

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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Our Mission

In the Spring of 2000, the Archives continued the original efforts of Captain Roger Pineau and William Hudson, and the Archives first attempts in 1992, to gather the papers, letters, photographs, and records of graduates of the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School, University of Colorado at Boulder, 1942-1946. We assemble these papers in recognition of the contributions made by JLS/OLS instructors and graduates to the War effort in the Pacific and the Cold War, to the creation of East Asian language programs across the country, and to the development of Japanese-American cultural reconciliation programs after World War II.

In Memoriam: Charles Hamilton 1923-2004

Reserved in manner, but extravagant of mind, Charles Hamilton provoked thought, irritation, laughter and admiration from his library colleagues during his long and loyal 40 year career in the U.C. Berkeley Library. He died peacefully in his home last Saturday morning from complications due to prostate cancer.

Charles was born in October 1923 in Visalia, where he lived and received his education through junior college. After graduating from junior college in 1942, he started studies at Cal, but left to enlist in the Navy after a single semester of study. The education he received in the Navy proved decisive for his career path in later life: he was enrolled in the Japanese Language School in Boulder, Colorado, where he became proficient in East Asian languages, particularly Japanese. Stationed in Hawaii after

completing his language studies he applied his knowledge to translating Japanese during World War II, including intercepted communications after the Japanese code had been broken. At the end of the war he continued his service in Japan until he was discharged in 1946. At that time he returned to Cal to continue and complete his interrupted college education, and received his degree in 1948. At this point Charles embarked on his distinguished career in the U.C. Berkeley Library. He started this career as a cataloger, and later as acting head, for the East Asian Library. After many years at EAL he transferred to the Main Library as an original cataloger, and quickly assumed primary responsibility for all cataloging being submitted to the Library of Congress. He also played a key role in the development of GLADIS, and provided critical analysis and guidance to the Library Systems Office in many automation projects, including the implementation of the GLADIS authority system. Reluctantly, he retired in 1991 [*Per Woody Pitts*].

Indeed, Charles hated retirement initially, and sorely missed the stimulation of his library work. He did gradually develop a lively calendar of retirement activities which included numerous walking tours in Great Britain, as well as trips to Italy with myself and other library friends. Ever goal-oriented, Charles achieved notoriety on these trips for reaching destinations long before even his younger co-travelers. Possibly, he imagined his efficiency might hasten the advent of dinner, his favorite part of any day spent with friends either at home or abroad. At these he relished the piquancy of spicy sauces and civilized argument, and could freely indulge his considerable brilliance as raconteur and his irresistible sense of humor.

Both in and out of retirement, Charles above all tended his inner garden—he assiduously cultivated the luxuriant life of his mind. An omnivorous reader, he would catch and devour just about any book of substance that might flit past his watchful eye. These ranged from literary fiction to histories of language to heavy scientific tomes on evolution, genetics and human consciousness. Similarly, his musical interests both as a listener and as a competent pianist were as broad-ranging and bold as his life was restrained and reticent. He had a special fondness for obscure composers and compositions of all periods—for hidden masterpieces overlooked by critical fashion. Fortunately for those of us close to him, he made a habit of revealing his lively thoughts on literature, art and life in supremely articulate correspondence.

While the solitude of Charles' life may have appeared impoverished to the casual observer, the austere outer fabric into which Charles laced his abundant inner life never fooled anyone close to him for long. We all recognized the tremendous pressures being exerted on every seam, and the vastness of the riches within.

*Rick Beaubien
Library Systems Office
CU News
2 September 2004, v. 60, No. 23*

Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century

15. Snowy visit to Toshogu

I did not know where to go, not having proper orders, but fortunately I recalled from a letter that some language officers were quartered in the Yuraku-cho Building. However, I remembered the name as Yuryaku, the name of a cruel emperor of ancient times about whom I had read in Tsunoda sensei's class. I thought it strange

that a section of Tokyo had been named for such a figure, but eventually I found my way to Yuraku-cho. Someone told me that another language officer was now in Nagoya and suggested I use his bed.

It was exciting being in Japan, but what I wanted most to do was not to visit museums nor the theatre, nor places of scenic beauty, though all of these attracted me. I wanted to inform the families of the prisoners and the Japanese I had known in China that these men were safe. No doubt the families had been officially informed that my friends had died heroes' deaths, but I was sure that they would be happy, not ashamed, to learn that their sons or husbands were alive.

I found the family of my closest Japanese friend in China living in the basement of what must have been a splendid house in Yotsuya that had been destroyed during the bombing. I went to the Shonan area in search of the family of a prisoner with whom I had talked many times, not about the war but about literature and music. Unfortunately, his name was Sato and even in a relatively small town there were many people of that name. As I went from one Sato's house to the next I was followed by a train of small children, but to the end I did not find my friend's family.

The only sightseeing I did during my week in Japan was a trip to Nikko. A phrase from the textbook of Japanese, "Nikko wo minai uchi wa, kekko to iu na" (Don't say "wonderful" until you've seen Nikko) lingered in my memory, and I was happy to accept when several Nisei from my old office in Honolulu invited me to accompany them to Nikko. We naturally went by jeep, the typical instrument of travel for American servicemen. I had travelled in this uncomfortable but sturdy vehicle across the tundra in the Aleutians and through the forests of the Philippines.

The road to Nikko was largely deserted and there were almost no signs. We had to stop again and again to ask if we were heading in the right direction. People seemed glad to tell us. By this time even Japanese living in the country were familiar with the jeep, and when we passed through villages children lining the road waved their hands and shouted greetings at us and the jeep, apparently delighted we had paid them a visit.

Before leaving for Nikko we had been urged to take rice with us for our evening meal. We gave the rice to the innkeeper, and that night a miracle occurred. The white rice we had given him had turned into unpolished rice.

When I woke the next morning, there was snow around my pillow. I walked to Toshogu. It was completely deserted under a light fall of snow. A boy in middle-school uniform approached and offered to guide me, pointing out the famous sights. He said, "Before the war an American offered a million dollars for the Yomeimon, but he was refused. Now I suppose the Americans will take it without having to pay." (to be cont'd)

Donald L. Keene
JLS 1943

Daily Yomiuri Online
April 22, 2006

A Man of Quality

The fastest-rising educator in the U.S. public-school system is a 39-year-old suburban schoolmaster who has made his career by energetically corseting the careless middle-class spread of the community-controlled school. "Too often," says Dr. George Brain [JLS 1944], "we in America seem to mean that an equal education should be an identical education."

In the well-heeled, new suburban town of Bellevue, Wash. (pop. 12,500), which lies just across Lake Washington from the skyscrapers of Seattle, George Brain has done a notable job of making democratic education flexible enough to give every youngster a chance at a good education. Taking over as the state's youngest superintendent six years ago, Brain proceeded, on the basis of

a comprehensive and deep-dwelling planning survey, to put together a \$45 million system of eleven elementary, three junior high and two senior high schools in a community that was little more than a little-red-schoolhouse hamlet before World War II. Five more schools are now on the drawing boards.

New Forms. Keeping ahead of the racketing clutter of this crashing expansion, Brain has successfully put over some of the most interesting U.S. public experiments in setting up ungraded classes and grouping children according to ability. Bellevue was one of the first cities in the far West to provide foreign-language experience in the elementary grades (French, Spanish, German). Bellevue also cut grade and age barriers to encourage able youngsters to push ahead for advanced work in languages, music, mathematics. Such a pushing program needed a keen staff and close community support. A brush-topped joiner and prizefight buff, Brain got both. "His ability to hire and keep good personnel has given Bellevue the pick of applicants," says Bellevue's school-board president.

New Purposes. Last week George Brain was preparing to move on to one of the biggest public-school jobs in the U.S.; as successor to Dr. John Fischer, new dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, he will be head of Baltimore's schools. Under Fischer, the Baltimore school system has been raised to top level, and the city canvassed the country for the best man for the succession. Brain, youngest superintendent of a major U.S. school system, has come a long way from Ellensburg, Wash., where he attended Central Washington College and later taught after serving in the Marines as a World War II Japanese-language officer. Before saying yes to Baltimore, he passed up an offer to head Pittsburgh's public school system. Early this year he traveled through Western Europe with a State Department-sponsored educational leaders' seminar. Says George Brain: "European and American education seem to be moving closer together in purpose and

objectives. Europe is broadening the opportunity for education to more and more children. America, which has had a quantity system, now aims more at quality."

Time Magazine
Monday, Jul. 27, 1959

Conversation about Hamilton

Dear Mr. Hays,

I write a bi-monthly column in The Japan Journal and for my next piece am considering writing about Edward Seidensticker's book, *Genji Days*. In this work, Seidensticker mentions but does not identify Charles Hamilton, except to say that Hamilton regularly sent him critiques of his translation of *The Tale of Genji* as he was writing it; he also quotes several of them, which were called Poison Dew. In searching on the web, I discovered that Hamilton contributed to the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School Archival Project (JSLP), so I assume you have some information about him there. If you could possibly send me his CV or any other information that you have, I would be most grateful. [She wrote on The Tale of the Genji instead.] Thank you,

Yours sincerely,
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Dear Professor Beichman:

Charles Everett Hamilton entered the US Navy Japanese Language School on January 8, 1943 from Visalia, California. He had been in contact with fellow JLSer, Roger Pineau, and came onto our mailing list in 2000. He did not send us papers or stories. He did enjoy our project newsletter, *The Interpreter*. [Ed. Note: I sent her the Charles Hamilton obituary, above and a story by Donald Keene from a previous issue.]

Dear David (if I may),
Thank you so much for your helpful reply. This is exactly the

sort of thing that I wanted to know. It's pretty amazing how deep those friendships that began at the Navy Language school went.

Sam Brock, mentioned in Keene's letter, translated one of the Noh plays in Keene's *Anthology of Japanese Literature*. When I was Keene's student at Columbia in the early 1960s, I took his seminar in Noh. The assignment for our term paper was to translate a Noh play, so naturally we were looking carefully at ones that had been translated before, to see what had worked and what had not. I still remember reading Sam Brock's and being overwhelmed by its beauty. A few others in the seminar were as well and we asked Keene who this unknown genius was. He must have told us that he had met him in the Language School, though I don't remember that part. What I do remember is that he said, laughing, "In those days, giants walked the earth." but that Brock, latest heard of, had become a dentist practicing in Texas. What a waste, we felt.

If you have the poem by Charles Hamilton that Keene refers to, I would love to see it.

Best wishes,
Janine

Janine:

Thank you for the interesting Keene vignette,

You would be amazed at the number of US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School who became "giants", or merely elders in Japanese and Asian language, history, political science, art, sociology and cultural academia: Ivan Morris, Keene, Seidensticker, Marion Levy, Roger Hackett, Robert Scalapino, Michael Rogers, Horace Underwood, Sol Levine, Sidney D. Brown, F. Hilary Conroy, Frank Tucker, T.O. Wilkinson, Edwin Neville, Donald Willis, Frank Ryder, Earl Swisher, Thomas Mayer-Oaks, Paul Boller, Ardath Burks, Robert Ward, James Morley, Willard Elsbree and Lawrence Olson, just to name a handful. You can find many of their stories in the project newsletter on our website.

I will look for the poem.

David M. Hays

[Ed Note: I thought the rest of you might enjoy this back and forth. I neglected to mention that those who benefited from Sam Brock's dentistry, root canals, crowns, bridges, and fillings probably would not have felt it a complete waste. I guess it depends on which gift horse's mouth you are peering into.]

I always remember hearing about Thomas Kerr, judged as one of the best natural Japanese linguists by the sensei when he left the school, only to spend much of his Navy time as a mess officer. Morris Cox said Kerr went into business and never much used what the sensei thought was his "virtually native Japanese" again. There must have been many whose talents in Japanese were either not used to their potential in the Navy or Marines, or who sought other careers outside of the Japanese/Oriental language academic fields.]

My Wife Liked the Way It Went

(Cont'd) [At the NSA in DC] We all started counting points to determine when we could get out of the Navy and get back to civilian life. I got out in May 1946 and went back to work for Alcoa. They did not want me back in Massena, but assigned me to Chicago. I did get in an active Naval Reserve Unit while there, but it had nothing to do with the Russian language. You were paid for one fairly short weekly meeting and that helped. Our sons were born in 1946 and 1949 and we bought our first house. But because of being active Navy [Reserve] I was recalled in early 1951 and back to Washington, DC, and the National Security Agency. I got out after 17 months after appealing to my Congress woman and within the next few months resigned my commission. Then I continued working for Alcoa in several locations until retiring January 1, 1981.

I have hardly thought about the Navy since 1952. I have not maintained relationships with any of my fellow students at Boulder. I could not have told you their names until I went down the lists you sent and was reminded of a few who started as I did 1-10-45. I have no diaries, correspondence or other items

except the three books we were given at the start of our class at Boulder: *Bondar's Simplified Russian Method*, *Russian-English Dictionary* and *English-Russian Dictionary*.

In thinking back over why I got to Boulder was just a particular chain of events: I got in the Navy late because of engineering work with Alcoa for two years and then while at Communications School maybe the Navy didn't have a need for communications officers on any ships so they sent me out to Language School [Perhaps they needed Russian Language Officers more]. I sometimes regret never having sea duty, but my wife liked the way it went.

Lynn Edward Gleason
OLS 1945 Russian

Obituary: Robert L. Stigler, Jr. 1921-1980

Robert Leath Stigler, Jr., died at his home in Arkansas on the morning of September 30, 1980, of a coronary attack after a long illness. He was 59. It is believed that the contributory cause of his death was lung congestion; he was a heavy smoker. He is well remembered as both educator and administrator in the department of anthropology, Columbia University, where he spent the major part of his professional career.

Stigler was born in Monroe, Louisiana, in 1921, and later moved to Arkansas with his parents. He attended public schools in Little Rock and Pine Bluff, then earned a B.A. at Vanderbilt University in economics and political science in 1942. The following year he joined the U.S. Navy and graduated from the Navy Japanese Language School in 1944. He served with intelligence units in the Southwest Pacific and with the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey until his separation from the service in 1946 with the permanent rank of Lieutenant (S.G.) U.S.N.R. Following military service he went into a bank in New York, but left this position to become a graduate student in anthropology at Columbia.

Stigler's academic career centered on Columbia where his first teaching was as an instructor in anthropology from 1954 to 1957. During the five years he was away from Columbia he was assistant professor at Brandeis (1957-1960), a co-director of the Peace Corps Jamaica Training Program in 1962 while an associate of the Research Institute for the Study of Man. He rejoined Columbia later that year in a combined position as lecturer in Columbia College and administrator of projects and grants in the graduate department of anthropology. He continued with this special arrangement until ill health forced him to retire early in 1980. Stigler did fieldwork in both hemispheres and on four continents, experience which he shared with his students at Columbia and Brandeis. In the New World he worked in Colorado and at the University of Arizona's Point of Pines field school. His dissertation (Ph.D. 1954) derived from fieldwork in northern Peru done under his Columbia professor, William Duncan Strong. He was the director of the Brandeis University Middle East Archaeological Project to Iran and Israel, 1960-1961, and in 1961-1962 became field director of the Columbia University Nubian Monuments Campaign Archaeological Project, working in Sudanese Nubia and Upper Egypt. The last fieldwork with which he was formally associated was Columbia's Archaeological Field Project in Azerbaijan, Iran. Stigler also spent a brief time doing archaeological work in Japan, a period of his life for which we have no details.

Never a great "joiner," Stigler was, however, a member of the Society for American Archaeology, the American Anthropological Association (Fellow), and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Robert Stigler may be characterized as a very unassuming, even reserved, person who viewed the world with quiet humor. He left a legacy of students stimulated by his college teaching, many of whom went on to graduate work,

primarily at Columbia University. In his own way he left an impress on all who knew and liked him.

Ralph S. Solecki
American Antiquity,
Vol. 47, No. 1. (Jan., 1982),
pp. 108-109.

Bit Part in a Big Theater

(Cont'd) My second brush with history began a few weeks later and had a comic opera touch to it. It was prompted by Emperor Hirohito's August 15th radio address announcing Japan's surrender and ordering servicemen who had been bypassed by the twin American offensives across the Pacific to lay down their arms. Just off the southern shores of Tinian was the island of Aguijan, a fortress-like rock with sheer cliffs all around, topped by the overgrown remnants of a sugar plantation. We knew a reinforced infantry company was stranded there, along with a hundred or so Japanese civilians, mostly families of the soldiers who had been part of the garrison on Tinian before the US invasion the year before. We assumed that they would have had no way to hear the Emperor's speech since their battery supply would have long since been used up.

The island commander on Tinian, BG Frederick V. H. Kimble, borrowed a shallow-draft Coast Guard patrol boat and a Navy Lieutenant who spoke fluent Japanese and ordered him to arrange a surrender.

I decided this would make a good story for the Tinian *Time* s and invited myself aboard. On Friday, August 20, the little craft set off and slowly circled the Aguijan, with LT John G. Reifsnnyder [JLS 1944] calling to the Japanese commander of the island over a loudspeaker.

"Yamada, oshee," he bawled over and over again, using the name provided by Naval Intelligence. Occasionally

Reifsnnyder would add a phrase or two about the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the Emperor's directive. But nothing stirred on the island. We saw no sign that our message had been heard, or even that a human soul

resided there. At nightfall we quit and sailed back to Tinian. The effort resumed the next day and continued for a week until, on the afternoon of August 26, somebody on the boat spotted a white cloth waving from the top of a pathway cut in the cliff. Reifsnnyder decided it was too late in the day to do anything except tell the Japanese over the loudspeaker that he would return the next morning.

A thick fog enveloped Aguijan as we approached the next day. We could just make out the dark gray bulk of the island looming ahead when our boat stopped and a small landing craft pulled up alongside, ready to take LT Reifsnnyder ashore. As sailors tried to steady the two craft, he gingerly climbed down into the waiting boat. I was leaning over the rail as he clambered past me with a grim look. Then a totally unexpected thing happened, something that might be called an out-of-body-experience. A khaki-clad wraithlike figure suddenly vaulted over the railing and into the landing craft. I seemed to be watching in amazement until I realized that it was I who was Reifsnnyder's unbidden fellow traveler. A startled Reifsnnyder looked at me with what seemed like relief as the boat headed for a rock formation that served as a landing at the base of Aguijan. (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

DOUGLAS H. ELDRIDGE 1916 – 2007

Douglas Hilton Eldridge was born in central Montana on April 12, 1916. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Washington with a bachelor's degree in economics in 1937 and a masters in business in 1941.

He began his lifelong work in public finance with the Washington State Tax Commission in 1939. Work on his PhD. at the University of Chicago was interrupted by World War II. Joining the United States Navy on December 9, 1942, he served in Naval

Intelligence as a Japanese Language Officer. Among other commendations, he received the Presidential Unit Citation awarded to the Assault Troops of the Fifth Amphibious Corps in the Battle of Iwo Jima.

Completing his PhD. in 1949 and he joined the Tax Analysis Staff of the United States Treasury in Washington, D.C. In 1953 and 1954 he worked on the staff of Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont. Returning to the Treasury, he continued to work in the taxation and public finance area rising to Chief of the Tax Analysis Staff. During his period in Washington, he authored articles and reviews in the "Journal of Political Economy" and other publications.

In 1962 he became a professor of economics at Claremont Men's College and the Claremont Graduate Schools. His appointment as Executive Director of the National Bureau of Economic Research was announced in the "New York Times" in August 23, 1965. He retired from the National Bureau as Executive Secretary in 1978. He married Clara E. Young on June 8, 1940. They traveled the world and had a long and devoted life together. They raised three children, Douglas A. Eldridge of Albany, NY, Edith Marie Eldridge (died 1971) and Maurice Paul Eldridge of Boston, MA.

A member of the American Economic Association, the National Association of Business Economists, the National Tax Association, the Tax Institute of America, Beta Gamma Sigma and the Lincoln Institute for Land Policy, he served on the Board of Directors of the Lincoln Foundation.

Douglas H. Eldridge reflected the strength and stoicism of his origins in Depression era Montana. He was a public servant foremost. His hard work, high principles and high standards coupled with his warmth and wit were a model for his students, co-workers and children. He thrived in the outdoors, hiking the hills and mountains, observing the birds and swimming the oceans, lakes and streams. He is survived by his wife and sons, their spouses, five grandchildren and three

great-grandchildren. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Alzheimer's Association, 225 Michigan Avenue, Floor 17, Chicago, IL 60601. Funeral arrangements will be private.

*The Journal News
June 7, 2007*

Reprise on Otis Cary & Ardath Burks

In the August 15, [2007] issue of *The Interpreter*, I encountered the names of two linguists I knew but hadn't heard about for years.

One was Otis Cary, who passed away in 2006. I knew him slightly in Boulder and overseas, but got to know him better when I visited Japan in 1985 for the first time since the War and stayed in one of the guest rooms at Doshisha University in Kyoto (his grandfather was one of the founders in the late 19th century), where Otis was living with his wife and doing some teaching. By the way, my doctoral dissertation at Yale was centered on the founding of Doshisha and the later struggle between the Japanese and the American founders for control of the school. About ten years ago, Doshisha arranged for the translation of my dissertation into Japanese for publication with a new preface by me. I've forgotten so much *Nihongo* after all these years that I think it would take the rest of my life to read the translation with the help of a dictionary.

The other was Ardath Burks who was a Navy linguist with Gen. Curtis Lemay's staff, when I was stationed at Admiral Nimitz's Advanced HQ on Guam. I was working, with the help of several Japanese POWs, on preparing leaflets to be dropped on Japan in the spring and summer of 1945. The leaflets contained a map of Japan, on which several cities were circled each week with the warning that some of the circled cities were going to be bombed and urging civilians to leave the cities for their safety. There was a new list of circled cities each week, and I called Ardath at the end of each week to find out which cities were to be circled

the following week. When I was in Occupied Japan after the War, one of the mayors attending a conference in Tokyo told me his city received the warning, arranged for the people to evacuate the place, and escaped the bombing that hit the city that week [Wow! That is the first I had heard from former JLOs of such pre-bombing warnings.]

*Paul F. Boller, Jr.
JLS 1943*

PBK Honors J. Thomas Shaw OLS (Russian) 1945

J. Thomas Shaw, a 1938 graduate of Austin Peay, is professor emeritus at the University of Wisconsin and an internationally renowned Pushkin scholar.

Born in Ashland City, Tenn., in 1919, Shaw enrolled in Austin Peay Normal School in 1936 and completed its two-year degree program before going on to earn his bachelor's and master's degrees at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville.

During his World War II service in the U.S. Navy, he learned Russian from the Navy's language school, and following the war he studied both Russian and English literature at Harvard University, earning his Ph.D. in 1950. He began his university teaching career at Indiana University in 1949 and then went on to the University of Wisconsin in 1961, where he helped build one of the top Slavic language programs in the country.

An active scholar with many publications to his credit, he is probably best known for his three-volume annotated translation of The Letters of Alexander Pushkin. In 1992, he was elected "Honorary President in Perpetuum" of the American Pushkin Society. He recently established the J.T. Shaw endowment to the APSU Woodward Library for the purchase of literature, and he continues to live in Madison, Wisconsin.

*Phi Beta Kappa
Honor Society
Phi Lines, Chapter 191 Newsletter
Spring 2007*