

The Interpreter

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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

16. Trusting my luck with Japanese

(Cont'd) My graduate study under Tsunoda sensei was not only enjoyable but provided me with the themes of my future work. I wrote my M.A. essay on Honda Toshiaki, an independent thinker of the late Tokugawa period who interested sensei and therefore also interested me. My Ph.D. thesis was on "The Battles of Coxinga," which I had read under sensei's guidance. In later years I would translate "Essays in Idleness," a work we had read in the class devoted to Buddhist literature.

Although I was happy in my studies, I wanted badly to go to Japan. This was not possible. The Occupation policy was to admit only businessmen and missionaries. I visited various companies in New York that did business with Japan. I was told that American companies thought of interpretation as

manual labor and paid for it accordingly. It was far cheaper to employ a Japanese on the scene that hire someone like myself. For a time I thought of becoming an interpreter at the war crimes trials, but remembering my experiences in Tsingtao, at the last moment I refused an offer from the government.

I decided that if I could not go to Japan, I would go to China. I took lessons in Chinese conversation for about six months and became fairly fluent. However, a student in the class whose father was a missionary in Nanking repeatedly reported what her father had written about the disturbed conditions in China that made study impossible. Persuaded by her advice, I gave up my plan. The classmate, despite all she had told me, went to Peking, where she was denounced as a spy. She was chained for months to a wall in a prison cell and expected every day to be executed.

Donald L. Keene
JLS 1943

Daily Yomiuri Online
April 29, 2006

[Ed. Note: There are as many and more chapters of Donald Keene's *Chronicles*. I will place more in the newsletter, if readers wish.]

Golino, Carlo Luigi JLS 1944

Carlo Luigi Golino, Foreign Languages: Riverside and Los Angeles

1913-1991

Professor of Italian, Emeritus

Carlo Golino died suddenly at his home in La Selva Beach, California on February 14, 1991. He was born in Pescara, Italy, on June 6, 1913 and was married to Anna Martin in 1940. He is survived by his wife, nine children and 17 grandchildren. He received his B.A. from City College of New York (1936); an M.A. (Italian literature) from Columbia University (1937); an M.A. (Oriental languages) from the University of Colorado

(1944); and his Ph.D. in Romance languages and literature from the University of California, Berkeley (1948). From 1942 to 1946, he served in the United States Navy where he acted as a Japanese interpreter. He was appointed to the faculty at UCLA in 1947. In 1965, he was appointed Professor of Italian and Dean of College of Letters and Sciences on the Riverside campus. Subsequently he became Vice Chancellor on the Riverside Campus. In 1973, he left California to become Chancellor and Commonwealth Professor of Italian at the University of Massachusetts, Boston, where he remained until his retirement in 1978.

Professor Golino contributed considerably to the field of Italian scholarship and particularly to contemporary Italian literature. One of his main goals was to make Italian culture more readily available to college students and the American public. His numerous lectures on and reviews of contemporary works being published in Italy and still unknown in the United States speak clearly to this. As a scholar, he was known among Italianists as an incisive promoter of the concept of the baroque. His visibility was due largely to his critical edition of Carlo de'Dottori's seventeenth century work, *La Prigione* (1962), his Italian grammars with Charles Speroni, his translations and articles on contemporary Italian poetry, and his founding of the *Italian Quarterly*. In 1958 and again in 1963, Golino received awards from the Italian government for his contributions to Italian culture.

Seldom does one find in universities an individual as well-adapted to all of his functions: as a teacher, as a research scholar, and as an administrator. To each role, Professor Golino brought keen intelligence, courage when that was needed, always a passion for what he was doing and,

throughout everything, a deep and affectionate concern for the welfare of young people. The academy was well served by Carlo Golino and while we mourn his passing we warmly recall his friendship.

J-P. Barricelli, I.H. Hinderake,
M. Cottino-Jones, H.F. Way
University of California –
In Memoriam
1992-

BEST LAID PLANS

(Cont'd) [After the dropping of the bombs] As I remember we sat around for a while waiting for the Navy to decide what our fate would be. They finally sent us to Washington, DC.

Apparently, when US Forces captured an island, we had no one there to determine which pieces of paper might be important, so they gathered anything with Japanese writing on it and sent it on to Washington. We would scan the material and write a line or two describing it [Translation triage]. Once a week a summary of our work would be circulated and if certain documents were deemed of value, additional translation would be requested. One interesting item that I had was a book – a translation of Taylor and Taylor's *Internal Combustion Engines*, a text I had had in college.

I was asked if I wanted to observe some A-bomb tests [Bikini Atoll?]. I didn't. I was also asked if I wanted to go to Japan with the Occupation. That was very tempting, but since I would have had to sign on for three or four years and since I had the points to get out, I decided to get on with my life.

Veikko Jokela
OLS 1945
<jokela@frontiernet.net>

Recent Losses:

Florence Walne Farquhar Japanese: Berkeley 1895-1946

In the death on October 14, 1946, of Florence Walne Farquhar, Associate Professor of Japanese, the University of California lost the services of a distinguished leader in the field of Japanese studies and the nation, a devoted servant who sacrificed her life for her country in just as real a way as though she had been a soldier on the field of battle.

Florence Walne was born on August 19, 1895, at Arima, Japan, of a profoundly Christian family, the daughter of Ernest Nathan Walne and Claudia McCann Walne, missionaries to the Japanese. After graduation from Georgetown College, Kentucky, in 1916, she rejoined her family in Japan and for many years actively participated in the educational work of her father, as a teacher of English and editor.

She returned to this country in 1931 and for four years served as Assistant Director of the International House, Berkeley. In the execution of her duties in that position she manifested her rich knowledge of Oriental life and her sympathetic understanding of the problems faced by both students from Asia and by American students of Japanese extraction among whom she made numberless friends.

A deep urge to do her part in building academic studies in the field of Japanese on a lasting foundation led her to undertake graduate work at Harvard University. In 1935 she received the degree of Master of Arts from Radcliffe College and in the same year she joined the Department of Oriental Languages as Lecturer in Japanese. She became Instructor in 1937, Assistant Professor in 1941, and Associate Professor in 1945. With great energy and perseverance Mrs. Farquhar labored not only to enlarge and systematize the University's offerings in the field, but also to broaden the public's understanding of the problems the nation faced in relation to

Japan and other countries of the Pacific. Her perfect command of the vernacular, coupled with her patience and fact, enabled her to exercise a steadying and constructive influence on the life and activities of Japanese groups at the University and in the community at large.

Mrs. Farquhar's research studies toward the doctor's degree in Japanese literature, a field to which she wanted to devote her major efforts, were interrupted in the fall of 1941 when she answered the Navy Department's call for the organization of a Japanese Language School at Berkeley to be founded simultaneously with other schools projected elsewhere. In a few months the outstanding qualities of the Berkeley school under her directorship became so apparent that the entire Navy instruction program in Japanese was concentrated in her hands.

In the words of Captain A. E. Hindmarsh, in charge of the Navy's program of language training, "she alone among the University teachers of Japanese in the summer of 1941, recognized the urgency, the practicability and the feasibility of doing the kind of job which eventually was done so well and to the tremendous advantage of the United States' effort in the Pacific Area."

In June, 1942, the evacuation of Japanese from the Pacific Coast necessitated the transfer of the School to the University of Colorado at Boulder. The number of students increased rapidly with the demands of the service and at one time in 1943 the size of the School reached an unprecedented figure of 125 teachers and 600 students. Also in 1943, courses in Russian, Mandarin, Amoy, Foochow, Cantonese, and Malay were added and the School was renamed the Navy School of Oriental Languages. Up to the time of its transfer to Washington in June, 1946, the School graduated over 1,000 Naval officers in these languages. From the very beginning of the program until September, 1944, when Mrs. Farquhar resigned because of ill health, she had carried the major portion of the administrative

problems involved in maintaining the standards of instruction and the procurement and training of teachers who eventually included one hundred Chinese, Malay, and Russian instructors as well as the peak faculty of one hundred and twenty-five Japanese teachers. Many of the latter were selected by Mrs. Farquhar by visiting in person relocation camp areas.

At the University of Colorado, Mrs. Farquhar held the position of Associate Professor and Director of the Japanese School and was advanced to the rank of full Professor in 1943.

With unswerving devotion Florence Walne Farquhar worked literally night and day to make the School a success. The weight of administrative duties did not prevent her, however, from taking unflinching interest in the personal life and problems of the staff and the students of the School. This interest extended to their subsequent careers as language officers and their postwar plans for scholastic or government careers. Her correspondence contains countless expressions of heartfelt appreciation on the part of her students for her understanding, guidance and encouragement to carry on in an undertaking of signal difficulty. A letter of commendation, signed by James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy, noted the fact that the Navy School of Oriental Languages owed so much since its inception in September, 1941, to her "unflinching loyalty, energy and understanding," recognized her great contribution as, "the first civilian director of a school which has done so much for the war effort in training highly qualified language officers" and extended the Navy's congratulations on "a job well done."

She returned to the Berkeley campus in 1944 anxious to rededicate herself to peaceful academic work. In December of the same year, she was married to Samuel T. Farquhar, Manager of the University Press, who through the early years of the war had shared with her the anxieties and tribulations attendant to the production of adequate text books for the language instruction program.

Her health, sapped by the strain of the war period, unrelieved by even a brief rest, began to fail her and she was not permitted by fate to complete the many fertile plans she had in mind for further development of Japanese studies both on the academic level and on that of practical training for national needs.

Her life was animated by a deep desire to help her fellow Americans to understand and appreciate the lasting values of Japanese culture through the medium of art and literature. Involved in the duties of war she transcended its passion and anger and while giving her wholehearted loyalty and devotion to her country's need in a time of peril, she kept alive, true to her Christian heritage, the ideals of universal amity and human brotherhood.

She is survived by her widower, her mother Claudia Walne, and four brothers, Herbert, Thomas, Ratliff, and Ernest Walne.

In commemoration of her services to the University, her students, and the nation, her colleagues in the department and other friends have initiated a scholarship fund for a deserving student of Japanese origin at the University and dedicated to her memory a portion of the departmental library devoted to the collection of materials on Japan and the history of the war in the Pacific.

*Woodbridge Bingham, JLS 1943
Allen Blaisdell
Peter Boedberg
In Memoriam, 1946
University of California at Berkeley*

[Ed. Note: Although I have placed biographical information about JLS Director Florence Walne, none have been as thorough and detailed at this one.]

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARINES

Dear Aubrey [Farb]:

I am going to send this in segments since it has gotten much longer than I intended. You may both find it mildly interesting but it will have outgrown your space to publish it, Dave. Maybe there are some nuggets.

I attended a small high school in Nebraska. The only modern foreign language offered was German, thanks to the presence on the staff of an older woman who was a native German speaker. I liked her and the language, and took the second year offered. After high school I was able to go to the University of Nebraska thanks to the NYA, one of FDR's New Deal organizations. I finished my junior year in the spring of 1941. A classmate and I drove to California to spend the summer working in the burgeoning aircraft industry. We both signed on at Douglas in Santa Monica. Come time to go back to school we were beguiled by the Southern California life style and decided to wait another semester.

Then came Pearl Harbor. I was assured by Douglas that I was vital to the aircraft industry and needn't worry about the draft. Caught up in the fervor of the time, the prospect of spending an indefinite period within earshot of rivet guns didn't seem attractive. I found out that the Navy had a program called V-7 which allowed a college student to finish college (no pay) and he would then belong to the Navy. I hustled over to UCLA and registered for a couple courses. Thus qualified, I was sworn into the Navy. The Navy later approved my transfer back to NebrU. Given what was going on around me I tired of the academic routine. Then, in the fall of '42 the NU newsheet said that the Navy was looking for people qualified for a concentrated course in the Japanese language. They were looking for people with some Japanese or Chinese knowledge but others would be considered if they had attained PBL level competence in another language. I applied under the latter provision and shortly had a message from Florence Walne stating that Cdr. Hindmarsh interviewed all candidates and that he would be in Boulder for several days. I entrained for Boulder and caught him in his room at the Boulderado Hotel, where he was packing his suitcase. I identified myself and he asked whether I wanted to study Japanese. "Yes sir!" He said that since I was already in

V-7 he would have me transferred to V-4 after he got back to Washington and sent to Boulder. I arrived in Boulder in February in the capacity of a Yeoman 2/c for \$96.00. Big bucks for a penurious college student.



Glenn Nelson at the USN JLS

About the German business. While at NU I took a Civil Service examination in the German language, mostly for kicks, but heard nothing further. Some time after I arrived in Boulder I had a registered letter from Washington inviting me to come in for some possible work involving the German language. I replied that I was in the toils of the Navy, thus unavailable. From what I learned later I suspect that this was trolling by the OSS. Had they come after me sooner I would probably have spent the war in the ETO rather than the Far East. I'm glad that it was the latter. Decades later I finally got a tour of duty in Germany '74-77. I assumed my deutsch would be immediately serviceable. It was, considering the time lapse, but I found Nihongo sneaking into some of my German sentences. Puzzled a lot of Germans.

More to follow - unless you turn off the spigot.

*Semper Fi
Glenn Nelson [RIP Glenn]
JLS 1944*

ADDISON M. PARKER Attorney, Civil Libertarian

Addison M. Parker, 90, JLS 1943, of Des Moines, died June 15, 2006, of complications from a stroke.

Born January 22, 1916, Mr. Parker attended Des Moines public schools, before graduating from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1933. He graduated from Dartmouth College Phi Beta Kappa in 1937. While at Dartmouth, he was honored with a senior fellowship that allowed him to select his own course of study without the requirement of formal course-work. He

graduated from Harvard Law school in 1940. He was an attorney and one of the original partners in the Dickinson Law Firm in Des Moines. He joined the firm in 1952 and retired in 1992.

During WWII, he served in the Navy, in Naval Intelligence as a language officer from 1941-45. The Navy trained him intensively in Japanese at the University of Colorado, and he translated enemy traffic, interrogated Japanese prisoners, and received the Distinguished Service Cross during the war in the Pacific.

Mr. Parker was a staunch defender of civil rights and civil liberties. He helped convince the Des Moines City Council of its inherent power to prohibit racial discrimination in housing and began work, which others completed, that resulted in anti-discrimination and fair employment ordinances in Des Moines. During the Vietnam War, Mr. Parker represented conscientious objectors in disputes with the Selective Service. He was a strong believer in equal justice and did pro-bono work for Iowa Legal Aid, which he also represented on other matters. He received an excellence in service award from Legal Aid in 1995 and was inducted into the Iowa Legal Aid Hall of Fame in 2006. Mr. Parker was a member of the Iowa State Bar Association; Polk County Bar Association; Plymouth Congregational Church; Pow Wow Club; Des Moines Club; the Board of the Iowa Civil Liberties Union; and the Board of Directors of Salisbury House.

Mr. Parker loved the outdoors and was a strong conservationist. He particularly loved the landscapes of Iowa, Michigan, and New England. Locally, he helped obtain Big Creek Lake and Brown's Woods for public use. He enjoyed hiking with his golden retrievers, and was an avid fly fisherman, downhill and cross country skier, and cyclist. He skied with his wife annually in Colorado until age 75 and was taking bicycle rides of 30 miles or more into his late 80's. Mr. Parker loved reading and was particularly interested in history, politics, economics, poetry, and literature. His wife of nearly 70

years, Jane Ann Youngerman Parker, was his constant friend and companion, who shared his intellectual passions and many of his recreational interests.

He is survived by his wife, Jane Ann Youngerman Parker of Des Moines; sons, Addison M. Parker, Jr., Waco, KY; Geoffrey Parker, Anchorage, Alaska; sister, Jane Day Mook, Beula, Michigan; brother-in-law, Telford Mook [JLS 1943], Beula, Michigan; daughter-in-law, Barbara A. Dixon, Waco, KY; and grandchildren Laura Ann Parker Martin, Waco, KY and Geoff Parker, Waco, KY.

*Des Moines Register
June 25, 2006*

Addison was a long-time neighbor and close friend of my family's. He was brilliant in language acquisition, and the first person I ever met who read Latin for the fun of it, sitting down with a classical volume for a bit of light reading. He was intelligent, an analytical thinker who was a pleasure to argue with. He was a good, fond neighbor and friend. I'll miss him.

*S. Worthen
Des Moines, Iowa*

[Ed. Note: Mr. Parker was a longtime correspondent of Roger Pineau and had been on our mailing list since 2000. When our newsletter was sent back from his address, I checked the web and found this obituary. Our condolences go to his family. Telfer Mook, his JLS classmate and brother in law, died a year later.]

A Shanghai Incident



*1940, 4th Marines machinegun squads in Shanghai
<<http://www.chinamarines.com/ver3/4th.htm>>*

(Cont'd) I reported to Regimental Headquarters in uniform and wore a duty belt with holster containing a Colt 45. I was assigned a young, militant-looking Marine to assist me, and he too wore the uniform of the day and a duty belt with a bayonet attached. We were

provided with an old World War I truck as transportation and a driver. Both of us placed military police bands on our left arms as a mark of authority, and we were on our way.

We drove to the intersection of Bubblingwell Road and the boundary of the American Zone. On the corner of the first street intersection within our area I spotted the first of the gendarmes. He was small in stature as is common among the Japanese people and was dressed in ill-fitting Western style clothing with a coat much shorter than the mode of the day, and he stood erect with the bearing of a military man.

I told the driver to pull the truck up along the side of the curb, and my assistant and I got out. I approached the man from his right front, my assistant stationed himself to the man's left rear. We could see the bulge of the gendarme's automatic under his coat. I asked him in Japanese if he would surrender his weapon. He reacted threateningly fast for his Nambu automatic. I quickly grasped his right wrist and simultaneously my assistant grabbed his left. The automatic was securely fastened to a white rope lanyard which extended around the man's shoulder under his tight-fitting coat. Our only solution was to cut the lanyard and my assistant's bayonet was the only cutting edge available to us. Our prisoner reacted violently to the cutting of his beautiful white lanyard. I knew that he must have spent hours working on it to have achieved its sparkling degree of whiteness. Once the lanyard was cut I was able to use my other hand to extract the Nambu from the holster and drop it to the pavement. I then asked the gendarme to get into the truck. He stood there motionless. He undoubtedly was thinking of his "loss of face" at having been detected. I repeated my request with no better result.

The body of our truck sat very high on the chassis, and there were three steps leading up from the ground. It was virtually impossible for my assistant and me to lift the gendarme bodily into the truck because of his height, so we each took a leg and an arm, swung the man three

times, and on the count of three we let go. The man landed in a very undignified position on his knees and elbows. The Marine rode the ladder on the rear of the truck, and we moved on to the next gendarme. We took 16 of these Japanese plain clothes men that day, and the reaction of each was virtually the same. I have no way of knowing under what instructions these men were operating, but I do know that their reaction to us was one of silent uncooperation. Their only actions during that day was the outside-in motion of going for their automatics before being disarmed.



Japanese troops on the march.
<<http://www.fourthmarinesband.com/shanghai.htm>>

We were back in Regimental Headquarters before noon, and all 16 Japanese prisoners were turned over to the guard of the day in an unused bowling alley, where after the fashion of their people they squatted on the floor. Before dark that night their commanding officer, Major General Saburo Miura, appeared and made sufficient apology to COL Peck to secure their release.

It was my understanding that the local representatives of both governments agreed not to release any information of the incident in order not to further strain international relations between the two countries. Instead it was decided to hold daily sessions to try to reach an amicable agreement regarding this incident and to set a pattern for the future. For the next 10 days COL Peck and I drove over to the Japanese Headquarters in the Honkyu section of Shanghai and sat in conference with the Japanese Government's representatives. No agreement ever came from these meetings. The Japanese sat in moody silence for hours and contributed nothing towards a solution.

An airmail letter from my wife in Japan informed me that

the Japanese newspapers had exploded the story on their front pages in spite of their agreement not to publicize the incident. It was common knowledge that I was the only American Marine language officer in Shanghai [*JLS Tokyo 1938*], even though my name had not been used in any of the articles, many of our Japanese friends came to tell my wife of all the terrible things I had been accused of doing to the Japanese soldiers in China. Such statements as "Marine officer treats Japanese like animals," "New American Atrocity" and "American with a human face, but the skin of an animal reveals his hypocrisy," were samples of the items released to the Japanese press. On 9 July an article appeared on page one of the *New York Times*, but this was subsequent to the Japanese release because it quoted some of the Tokyo newspaper comments.

It was quite natural that my wife was most concerned about the reception that I might receive upon landing in Japan. I, too, was a little apprehensive as to how I would be greeted upon my arrival. The departure of the *SS President Coolidge* had been delayed for 10 days, and I was hoping that this would provide a little cooling off period, although I was disappointed that the delay would cut down on my holiday time in Japan. (to be cont'd)

COL A. Bryan Lasswell, USMC (Ret)
Marine Corps Gazette
September 1980; 64, 9: 54-57.

Submitted by James Lasswell
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An EAA Interview with Houghton Freeman

In 1978, Mansfield Freeman, an American who had spent much of his life in China and who helped found the company that later became American International Group, Inc. (AIG), established a trust whose primary mission would be to establish a foundation that would facilitate the development of mutual understanding among Americans and East Asians. In 1993, one

year after Mansfield Freeman's death, the family established the Freeman Foundation to promote his vision. Since then, the Freeman Foundation has touched the lives of millions of educators, students, and citizens in both Asia and the United States. The Freeman-funded National Consortium for Teaching About Asia, although only one of a number of Foundation initiatives, has provided 7,600 American teachers and more than 2.2 million of their students with the opportunity to learn about the histories, cultures, and current problems of East Asian countries.

Freeman Foundation President Houghton Freeman [*JLS 1943*], who was born in China, and lived and worked most of his life there as well as in Japan, has successfully guided this unique international endeavor since its beginnings. EAA readers, many of whom have benefited immensely from the Freeman vision, should gain both a better sense of twentieth century East Asian history, and an understanding of the aspirations of the founders of the Freeman Foundation, through this January 2007 interview with Houghton Freeman. We offer our sincere thanks both to Houghton Freeman and to EAA editorial board member and interviewer, Lynn Parisi, Director of the Program for Teaching East Asia at the University of Colorado at Boulder. (to be cont'd)

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