

*The Interpreter*

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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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.*

## James M. Wells

### 30 Years at the Newberry 56 years a Caxtonian And Enjoying Every Minute

The entry for James M. Wells [*JLS 1944*] in the Club's 1995 centennial volume is fairly extraordinary: WELLS, JAMES M. (b. 1917). The librarian was born in West Virginia and received a B.S. from Northwestern University (1938) and a M.A. in English from Columbia University (1939). After serving as an English instructor, he entered the United States Navy during World War II (1942-46) and served as a Japanese-language officer in the Pacific campaigns, rising to the rank of lieutenant.

In 1951 he joined the staff of the Newberry Library as the custodian of the John M. Wing Foundation. He subsequently held a number of posts in his long and distinguished career there, including that of vice-president (1975-84). He is the author of *Opera di*

*Giovanantonio Tagliente* (1952), *The Scholar-Printers* (1964), and *The Circle of Knowledge* (1968). He has also contributed articles to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and to professional journals.



Stanley Morison (left) with James Wells, ca. 1960

Newberry Library photograph

A member of several professional societies, he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship (1978-79). He joined the Caxton Club in 1951, served on the Council (1959-67, 1970-71, 1974-75, 1984-86) and on the Publications Committee (1953-69), which he chaired from 1960 to 1962. He was elected vice-president (1966-67) and president (1968-69). In 1958 he read a paper before the Club, "William Caxton," in which he gave a masterful summary of the life of the Club's namesake. His text was reprinted as a keepsake for Caxtonians in 1960. He also spoke at three dinner meetings on "Stanley Morison, A Portrait" (1971); on "Do You Remember John Calhoun? A Brief History of Chicago Printing" (1975); and on "Daniel Berkeley Updike and the Merrymount Press" (1982). He wrote chapter 1 of *RHM Robert Hunter Middleton* (1985), an essay entitled "The Man and His Career." He also wrote the introduction for *An Alphabet Stone Cut*, published by the Club in 1963. He was elected honorary member in 1984. (to be cont'd)

Robert McCamant  
The Caxtonian  
Vol. XV, No. 9  
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**Recent Losses:****The JLS Experience of T. Howell Breece**

(Cont'd) The rest of my naval career in China had nothing to do with Japanese. JICA seconded me to OSS in Peking. I asked to have Eddie Fei sent with me to Peking, an idea that delighted him because his parents had continued to live there all through the Japanese occupation. We spent our time going to military headquarters all over the city, some of the Kuo Min Tang (Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Chinese Party), but some of them were those of warlords hoping to profit from the defeat of Japan. Situation Maps were rolled down for us and we were shown the locations of Communist and Nationalist troop dispositions. All conversations were, of course, in Chinese and I was glad to have Eddie with me. Chinese is one of my two native languages, but because my adult education was in English, there are English terms for which I do not know the Chinese equivalent. Although I had by then acquired considerable military vocabulary in Chinese, there were still words I did not know.

In the summer of 1946, Eddie Fei with his wife and infant son, came to the US and stayed with me for a few days in Berkeley. He told me then that he had learned that the situation maps which we had been shown at the various headquarters were all fabricated for us. The Chinese Nationalists had no intention of letting the Americans find out what was really happening in the war with the communists. They kept two sets of maps, one for themselves that showed the true situation, and another to fool us into thinking they were prevailing against the communists. I have wondered ever since if any intelligence reports can be trusted.

Finally, in November 1945, I was ordered to Shanghai to wait for transportation to the US for discharge from the Navy. On my birthday, December 6, 1945, I

flew from Peking to Shanghai in a DC-4, the first four-engined plane in which I had ever flown. Lt. (j.g.) Willard Wright was already in Shanghai. When I was sent to Peking, he was sent to the Royal Navy in Hong Kong. When I reached the Cathay House Hotel, Bill offered me a Scotch. I thought he was joking. For a year and a half in China our only alcohol had been a small ration of cheap bourbon (a liquor I detest) or Chunking gin, a liquor distilled in Chungking by a White Russian who according to rumor had one bottle of Gordon's Gin which he used in tiny sips as a check on the flavor of the stuff he produced. Since he probably had no access to juniper, I don't know how he could have even come close to a correct flavor, but all of us drank the stuff in a mixer made with water and the Army's dried lemon powder. Bill did have a bottle of Black & White which a Royal Navy wardroom had sold him for the equivalent of 75¢ American. (to be cont'd)

T. Howell Breece  
JLS 1944

## CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARINES

To Resume:

The 6th Marine Division, minus the temporarily absent Yokosuka detachment, sailed to Tsingtao, North China though calm seas. An advance party had already come in by air to identify buildings that could be used for billeting troops and house the staff elements. A number of the many schools in the city were tagged for billets and the Japanese instructed to put everything in order. The column of troops with which I marched into the city went through a street which had many shops with displays of foreign (not Chinese) liquor. I recall White Horse Scotch as the brand most offered. The bottles were perfectly duplicated and labeled. We had been warned not to drink

the stuff, but, predictably, some thirsty adventurers did, and got sick, though no deaths were announced. The troops soon found a "safe" substitute, the locally made vodka, which was made without toxic ingredients. There was also a "90 Year Old" (sic) Chefoo Brandy, which was quite good.



Turning in arms, Tsingtao  
<http://www.haroldstephens.net/image/tid/51?page=13>

The senior Japanese government official in the city was Consul General Hara. He had served as Consul General in Honolulu and was afraid the Americans would string him up. So he claimed illness and took to his bed, handing off his functions to a deputy. The senior Japanese military officer was Brigadier General Eiji Nagano who commanded the troops in the Tsingtao region. Farther inland the 43rd Army held sway.

Our division had two missions. First, organize and manage the repatriation of the thousands of Japanese military and civilians in North China. The First Marine Division had arrived in the Tientsin-Peiping area, similarly charged. Stepping up to the strategic level, the Americans were to hold the North China coast until Chiang Kai-Shek could get his forces up there and march inland to forestall its conquest by the Chinese Communists. Our immediate mission was to free a bunch of assorted foreign internees, including women and children, who were being held at Weih sien, some miles inland. It turned out that the OSS had already parachuted into the camp with supplies and got everyone back to the city. Unlike the military PW camps, the people had not been mistreated but their rations were sparse. The OSS detachment, first on the scene, had taken over a couple of the finest houses in the city and commandeered some of the best

of the vehicles in town. I remember thinking that this seemed like a good outfit to be in. Prophetically, several years later I was in the SSU, which succeeded the OSS and was in turn succeeded by the CIA. The OSS mission in China had been to gather intelligence about the ChiComs.

*Semper Fi*  
 Glenn Nelson  
 JLS 1944

## **An EAA Interview with Houghton Freeman**

(Cont'd) **Lynn Parisi:** *Much has been written about divided opinion among American policy makers on the leadership and factions in China during the Sino-Japanese War, including Stilwell's frustration with the Guomintang war effort. Based as you were in Chongqing, do you have recollections of the environment in which Americans were working at that time in China? Did you see any of this in your own work or at the American headquarters at Chongqing?*

**Houghton Freeman:** In Chongqing, I lived in the naval attaché mess with about four other officers. We were just five houses up from General Stilwell's office and headquarters. Stilwell was very friendly. He would invite us down whenever he got a new movie; that is how I got to know him. About five years ago, Doreen and I became involved in renovating the Stilwell Museum in Chongqing because of that early connection.

Some of our people in Chongqing went on assignment to Yan'an and came back very impressed. Their impressions were that the people in Yan'an were actively fighting the Japanese. Meanwhile, we couldn't get anyone in the Guomintang to take much interest in doing so. This was Stilwell's problem, and he was very frustrated. Barbara Tuchman's book on Stilwell goes into the politics of this very well. There was really a lot of effort by the Americans to try to bring Chiang Kai-shek and Mao together, but it was like bringing

the Shiites and the Sunnis together; you couldn't do it.

I was transferred from Chongqing after a relatively short time, and was assigned to monitor Japanese operations along the Fujian coast. My own experiences there regarding the Guomintang's reluctance to fight Japan were similar.

At that time, the Japanese controlled all the treaty ports except Fuzhou. The Min River runs through Fuzhou to the sea. Just off the coast is Sharp Island, where the Japanese had 120 marines monitoring shipping, so they really didn't need to go into Fuzhou. Fuzhou was wide open and the center of activity in "free China." I was sent down with a wireless operator to transmit reports back to Chongqing. There was a good little Allied community operating there. We joined the British Acting Consul General, Murray MacLehose, later to be governor of Hong Kong. He was also British Secret Service. Everyone down there was in the Intelligence business. It was also headquarters for Chinese Customs, Telephone and Telegraph, and the Salt Administration. An Englishman, Charles George Gordon Pearson, was head of the Salt Administration. A Dane by the name of Kierkegaard was heading the Telephone and Telegraph, and Customs was being run by a man named Rollo Rouse.

The Japanese were all over the place, but there were wide gaps in their control. I had a network of agents up and down the coast, even a man in Shanghai and on Taiwan. None had radios, so they had to pass through Japanese lines once a week to send me information. I traveled up and down the coast, which was quite open. Twice daily, I would relay messages on the day's activities back to Chongqing. In addition, I had been asked by the 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force, General Chenault's outfit, to send weather reports. I had no weather equipment, no training in weather reporting, so I would just look out the window and say, "sunny, partly sunny," or whatever, and would put my finger out and say, "Wind from the southwest." Later, when I went back on a trip through

Kunming, I met General Chenault, and he thanked me for the "valuable intelligence" I was sending from the coast!

While I was there, the Japanese captured the city of Wenzhou, down the coast from Shanghai, with no opposition from the Guomintang. Rollo Rouse, the English customs officer, was asked by the Inspector General to make a report. Rouse's report was something to this effect, "I have forgotten whether Wenzhou was captured by six Japanese on bicycles at seven a.m. or seven Japanese on bicycles at six a.m." This is just an illustration of how ineffective the Guomintang was as a fighting force. Our position in Fuzhou became unstable after a US submarine made the mistake of sinking a Japanese medical ship. The crew and the patients made it to shore and set up there. Everyone in Fuzhou got nervous. The Guomintang had 2,500 to 3,000 troops. They could have easily dealt with this handful of Japanese, but they didn't. The Japanese became bolder as time went on, and eventually, we had to leave Fuzhou, all because of this handful of Japanese stragglers against whom the Guomintang troops seemed helpless. It was somewhat ridiculous because anyone with a machinegun could probably have saved Fuzhou – but no one did. The British ambassador, Murray MacLehose used his launch to evacuate his staff and mine. We were fired upon as we headed upriver, but we assumed the shots came not from Japanese but the Guomintang. We resettled upriver in Nanping at a former American missionary compound, set up radio communications, and resumed business as usual.

We're now getting into 1945 and the war was at a stalemate in China. I was due for home leave and was asked to report to Washington. I also needed surgery on my shoulder, which I had dislocated, so the time seemed right to return.

When the war ended, I didn't have enough points to leave the Navy, so I was assigned to Shanghai with a group of Annapolis captains and an admiral responsible for transferring excess US naval

vessels to the nationalist Chinese. I was the only reservist, a lieutenant, the only one who knew Shanghai, so I became their "go to guy." I remember that we stayed at the Cathay Hotel, now the Peace Hotel, and they didn't like the toilet paper. I was requested to go out to one of our naval vessels moored in the Whangpoo to get some. I was walking up the Bund with an armload, and of course ran into half my fiends. I had been trying to impress them with my position, and there I was fetching toilet paper. I lost a lot of face. By the end of January, I had enough points to get out of the Navy, so I got permission to go back to Washington to be demobilized. The admiral and the captains were finished giving our vessels to the Guomindang. Of course, six months later the communists probably had all those ships. It was a worthless exercise. (to be cont'd)

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## **Captain Gaspere B. Taburello, USN, JLS 1944**

My husband, Gaspere B. Tamburello (1921-1998), was a Japanese student at Colorado. He did go in with the Marines to translate and interrogate prisoners of war.

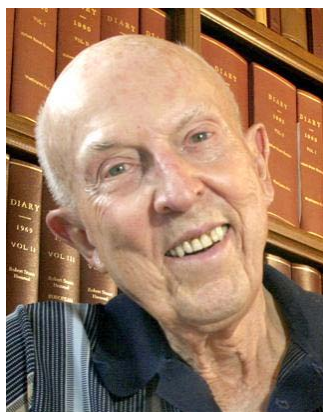
He passed away on the 19<sup>th</sup> of November 1998. He eventually became CO of Corry Station (Naval Technical Training Center) in Florida and retired in 1969. He then went to Pennsylvania Junior College as an administrator.

At the present time I have given most of his memorabilia to Corry Station for the museum and I have been told that a building will be named for him. He actually was the one found Corry Station when BUPERS sent him to find a location to move the Long Beach Station from California to the East Coast. His location was Corry Station. It is now called the Center of Dominance. It trains all forces. It is absolutely an

amazing place. He would be amazed at its growth.

*Ethel A. Tamburello*

## **Robert Stuart Hummel 1915-2007**



Robert Stuart Hummel, 92, passed away peacefully at 6 a.m. on Sunday, Dec. 16, 2007, after a yearlong struggle with cancer.

Stuart was born on Sept. 30, 1915, in Los Angeles, to Mildred Esther Hummel and William Frederick Hummel, who were Methodist missionaries in China for many years. Stuart was born in Los Angeles when his parents returned from China on a furlough.

Stuart and his wife, Kathleen, who passed on in March 2003, were high school classmates in Los Angeles. Both were valedictorians of their graduating class. It was not until two or three years later as students at UCLA that they began dating, leading to their marriage on Oct. 6, 1940. Their more than 62 years of marriage were filled with love, companionship, much travel and a very close family relationship. They were their own best friends.

Stuart received his BA from the University of California, Berkeley, in 1939 where he studied Chinese and international relations, while residing at the International House during part of his university education.

In October 1941 he was recruited back to the university to attend the rigorous Japanese Language School being conducted by the United States Navy. After the attack on Pearl Harbor in December of that year, it became imminent that he would play an important role in World War II. [Also as a result

of EO-9066, the US Navy Japanese Language School had to move to the University of Colorado, taking Hummel and his Berkeley class with him] When he finished the year of Japanese-language training, he was sent to Pearl Harbor where he was stationed at Admiral Nimitz's headquarters and spent his days doing cryptographic work, translating Japanese coded messages.

When the war ended he joined the State Department Office of Chinese Affairs in Washington, D.C., and soon after found himself in charge of all of the United States libraries in the Far Eastern countries, supplying them with English-language books and translations. He went to Japan for three months in 1952 to visit the 21 American libraries that had been established there and to recommend what should be done with them.

Stuart's eclectic past includes service with Naval Intelligence; a postwar stint with the State Department's Office of China Affairs; supervisor of 65 United States information centers from Korea to Burma; director of Chinese language broadcasts for the Voice of America broadcast network; and as a Civil Defense official who prepared all Capitol Hill buildings, the Supreme Court and Library of Congress for manmade and natural disasters.

When Stuart's World War II Naval assignment in Hawaii was transferred to Washington, D.C., in mid-1945, it became possible for Kathleen to join him and for him to see their daughter, Anne, for the first time. She was 17 months old. In the late 1950s, Stuart took a federal assignment in Santa Rosa. They returned to Washington, D.C., in the early 1960s when Stuart was asked to take the position of preparing the United States Capitol and the surrounding government buildings for possible nuclear attack. He held this position for eight years, with his office in the Capitol.

These were pleasant years for Stuart as he renewed past friendships and found new friends.

When Stuart retired from federal service in 1970, their

family returned to their native California. They lived in Terra Linda, Marin County. In 1977, they bought their present home near the Sonoma Plaza and moved to the City of Sonoma. Stuart and his son, Bill, established the family's business, the Sonoma Book Bindery, in 1983. It will celebrate its 25th anniversary in April of 2008.

Stuart Hummel not only knew the joys of a life well lived, he also earned the satisfaction that comes from preserving the details of every day of it.

In his Sonoma home there are shelves and shelves of matching bound books, holding almost his entire life in their pages of typewritten prose. Stuart created a diary account of every single day of his life, starting at age 12. It is the complete story of his life - the people he met and everything he did. And he always took the attitude that he didn't care who read it, he said. It's not a life that you'd nod off reading about - there are five universities that would love to obtain his collection, including the prestigious Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley and Stanford University.

After traveling the world, holding important posts in the federal government and establishing the Sonoma Book Bindery, he started accumulating valuable investment real estate. He has real estate in Marin and Sonoma counties, as well as in Hawaii, and he and his wife, Kathleen, made more than 45 trips to Hawaii over a 30-year period. They loved it there.

Stuart grew up in Nanking, China, where his parents were Methodist missionaries and educators. He loved China and learned to speak fluent Chinese. He remembered traveling around on camelback, surviving typhoid fever and eventually fleeing during the Chinese civil war in 1927. Before his mother could load him onto the American destroyer ship USS *Noa*, which brought them down the Yangtze River to Shanghai where a steamer ship returned them to Los Angeles, he saw atrocities of war that still lingered vividly in his brain.

Stuart has grandchildren and great-grandchildren, the huge collection of family records, and

feels he has been very fortunate in his life to have long-lived and interesting parents and grandparents of whom he feels so proud. He felt his main interest was to perpetuate the memory of those who went before him, who lived interesting and loving lives. "The saddest thing would be for their memory not to go on," he said.

Stuart is survived by his son, William Merrett Hummel, of Sonoma, daughter, Anne Stuart Kessler, and her husband, Richard Dale Kessler, of Granite Bay, their daughter, Elizabeth Arnold, and her husband, William Arnold, M.D., of Phoenix, their two children, Carson and Kyle, son John Stuart Kessler, and his wife, Masayo, and their three children, Gene, Erin and Shaun, who live in Tokyo, Richard Anthony Kessler, and his wife, Laura, and daughter, Bailie, who live in Roseville and Gary David Kessler, and wife, Rachel, and twins Ryleigh and Jackson, who live in Pennsylvania. Also Stuart is survived by his brother William Frederick Hummel Jr. III, of Los Angeles, and many other relatives who live in southern California and Sonoma.

Sonoma News  
December 24, 2007

## Note Provided by Phil Burchill

*[Phil sent along this note from Polly Fleming in December 2007.]*

Dear Phil:

It's most flattering when you are 103 to be remembered when you were younger! Maybe I have improved – I hope. I read the news from the University of Colorado and appreciate your input – but I didn't know very many.

I gave a luncheon for us: Paul Kramer, Marty Packman and Erna and Hope Efron with a nurse....

I tried to light a fire, and the damper was stuck – SMOKE. I was so disappointed that something went wrong.

Polly Fleming

*[Ed. Note: I like to place such notes. Many have been the times that I have bungled setting a fire and sent indoor*

*smoke signals instead. She has my empathy. ]*

## Martin Edward Orlean

It is with regret that I have learned of the death of Martin E. Orlean, Boulder JLS 15/4/44, who died last June 2007 in London where he lived. I met him on Peleliu in September 1944 and many years later in London for lunch a couple of times, the last time being in 1995. His wife told me about his death in a return postcard. He had been in the oil business until his retirement. A real loss in his passing. *[RIP Bill]*

William Hudson  
JLS 1944

## Reprise on Hummel, and Senseis Ashikaga, Nakamura and Inouye

You are no doubt aware of the death, on December 16, 2007, in Sonoma California of Navy Boulder JLS graduate, Robert Stuart Hummel. I believe the JLS Alumni would find Stuart's achievements inspiring, and would enjoy knowing about his career and life *[Yes, we had received the obituary from Harry Pratt a few days earlier and posted it in this issue, see previous page].*

Stuart Hummel and I were Navy JLS classmates, first at Berkeley, then at Boulder. Although we both had China backgrounds, we took up Japanese language training. After Boulder graduation, our paths next converged at the Pearl Harbor headquarters of Admiral Nimitz (CINCPAC). Stuart had gone into the Navy; I into the Marine Corps. Stuart was working at FRUPAC (Fleet Radio Unit) translating coded Japanese radio communications. In an adjoining CINCPAC office, I was on detached duty to the Navy from the 2<sup>nd</sup> Marine Division. That was during the interim between the Division's Tarawa battle in November 1943 and its Saipan/Tinian campaigns in mid-1944. While at CINCPAC for several months, I prepared a two-volume, photo-illustrated catalog of the fortifications at Tarawa. It was used subsequently for aerial photo identification of Japanese

structures on other islands, including the Marshalls and Marianas.

In regard to another obituary, I am grateful to have been able to read about the background of Ensho Ashikaga, described in the January 1, 2007 issue (#107) of *The Interpreter*. Professor Ashikaga was a revered sensei. He not only instructed me in Japanese; but on his own time taught me ink-brush calligraphy. It is an honor to have been one of his students.

I wonder if *The Interpreter* will be printing a biographical article about senior sensei Nakamura Susumu? As you know, he was a close colleague of Professor Ashikaga, and a leading figure of the JLS Administration and of the teaching faculty. I believe a biographical sketch about him and his background would be of much interest to JLS alumni *[We would be glad to print such an article].*

There is another outstanding sensei, one who I am happy to report is still with us *[as of January 2008]*. I wonder if you keep in touch with Sensei Ari Inouye *[Yes, he is on the mailing list and has sent us letters in the past. Nothing has arrived lately.]*. He and his wife, Ida, live in Roseville, California. Dan Williams and I and our families have visited the Inouyes several times in recent years. Ari celebrated his 93<sup>rd</sup> birthday on September 24, 2007. He stays in good spirits, but his health is frail.

An interview with Ari, for *The Interpreter*, about his life and times I feel ought to be done. If you agree, I would be able to interview him, although it might have to wait until spring weather returns *[absolutely!]*. It is very interesting and admirable that after WWII, Ari went to Japan, studied and practiced landscape architecture and construction; then returned to California and headed the landscape program for the UC Berkeley campus until his retirement.

Although my communication with you over the years has been minimal, I am a dedicated JLS graduate, and, thanks to you, greatly enjoy reading each issue of *The Interpreter*. I still plan to

send you documents and photos for your JLS archives.

Robert B. Sheeks  
JLS 1943

*[Ed. Note: I searched The Interpreter on the computer and found Nakamura Sensei mentioned in Issues: #21, #23, #33, #37, #44, #53, #53, #75, #102, #104, #110A, #111, #117, and in upcoming #121, and #142. He is mentioned by his family as well as by JLS/OLsers. But the longest story about Nakamura Sensei was Charles D. Sheldon's "From the Bottom of the Barrel: A Tribute to Susumu Nakamura", from the Hudson Collection, carried in Issues #77A, #78A, and #79.]*

## Thanks for the Memories

To Carla & her fellow Student Assistants:

I am now on the 88<sup>th</sup> floor of my life (3/06/08), and I want to tell you that the air is pretty damn thin up here. Without Subway sandwiches, peanut butter, spell check, and a real wife, I'd be in bad shape.

This note is to thank you all for that picture of the long ago Okinawa helmet gag. I don't remember most of the names of the guys, but the picture surely awakens a warm feeling about them as I look at it. They were good dudes to go to a battle with, not that we were more than office staff when you consider what was going on with many of the others.

As we used to sing with Bob Hope, "Thanks for the memories".

Edgar Whan  
JLS 1943

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