

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

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Our Mission

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

Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century

15. Snowy visit to Toshogu

(Cont'd) I have gone back twice to Nikko, but the first visit was the only one that seemed "wonderful." I suppose I have been affected by more typical Japanese aesthetics, and the lavish decorations of Nikko no longer please me. Or perhaps Nikko looked so beautiful in December 1945 because the gaudy colors of the sculptures were softened by the snow and there were no other tourists.

I spent a total of a week in Japan. I did not meet a single Japanese scholar or visit a university. I was told that Kabuki was off limits to American military personnel. My contacts with Japanese were with people I did not know and would never see again but they all showed me much kindness. They invited me into their houses and offered me tea and a fragment of a sweet potato in place of cake. I went to a barbershop where I had my

hair cut and was shaved by a young woman. It occurred to me later that it would have been simple for her to cut the throat of an enemy officer if she had been so disposed, but I was not in the slightest afraid. On a station platform I accidentally witnessed the grief-stricken parting of an American soldier and a Japanese woman. I could detect no trace of enmity of Japanese for Americans or of Americans for Japanese, and yet it had been scarcely four months since a bitter war ended. How was it possible for people's emotions to change so rapidly, I wondered. But perhaps friendship is the normal feeling between peoples and war only an aberration.

After a week I began to feel afraid that the Navy might be looking for me. I went to an office in Yokosuka and reported that I had been mistaken; my original command was still in Honolulu. This was accepted without question. It must have happened fairly frequently that people got lost. I was allotted a place where I might sleep and leave my belongings until I was given a seat on a plane to Hawaii.

The day before I left Yokosuka I visited a bookshop, looking for some recent publications to take to prisoners in Hawaii. I overheard two old women talking. One was telling the other, "My daughter lived in Yokosuka, not far from the Navy Yard. When the American planes began to bomb Japan my son-in-law decided it was dangerous in Yokosuka and moved her to Kofu. There weren't any military installations in Kofu, so we thought she would be safe there. But the planes bombed Kofu almost every night and Yokosuka wasn't touched."

I remembered asking an aviator why Kofu was bombed so often. He answered with a laugh that it was easy to find, on the direct route to Tokyo, and there wasn't much anti-aircraft fire. It was the safest place to drop bombs."

The next morning I was awakened before dawn and told I was to proceed to Kisarazu on the other side of Tokyo Bay. I hurried to the designated pier but, as usual in the armed forces, this was a case of "hurry up and wait." The ship showed no signs of departing, but at last it moved out in the dark bay. I was standing on the deck, looking out over the bay when suddenly Fuji-san rose before me, pink in the light of the rising sun. This was almost too perfect a departure from Japan. I gazed at the mountain as it gradually changed colors, moved to tears by the sight. Someone had once told me that if one sees Fuji-san just before one leaves Japan, one will return. I hoped this was true, but it would be almost eight years before I saw Japan again.

Donald L. Keene
JLS 1943

Daily Yomiuri Online
April 22, 2006

Lawrence A. Seymour JLS 1944 1915-2007

Lawrence Alan Seymour died of natural causes Sunday, April 15, 2007 at home surrounded by his family. He was 91 years old.

Alan was born October 23, 1915 in Pittsfield, Massachusetts to Grace E. and William C. Seymour. He graduated from Pittsfield High School and attended Kenyon College, graduating Phi Beta Kappa, with a BA in European History and Technology, in 1937. He married Virginia Carolyn Harper, whom he met at a Washington, DC, settlement house, in 1940. Alan served during World War II as a Lt. J.G. in intelligence in the US Navy, studying at the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado-Boulder in 1943.

His postwar career in the US Government civil service included Scientific Liaison to the Army Attaché at the US Embassy in Ottawa, Canada, 1949-53, CIA, and the National

Science Foundation. He also worked for UNESCO in Paris, France, performing manpower development studies in underdeveloped countries, traveling extensively in Africa and South America. In retirement, he and his wife lived in the Seattle area, including Bainbridge Island, for 20 years before moving to Evergreen, Colorado.

Alan and Carolyn designed and built several homes with innovative components, usually on challenging sites. They extensively remodeled other dwellings, including a beloved family summer home in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State, a hunting lodge near Versailles, France, and, most recently, an updated log cabin on a mining claim above Idaho Springs, Colorado. While living in Paris, Alan pursued his lifelong fascination with timekeeping, salvaging an extensive collection of antique clock works from the Parisian flea market. In retirement, he restored these clocks and was recognized as a Star Fellow in the Northwest Chapter of the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors. He lectured on the history of timekeeping and translated and published two books on French Morbier clocks, his specialty.

Alan was respected and admired, not only as a Renaissance man, but as a witty husband, father, grandfather and great-grandfather. His 91 years embraced many technological advances, which he greatly appreciated. He lived a full life enriching many lives he encountered. His family says he has blazed a wide trail of many dimensions, sharing his skills, knowledge and appreciation for the arts and music in a bountiful legacy for those who follow.

Alan is survived by his wife, Carolyn, married 67 years; sons Larry, of Stevensville, MD, Fred of Evergreen, CO, and daughter Susan Oesting of Anchorage, AK; his brother Bill, of

Roanoke, VA; and grandchildren, Aaron Oesting of Seattle, Washington, Sarah Harris of Portland, Oregon, Erica Marley of Homer, Alaska, Bill Seymour of Baltimore, Maryland, Brian Seymour of Stevensville, Maryland, and Mary, Jeff and Anna Seymour of Evergreen, nine great-grandchildren, seven nieces and two nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents, his sisters Ruth Cole and Reverend Evelyn Seymour and a niece.

Provided by the family

[Ed. Note: Lawrence A. Seymour was an active and generous supporter of the USN JLS/OLS Archival Project.. His submissions can be read in Issues # 71A, #128 and #134. Unfortunately, he was already gone for more than a year when his multi-part biographical sketch finally appeared.]

Francis S. Ronalds, Jr. OLS (Russian) 1945 In VOA & Radio Liberty

A member of Radio Liberty's staff from its earliest days, Francis S. Ronalds Jr. was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1925. He graduated magna cum laude from Princeton University in 1947, receiving a B.A. in English literature. Ronalds also studied French language and literature at the Sorbonne, as well as Russian at the Columbia University Russian Institute.



Francis S. Ronalds Jr., director of Radio Liberty, 1973-1975.

During World War II, Ronalds studied Russian at the Naval Language School at the University of Colorado, later serving as a Russian interpreter within the U.S. Navy. In July

1948, after leaving Columbia, Ronalds became a contributing editor of *Time* magazine, helping to set up a communist affairs desk, in addition to serving as a correspondent of economic affairs at the magazine's Washington bureau.

After joining RL in 1952, Ronalds was instrumental in setting up the editorial staff and preparing the station for its first broadcast on March 3, 1953. He would go on to serve as chief of the news department, program manager, and manager of the Paris bureau. After five years as deputy programming director at the Voice of America, Ronalds returned to RL in 1971 as deputy executive director. He was named executive director of Radio Liberty in 1973.

In 1977, Francis Ronalds again left RL, rejoining Voice of America.

*Hoover Institution
Library and Archives
"Radio Liberty: 50 Years of
Broadcasting"
Francis S. Ronalds, Jr.*

Bit Part in a Big Theater

(Cont'd) On the escarpment looming above us LT Reifsnnyder and I could see the snouts of several Nambu machineguns aimed at our direction. Three gaunt figures, Japanese officers in tattered uniforms, began descending the trail as we scrambled frantically over the slippery rocks. When they arrived, the three awkwardly saluted, and instinctively I stepped aside and took a picture. The conversation between Reifsnnyder and Yamada began slowly, with expressions of bewilderment showing on the faces of the Japanese, who said very little. Curious, I tugged on the Lieutenant's sleeve and asked what was happening. He explained that he was trying to get them to understand what the atomic bomb had done to the two cities it had struck. Then he resumed his dialog with Yamada. Occasionally I asked for further clarification of the one-sided discussion. Finally the Japanese commander's side of the conversation began to expand, a smile of satisfaction

crossed Reifsnnyder's face, and the talks ended.

On the way back to the Coast Guard vessel, Reifsnnyder told us that Yamada wanted time to talk to the civilians on the island and that he would have an answer the following day. The LT added, "While these talks continue, I'm afraid you're going to have to keep being my partner. When I kept stopping to fill you in, they got the impression I was your interpreter and that you are demanding their surrender. I figured I might as well leave it that way."

Although General Kimble was not happy about it, he allowed me to play his role as we continued the negotiations. We brought Yamada's two deputies to Tinian to listen to a Signal Corps receiver that pulled in Radio Tokyo and the Emperor's voice to the satisfaction, and profound sorrow, of the two officers. I sat in on discussions with Yamada about the details of the surrender ceremony, which was planned to coincide with the big one aboard the *USS Missouri* set for September 2 in Tokyo Bay.

After some inter-service wrangling it was decided that an admiral from Guam would formally accept Yamada's surrender on a destroyer off the coast of Aguijan. At this point I offered some advice based on informal conversations I had had with Yamada. "The officer gets seasick," I said. "He is very worried about that possibility and would like to sign the papers on land. My suggestion was ignored [*Uh oh*]. (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

Aubrey Farb USMCR

I was quite young when I arrived in Boulder in mid-January 1943. I was just 21. I left Boulder in April 1944 and headed for 2 months of rather intensive military training at Quantico, Virginia. I was a bit of a sad sack, but somehow I survived.

Things really worked out well for me. I arrived at Guam when

the island was about 75% secured. My military training stood me in good stead. I had to take a platoon was kind enough to build me a [foxhole?] and we were put out in the boondocks. I had a sergeant and a corporal to help me with these very young replacement troops. It was raining. My two NCO's and I had only a blanket, a poncho, and one half of a tent [commonly known as a shelterhalf, comma canvas] to protect us. My sergeant was kind enough to build me a shelter hut and roofed it with palm tree leaves.

I was then sent to the 3rd regiment of the 3rd Marine Division. The language officer there was a real veteran of several campaigns, Walt Williams. I stayed there a few weeks and then was assigned as the language officer at Island Command. Finally I arrived at my permanent assignment, the Language Officer section of the 3rd Marine Division. This was in September of 1944. In a few weeks we started our preparations for the invasion of Iwo Jima. We embarked for Iwo from Guam in late January 1945. Our ship had a permanent list and was known as the "Listing Harry Lee."

We were lucky. There were three divisions at Iwo and ours was picked for reserve. We finally landed on D+3. Fortunately I came through Iwo with no battle scars. There were a few close calls. One night I was duty officer in G-2 and received numerous calls that there were snipers out there. I decided to call the "Light" Colonel who was in charge of operations and he hurried over. I explained the situation and he decided that since there was a full moon, we should go up to the top of a hill where we would be silhouetted and if anyone was out there we would draw fire [*What? I have heard of 'search and destroy', but not search and be destroyed*]. He beat me to the top of the hill. Nothing happened. Two days later, it was determined that the 4th division tank battalion had lost its bearings and had been firing into our lines.

One morning when I climbed out of my foxhole, I looked

down at the airfield and it was covered with shot up B-29's. That was our reason for taking Iwo: to save our B-29's that had been damaged over Japan. Saving the crews was of paramount importance.

Back to Guam and we started preparing for Operation Olympic, the invasion of Japan at Nagasaki.

Then President Truman ordered that two atomic bombs be dropped. In mid-August 1945, I was in my tent and heard a broadcast in Japanese that sounded like the Japanese were surrendering. I found it in English and rushed down to the Officers Club, stopped the music and announced that the war was over. No one would believe me. In fact a burly captain grabbed me by the throat and said that if this was some kind of joke, his Joint Assault Signal Company would be down to see me. Fifteen minutes later, the duty sergeant from G-3, Operations, found his colonel who announced that I was right, the war was over. Incidentally, we found that the beaches at Nagasaki had been fortified with underwater concrete and steel barriers. What a disaster it would have been had we landed on those defense works. Harry Truman will always be my hero.

A few weeks later I was transferred to the headquarters of the 5th Amphibious Corps located at the Sasebo Naval base on Kyushu, the southernmost of the three main islands of Japan. But, we had to find our own transportation. Several of us got on a flight to Okinawa. We landed in the middle of the night and things were a mess. A hurricane had just come through the day before. We finally found a plane to an air base just west of Tokyo. I decided to go down to Yokosuka where the Japanese surrender took place to see if my brother's ship was there. Fortunately it was. When I got back to the air base, I found that someone had stolen my barracks bag with all my belongings, including my 45 cal. pistol, my camera, and my orders.

I returned to my brother's ship, a destroyer escort, and his captain allowed me to stay there until I accumulated some personal items. In the meantime

I did some sight seeing. While at the giant Buddha at Kamakura, the owner of the art shop was so entranced by my speaking ability in Japanese that he performed the Japanese tea ceremony for my brother and me. I bought a number of woodblock prints from him which I distributed to my family.

I finally got a ride on a Navy seaplane to Sasebo. On the way he flew over Hiroshima so we could see the effects of the atomic bomb dropped there.

At Sasebo I had a small bungalow for my use, and a houseboy to take care of me. There really wasn't much to do. I was hospitalized twice for bronchial pneumonia and finally my CO was kind enough to send me home even though I was one point short of the 60 needed. He was a great guy. His family operated the 21 Club in New York City.

I arrived in San Diego on Christmas Day 1945 and in a few days I was back in Houston. I returned to Columbia to resume my work on my Master's degree in Accounting and was shortly discharged from active duty at the Brooklyn Naval Base.

I have had a great life since then. I have been married just past 59 years, have a very accomplished family of four daughters, one not married, and six grandchildren, two of whom are married.

Aubrey Farb
JLS 1944

Chief Petty Officer Kosena

I don't recall any mention in the Interpreter about CPO Kosena, who was, if I remember correctly, my athletic officer when I was at JLS from the spring of 1944 through August 1945 [Other than include him in the list of Navy staff, no.]. He also worked as a general factotum in the Men's Dormitory, where male JLS students were billeted. He was a nice guy.

I recall that once early on a Saturday morning I was cramming for exams in my room and hadn't made my bed or cleaned the room. Kosena happened to walk by and warned me that the Lieutenant

Commander in charge, whose name I forget [LT George K. Conover, of pleasant memory, I'm sure.], was just down the hall inspecting and would be there in a few minutes. I hurriedly did the necessary cleaning and escaped demerits.

After that I kept Kosena (as well as a couple of Nisei instructors) supplied with cigarettes from a private source I had [I have always held that when efficiency and performance lag,... bribe away!].

I wonder if you have had any other information about Kosena.

Morris Cox
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: I found an Albert Kosena in the membership of the Associated Miners, College of Mines and Earth Resources, University of Idaho, as a sophomore in 1932. That would have made him class of 1934, if he graduated, and if he is the same guy. I found another Al Kosena mentioned in a history of Anaconda, Montana. COL Pratt just told me on the phone (8/29/07) that while at Boulder, in the Men's Dorm, as a MAJ USMC, he told Chief Kosena that Marine Corps Majors just do not get inspected by Navy Chiefs. Chief Kosena answered in the only way he could, "YES, SIR!"]

PS: [I emailed the above note to Mr. Cox and he replied] Thanks, David. I can see Harry Pratt making things clear to Kosena. Harry was the model Marine. He once drove me home from one of the parties up on the Flatirons when I had imbibed more freely than an officer and a gentleman should have. I reminded him of it at the Reunion, but he didn't remember it. [I don't suppose this was the first, or only, time that MAJ Pratt took time to take care of his troops.]

Morris Cox
OLS 1945

Frank Owen Miller November 15, 2001

AUGUSTA — Frank Owen Miller, 83, JLS 1944, formerly of Wooster, Ohio, died Thursday, Nov. 15, 2001, at Augusta Rehabilitation and Nursing Care Center, Augusta.

He was born in Painesville, Ohio, Feb. 1, 1918, the son of Frank Owen Miller and Charlotte (Pry) Miller.

He received his undergraduate degree from Ohio State University, and his Ph.D. from the University of California, Berkeley. After teaching for many years at Ohio State University, he joined the political science department of the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio, in 1962 and remained there until his retirement.

His time at the Navy Japanese language school at Boulder, Colo., and subsequent time in Japan during the occupation, sparked a lifelong interest in Japan, both personally and professionally.

He was predeceased by his wife Martha (Imhoff) Miller, of Olmsted Falls, Ohio, in 1994.

He is survived by three daughters, Marti Bailey, of South Pasadena, Calif., Charlotte Miller, of Olmsted Falls, and Winifred Kirkpatrick, and her husband John, of Farmingdale; four grandchildren, Mayumi Akiyama, Lucas Kirkpatrick, Paul Kirkpatrick and Nathan Kirkpatrick.

He and his family greatly appreciated the care he received at Capitol City Manor, in Augusta, and the Augusta Rehabilitation Center.

Knowlton Hewins Roberts
Funeral Homes

The JLS Experience of T. Howell Breece

(Cont'd) I was at the Japanese Language School in Boulder from January 1, 1943 until March of 1944. With very few exceptions, all of the students were Yeomen 2nd Class. The exceptions were men with advanced degrees whom the Navy had commissioned directly. But, in the late spring of 1943, the Navy lost its power to recruit volunteers as enlisted men and had to accept recruits from the general draft. The Navy could, however, still commission volunteers as officers. Since the newcomers to the JLS would thus have to be at least Ensigns, someone had the sense to recognize that it would not do for newcomers to be officers while men who had been there for as much as a year were still Yeomen 2nd Class. In the first

days of June 1943, therefore, all of us at the JLS were commissioned as Ensigns. I received my commission a few days after June 15, a fact that I remember because on the 15th, my first son was born.

When we graduated in March 1944, our order in the academic procession was determined not alphabetically, but by our standings in the class [*I have found that military formations are often by height*]. I found myself about midway in the procession. It was sobering location for someone who from high school on had always been at the top of his class. But, of course, like me, most of my fellow students were members of Phi Beta Kappa and had graduated with honors.

After Boulder, I was sent for a month's instruction at the Advanced Naval Intelligence School at the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York City. Then I went to the Navy department in Washington, DC, for about six weeks. There I worked with about a dozen of my Boulder classmates putting place names in the Latin alphabet on Japanese Admiralty maps and charts of the Japanese Islands. The man in charge of the project was a civilian, whose name I have forgotten, probably a former missionary in Japan, was completely fluent in written and spoken Japanese. The names on the charts were of course in kanji and our task was to find out how the names were pronounced. We had copies of the Japanese Post Office Directory which gave in kanji the names of a vast number of Japanese places and for each name in kanji provided a phonetic equivalent in kana. I never understood why it was important to determine the correct pronunciation of the names of places that we intended to bomb, but that is what the Navy wanted [*it turned out that the Army Air Corps dropped leaflets, in Japanese, to warn civilians of upcoming strikes and to suggest evacuation, although I do not know if these maps played a part.*]. (to be cont'd)

T. Howell Breece
JLS 1944

In Memorium

Albert J. Hausske, a long-time Taipei resident and friend to all the POWs passed away August 21, 1999.

"Al", as he was affectionately known, spent most of his life in the Orient. Born in Chicago of missionary parents, he moved with them to Shansi province of China in 1920 when he was only 4 years old. He had a colorful and exciting life and was always happy to tell his stories to those who were interested in hearing them.

Fluent in Chinese, Al served as a language officer in the U.S. Marines [*JLS 1944*] during WW II. He learned Japanese and was part of the 2nd Marine Division that landed on Saipan. His task was to persuade the people of Saipan not to commit suicide, as they had been instructed to do by the Japanese. He was right at the front and faced great dangers in his attempts to save the lives of the local people. While many did die, Al was instrumental in saving hundreds, and was later awarded the Medal of Honor for his role.

At war's end he was sent to Kyushu, Japan as commander of four battalions of liberated Chinese POWs. It was his task to get them successfully repatriated home again - which he did.

Al also took part in the Korean War and later worked on behalf of refugees from Communist China in Hong Kong, and for Hungarian Revolution refugees in Yugoslavia.

Al came to Taiwan for the first time in 1954, and from then on divided his time generally between here and Hong Kong. He operated a successful computer business for many years until his retirement. He lived on in Taiwan with his Taiwanese wife Hsiao-mi, who predeceased him in 1997.

I first met Al in the spring of 1997, when I accompanied Jack Edwards on a visit to his home. Al was instrumental in helping to find the site of the Kinkaseki POW Camp back in 1990, and shared a vital interest with us all in seeing some kind of memorial to the POWs built there. Al served on the former Kinkaseki Memorial Committee from its

inception and provided much help and guidance during the whole project.

Later Al and I became great friends and we shared many good times discussing his life and the history of WW II. He was a great man, who loved Taiwan and its people, and he will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

Michael Hurst
Never Forgotten
*The Official Newsletter of the
Taiwan POW Camps
Memorial Society
Fall 1999, page 10*

Hammond M. Rolph

My good friend, Hammond M. Rolph, JLS 1944, died today [July 27, 2007]. My good friend Polly Fleming (Mrs. W. Rudd Fleming) is just fine at 102 ½; sounds the same as at age 60, plays bridge and swims regularly (Encouraging to us in our 80s!). Of the 1650 Boulder attendees, how many are living (as far as your computer knows)[350 in April 2008]?

This card shows Mt. Rosa near here. 11,499' - climbed by Pike, 11/27/06. We climbed it in '04 & '05. '06 was the 200th Anniversary.

Frank Tucker
JLS 1944

Edwards, Marie A. WAVE, JLS 1944

Marie A. Edwards, age 90, of Merrillville, born in Gary, passed away on Monday, September 24, 2007. Marie was a member of Peace United Church of Christ where she was an occasional lay preacher, and served in most church activities from Sunday School Teacher to Director of Religious Education to the Deacon.

She was a veteran of WWII, where she served as a Lieutenant - USNR Waves, and was a graduate of the US Navy School of Oriental Languages (Japanese), University of Colorado in 1944. From 1944 to 1946 she served as a Japanese Language Officer and Administrative Assistant at the Washington Document Center. Marie was a teacher at Lew Wallace High School, the Supervisor of Social Studies and

Foreign Languages for the Gary School System.

She was a graduate of Horace Mann High School, received her B.A. from Indiana University, her M.A. from Northwestern University and received her Ph.D. in Political Science from Northwestern University in 1956. She was a Lecturer at Indiana University on American Government, Comparative Politics and Social Studies Methods. She was a past President of Board of Directors, Gary YMCA and past President and charter member of the Northwest Indiana Crime Commission. A member of the Lake County Criminal Justice Advisory Committee. She was preceded in death by her parents, Fred & Alma Edwards and her brother, Fred Edwards. She is survived by 2 sisters, Edith Lange of LaPorte and Ruth Benner of Plymouth; 6 nieces; 4 nephews; and many great-nieces and -nephews.

Indystar.com
The Indianapolis Star
September 28, 2007

[Ed. Note: Marie Edwards was an early supporter of the USN JLS/OLS Archival Project. We have a collection under her name.]

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