

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 170

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

April 1, 2012

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.

Some Brushes with History:

Handling the Japanese Language During WWII

(Cont'd) [At JICPOA] Captain Holmes took a more indulgent view of Japanese Language Officers (JLOs) than our petty officers did back in Boulder. "It is not surprising that, with their academic backgrounds, many language officers found it difficult to adjust to a military routine," he wrote after the war. "No relationship has ever been established between punctilio and military effectiveness, as attested by Washington's Ragged Continentals, Sherman's Bummers, and Jackson's Foot Cavalry, or, for that matter, some of [our own] outstanding regular Navy cryptanalysts." Holmes' senior colleagues occasionally complained about the unmilitary behavior of the men in Z Section (popularly known as "Zoo Section" as well as the "Salt Mines"), but he advised them to relax. "We have always won our wars with a bunch of civilians in

uniform anxious to get back to their own affairs," he told them, "and we will win this one the same way."

From time to time, members of the Z Section were assigned temporary duty with combat units, and before the war was over, they had taken part in the invasions of the Marshalls, Marianas, Leyte, Iwo Jima (which, we linguists knew, the Japanese called *Iōtō*), and Okinawa. No language officer lost his life or was even seriously wounded on these [TDY] operations, though, of course, anything could have happened [as it did to USMCR JLOs and other Navy JLOs during operations]. He [the Navy JLO] usually landed with the third wave during invasions and his task was to interrogate prisoners captured during the assault and translate any documents of immediate value falling into American hands. Back in our Boulder days one of the students had drawn a cartoon for *Sono Hi no Uwasa* (Today's Gossip), the Language-School newspaper [discussed in Issues #68-#70, thanks to Bill Amos], picturing a beleaguered Boulderite clutching a big book as bombs burst around him and crying: "*Chotto matte kudasai! Jibiki wo mimasu!*" ("Just a minute! I'm looking it up in the dictionary"). It was never like that, to be sure, but language officers did take pocket dictionaries with them for emergencies; mostly though, they relied on the *Nihongo* they had learned at Boulder and Pearl Harbor, and it served them well. During the fighting on Iwo Jima, a story came floating back to JICPOA that one Boulderite, who landed with the 5th Marine Division, went into a cave looking for documents and came hurtling out moments later in stupefaction, "Jee-zus Christ!" he was quoted as yelling. "Those Japs tried to kill me!" It was a good tale but apocryphal. "Respect for language officers and appreciation of their value increased with each succeeding

operation," according to Captain Holmes. "It was a privilege to serve with the Navy language officers. They contributed their fair share to the victory in the Pacific. (to be cont'd)

*From Paul F. Boller, Jr.,
Memoirs of an Obscure Professor
& Other Essays,
(Fort Worth, TX: TCU Press, 1992)
41-42.*

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARINES

Dear Aubrey [Farb]:

I will not write of my decades with the Company except for a few segments which relate to the JLO experience and seem no longer sensitive. When I and other old crock Company retirees discuss this subject we agree that most of the secrets we knew are no longer secret and we've forgotten the rest.

I arrived in Japan at the end of 1947 on an American President Lines vessel, euphemistically called a passenger ship. Actually it was a military troop transport over which APL had waved its corporate wand and supplied a company pennant, but not very effectively. I had to climb down a ladder to get to the level of my cabin. I did better landing in Okinawa. In Tokyo I joined the State Department's Office of the U.S. Political Advisor. There was as yet no functioning American Embassy and the general had taken over the old intact Embassy as his residential compound. MacArthur disclaimed the need for advice from anyone and stuffed State's office into the GHQ structure as his Diplomatic Section. In the Office were Boulder JLOs Dave Osborne, Ed Seidensticker, Dick Finn, Tom Ainsworth and Tom Murfin [a Bastille Bastard, and four distinguished diplomats-to-be].

Leaping ahead. In 1952 I was stationed in Tokyo, ostensibly as a Defense Department civilian employee. My old buddy JLO

Phil Manhard was then assigned to the American Embassy in Seoul. Out of the blue, came a message from Phil asking me to come to Seoul to serve as best man at his wedding to a colleague in the Embassy. I went to the MATS office in Tokyo and asked for passage to Seoul. This being wartime, there were few civilians going to Korea. Asked the reason for travel, when I mentioned my role as best man at a wedding the sergeant's eyes rolled and he said he would have to check with his superior. Answer was that I was denied. When I conveyed that problem to Phil, Peg, in her Embassy staff capacity, wrote a very creative "official" message to GHQ saying my presence was urgently needed for a sensitive mission in Korea. MATS invited me to fly. Phil and Peg were married by Ambassador Ellis Briggs. Phil's and my old JLO buddy, Jim Jefferson (by then a regular USMC Major) was with his unit in the lines. He drove his jeep through rain and mud and arrived at the Embassy in time for the post-wedding reception. He took a shower, donned some borrowed clothes and hoisted a few rounds of "Old Attitude Adjuster". Jeff spent the night and went back to war the next day.

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

[Ed. Note: A great story. "Old Attitude Adjuster" – never called it that, but had many doses in O Clubs.]

ROBERT M. NEWELL Stanford Law '46 (BA '41) JLS 1943

Robert Melvin Newell of San Marino, Calif., died October 8, 2007.

After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Stanford University, Robert Newell attended the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado. He was one of the "Bastille Bastards" at the USN JLS. Upon

graduation, he worked as an interpreter during World War II. Newell was stationed in Australia with an Australian Royal Navy team that broke the Japanese naval code.



**Robert M. Newell, Melbourne 1945
Pineau 11_12_00_02, AUCBL**

Following his graduation from Stanford Law, he began his 42-year career practicing law in Los Angeles. Robert was active in education, serving as an instructor at Loyola Law School for 10 years. He was predeceased by his son, Air National Guard Capt. William C. Newell. He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Mary Will Newell; son Robert M. Newell Jr., '69 (BA '66); daughter Christine Young; stepdaughter Robin Sawyer; stepsons Reid Smith and Robert Smith Jr.; and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Stanford Lawyer
Spring 2008, p. 86
& David M. Hays
Archivist & Editor

[Ed. Note: For mention of Bob Newell, see issues #54, #63A, #74A, and #128.

**Excerpt from:
Henry F. May**

**PROFESSOR OF
AMERICAN
INTELLECTUAL HISTORY,
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY,
1952-1980**

(Cont'd) **Lage:** Oh, isn't that [Japanese being hard for the Japanese, as well] interesting.

May: But anyway, we had a pretty good time: a test every Saturday morning and a very good party every Saturday night. And we all had much more money than we'd been used to having. Midway through the program it was decided that we were to be commissioned – we'd been yeoman second so the May

Company came out from Denver and fitted us for uniforms.

We were still under the charge of chief petty officers, some whom were pretty tough characters. We had an hour's compulsory workout every day and some calisthenics first. And then what I did usually was play soccer. We'd play with just a pair of shorts on in the sun, with snow on the ground. It is a marvelous climate. We also developed an interest in going around and looking at Colorado ghost towns, which were very fascinating and at that time relatively unexploited and undiscovered. So it was far from a bad fourteen months.

Lage: It sounds like sort of a peaceful interlude?

May: It was a peaceful interlude, yes. But we knew, of course, it would come to an end sometime. So then we all got sent to New York to something with the unfortunate acronym ANIS.

Lage: [laughs] I wonder who came up with that.

May: A-N-I-S--Advanced Naval Intelligence School which was in the Henry Hudson Hotel. When we got there the officer in charge said, "Now, you boys have been working pretty hard there in Boulder. Here you are in New York and you're probably going overseas pretty soon" -- in other words, pretty much telling us not to take the program too seriously. And indeed, it didn't deserve it. It was routine intelligence stuff: photo recognition, lectures about possible theaters of war taught by people who'd been in the Navy. The real idea was that they thought we'd be freaks and they wanted to get us able to get along on ships with other Navy people.

Lage: They thought you'd be freaks because of the way you were selected?

May: Yes, and there were a lot of waivers for eyesight and so forth; however, there were a few good college athletes. In Boulder it had been a great day when our team in water polo, one of the roughest sports there is, actually defeated the radio school, another unit there. Actually, we were already, after the time in Colorado, in good shape.

Jean and I spent plenty of time going to plays, nightclubs

and so forth. For instance, at that time, if you were in uniform and went to the theater where *Oklahoma!* was playing that was the big hit if you said you were going overseas pretty soon, they'd sell you a couple of tickets even though there were a lot of people waiting. So we had a very good time in New York in that way.

But we knew the end was coming and that finally came. We were by then living upstairs in the Henry Hudson Hotel, and saying goodbye and going down in the elevator is I think possibly the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life. And, of course, getting on a train to go west.

Lage: And leaving Jean there.

May: Yes. She had a pretty good life going. She had a very pleasant roommate and plenty of activities. But on the way west, somebody asked, "Why, May, what are you doing here? You were supposed to go to Washington!" So I got off the train in Omaha or somewhere and called the commanding officer. And he said "Well, that was so, but we couldn't get hold of you, so we won't change it now. Good luck, May!"

Lage: Just so casual!

May: I didn't tell Jean about that until some time afterward. So then [June 1944] the next stop was Pearl Harbor, where by great good fortune my brother, who was by this time in the Navy in communications, was also stationed. And pretty soon a person who became a close friend Leo Marx, who had been an undergraduate when I was a tutor but I had known him in radical circles turned up as a commander of a sub chaser. Whenever we could, Leo and I spent weekends together, exploring Oahu and talking about Harvard and our wives. So I had some friends there, a bit more.

But on the whole, the time in Pearl Harbor was not a good one. The Navy or, I think, military institutions that far behind the lines, as that was by then, are full of intrigue and petty careerism, for one thing. And the language officers were mostly in a great big section called the Z section, which some called the Zoo Section translating captured documents. [See also Paul

Boller's description] (to be cont'd)

*an oral history conducted in 1998
by Ann Lage,
Regional Oral History Office
The Bancroft Library,
University of California,
Berkeley, 1999, 55-57.*

Longtime U-M Historian Sidney Fine Dies



Historian Sidney Fine, who is believed to have had the longest active teaching career in University of Michigan history, died Tuesday at Heartland Healthcare Center in Ann Arbor. He was 88.

Mr. Fine earned his PhD in American history at U-M and then taught there for 53 years, retiring in 2001 at age 80.

Over his half-century of lecturing, he taught more than 26,000 students.

In fourth grade, he announced that he was going to be a history professor; decades later, Mr. Fine taught a 20th-Century history class that was one of the most popular ones at U-M.

When he turned 70, the academic inspired Lansing legislators to abolish mandatory retirement for tenured professors at Michigan universities and colleges.

"Sidney Fine was one of the best-known members of the history department, an amazingly productive and distinguished researcher and an outstanding teacher," said Terrence McDonald, dean of the U-M College of Literature, Science and the Arts.

He received numerous honors, including U-M's Henry Russel Award for research, and

also served as chairman of the U-M history department.

Mr. Fine, an American Historical Association member, wrote a dozen books.

He worked in U.S. naval intelligence during World War II, attending the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

Mr. Fine is survived by his wife of 66 years, Jean; two daughters, Gail Fine and Deborah Schmidt, and two grandchildren.

*Zlati Meyer
Free Press Staff Writer
Detroit Free Press
April 3, 2009*

Hawaii, When Aloha Tower Was the Tallest Building 'Growing Up In Hawaii' Series

I was born in Hankow, China in 1916. My father, one of the first persons of Hawaiian ancestry to be appointed to the U.S. Naval Academy, was in command of a gunboat on the Yangtze River. He and my mother returned to Hawaii in 1922 after which he resigned from the Navy to settle permanently at Halekou on windward Oahu. The tallest building in Honolulu was Aloha Tower.

The population of Hawaii at that time was about 250,000, with about 125,000 on Oahu. People seemed to be divided between us and them: neighbor islands versus Oahu, Big Five versus any competitor, racial groups one against another. One was aware of "his" group, the major ones being Hawaiian (keiki o ka aina) and part Hawaiian, haole, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and military.

Our home was at Halekou where we shared the hill with the families of Uncle Dan, Uncle Bob, Aunt Helen, and the Kamakas, the noted ukulele makers.

Across Halekou Road was the De Costa family with horses and cattle and a dairy operation.

We children often went horseback riding with their children. The surrounding land toward the mountain was

relatively unoccupied so that we could hike over a large area without meeting anyone.

As a youngster, I was surrounded by the Hawaiian group. My mother's brothers all played the ukulele and the guitar and we often had family gatherings where everybody joined in singing and dancing the hula. (All except my mother, that is. She had attended the Priory School run by Episcopal nuns who did not permit the girls even to watch the hula.) Outside of family, it seemed that everybody in the Hawaiian group knew one another.



Senior U.S. District Judge Sam King

Like many seafaring men, my father was interested in agriculture and domestic animals. We had a banana patch, macadamia nut trees, mountain apple trees, peanut plants, and we bred chickens, ducks, and turkeys. Our water had to be pumped up from a stream at the bottom of Halekou hill. We had to provide our own telephone and electricity poles and lines. Sewage was by our own cesspool. Telephoning was very primitive with everyone on the same line.

We grew up without radios, television, cell phones, refrigerators, garbage collection, talking movies. Much of what we take for granted today was just beginning to be available. Telephone calls to and from the mainland were major and expensive operations.

We had an uninterrupted view of the Nuuanu Pali over which Kamehameha's forces had driven the Oahu forces, including one of my father's Hawaiian ancestors. We children tried to find artifacts of the battle at the foot of the cliff,

but the area had been well picked over before us.

My sister Charlotte and I attended Central Grammar School which at that time went through seventh grade. Our schedule did not jibe with our father's work schedule, and we used to wait across the street to be picked up later for the ride home.

I used some of this waiting time to attend a Japanese language school at the Hongwaji Mission Academy. I learned katakana and some vocabulary, both of which stood me in good stead when I applied in 1943 to enter the Navy's Japanese Language School at Boulder, Colorado.

After graduating from Central, my sister and I entered Punahou where I was motivated to take advantage of every opportunity offered. My graduating class numbered 75 boys and girls. Punahou is indeed an amazing institution. By the time I entered Yale's freshman class in 1933, I had already been exposed to most of what Yale offered its freshmen.

In 1930, the peace and quiet of Honolulu was disturbed by the tragedies and law suits of the Massie case. The military, especially the Navy beginning with the commanding Admiral, behaved badly. Their attempt to impose military rule over Hawaii (similar to what they already had in Samoa) projected my father, among others, into national politics and the fight for statehood.

I entered the Hawaii section of a National Oratorical Contest speaking about statehood and won a trip to Europe as one of five finalists throughout the country. This also provided my transportation to Yale. The trip to the East coast took five days by sea and three by train.

After college, I went on to Yale Law School. Except for a couple of summer vacations, I did not return to Hawaii to stay until after World War II in which I served as a Japanese language officer in the Navy.

The tallest building in Honolulu was still Aloha Tower.

Sam King is a Senior U.S. District Judge in Hawaii and a co-author of Broken Trust essay and the book "Broken Trust" See

more about the book here: <http://www.brokentrustbook.com>

Growing Up in Hawaii is a series focusing on childhood memories in the islands.

*Senior U.S. District Judge
Sam King
Hawaii Reporter
1/20/2009*

James Ernest Truex (1913-1999)

James Ernest Truex (1913-1999) — of Sea Cliff, Nassau County, Long Island, N.Y. Born in Great Neck, Nassau County, Long Island, N.Y., August 30, 1913. Son of Ernest Truex (character actor). Democrat. Served in the U.S. Navy during World War II; fluent in Japanese [JLS 1944], he served as interpreter in surrender negotiations in 1945; candidate for U.S. Representative from New York, 1960. Member, Phi Beta Kappa. Actor in many Broadway plays; wrote screenplay early television shows such as the "Hallmark Hall of Fame" and "You Are There". Died, probably from Alzheimer's disease, January 12, 1999. Burial location unknown.

<http://politicalgraveyard.com/death/alzheimers.html>

Reprise on Barbara Shuey

Thank you for continuing to produce and distribute *The Interpreter* to both graduates and short-term students of the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School. (I "discovered" that learning Japanese was not for me when the news was leaked that the School was to be moved to Oklahoma.)

It is fascinating to read of the diverse career paths, both during war and after, of those who attended the School. I finished Navy duty doing statistics on the staff of Commander, Destroyers & Destroyer Escorts, Pacific Fleet and my civilian career as a Professor of Mathematics at San Francisco State University.

A couple of years ago an issue of *The Interpreter* told the story of Barbara Shuey who graduated before I arrived. Sadly, the piece was part of an obit. It was my good fortune as a 16 year old to be a student of French in a class

she taught at a small private school in San Francisco. She was then a recent graduate of UC Berkeley. There were just 3 students in the class. We met in a small attic room in an old Victorian home in the city. Miss Shuey was a delightful young woman. Needless to say, if I had arrived in Boulder when she was there, I would have completed the program. It was good to hear from your publication that she ended her career in France; that was where she wanted to be.

Franklin Sheehan
OLS 5/18-45-

[Ed. Note: As the late Brian Battey would say, "Narrow World".]

Thanks from a Stillwater Grad

Way back on February 2007 we had an exchange of emails in which I advised you that I found Bob Gideon's name listed as a JLS student on 18 December 1942. Concerned that maybe you hadn't noticed that Bob died in late 2008, I wasted a lot of time checking to determine whether or not I had advised you and finally found that I had done so in the last paragraph of the long mini-biography that I sent on 9 January this year.

Although I am proud and pleased that I was selected for this program, I feel that my contribution is diminished by the exploits of the front line Marines and Naval Officers that you cover in your monthly letter. Best regards to you, your "canaries" and the rest of your staff [*"Canaries" is a joke you may know. Irwin Slesnick, doing research at the Archives in JLS collections in 2000, was so impressed by Molly Tindle and Olivia Kaferly, who were initially phoning JLS/OLSers, that he referred to them as my "canaries" and thanked his lucky stars they were not telemarketers.*]

H.S. "Mac" McGinnis
OLS 3/20/45 -

Morton Farber 1920-2009

FARBER--Morton H., 89, died peacefully of natural causes on April 22, 2009 in New York City. Morton was born July 11, 1920 to

Abraham and Cecelia Farber in Weedsport, New York.

He received his undergraduate degree from Cornell in 1941 and his law degree from Yale University where he later served as an adjunct professor. During World War II he was a lieutenant in the Navy serving as an intelligence officer. During the war he was trained at the University of Colorado at Boulder in the Navy's Japanese Language School and attended the Naval Intelligence School in New York. He was involved in the "breaking the code project" during the war and the United States Strategic Bombing Survey.

Morton later founded the law firm of Farber, Cohen and Diamond, a leading entertainment and theatrical law firm based in New York City. He was the lawyer and/or manager to many well known entertainers including Tony Bennett, Johnny Mathis, Jerry Vale and the Copa Cabana. Later in life, he became involved in numerous entrepreneurial activities and investments, often connected to the entertainment industry. He was a long time member of the board of the Friars Club and honored as their "man of the year" in 1988. He was active in numerous philanthropic activities. In 1956 he married Marilyn Siegel, a sculptor. They lived in Manhattan and Beverly Hills for most of their married lives. His loving sisters, Reloris Wickman and Helen Spears both predeceased him. Mort will be missed by his devoted wife of 53 years, Marilyn, his loving daughter, Harley Farber-Raiff and his adoring grandchildren Charley, Clay and Sydney Raiff.

New York Times
May 8, 2009

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARINES

In late 1967 while stationed back at Langley I was told that I had been assigned as one of three officers to attend the National War College. The NWC, located at Ft. McNair, is the senior military war college. One rung down are the respective war colleges of the Army, Navy and Air Force. The student body is made up of officers expected to eventually attain high rank,

which many did.. Over time a number of civilian officers from various government agencies were invited to participate. My appointment to the NWC required that I be yanked out of cover and attend in true name and affiliation, an initially uncomfortable situation

At this time the Viet Nam war was going full blast and would doubtless be a main topic of discussion at the NWC. To give myself some credibility with my military classmates it seemed to me that I should at least have been to the scene of action. I was told that I would be welcomed for a TDY tour in Viet Nam, where there was already a large Agency complement. Some friends said I would be ill-advised to do this, since once I was there they would impress me into the Station and not let me return. I took the chance and went to Saigon for six months. The COS was very understanding and facilitated my travel around the country. I visited most of the provinces, flying about in one of the Station's Air America choppers and planes. The most interesting plane was the Pilatus Porter which had been developed by the Swiss for mountain rescue work where there was a limited landing area. The plane could make a "corkscrew" descent, without the sweeping approach required by conventional aircraft. This was very useful in Viet Nam, where a town might be secure but the surrounding area occupied by "bandits" who would shoot at planes circling for a conventional approach. I asked a pilot how the plane could do this and he gave me the engineering. The turbine engine had a constant speed propeller with reverse pitch capability. I felt greatly enlightened. It was SOP for pilots to avoid situations where they might get into a fire fight on the ground, but we all travelled armed. The Station had a variegated arsenal from which to choose. I carried an M1A1 .30 carbine with two 30-round clips; not enough to fight any battles, but hopefully enough to deter the bad guys pending rescue.

I got back to Washington in time to report in at the NWC. My Viet Nam recon turned out to be very worth while.

Semper Fi
Glenn Nelson [RIP Glenn]
JLS 1944

Blanche Y. Belitz JLS 1944 1914-2008

Blanche Belitz was born December 13, 1914 in Baltimore, Maryland, and she was a graduate of Goucher College.



JLO 5th & K Street rooftop party, Washington, DC: Helen Craig, Blanche Belitz, George Sheeks, & Elizabeth Shaffer, among others, Pineau, 22_26_00_17, Archives, UCB Libraries.

She served in the US Navy as a WAVE Lieutenant during WWII in Europe. She attended the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado from 1943 to 1944 and worked for the Office of Naval Intelligence for the Far East. She taught Thai military cadets in Bangkok, Thailand. She was employed by the Central Intelligence Agency from 1950 to 1974 as an intelligence officer with most of her time spent in Southeast Asia. She was a lifetime member of Phi Beta Kappa, as well as a member of the Women's Overseas Organization and Elderhostel. She enjoyed walking and bird-watching. Blanche passed away at Rowland Park Place on November 18, 2008. She was interned at Arlington National Cemetery.

*Family Members
& David M. Hays
Editor and Archivist*

[Ed. Note: A well known JLS/OLSer to Waves and CIA JLS/OLSers, a more detailed account is available in Issue #87A.]