

# 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.*

## The JLS Experience of T. Howell Breece

(Cont'd) After 10 days in Shanghai, I got orders to report on board a dormitory ship in the river off the Bund. From there I would be transported to the ship that would take me as far as Pearl Harbor. I learned after my return to the US that officers who knew I could speak Chinese had been frantically looking for me to have me serve as interpreter for General George Marshall who had come to China for conferences with Chiang Kai-Shek. I have always been grateful they did not find me on my ship in the river because I could not have done the job. How could I have explained to a five star general that although I spoke fluent accent-free colloquial Chinese, I had little knowledge of formal bureaucratic Chinese. Furthermore, Northern Chinese was a learned dialect for Chiang Kai-Shek, whose speech was mostly unintelligible to me [Just like the 10 JLOs on the USS Missouri facing the same

*problem of being ordered to translate the formal Japanese surrender. They did not have their whites and were ordered off the ship].* I knew because I had been present at the memorial service for President Franklin Roosevelt, who died when I was in Chungking. Chiang and several of his ministers and military officers spoke at the service and I thought quietly to myself, I speak better Peking Chinese than any of those men do. The man General Marshall needed was J. Leighton Stuart, the President of Yenching University where my father had been professor of English. After the War, Dr. Stuart was the American Ambassador to China until the communists defeated Chiang in late 1948. He had a thorough knowledge of Chinese, both written and spoken, at every level of usage. A Chinese friend once said to me succinctly that Chinese is a language in which you cannot write what you say or say what you write. I would have failed General Marshall miserably because I could neither have used nor understood the bureaucratic language that would have been employed in such negotiations. I could not have dealt with that sort of bureaucratic language, even in English. (to be cont'd)

T. Howell Breece  
JLS 1944

## James M. Wells 30 Years at the Newberry 56 years a Caxtonian And Enjoying Every Minute

(Cont'd) "I'm a reader, not a collector," says Jim Wells. Looking around the walls of his Lake Shore Drive apartment, lined as they are with books, one might call it a fine distinction.

He joined the Caxton Club in 1951, the year he came as the trial Custodian of the John M. Wing Foundation on the History of Printing at the Newberry Library. Wells was hired by

Stanley Pargellis, then the President, on the strong recommendation of Stanley Morison, who interviewed Wells in London and became his good friend.



Pargellis had told Wells to look up Morison. But Wells, figuring that Morison had bigger fish to fry, had not approached him. He was surprised to get a call from Morison demanding to know why he hadn't called.

"Pargellis loved long-distance phone calls, and he had been on the phone to Morison asking the outcome of the interview which hadn't even taken place," Wells recalled.

Morison invited Wells to lunch at the Garrick. Thereafter (for the rest of Wells' stay in London) they lunched once a week.

The Newberry flew Wells over for interviews in Chicago, too. "I stayed for three weeks as a house guest of the Pargellis family. I even interviewed with Alfred Hamill, the branch manager of Goldman Sachs and then head of the Newberry board. I didn't expect him to like me. He asked if I liked the *Tribune*, and I honestly answered that I didn't. I figured that would be it. But somehow I was hired."

Pargellis' February 27, 1950 invitation letter to Wells is in the archives at the Newberry. It is a model of convincing rhetoric.

"Good men in English Literature are almost a dime a dozen today, while Morison and I have literally searched the western world for someone to do scholarly work in the exacting field of the history of printing.... A youngish man who has his necessary tools of Latin, Greek, French, and German, and who is willing to study and make himself an expert now seems to us to be our best solution. I would propose to mold such a young man..."

When the year's trial was up, it was Wells, not the Newberry, who wanted to end the relationship.

"They were only paying me \$3600 a year! I was still having to rely on my parents' subsidy," he explained. When Wells went to Pargellis to complain, Pargellis explained that he had docked his salary for the first year to cover the expensive plane fare over from London. Once the salary question was dealt with, Wells admitted that he enjoyed working at the Newberry. (to be cont'd)

Robert McCamant  
The Caxtonian  
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## CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARINES

Dear Aubrey [Farb]:



The Marines landing in Tsingtao  
<http://tsingtao-nights.blogspot.com/2007/08/images-of-war-peace.html>

In Tsingtao there was a sizeable community of Germans, some of whom had been there since it was a German colony. A few of them were virulent Nazis from the period of the Tri-Partite Pact of Germany, Japan and Italy

[September 27, 1940]. G2 Colonel Williams [Whose papers we have] assigned Toni Degraasi to help him sort them out. At least one of the Nazis was wanted for war crimes back in Germany. He and the rest of the Nazis were shipped back to Germany.



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

The rest of the Germans were allowed to stay or leave. One of the latter became a hospitable friend. He was an avid hunter and I got a shotgun for him to replace the one the Japanese had taken. An older man, he had been in Tsingtao since the colonial days.

Col. Williams set up what he regarded as his unofficial CIC unit, aka the "Odd Jobs Unit". Some of the jobs turned out to be quite odd, indeed. Division HQ was located in the former Japanese Navy HQ Building. In the rear was a walled compound with a small Japanese-style house with a garden and a big stone lantern. The house had been for the use of the ranking officers of the staff. 1LT Aubry James Hulse, 1LT Gordon Lindsay and I were the permanent cadre of the unit, though other "casuals" drifted through over a period of time. Jim Hulse had joined us after we got to China. He was a Chinese linguist, a "native speaker" since he had grown up in Shanghai, where his father worked for the Customs Service. Jim became my closest buddy, and we operated together in the city.

With both Chinese and Japanese, we had the situation covered. COL Williams had provided us with picture ID cards which read -

**1stLt GLENN W. NELSON**

**IS AN AUTHORIZED REPRESENTATIVE OF G2 AND IN THIS CAPACITY IS EMPOWERED TO SEARCH, IMPOUND AND ARREST IN THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTIES**

The reverse of the card carried the text in German and Chinese. The Search and Impound authority was useful, but we only made one arrest - a Korean thug of whom I will be writing.

Shortly before the Marines came in there was a fire in one of the Japanese schools which was to billet some of our troops. The Chinese arrested the principal of the school and threw him in jail. A representative from the Japanese Consulate came to the command, and said they were sure that the principal had not set the fire, since he and his staff had been working for days to get the place ready for the Americans. COL Williams told me to look into the matter. The Chinese police took me down to a dark unheated basement cell. The elderly principal didn't look like a firebug and after talking to him I was convinced that he was innocent. We got him out of jail. It seemed likely that the fire had been set by the Chinese, who hated the Japanese, and wanted to create trouble for them with the Americans. A couple years later the principal and his family visited me in Tokyo to thank me for saving his life. I probably did.

*Semper Fi  
 Glenn Nelson  
 JLS 1944*

## Benjamin J. Price JLS 1944

For many years, my mother-in-law, Florence Price, enjoyed reading *The Interpreter*. She was 91 when she died in September.

My father-in-law, Benjamin J. Price, graduated from JLS in 1944 and subsequently became one of this nation's most senior intelligence officials. He died in November 1991.

Prior to arriving in Boulder, he had received his Bachelor's and Master's degrees from the University of Michigan. Upon graduation from JLS, he immediately received orders to attend the Advanced Naval Intelligence School in New York, and then was assigned to the Navy Communications Supplementary Activity in Washington, D.C. From August

to December 1945, he performed detached duty as a Japanese Language Interpreter with the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey in Japan, spending part of his tour in Nagasaki. In 1949, as a Navy Lieutenant, he was detailed to the Naval Language School where he studied Chinese.

As a Naval officer, he began his career as a crypto-linguist and interrogator/interpreter. He joined the National Security Agency when it was formed in 1952, entering civilian service as a Research Analyst and later becoming a Senior Cryptologist. He served in various and increasingly responsible operational, staff, and executive positions, including the Deputy Executive Secretary of the United States Communications Intelligence Board (1957-1958), a member of the United States Intelligence Board ELINT Committee, the Chief of Operational Policy, the Deputy Director and Director of the NSA Pacific Activity (headquartered in Hawaii), the Deputy Assistant Director of NSA, and the Senior U.S. Liaison Officer in London. He retired from NSA in 1975.

He was occasionally detailed to other Departments and Agencies for special assignments, first as an operational "Trouble Shooter" and later as a representative or participant in certain international conferences and negotiations. Over the 30 plus years, he traveled frequently and extensively, and served in assignments, ranging from days to months, in such places as Japan, Korea, Taiwan, South East Asia, Pakistan, Germany, Austria, France, Turkey, Ethiopia, England, Australia, Canada, most of the countries of Central and South America, and innumerable islands in the Pacific.

In the course of his career, he attended several select schools and training programs. In 1963 he graduated from the National War College. He received numerous awards and commendations, including the Presidential Unit Citation, and the Exceptional Civilian Service Award, NSA's highest recognition.

At the time of my father-in-law's death, I had just been

named the Assistant Deputy Director of the National Security Agency. I asked the staff to try to locate my father-in-law's official biography, hoping that it might aid me in preparing an obituary for the *Washington Post*. Much to my surprise, they actually retrieved it from the stored Agency records and dutifully delivered it to my office. It was still classified!

Although many years have passed, I thought you might be interested in another JLS success story.

*Sincerely,  
 J. Stephen Turett*

## *An EAA Interview with Houghton Freeman*

(Cont'd) **Lynn Parisi:** *Mr. Freeman, what had happened to AIU operations during the war?*

**Houghton Freeman:** The company reopened in Shanghai after the war. In the meantime, I had gone back to Wesleyan in September of 1946. I had studied Japanese formally for a year in the Navy language school, so Wesleyan allowed me enough credits to declare Japanese as my major. Even though it wasn't taught at Wesleyan, I became their first Japanese major. When I graduated in June 1947, Mr. Starr invited me to join AIU.

AIU sent me to London, to Lloyd's, to learn about the insurance business, and that is where I met my wife, Doreen. We met at a cocktail party for English ferry pilots - the women pilots who, during the war, would take US aircraft from the factories where they were assembled in England to Royal Air Force airstrips in England. Doreen was invited as the friend of one of their ferry pilots. She was going to be proposed to that evening by a Royal Air Force chap, so we all plied him with liquor, wishing him good luck, the result being he ended up too drunk to drive Doreen home. When I called up a few days later to thank our hostess for the party, I asked what ever happened to that little blonde gal who was about to get a proposal, and the hostess said it didn't come off. So I got her phone number and asked her to dinner

and the theater. We were going to double date with a friend, a tall handsome fellow. Doreen came in and naturally went straight to my friend! I said, "No, you're my date!" Well a few months later we were married.

We were assigned almost immediately to Shanghai and arrived in June 1948. AIU was a major player in Shanghai in those days and not only insurance. We had a bank, the only English language newspaper - the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury* - , a real estate company, and two auto companies. (to be cont'd)

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## More on Dick Greenwood JLS 1943



**Dick Greenwood in Boulder**

Here is some information on Dick Greenwood, JLS 43.

1919, Born, Circleville, Kansas,  
1925, Moved with family to Toppenish, WA; 1932, Moved with family to Seattle, after death of father, Thomas Greenwood, a physician.

1936-1937, High School All-American football guard, Roosevelt HS.

1938-1942, attended University of Washington, studied Chinese. UW Huskies

football, played in two Rose Bowls, first string right guard at 5'10".

1943. JLS. Commissioned USMCR.

1943-1945. Service as intelligence officer, Japanese language specialist, 1st Marines, New Britain, Peleliu, Okinawa. Operations including tapping Japanese field phone lines, taking prisoners alive for interrogation, analysis of captured enemy documents and radio traffic.



**Greenwood on New Britain**

1945-1946, Service as intelligence officer, China, witnesses, analyzes, writes reports on Chinese civil war.

1946-1950. Completes BA, University of Washington. Helps run tavern in Seattle. Also holds various short-term jobs, plays professional football for Tacoma-Indians in small West Coast League, boxes as amateur, briefly as professional. 1947, Son Kirby born, 1947. 1949, daughter Katherine born.

1950-1955. Works in Central Intelligence Agency, serves in Korean War, including operations behind enemy lines, transferred to Thailand, 1953, with non-official "cover" (NOC) as businessman. Surveillance of Soviet diplomats, advises Thai security, works against Communist infiltration in Thai countryside. Later serves in DC HQ under cover as Army Colonel.

1956-1995. Leaves CIA, returns to Seattle area, becomes professional salmon fisherman, takes on construction work, does occasional Chinese translation. Daughter Janet born, 1957, son Nick in 1963. In his free time he is an avid reader, angler, hunter, weight lifter.

1995, Richard Greenwood dies of cancer.

Prof. Christopher Hanson  
Philip Merrill College of Journalism  
University of Maryland  
College Park

[Ed. Note: I was contacted by Professor Hanson, with further information (and photographs) on Dick Greenwood. He must have stood out at the USN JLS in Boulder. Not many college varsity football players at the JLS at CU. He had an interesting intelligence career, but one has to wonder about the choice of using a big football player as a spy, especially in Asia. It speaks to his talent that he pulled it off.]

Before he could employ any of his new linguistic skills, the war in the Pacific was over and the young officer, by then married to the former Billie Landsberg, wound up in Seattle overseeing the formation of troop trains which were carrying the American fighting forces back home.

The University of Chicago graduate and Navy officer gained his earliest training in the automotive industry in a family owned parts manufacturing business and was a constant reminder to APBA convention-goers that age is only a state of mind. He was with the National Parts Corporation for nearly 18 years, before joining Triplex for six years.

After four years in his family's insurance business, he rejoined Art Katz at Triplex and helped keep that company going after the passing of Mr. Katz in 1975. During the ensuing year, Triplex has met the challenges of overseas manufacturers and changing marketplace dynamics which has found the insurance industry becoming a key factor behind product movement.

Taken from  
Collision Parts Journal  
2<sup>nd</sup> Half year, 2005  
Pages 22, 24-26  
&  
Collision Parts Journal  
1<sup>st</sup> Half year, 2007  
Page 20

## Howard Winkleman OLS 5/45 Retires from Automotive Career

June 30<sup>th</sup>. [2007] marked the official day of departure for 87 year old Howard Winkleman, who carried the title of accounts manager for Triplex Manufacturing Company here. Well known among longtime members of ABPA, "How-Baby" - as he is affectionately called by friends and peers - has finally packed it in after more than 3 dozen years with the company and after a career in the automotive parts business spanning more than 60 years.

After graduating from the University of Chicago in 1942 with a bachelor's degree in chemistry, he enlisted in the service, was sent to officers candidate school and was commissioned a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy.

He spent much of his tour of duty - even during the war years - instructing at naval training schools in the western states. His specialty was ordnance and gunnery, areas in which he was especially trained. At the conclusion of hostilities in Europe, the Navy sent him to another school, this time to learn Japanese.

## Leo Clarence Lake, Jr. BIJ, JLS 1943

**April 30, 1921 - Oct. 6, 2007**

Port Townsend resident Leo Clarence Lake Jr. died in Kah Tai Care Center of congestive heart failure and a stroke. He was 86.

He was born to Presbyterian missionaries Leo Clarence and Beulah (Manning) Lake at their home in Sapporo, Japan.

After being home-schooled by his parents until 1934, he completed high school at the American School in Japan in Tokyo. He graduated in 1938.

Anti-Japanese feelings prevented his serving with the military when he first attempted to enlist. He attended and graduated from the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language

School at the University of Colorado in 1943.

Mr. Lake and his wife attended many ASIJ reunions, at one of which they were introduced to Japan's Emperor and Empress.

Being fluent in Japanese from birth, he served as interpreter for the Port Townsend-Ichikawa Sister-City Exchange.

In the States, Mr. Lake was employed 35 years by Yamaha Corp. as a mechanical engineer and national service manager. His specialty was the internal combustion engine.

He went into partial retirement in 1995, moved to Port Townsend in 1996 and completed his retirement in 2005. He was a member of the Society of American Engineers, Escapees, Wapiti, Nomads RV Club and Quimper Unitarian Universalist Fellowship.

His interests included writing, RV camping, motorcycle riding, radio-controlled gliders and sailing. He also enjoyed library-sponsored programs, video movies and computer solitaire.

His first marriage to a woman with whom he had two children ended in divorce about 1950.

Survivors include his wife, Kaye H. Lake, whom he married Aug. 7, 1977, in Spokane; son and daughter-in-law Mike and Paulette Lake of Redmond, Ore.; daughter-in-law Helen Lake of Grass Valley, Calif.; stepsons Mike Sunderlin of Corona, Calif., and Clark "Skip" Colony of Seattle; daughter Sharon Hasty of Leadville, Colo.; stepdaughter Daurel Carhart of Jacksonville, Ore.; brother and sister-in-law the Rev. Lawrence and Louise Lake of Tacoma; 11 grandchildren and step-grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren and step-great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by sons Leo Lake III and Sam Lake; and sister Ruth Manning Lake.

Peninsula Daily News  
Port Angeles, Washington  
November 1, 2007

## **Brown Dog Replies**

Many thanks for giving Harry Pratt my phone number. We had an hour-long conversation about the old days at JLS. It was great to get caught up on the doings of

Elmer Stone, Bill Croyle, and especially Harry. Quite a career!

As for my nickname, "Brown Dog", that's the price I had to pay as the youngest kid in the group [*That's PROFESSOR Brown Dog to the likes of me.*]. It didn't bother me as long as they pushed the winning chips my way in our poker games! Those Marines taught me well; when assigned to the army in Korea, I got in a one-yen limit game and built up a nice "nest egg" for my civilian life [*My poker, on the other hand, always led to egg on my face.*].

As for being a linguist instead of a physicist, as a physics student at Berkeley, my Draft Board saw fit to defer me until June 1944; after that I was on my own. True, I was surrounded by the Rad Lab and its staff but I was never approached about joining them. I think it was a conscious effort on their part not to disrupt what little undergrad physics program was left (David Pines, now a senior solid state physicist, myself, two 4F's and a girl).

I did volunteer for the Navy but the office of Naval Officer Procurement turned me down – I did not qualify as "a leader of men", a student body president, or cheer leader. So having inherited an excellent memory, I went the JLS route instead of being drafted for the infantry. Everything considered, it made the best use of my talents and was never regretted.

Now, in spite of being 84 and bed-ridden, I've managed to do some physics in this nursing home – working on the theory of ducted radio propagation. I've enjoyed its benefits many times in the past but now I know how it really works. But in working it out, I had to revive some memories from my cosmic ray/cloud chamber days at Berkeley (my missionary spirit that Harry mentioned). I've come to know that some 50 year old observations get better with age.

My 52 year-old twins were here over the New Years period. I managed to get out for a real steak and a Manhattan, far better than the institutional food served here. Now I'll just have to wait for their next visit.

I'm also into Syke's book on DNA anthropology and Halberstam's "The Coldest Winter". Those two keep me from watching TV, a worthy cause in these election days [*January 2008*].

Robert R. Brown  
OLS 8/44-9/45

[*Ed. Note: Here is another reason I didn't think of when asking why a physicist would be a linguist instead of working in the Manhattan Project. He got his Mahattans a different way, it seems.*]

## **Why a Linguist and not a Physicist II?**

Dear Dave,  
Thanks for sharing Brown's reply. It resonates for me, since I never wanted to be a leader of men either. His classmate, David Pines, became a famous theoretician in solid state physics (my field, though as an experimentalist). My preferred beverage is a gin Martini, which doesn't seem to explain anything.

Robert W. Christy  
JLS 1944

## **Noel Leathers & Tom Smith On Iwo Jima & Saipan**

Reading recent accounts of interpreters in the Pacific prompts this letter.

Tom Smith and I went ashore together on Iwo Jima and ended up sharing a foxhole the first night about 200 yards up from the shore. Given the volcanic sandy nature of the soil it was almost impossible to keep the sides from caving in. Consequently we ended up with our packs and each watching the opposite direction and lying on the shifting sand. It was a somewhat chaotic situation with debris of all kinds scattered everywhere. To add to the night's entertainment, the Japanese had lowered their anti-aircraft guns and detonated the shells a few hundred feet in the air over the entire area. We could hear the hiss of the shell fragments as they landed in the soft sand. Sometime later I felt a thud as a fragment of some size just ticked the back of my helmet. I thought, "Oh God, that shell must have taken Tom's head off." There was no

movement and I feared for the worse. After an eternity (perhaps two minutes), I decided to start groping around to see where Tom was and in what condition. To our pleasant surprise he had thought the same thing had happened to me since the fragment passed between us and brushed both of our helmets [*Whew!*].

One of the most difficult tasks facing interpreters was that of trying to convince civilians to come out of their caves where they had taken shelter from the constant shelling in the battle. The caves on the east side of Mt. Tapacho on Saipan were numerous and several levels down into the side of the mountain. When our front lines moved past these caves they had to be cleared out or sealed to avoid having enemy forces in the rear of our lines. One could hear children and babies crying below and sizable numbers of adults who lacked water and any amenities of life. We tried to tell them to come out and that no one would harm them and that we had food and bandages to help them. We tried to talk them into sending one or two of their number up so that we could show them they would be well treated. (to be cont'd)

Noel L. Leathers  
OLS 5/14/45

## **Flaherty Recollections**

I attended Mass in what I think was the only Catholic Church there [*Sacred Heart of Jesus on 14<sup>th</sup> and Mapleton. The old stone church stood from 1907-1963. The current brick church, on the southwest corner of the intersection, was built in 1962-63. Boulder grew to encompass St. Maries on South Boulder Road and add St. Thomas Aquinas near campus.*] A man and a woman at Communion time almost every Sunday sang the *Panis Angelicus* from Franck's A Major Mass [*Cesar Franck, Mass In A Major, Op.12: Panis Angelicus*]. Their rendition, professional and moving, has never left me.

Duane Flaherty  
OLS 1945