (to be cont'd)

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