

# The Interpreter

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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.*

## Some Brushes with History: Handling the Japanese Language During WWII

(Cont'd) [On Guam, 1945, during the 'leaflet campaign'] One week Ardie had no cities for me. "There seems to be a special deal of some kind planned for next week," he told me. "I really don't know what's going on." I didn't think much about it at the time. I joined Huggins for a flight to Saipan that afternoon and a trip out into the boondocks there with him and an Army intelligence officer to try to persuade a Japanese Army lieutenant, holding out in a cave, to surrender peacefully. Shortly after we got back to the army base, having failed in our mission, I heard the news over the radio: the United States had dropped an atomic bomb, with the explosive force of 20,000 tons of TNT, on Hiroshima. A wave of depression instantly engulfed me, as if war weren't already terrible enough, I couldn't help thinking, here,

now, we have this frightful new weapon for future conflicts.

But there was no time to brood about what the Japanese call "the sadness of things." Lieutenant Morris got in touch with me soon after the news of Hiroshima came through, gave me a statement he had prepared, quoting President Truman's warning to Japan about the new weapon and calling for unconditional surrender, and I flew back to Guam to work with my POWs on a new leaflet. I was struck by the fact that my collaborators put the word, atomic bomb, at once into Japanese (*genshi bakudan*) and went ahead with the translating as if there wasn't anything special about the Truman statement. When they had finished, I couldn't help saying, "It's really awful, isn't it, this *genshi bakudan*?" "You mean, it's real?" they cried in evident surprise. Their surprise surprised me; they had translated a statement which they had taken for granted was mere propaganda just as diligently as they had statements they knew were true. More than that: they didn't seem especially upset, so far as I could tell, when they learned the *genshi bakudan* was for real.

Events now moved rapidly. Two days after Hiroshima, Russia declared war on Japan and a day later came the atomic bombing of Nagasaki, Morris called to tell me that Philip Morison, the Cornell physicist with the Manhattan Project who had assembled the A-bombs for loading on the planes which took off from Tinian, wanted to meet Major Yanagi, the physicist who was working with me, and was planning to fly over to Guam for a visit. A few hours later Professor Morison arrived at the Advance Intelligence Center and I took him to the Quonset hut where we did our leaflets and introduced him to my POWs. As soon as we sat down around the long table to talk, Morison handed Major Yanagi some reprints of scientific articles he

had brought with him. Yanagi eyed them lovingly. "Scientists," he murmured, in halting English, "scientists hate war. Scientists love peace." Morrison and I exchanged glances. I didn't doubt that he was thinking what I was thinking: "and yet scientists produced the terrible atomic bomb!" It didn't surprise me to read later on about Morison's earnest anti-war activities after the war [*Perhaps the Nobel Peace Prize is the most glaring such contrast.*] (to be cont'd)

*From Paul F. Boller, Jr.,  
Memoirs of an Obscure Professor  
& Other Essays,  
(Fort Worth, TX: TCU Press, 1992)  
47-51.*

## John Rawlinson 1920-2009

*Since John Rawlinson was known by the more than three dozen SAS alumni in various USN OLS Boulder classes, to his own Boulder classmates, and to hundreds of his SAS schoolmates, it seems appropriate that identical obits be sent to both The Interpreter and to The SASA News, since he wanted both notified, as he had indicated to me, a July 1943 Boulder graduate in Japanese, his SAS classmate, and friend of many years.*

*Dan Williams  
JLS 1943*

## IN MEMORIAM JOHN LANG RAWLINSON

Schoolmates of John Rawlinson, at both the Shanghai American School and the USN Oriental Languages School, as well as faculty and student colleagues at Hofstra University, and other lifetime associates will note with sorrow his passing on May 19, 2009, from pneumonia, near Sea Cliff, NY. John was Professor Emeritus of History, taught at Hofstra from 1955 to 1992, his principal teaching fields being modern China and Japan.

His friends know that John's eventful life of accomplishment was a blend of commitments and

interests. Expansion of Chinese language and other Oriental studies, the U.S. Navy, amateur radio, ships of all types and ship models, the U.S. Department of State, history, promoting better education, meeting social needs, current events in Asia, and much else were included in his focus.

John, Professor Rawlinson, was born of missionary parents in China in 1920, was in the Shanghai American School Class of 1938, received a BA from Oberlin College in 1942, and a PhD from Harvard University in 1959. In high school at SAS, John elected to take advanced classes in Chinese Mandarin, beyond the levels of the Chinese language study required of all of us. So he was prepared for becoming Clerk in the U.S. Embassy in Chungking (now Chongqing) (1943-44), serving as Vice Consul in the U.S. Consulate General in Tientsin (now Tianjin) (1945-46), as well as becoming a USNR Ensign and studying Chinese at the USN Oriental Languages School at University of Colorado, Boulder. In 1947, he entered graduate school, teaching part-time at MIT in the Department of Political Science. His dissertation on the Chinese navy 1839-1895, which I remember reading, was written under the direction of the late Professor John King Fairbank, and was published by Harvard University Press in 1967.

Certainly and expectedly, the unusual experience of growing up as a U.S. citizen in China, particularly in newsmaking Shanghai, influenced John's career. His father, Frank Rawlinson, was editor and publisher of the *Chinese Recorder*, which chronicled, with comments, the history and developing activities of American and English religious missions in China, for its readers who were the hundreds of their missionaries who appreciated, though not always agreeing with, the *Recorder's* appraisal of their evangelizing efforts. John wrote

and published a learned two-volume history of "Rawlinson and *The Recorder*", and about his historian father, who was one of hundreds killed by misguided Chinese air force bombs dropped onto a busy downtown Shanghai intersection in August 1937, the outset of the China-Japan phase of World War II. The bombs missed their target, the Japanese cruiser *Idzumo*, by two miles, the tragedy marked by John as making his father the first American casualty of WW2.

Shanghai was a "U.S. Navy town", in those pre-WW2 days. Every October brought our school half-holiday for Navy Day, and we U.S. citizens proceeded to the waterfront, from where Navy boats took us out to the cruiser *USS Augusta*, flagship of the USN's Asiatic Fleet, where we saw the ship's guns and catapult airplanes and encountered ice cream for all visitors. John and I were in a very active American Sea Scout "Ship", from which we borrowed a canvas-hulled kayak, with which we explored the swift tidal currents of the Huangpu River and the merchant and navy ships visiting Shanghai, then the world's third busiest seaport. A USN radioman on the *Augusta*, a friend of the Rawlinsons, built an amateur radio transmitter and receiver for John, creating "ham" radio station XU8LR. I also became a "ham", though our family's special armed forces friend was a U.S. Marine and editor of the 4th Regiment USMC magazine, the *Walla Walla*, pidgin English for "talk-talk". On our May Memorial Day, which the participating Shanghai British called "Decoration Day", we Scouts and Sea Scouts marched with the our Marines and Navy detachments to the WW1 memorial "Cenotaph" monument. Perhaps not surprisingly, years later, that at Boulder's USN JLS or OLS, I became a 2nd Lt USMCR and later arriving John chose Ensign USNR.

In 1955, John joined the History Department at Hofstra, where he introduced courses in Asian history. He became active in faculty governance, chaired a key committee at the time of student unrest in 1970, and later

helped to establish the Hofstra Social Science Associum, to improve college and high school faculties' liaison in the social sciences and social studies. In retirement, he served as historian for Upper Brookville, was active in volunteer work at Meals on Wheels and the Interfaith Nutrition Network. a soup kitchen at Glen Cove NY.

He is survived by his son Frank Rawlinson, granddaughter Morgan, stepdaughter Nancy Nicholson, and step grandchildren Robert and Alex Pucciariello.

It is with sadness and regret, but with privilege of having known him, and the happy appreciation for his life which he felt as well, that we say to John, in Chinese and Japanese - Zai Hui and Sayonara.

June 30, 2009  
Dan S. Williams

## Reprise on John B. McCubbin

I am writing belatedly about John McCubbin. He and I were in the same class in Boulder, and we became good friends. We bought together a convertible Model A coupe with rumble seat, *Koricki*, "mountain climber". It was a good car, taking us to the Flatirons, for dates with UC college girls, to Albuquerque to visit my parents, and across country to New York City on assignment. In Washington, DC, we roomed together. We were in Okinawa at the same time. Thirty years later we met in Tokyo. John represented a law firm and I was with Merrill Lynch. Ten years after that, both retired, we met again here in Sarasota, Florida.

John is remembered by many friends as a man of good will and high integrity and we miss him.

Don Knode  
JLS 1944

## Memoirs Of Ari Inouye

(Cont'd) [In America] my father first went to Hawaii and worked on a pineapple plantation. I was told he was a foreman on one of the plantations and rode a horse to supervise the men. It was here

that he was converted to Christianity and became an active evangelist. On Sunday mornings he would make the rounds and had the men leave their shacks to attend church.

Some years later, one of the men, Mr. Tsuda, with whom he became acquainted, became a Methodist minister in California. I marvel at what the Issei, the first generation immigrants, were able to accomplish in so short a time. Like all pioneers, they were brave people, willing to undergo hardships and succeed in whatever opportunities were offered to them. In spite of a language barrier and discrimination, they were determined to make a better life for themselves and their families.

My father was a gardener and my mother worked in homes and took in washing. I delivered the washed clothes on my homemade skate coaster. I never thought we were poor but just hard-working people.

One of the things my parents did was they contributed to the purchase of a church in West Oakland, which was named West 10<sup>th</sup> Methodist Episcopal Church. Every Sunday morning we would ride the streetcar to the church. Since we lived in North Oakland, it took about an hour to get to the church. The ride cost 5¢ and required a transfer to a second streetcar to reach our church. During the week, my brother and I were mainly with Caucasian children, and so it was on Sundays that I was able to associate with Japanese children, who became my closest friends. Most of them are gone now, but I'll never forget the times we spent together.

Those were the days when the Japanese were for the most part not allowed admittance to a public swimming pool. One Japanese family in Alameda had a beachfront home. They allowed us to use their beach and go swimming. Also, our Sunday school teacher had an old Buick touring car and it was a real treat when he took us to Niles Canyon, near Milpitas, to swim, which seemed so far away at the time.

This is the world into which I was born and raised. I was born in Oakland, California, September 24, 1914 on Alcatraz

Avenue, between Telegraph Avenue and College Avenue, across from the Catholic Church. I first attended Peralta Grammar School and later Washington Grammar School. I graduated from Claremont Junior High and then attended and graduated in 1932 from University High School. It was a college preparatory school. The same year I entered the University of California at Berkeley. At the time, there was a quota system for minorities. Fortunately, I was accepted and I graduated in 1936 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in political science. (to be cont'd)

Ari Inouye  
USN JLS Sensei  
1942-1946

## Carl F. Bartz JLS 1943

Carl F. Bartz, from Dallas, Texas, received his BA from Harvard in 1942. He attended the US Navy Japanese Language School from October 1942 to November 1943. He served with JICPOA, the 5<sup>th</sup> Amphibious Group, Palau Operation and NAVTECHJAP and was discharged as a Lt. (j.g.) in July 1946. He retired from the USNR (standby) as Commander in 1969. He received his Ph.D. in East Asian History from the University of California, writing on a Korean topic. In 1950, he joined the Foreign Service and served in Japan, Korea, Burma, Okinawa, and Pakistan. His Japanese training gave him "a big leg up" in learning Korean, which he did on a full time basis at the age of 45. He was the director of Public Affairs in Okinawan Civil Affairs Department. He was elected President, Royal Asiatic Society, Korea Branch (1969). The RAS Korea had more than 1,000 members at the time. [From *Pineau*, 7-18] He has also written articles on Korea and the Ryukyus.

David M. Hays  
Archivist & Editor

[Ed. Note: Since his name has been taken in vain several times in recent issues, I thought I would include this blurb.]