The US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School Archival Project

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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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.

Richard J. Miller, History: Davis and Berkeley 1918-1976 Professor

Richard James Miller *[JLS 1942]* was a man of remarkably diverse interests and accomplishment, the more so because he worked at America's cultural frontier for almost his entire professional life. Even while an undergraduate at Berkeley, where he first majored in art and then in history, he had begun his lifelong study of East Asian languages. Upon graduation from college he entered the Westminster Seminary in Philadelphia, intending to prepare for the ministry as a missionary. Ultimately, however, he served as a missionary of a different kind, promoting education, scholarship, and understanding across cultural boundaries in Pakistan, Taiwan, Japan, and finally, his native California.

After wartime service with the U.S. Navy, Dick returned from Japan in 1946 to Berkeley for graduate studies. He also worked as head of the Far Eastern and Russian Language School connected with the Extension division. He earned his doctorate in 1953 with a dissertation that a generation of Berkeley graduate students have read for their qualifying examinations--on the seventh-century Japanese state. After a year as lecturer in history at Berkeley he joined the Asia Foundation, serving as its representative at Tokyo and then in Pakistan and Taiwan. He continued to be associated with the foundation until 1966 through the Center for Social and Political Studies (Tokyo): an institute that Dick himself was responsible for founding. Years later Dick would reminisce on this period, when he befriended Asians of all persuasions, learning a great deal from them even as he tried to assist them. He capped this phase of his career with the founding in 1962 of the Journal of Social and Political Ideas in Japan (now The Japan Interpreter). As editorial adviser and principal translator, he helped make the journal the best source in a Western language on the vital currents of thought in Japan in the 1960s.

Through these years, Dick had not given up his earlier interests in art and scholarship. He developed a passionate admiration for Asian folk art. A theatrical mask, a rusted sword, or simply a pottery urn for everyday use appealed to his aesthetic taste as much as a majestic landscape scroll. He became an assiduous collector of artifacts while continuing his intellectual inquiry into the history of Japan. In 1963, even while he was heavily involved in developing his Journal, he accepted a position at the International Christian University to lecture to Japanese as well as Western students on the history of Japan and later also on comparative Asian society and civilization--courses similar to those he was to teach at Davis after he returned to the United States permanently in 1970. Three Asian students of Dick in Japan are now professors in American universities, and a fourth holds a distinguished post as professor-and-curator in Osaka after receiving a Ph.D. here. Hundreds of students in his undergraduate courses at Davis remember with delight visits to his house, which became something of a teaching museum. Artifacts and personal experiences lent a concreteness to his interpretation of Asian culture, which, like his superb fluency in Japanese, few colleagues could rival. For graduate students as well, reading with Professor Miller was an impressive reminder that Japan was something more than a bibliography or a series of problems to be dissected.

And yet amidst his teaching responsibilities and increasing University service, he embarked with amazing discipline and energy on a systematic series of monographs on ancient Japan, dealing with monarchy, nobility, bureaucracy, and their interrelationships. Dick's understanding of contemporary Japan was, remarkably enough, matched by his profound inquiry into the early formative period in her history.

Dick's Ancient Japanese Nobility: The Kabane Ranking System appeared in 1974. It is a skilful and thorough study of one of the most crucial but least understood institutions of the late Yamato state--the kabane (hereditary noble titles). Based on ancient chronicles written in difficult Japanized Chinese, which only a few Western scholars have mastered, this monograph is now considered the foremost work on the subject in any language, bringing out the subtleties of ancestry and title manipulation during and around the reign of Emperor Tenmu (672-686 A.D.). As one reviewer wrote, "...the author has introduced a quantitative methodology that has profound meaning for the future treatment of pre-modern Japanese institutions. This is not only an original piece of research, but one of the very few history books relating to Japan that has shown us a new technique of inquiry."

Important as is Dick's study of the kabane system, it merely laid the foundation for what would become his major work: "Japan's First Bureaucracy: A Study of Eighth-Century Government." At the time of his death from massive cerebral hemorrhage on July 2, 1976, Part One of this work (over 200 pages) was in near-final form. In fact, we hope that it may soon be published, for it can stand by itself as a detailed survey of the government offices and agencies of the time and their actual functions. The personnel who headed these offices and agencies--including high ministers at court and provincial governors-- are analyzed in the case studies of Part Two, which unfortunately Dick did not live to summarize. His carefully compiled data sheets in two volumes suggest important conclusions and should, together with his new methodology and insights, inspire other scholars to take up where he left off.

Dick is survived by his wife Miriam (they were married in 1942) and their children Michael and Patricia. On the morning after his death, Miriam, in grief and shock, nevertheless remembered to phone a graduate student, who was departing for Japan that day, to give him a Tokyo address Dick had found for him the previous afternoon, just before his sudden illness. That phone call will be remembered by the student and by all of us who know the Millers well, symbolizing as it does their desire, transcending even their devotion to scholarship and art, to help others to realize their potentialities and effectively pursue their interests. For Miriam and Dick, the promising young people they have known

in Japan and in California have been part of their own lives.

Delmer M. Brown,
Kwang-Ching Liu,
Don C. Price
University of California
In Memoriam
May 1977

Some Brushes with History:

Handling the Japanese Language During WWII

(Cont'd) *[On Guam: English version of the leaflets to be dropped on Japanese cities to be bombed]*

"Read this carefully as it may save your life or the life of a relative or friend. In the next few days, the military installations in four or more of the cities named on the reverse side of this leaflet will be destroyed by American bombs.

These cities contain military installations and workshops or factories which produce military goods. We are determined to destroy all the tools of the military clique which they are using to prolong this useless war. But unfortunately bombs have no eyes. So in accordance with America's well known humanitarian principles, the American Air Force, which does not wish to injure innocent people, now gives you warning to evacuate the cities named and save your lives.

America is not fighting the Japanese people but is fighting the military group which has enslaved the Japanese people.

The peace which America will bring will free the people from the oppression of the military and means the emergence of a new and better Japan.

You can restore peace by demanding new and good leaders who will end the war.

We cannot promise that only these cities will be among those attacked, but at least four will be. So heed this warning and evacuate these cities."

On the reverse side of the leaflets was to be a picture of a B-29 unloading bombs *[on Japan*], with the names of ten to twelve Japanese cities, enclosed in circles, and appearing under the bombs.

When I took the message Morris had prepared to the stockade, my POWs energetically went to work on it in a room assigned to us. *"Issho kemmei ni hatarakimasu!"* ("We will work very hard"), one of them assured me. All of my collaborators were college-educated and had a reading knowledge of English (though they did not speak it well at all) and in a couple of hours the five of them had prepared a Japanese translation of the Morris text which I knew was far better than any literal translation I might have made myself. Upon its completion, one of the POWs named Kitagishi, an excellent calligrapher, copied it all over in large and graceful *kanji* for photographing, and I turned his handiwork over to Morris. Morris then flew to Saipan with it, where the Office of War Information (OWI) prepared and printed the leaflets, wrapped them in rolls, packed them in 500-pound bomb cases, and delivered them to the Air Force. Jim Garcia, intelligence officer for the 21st Bomb Command (headed by General Curtis LeMay) had arranged for the 73rd Bomb Wing, stationed on Saipan, to assign three B-29s to drop the leaflets on regular weather runs to Japan. During the next few weeks the 73rd Bomb Wing dropped millions of the leaflets, principally on Honshu, Japan's main island, warning 31 cities of raids to come (14 of which were subsequently fire-bombed). We also devoted a special leaflet to the Potsdam Declaration, issued on July 26, calling for "Unconditional Surrender," a policy originally adopted by the United States *[and Allies]* in 1943.

It got to be a routine: toward the end of every week I would call up my contact in the Air Force, a graduate of the Boulder school named Ardath Burks, and ask: "Well, what are the cities for next week?" Ardie would then reel off the names of the cities (almost like listing movies, I thought, for the out-door theater's next week) and I would head for the stockade and see to it that the leaflets were modified accordingly. How far off could the war's end be, I wondered, when we were in a position to give advance warning each week of the cities we intended to bomb? To my surprise and delight, the directors of the Advance Intelligence Center were so pleased with the whole operation that they turned a brand new Quonset hut over to the language section in which to do the leaflet work. The building contained a large central room, with a long table and chairs at which we could work, surrounded by four separate rooms for individual interrogations. We didn't use the little rooms much; every so often though, Japanese soldiers who had been holding out in the caves and jungles of Guam gave themselves up (sick and tired, we joked, of the Republic and Monogram movies they watched from afar) and we brought them in for questioning. (to be cont'd)

From Paul F. Boller, Jr.,
Memoirs of an Obscure Professor
& Other Essays,
(Fort Worth, TX: TCU Press, 1992) 45-47.

The Mysterious Miyagi

[Still on Okinawa with the JLOs, Slaughter, Nelson, Pineau, and Jefferson] Uehara said that Miyagi was a rather mysterious, very wealthy businessman, rumored to control shady illicit activities of some kind. At dinner Miyagi said he wanted to tell us of an incident in which he had been involved at the end of the war. He had been an enlisted man in the Japanese navy and was one of a number of military and civilians hiding in a huge cave in the south of the island.

The Americans were threatening to pour gasoline down into the cave and burn everyone. Miyagi said if he were to die he wanted to be out in the open, not charred in a cave. He asked the senior military officer for permission to go out with a white flag. If he were killed, they would know that the Americans were not to be trusted.

When he came up to the surface he was surrounded by Americans, one of whom spoke to him in Japanese and gave him a cigarette. The American asked him to go back and tell the others it was safe to come out. He gave him the pack of cigarettes to take with him. In a little while the people came out, except for a few of the military who stayed behind and blew themselves up deeper in the cave. Miyagi said he always wanted to thank the American who saved his life. He didn't remember the name, but thought it was something like "Johnson". I said what about "Jefferson" who is sitting beside you? Miyagi was thunderstruck, grabbed Jeff's hand and became quite emotional, for a Japanese male. The following evening he invited us to an elite restaurant and there gave Jeff a gold Rolex He also gave him a thick packet of yen and told him to stop off in Japan on his way and enjoy himself. Jeff had earlier been the Acting Naval Attaché at the American Embassy in Tokyo and had made many friends all over Japan.

After the great revelation with Jeff, we found that Miyagi had two chauffeured Mercedes and made them available to us. We came to call Miyagi the "Godfather" which seemed an apt euphemism. He invited us to his home. Though he might not be there, he said his wife would receive us, We arrived at his opulent, gardens-surrounded house. A lovely young woman greeted us and gave us a tour of the residence and the large pond of many-hued koi off the front veranda We later learned that the young woman was his wife, not a servant. Uehara said he had other houses. Later, Jeff decided to do a fun re-run and paid his own fare back to Okinawa. He was unable to see Miyagi and finally gave up and went home. Apparently, Miyagi felt he had satisfied his obligation and that sufficed.

Glenn Nelson
JLS 1944

Interview with Donald Merriam Allen [JLS 1943]

Interview with Donald Allen, early Suzuki student and influential editor at Grove Press who helped to introduce to America DT Suzuki, Alan Watts,

the Beat poets and other new poets.

When I first met Suzuki Roshi, he explained that one should enter the zendo with the right foot.

Don Allen died on August 29th in San Francisco. I'd heard mention of him first through Richard Baker in the sixties and then from Philip Whalen when he moved across the hall from me at the City Center in '72. Elizabeth Tuomi introduced me to Don in 1976 in Bolinas. I was living with her and he lived not far away on a little side street close to a cliff overlooking the ocean and beyond - the lights of San Francisco. I'd read and reread quite a bit of his The New American Poetry while in high school and it was a treat to get to know him what little I did. I walked around a lot and sometimes I'd stop by and say hi to him. He was quiet, private, and dignified.

In about 1995 Don and I met at the Depot, a coffee shop and bookstore in Mill Valley. He just had a little bit to say about Zen Center and Suzuki and those days. And then he told me some about his life before that. I took some notes and recreate what he said here.

DC: So what do you remember about the early days at Sokoji with Suzuki?

DA: Lew Welch lived with Lenore Kendall in the East/West house near Sokoji. Lew was often hung over. I took him to the temple on Bush Street, Sokoji, to zazen. Suzuki would walk around with his little stick and hit people on the shoulder if they were sleeping. Sometimes I'd ask for it.

DC: You'd bow when he was approaching you.

DA: Yes. Lew said, "I'm not going to let that little Jap hit me," when I asked for the stick. That was at zazen on Saturday morning. Lew went fishing.

DC: How'd you end up at Sokoji?

DA: I Worked with Grove Press in New York in the '50s. I'd gotten Grove Press to publish Daisetsu Suzuki and Alan Watts. I knew Dick Baker there. Dick was maybe in textbook sales. We knew Frank O'Hara. Dick heard there was some sort of Buddhist center in San Francisco.

In 1960 I came out to San Francisco. I hated New York in the summer so I came to San Francisco in the summer. That's enough of New York, I thought. I got a garden apartment on Washington Street near Filmore and Dick came out and took a room in the same place. Also a regional salesman for Grove Press was living there too. I met Ginny who Dick married. We went to Sokoji and sat with Suzuki Roshi. Dick found Suzuki and I went with Dick and then I started to sit - twice a day for six months before I went to Japan.

In 1962 Grove Press sent me to Majorca for a literary conference. So I figured I could go around the world for the price of a first class ticket - they gave me money for a first class ticket. On that trip I went to Japan for 5 months. I arrived in May of 1962 and met Gary Snyder and Joanne Kyger. Ruth Sasaki said she sat a week at Sokoji.

[I wonder if maybe I misunderstood this last comment. Nobody else has ever said anything about Ruth Fuller Sasaki coming to Sokoji. But of course it's possible. - DC]

I met John Blofield at Bangkok.

I came back and moved to Jones Street. Dick and Ginny were living off Broadway, above the tunnel. Sally was born.

DC: What's your first memory of Suzuki?

DA: When I first met Suzuki Roshi, he explained that one should enter the zendo with the right foot. I never sat sesshin. I was the oldest person there. Suzuki would ask my advice, because I was older.

[He was 38 in 1960, about the same age as Della Goertz, Jean Ross, and Betty Warren and there were a few other women around there of that age. Maybe there were no males his age around.]

Suzuki married a couple and the wife asked him not to register it. Suzuki asked me what I thought about that. I asked a lawyer who said he was obliged to register them. That's the sort of thing Suzuki would ask me.

DC: You were the first president of the board of the Zen Center.

DA: Yes, but I didn't know about it at the time. Dick just did that without asking me. He used my name when they were arguing about their letterhead.

On Saturday we sat and cleaned. I liked to dust the stairs on Saturday mornings. We'd eat breakfast. They had cold scrambled eggs. Sunday there would be a talk with optional sitting. Suzuki Roshi always gave a talk and I enjoyed them. I don't remember the lectures now. Suzuki tried to explain the terminology of the Heart Sutra, etc.

DC: How was his English?

DA: His English was okay.

After I came back from Japan I would donate money and support Sokoji as a layman, and would occasionally go there to sit.

There was a young guy at Sokoji seeing devils who I talked to. He talked to Suzuki Roshi. He was from the Midwest Suzuki said it did happen sometimes that you would see devils, and the guy went back home. He was at Suzuki's funeral.

DC: Did you go to Zen Center any after Suzuki died?

DA: Oh, to visit. And when I lived in Bolinas I went at times to Green Gulch.

DC: Tell me about your life. Where do you come from?

DA: I was born in Cherokee, Iowa in northwestern Iowa in 1912. My father was reared as a Covenanter - Scottish Calvinism. Charles II had to deal with them. There were two uncles who came over in the 18th Century. My paternal grandfather was a Covenanter minister. My grandmother was a nut on the subject. She wrote long letters with Biblical quotes. At 14 I decided I didn't believe but we had no falling out about it.

At the University of Iowa I got an MA in English and became a college professor at a Catholic school in Davenport. I tried Mass and Vespers but couldn't do it.

In the summer of '36, I remember the Spanish Civil War was going on, and I went to Mexico on the newly opened section of the Pan-American Highway.

[Can't make out the next thing he said. Something about being in the Zocalo which is a town square, especially the big one in Mexico City. Either he was in it in March or there was a march there. He mentioned nurses and doctors, painters and art, the whole scene and Easter and says he worked at odd jobs.]

I went back to Davenport and then to New York. Got room and board in a settlement house on the Lower East Side. I ran discussion groups that talked about politics. Couldn't get a job. A woman from Colombia [the University I'm sure] said there is a job in China after the paper said the Japanese bombed Canton. So I went.

Charlotte Gower told me to get travel money and go through Europe [or maybe she gave him some travel money] so I took a ship to Europe and spent a couple of weeks in France. In 1938 I took a ship to Colombo, Ceylon, Saigon, Hong Kong. In September I arrived in Canton during an air raid in the evening.

There I worked as a professor. Crossed the Pearl River.

[Then there's a note I don't understand: Rest - West lit. gardens (trans.)]

The Japanese marched in October in Canton. We took care of the refugees. Farmers from the delta had evacuated the facility. The women and children went to Hong Kong on a Standard Oil boat. We had open classes in Hong Kong after four in the evening. The sloppy Japanese came into Canton with pigs and chickens and rickshaws. In Hong Kong I worked with organizations helping the Chinese.

Then I went back to America via Japan - Shanghai to Kobe, a beautiful seaport. Then I went to Kyoto and from Yokohama to Vancouver and from Seattle took a train to Iowa. It was 1940. Then I went to Madison as a teaching assistant working on a PhD.

In 1941.I went to Washington and volunteered for the Navy. Went to Berkeley in January 1942 to learn Japanese. Took an intensive course. In May the faculty and students moved to Boulder because all Japanese had to leave California in December. I was commissioned and went to Pearl Harbor in January in the translation section. There I

worked on the interrogation of prisoners.

I volunteered to go to the Kwajalein Atoll in the middle of the Pacific. [Marshall Islands] I landed there and we were looking for code books. I landed on an island evacuated by the Japanese. They were shelling them on the next island. We found a Navy code book. Gradually the American Navy took over all the islands. I got on the command ship.

I was going through soldiers' diaries. We learned about the whole picture there in the Pacific. Then I volunteered for Eniwetok to the north. Later they tested the bomb there. We learned there must be a division of troops there. As we landed at Eniwetok we were shot at and survived mortar fire. We moved inland. The Japanese were all dug in underground. I kept reading documents, etc. I read the advanced plan for all islands.

One day standing by some munitions on the shore of another island, the enlisted man next to me lost his leg. He got it at the knee, spun on the ground spurting blood. I was hit by the right ear and got a purple heart. Later an Israeli painter took my Purple Heart and Bronze Star.

I talked to two Japanese doctors and learned there was typhus. We found notes of officers with abbreviated kanji [Chinese characters] and numbers and learned the Japanese Kwantung army from Manchuria was in the Pacific.

I went back to Pearl Harbor and arrived in San Francisco the day Roosevelt died. I really hated the Japanese and didn't want to go back and work with the occupation, so I went to London where I was liaison with British Intelligence. I went to France and met writers. Came back to the States in '47. Then I went to Berkeley graduate school for a couple of years. I didn't like teaching English majors.

I had been publishing with Navy Intelligence, getting information to other units, and had a weekly magazine. Then I went to New York where I was freelancing. Then I got involved with Barney Rosset [the founder of Grove Press] and Lolly, Ross's ex.

DC: Yes, I remember Lolly coming to Tassajara.
DA: That's about it.
DC: Well thanks a lot.
[And my apologies for not having gone over this with him and clarified a few things. - DC]
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From the Errata section of cuke.com

Take out - P.221, #1: {The honorific title "roshi" came from Richard's friend, Don Allen, one of the foremost editors of the Beat poets, who had become the chairman of the new Zen Center board. He'd been to Japan and said that was what they called Zen masters there.}

Change to: <Richard at times used the honorific title "roshi" for Suzuki. He'd read it, heard Suzuki use it when referring to priests he revered, and according to some people who'd studied Zen in Japan, it was the proper way to address Zen Masters there.>

[Don Allen sent me a thoughtful note about Crooked Cucumber (accompanied by a classic Edward Conze book on the Prajna Paramita he'd once published) in which he had very nice things to say about Crooked Cucumber, but pointed out that I'd goofed as far as mention of him was concerned - that he didn't know about the title "roshi" when he was in Japan, made no suggestions of it, and that he had never been asked if he wanted to be chairman of the board back in '61; that his name was just used, and would I take that stuff out. I responded immediately, apologizing for having neglected to check with him (I checked with just about every American mentioned in the book, but he'd just slipped through the cracks. About checking up on people in Japan, I just kept a running dialogue going with Hoitsu Suzuki). So this paragraph had to be rewritten. The number of characters and spaces used in each is almost identical to make it easier on the folks who have to make the changes - so that the prior and following pages would not be affected.--DC]
***

I notice in the interview with Margot Patterson Doss, in talking about advising Suzuki on where to look for a retreat, she says, "Small world department. Anyway, Don Allen, meantime, who was the editor of my first book. That was "San Francisco At Your Feet." Don was the West Coast editor of Grove Press at that time. Don had suggested that the project that would be suitable would be getting hold of Green Gulch." That was back like in '65 and Green Gulch was acquired by the Zen Center in early '72 soon after Suzuki died.

David Chadwick
Crooked Cucumber
cuke.com - an archival site on the life and world of Shunryu Suzuki and those who knew him

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Excerpt from: Henry F. May

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

(Cont'd) Bombing of Hiroshima and the Occupation of Japan

May: Finally, of course, we got the news of Hiroshima.
Lage: How did people react to that, **and you, in particular?**
May: The main reaction was, "We're going to get home," though some of my left-wing friends, because I certainly had them at Pearl Harbor, said that we ought to turn over the bomb to the United Nations, which, I think in retrospect, would not have been a good idea. But the long-range implications we didn't understand enough about it, really.
Lage: Or even the power of the bomb probably wasn't fully understood? Or was that well recorded?
May: I think it was, yes. So then the next thing was when the whole apparatus at Pearl Harbor broke up and we were going to be sent to Japan. And again, of course, it took a long time. We were in the Philippines for a while. Manila utterly smashed up by the Japanese--and then finally went to Japan. Actually, there was another typhoon.

Our convoy finally came to a small place called Waka-no-ura, near Wakayama. The early occupation was immensely fascinating.

Since the emperor had given them orders and told them to obey MacArthur, they were remarkably cordial. When I first went ashore and it was found 1 could speak some Japanese, 1 had all sorts of little school children hanging onto my uniform saying, "What's that, what's that," about the ships and all that. Once in a while you'd meet a die-hard but not often.

I established social relations with a young man in the village. I'd go to his house and he'd give me tea and tangerines, which was all he had, and we'd talk about various things. Then eventually I got sent overland to help prepare for the occupation of Nagoya with two other Navy people. On the road, little boys would yell, "Hello Joe," and ask for candy and so forth. And then we were in Nagoya getting it ready for troops to come.
Lage: Was your role again in translation?
May: Yes, including setting up, I m sorry to say, a district called the Bright Pleasure Garden-something like that.
Lage: This was official?
May: Yes, it was official prostitution, which really didn't have the same connotations and stigma as in the West, and was remarkably successful in preventing incidents and so forth. In the early occupation, each side had heard propaganda about the horrors of the other side and each side was remarkably favorably surprised. I heard that from later talking to Japanese in Japan. Later, of course, things weren't quite that nice, but I think it was the most successful occupation of a major defeated enemy that I know about.

I don't think I'll go into a travelogue, but I was able to get around Japan quite a bit. In those days, towns and cities were almost all smashed absolutely flat and burnt to the ground. The countryside was remarkably beautiful, not yet polluted and very rural. I traveled a certain amount by train around and then finally was stuck in a translation section in Tokyo Harbor, right near one of the Japanese battleships that had been reported sunk, but on a small craft--! Don't remember exactly what variety. People were going ashore and interviewing various ministries and so forth. Not nearly the excitement of earlier duty. And I began to get even more homesick. (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, 61-63.

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The Archives has recently received generous donations from:

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