

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 177

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

November 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.

Memoirs

Of Ari Inouye

(Cont'd) I started teaching on March 21, 1942 [in Berkeley]. Among the teachers were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Topping, Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine, and Yuji and Martha Imai. Among the students were Bob Sheeks and Wayne Suttles.

The JLS curriculum and the *Naganuma Hyojun Nihongo Tokuhon*, (standard Japanese Readers) were used as the main texts for instruction. I understand that the *Naganuma* series (textbooks) had been used by the Navy since 1922, when they sent regular officers to Japan to study the language; now it is the standard text used in nearly all the universities where the Japanese language is taught. I had no basis of comparison with any other textbooks. It was the only one introduced; there were no other textbooks used. I taught the entire series as well as the Navy Manual.

I really had to study hard and prepare my lessons well. The requirements of the first students were those who were born in Japan, anyone who has previous courses in Asian Studies, and Phi Beta Kappas. I spent many long hours trying to master not only the *Naganuma* texts, but the Navy Manual too, since the terminology of the of the Navy Manual was technical and detailed. I had a very difficult time trying to understand the course in English, let alone in Japanese.

Later, as the new students were recruited, the new recruits had little or no knowledge of the Japanese Language. Since I was bilingual, I was asked to teach these new incoming students. By then, the Navy had hired many teachers who were much older. Some had been born in Japan and others were *Kibeis*, those who were born here in America and were sent to and raised in Japan. Some were doctors, teachers, and missionaries in Japan.

All the students were brilliant, outstanding young men and later young women (WAVES). They were eager to learn and were quick learners. They had to be. They were expected to complete the course in fourteen months. The *Naganuma* Series normally required three years. Wayne Suttles, Bob Sheeks, Donald Keene, and Helen McCullough were among some of the students. Many of the students' names I have forgotten, but many friendships were formed, friends that have kept in touch over the years.

While in Boulder, my wife and I were joined by extended family. My brother-in-law, Dr. Lee Watanabe, a graduate of Stanford and Stanford Medical School, was highly regarded by the Japanese community in the Santa Clara Valley. Just before evacuation, he was able to take his family to the Mayo Clinic for further study. Because he was Japanese, reciprocity in Colorado was not applicable in his case; he

came to Boulder and became one of the instructors.

In Boulder, Lee was a very valuable teacher because of his early years spent in Japan. After some time, he was finally granted the right to practice medicine in Utah. Later my sister also taught at the language school. She was raised in Japan and graduated from a mission school in Tokyo called *Aoyama Gakuin*. They had three children, all of whom later became Stanford graduates. Their son, Kendrick, also became a doctor.

While being interned, my father became quite ill with cancer. With special permission we were able to get my parents to Boulder to live with us. My brother-in-law had a Lincoln Zephyr, a car that was large enough to bring my parents to Boulder. When my parents arrived, my dad was very thin and weak. But with good care by my brother-in-law, he soon gained enough strength to go for walks. His greatest joy was to take care of his first grandson, David, who was born on July 3, 1943, in Boulder, just prior to his arrival. (to be cont'd)

Ari Inouye
USN JLS Sensei
1942-1946

William A. Scott (1926-1991)

A major contributor to social psychology in America and Australia, Bill Scott was born on April 21, 1926. His father was a traveling salesperson who died when Bill was young. Thereafter, Bill was reared by his mother, a school teacher, in Portland, Oregon. As did other educated children in that era, Bill took piano lessons. He was a *good* pianist, so good that he briefly considered a concert career. But this was during the Great Depression, and Bill had to stop high school to work in the shipyards, from whence he was rescued by means of a

scholarship for a year at Reed College.

When World War II intervened, Bill joined the Navy and was sent to officer training at Gonzaga University, the University of New Mexico, and the Navy Oriental Language School, where Bill learned Japanese and where he met Grayce Nakasone, who later became his wife. Although the war ended before Bill's training was completed, he afterward exercised his language skills by working in Japan as a translator and cultural attaché. Bill was fascinated by the visual images of Japan, and to capture these he became a talented photographer.

He still lacked a bachelor's degree, however, and presently returned to New Mexico, where he majored in psychology and mathematics and married Grayce.

Bill was still concerned about helping Japan. Thinking that Leonard Doob's ideas about propaganda might prove useful, Bill applied for graduate work in social psychology at the University of Michigan, where he found powerful mentors such as Theodore Newcomb and Daniel Katz, and an opportunity to work for the Survey Research Center. His Ann Arbor experiences allowed Bill to pursue interests in propaganda and attitudes that generated his first book (with Stephen Withey), *The United States and the United Nations: The Public View* (1958), and his experiments on verbal reinforcement and attitude change.

The birth of his first daughter, Terry, and the breakup of his marriage with Grayce also happened during Bill's Ann Arbor years.

Bill moved to the University of Colorado in 1955, where he progressed through the ranks to full professorship; published (with Michael Wertheimer) his *Introduction to Psychological Research* (1962); completed work on mental health and

cognitive complexity; and evolved contributions to value theory that were reflected in his field study, *Values and Organizations: A Study of Fraternities and Sororities* (1965).

Bill's Boulder years also resulted in his marriage to Ruth Griggs, thereafter his partner and collaborator, and the arrival of their three children, Greg, Natalie, and Vivian.

In the early 1970s, Bill became disenchanted with Colorado and the growing problems of American higher education, and he decided to relocate. In 1974 when The James Cook University of Townsville asked him to become Foundation Professor of Behavioural Sciences and offered to ship his priceless grand piano across the Pacific, Bill moved to Australia. Three years later, he was offered a chair at the Australian National University, and Bill, his family, and his piano migrated to Canberra.

His Australian appointments allowed him to make major contributions to cognitive theory, reflected in his book with Wayne Osgood and Christopher Peterson, *Cognitive Structure: Theory and Measurement of Individual Differences* (1979); to conduct work on group structure; and to study the experience of migration in panel research that tracked immigrants from several countries through their initial experiences in Australia (see Bill and Ruth's *Adaptation of Immigrants: Individual Differences and Determinants*, 1989).

By the time he retired in 1991, Bill had become truly bicultural. Not only was he a central figure in Australian social psychology and a Fellow of the Australian Academy of Social Sciences, but he frequently returned to the United States and retained close ties with a host of American psychologists. In 1986, however, he contracted a rare auto-immune condition that attacked his kidneys and required dialysis. This disease would have slowed or destroyed others, but Bill continued his productive career. During his last days he was working, with Ruth, on a book that will report their major

comparative study of family relationships and children's personalities.

He died on November 8, 1991.

Apart from his major contributions, Bill's life offers important lessons for social psychology: Our field can combine scholarly and moral contributions; it needs both experimental and field study data; it must contend with cross-cultural evidence; and the individual scholar can make a difference.

Bruce J. Biddle
Center for
Research in Social Behavior
University of Missouri
American Psychologist
Vol. 48, No. 3, March 1993
p. 291

The Reminiscences of Donald Sigmund Willis

[Donald S. Willis passed in 2009. This is an excerpt of a longer memoir.]

The Seattle Chapter (3) 1938-42

[Cont'd, back at UW, 1941] Professor Tatsumi informed me that the Navy had been trying to contact me. Seems they were interested in the fact that I had been studying Japanese (they had their own language school in Pearl Harbor [the Marine School, the Navy's school at the time was at Berkeley and at Harvard], but when I was finished registering for classes for the fall term, Japanese was not one of them.

However, one called "Europe Since 1914" was. The professor was a refugee from Hitler's Germany. A bunch of the fellows were sitting in the back of the class (as was the custom), where we sat watching the girls come in. I remember that sitting next to me was a person I had known in high school, and I am not sure how soon it was, but I said to him, "See that pretty girl? I think she's the one I'm going to marry!"

It was not until the attack on Pearl Harbor (it was my turn to do the family washing, and I was in the backyard when the neighbor lady told me what she had just heard on the radio) that I got up the nerve to speak to my intended. One remark led to another, and soon we were

studying for the final examination together; and after that, going on walks together around the campus. (I was so poor I didn't have another pair of slacks to put on when I slipped on the mud down by the canal, and had to cancel our movie date).

She was a librarian, having graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1940. After a year in a public library, she decided to take classes leading to a certification as a school librarian, and, knowing of the beautiful Pacific Northwest (and its snowclad mountains), she chose the University of Washington.

We had been together for only a couple of weeks, when she left to spend the holidays with her family in Hibbing, MN. If that weren't bad enough, she was leaving school, to take the position of Librarian in the new school in The Dalles, Oregon!

Winter term found me loaded up with all the Japanese courses I could get, but my frustrations continued, not so much the fault of the language as the fact that I was hopelessly in love with the beautiful Miss Mary Jean Kerr, and afraid that she might find other romantic interests down there at the eastern entrance to the Columbia River Gorge.

It happened, by sheer lucky coincidence, that the family benefactor, Uncle Elmer, lived in The Dalles (an important junction on the Union Pacific RR Line). This enabled me to hop on Ray's cycle, ride over the bone chilling mountain passes (it didn't have a windshield), ferry across the river, put the cycle in my uncle's garage, get the keys to his relatively new Dodge car, and spend the weekend with my sweetheart, repeating the process whenever her letters revealed any hint of extracurricular activity of a threatening nature. I think I took 15 hours of incomplete that term! Thank God my exemption from military service did not depend on my academic progress!

Spring term was more of the same, except that a very interesting thing happened: Professor Tatsumi left Seattle to join the faculty of the Naval Japanese Language School (now at Berkeley), and he turned his beginning class over to me! Bill

Kohmann, from the advanced class, took over the second year class. We were both selected, along with our students, to enter the school, to be moved inland to Boulder, Colorado, home of the University of Colorado, immediately after UW ended its academic year. Popular at the time were "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else But Me," "I've Got Spurs that Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," and "Give Me One Dozen Roses."

The US Naval Japanese Language School (1942-43)

We drove to Colorado right after school was out, spending the night in Salt Lake City. As soon as we got established in the Men's Dormitory (I was assigned room 166 Fleming Hall, with Dick Greenwood as my roommate – he had been on the UW football team), we went over to the Men's Gym to play handball. It was not long until we were lying on the floor gasping for breath, however, for Boulder is over 5,000 [5,430] feet above sea level! The days were hot, with frequent thunderstorms in the afternoon. Vicious horseflies attacked us as we loafed around the lawns the first few days. We were now "Naval Agents", but soon were taken to Denver and sworn into the Navy as Yeomen 2nd class. However, we did not wear uniforms. As I recall, this rating was the equivalent of the Army's Staff Sergeant (which I had mentioned four years before, on my discharge from that service).

Mary Jean was spending the summer vacation in Hibbing, and she promised me she would spend a few days in Boulder on her way back to The Dalles in August. In the meantime, classes began, and it was no time at all before we had equaled what we had learned in first-year Japanese at UW [*The difference between naval 'training' and university 'education', Lt. Hindmarsh might have retorted*], such was the degree of acceleration now! (the idea was to do what selected Annapolis graduates did in Tokyo in three years, compressed into a year or so – a series of "Readers" compiled by Naoo Naganuma).

Donald S. Willis

[Ed. Note: Somehow, Professor Willis managed to infuse his story with the innocence of his youth.]

Boar Hunting with Tochigi-san

[Glenn Nelson in Japan] Tochigi shot some of the game himself but had a standing order in other areas to buy boar and deer which they would ship to him. I have a picture of at least 20 animals piled in front of his restaurant. He had a big walk-in cooler in which to hang the meat. In the alley by the shop he kept a half-grown bear, named Taro, given him as a cub. The bear got a bucket of left-over beer at the close of business, nightly. One night Taro got out and strolled into downtown Shinjuku, causing much consternation. Fortunately someone recognized gentle Taro as Tochigi's, before anyone did the bear violence.

Tochigi and I became close friends. He was a fan of all things American and used to ask me to get things from the PX and Commissary which were unavailable to him. No cigarettes, which were coin of the realm on the black market. Tochigi and I were both inveterate pipe smokers and preferred Edgeworth.

We went on many boar hunting trips together. Since I had a big American sedan to carry the hunting party, I went to the restaurant very early, since we often had a drive of some hours to the hunting area. Always took a 5-gallon jerry can of gasoline with us. On the wall in the shop was a shelf with a small figure of the "God of the Mountain". We toasted him with a beaker of sake for good luck and off we went. Usually Tsuneyasu was in the back seat with 2 or 3 dogs, so we had pit stops for all hands [and paws]. Toshigi usually knew from prior experience where we were going. If not, he would roust some sleeping villager for directions. Tochigi ran what was, in effect, an intelligence net. People would telephone, write or telegraph him to come and hunt. Typically, "The inoshishi are raising hell with our crops - please help us!"

Tochigi always took a couple 1-sho bottles of sake to share with the locals who would accompany us as beaters and bearers. I noticed that he always took the cheapest sake and asked him why he didn't treat them to the good stuff. Tochigi said they like this better. Tochigi and I liked brandy, so I always brought some. It wasn't Remy Martin nor was it shared with the locals.

Boar are very smart beasts. They never lie up to sleep in the immediate area where they have fed. So preparing for a boar hunt is like planning a military campaign. The hunter has to study the terrain and flora to figure out where they might be. Then the beaters try to get around to the rear of the herd and chase them out in our direction. If a hunter was in cover it is possible that the boar would charge blindly into him. The boar would also tear up a dog. This had happened with a couple of Toshigi's dogs. Over time we got one boar per three trips but, game or not, it was very pleasant putting up and partying with the locals, usually after a post-hunt *ofuro* (hot bath). Along with the sake, Tochigi had me bring some unfamiliar store-bought goodies for the locals.

When we got a boar, Tochigi and the locals gutted it but didn't skin it. The liver, heart and other edible (?) stuff was scraped loose and put into a big iron kettle, which was put on an outside fire. Tochigi called this his "hunters' stew" and it was good; but it was best not to try to identify all the pieces of the boar you were eating. We slept the night on *futon* and *tatami* and motored home the next morning.

Tochigi had a pre-war .30-30 Marlin, lever action rifle which he carried on a sling over his shoulder. There was no ammo available on the Japanese market so I bought it for him in the Navy Ships' Store in Yokosuka, which was better stocked than the PX in Tokyo. While hunting we met an American who was using a US M-1 carbine. Tochigi hefted the little rifle and fell in love with it. Japanese were, of course, not allowed to have US military weapons. I borrowed one from our arms locker and let him use it. He unfortunately didn't get a shot at a boar that trip.

One evening at Tochigi's he introduced me to a chap named Yano Shosuke, a big hulking six-footer who looked like you might expect a half-Japanese half-Russian to look. Bushy black hair and tanned Caucasian features. We talked about hunting then got off into the subject of guns, which were his passion. He later gave me a copy of a book he had written on the historic development of handguns and shoulder weapons. Yano moved around in Japanese society and in the sizeable White Russian community. We knew that Soviets from their Mission were recruiting some of the Whites who worked for the Americans. I never formally recruited Yano but he was frequently useful. I invited him to my house to look at my guns. While there I gave him an Aussie bush hat which a friend had given me. Too big for me, it fit him perfectly and he loved it. He cut an impressive figure in the hat and wore it ever after. I told Yano that I loaded ammunition and he was fascinated. Japanese did reload their brass shotgun shells but not their rifle ammo. The BX at Tachikawa sold powder and primers. I ordered a reloading press, powder measure, scale, and cartridge cases from the States. In 1964 at the end of my tour, Yano asked me if I would sell him the reloading outfit. We both checked and learned that there was no bar to this on the Japanese of American side so the deal was completed.

A post script on this: In 1967 I had a week in Japan on R&R - unusual for someone on a 6-month TDY - but I got away with it. I put up on Tochigi's second floor. He told me that Yano had been arrested - not for reloading ammo, but for selling some of it. Tochigi had heard that he had served some time but hadn't seen him since. Then one evening - *mirabile dictu* - he showed up at the restaurant in the Aussie hat and the three of us tucked in some beer and boar.

Semper Fi
Glenn Nelson [R.I.P. Glenn]
JLS 1944

PS: My daughter said I forgot to include an incident she thinks was memorable. During a hunting trip we over-nighted in a

small village. During the evening Tsuneyasu said he was going to get a shave at the local one-man barber shop. He came back and reported that the barber was a master with the straight-edge and had given him a wonderful shave. This moved me to go over and get into the chair. To a weary hunter, the shave was soothing and I fell asleep. When I awoke the barber was cleaning out one of my ears with a big cuetip-like swab. I told him to stop. Tsuneyasu said he had refused the cleaning since the barber used the same swab for ALL his customers [*Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears?*]. In a week I had an itching draining ear. This continued despite various local treatments until I finally got back to Company HQ in D.C. The company doctor sent me to a specialist on Connecticut Avenue. A couple applications of some new-fangled anti-biotic cleared it up.

Glenn Nelson [RIP Glenn]
JLS 1944

Donald C. Swanson 1914-1976 JLS 12/1942-

Donald C. Swanson was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on November 18, 1914. He began his training as a classicist at the University of Minnesota, where he received his B.A. (1936) and M.A. (1939) with a major in the classical languages and a minor in the Romance languages. He continued at Princeton University, where he received both an M.A. and a Ph.D. in 1941, under the direction of Professor Harold H. Bender, chairman of the Department of Oriental Languages. Swanson's specialties were Sanskrit and Indo-European comparative philology and his dissertation was "The Greek and Sanskrit Written Accent."

After teaching in the Department of Classics at the University of Colorado in 1942, he worked at the United States Navy Japanese language school in 1942-1943. Soon thereafter, he became a language consultant with the United States Armed Forces for two years (1944-1945), during which period he served as an assistant editor of

Swedish-English and Japanese-English common-usage dictionaries. In 1946, he joined the Department of Classics at the University of Minnesota, where he taught until his death on April 12, 1976. At Minnesota, he participated actively in the linguistic and comparative philology programs, distinguishing himself both as a teacher and as a publishing scholar. Swanson was also responsible for introducing the teaching of Modern Greek at the University of Minnesota and for the development of special teaching aids for this course. In addition to the Vocabulary of Modern Spoken Greek, for which he received the Triopian Archeological Society Award, he also published *Modern Greek Studies in the West: A Critical Bibliography of Studies on Modern Greek Linguistics, Philology and Folklore in Languages other than Greek* (1960).

*Part of the "Forward" to
Donald C. Swanson,
Vocabulary of Modern Spoken
Greek,*

*Minneapolis: University of
Minnesota Press, 1959, 1982*

Reprise on Henry Tatsumi

I should have given to the worthy cause of JLS much sooner. Let me now [10/09] do so in the memory of Dr. Henry Tatsumi, who was director of JLS when I was there [Actually, that title was Florence Walne's. The head instructor was Susumu Nakamura. As a professor of Japanese at the University of Washington, Dr. Tatsumi may have been given responsibility far above that of the other instructors. He was listed as an assistant professor.]. He merits attention in the newsletter [See the Willis memoir above and previous issues]!

I knew him again when I joined the faculty at the University of Washington. He was the essence of a gentleman and scholar. I still have some of his books, Japanese language [volumes] which he printed himself. He composed the JLS Song: "O go bu ma de" [See Issues #83, #83A, #96A for discussions of Dr. Tatsumi's

song, titled Hatō: words by Henry S. Tatsumi; music by S.O. Thorlaksson. He also wrote a song for the WAVES in 1943. We agree that he deserved mention for his teaching, mentoring, and scholarly fellowship, mentioned by all who knew him.].

Arthur R. Kruckeberg
JLS 1944

Eugene P. Boardman Memorial Resolution

Gene Boardman was "quiet but active and forceful, cool in his judgments"--in the words of a professor who supervised his work as a teaching assistant in the History Department in 1936-37. A neighbor who knew him in the 1950s and 60s added: "He was filled with humanitarian common sense." At this University, he pioneered in the East Asian field and with a course in History of Religions and was known as a devoted teacher but his career, as *Who's Who in America* briefly indicates, went far beyond the campus.

Eugene P. Boardman, the son of Charles W. and Irmgard I. Boardman, was born on October 5, 1910 in Aurora, Illinois. He grew up in Delavan and graduated from Beloit College in 1932 with Phi Beta Kappa honors. An early indication of his social consciousness was a paper for which he was given a prize at Beloit--"Race Prejudice: Its Significance and Control." He spent the next three years teaching English, biology, and social science in the Preparatory School of the American University in Beirut and traveling extensively in the Middle East and Europe. Upon his return, after a brief stint as a high school instructor at Delavan, he entered the History graduate program here. With the noted American historian, John D. Hicks, as his major professor, he completed a thesis which also reflected his interest in minorities--"A Historical Survey of Japanese Exclusion and Discrimination in the United States"--and received his MA in 1937.

Since his interest was increasing in East Asian history, he had to go elsewhere to work in that field. He entered Harvard

where he was one of the first students of John K. Fairbank who was to become the dean of modern Chinese studies in this country. He earned another MA there in 1939 and was working on his dissertation when he enlisted in the Marine Corps in June 1941. He was one of a dozen young graduate students recruited to be Japanese language intelligence officers [1941 Hawaii Graduate].

His war service was distinguished and he eventually attained the rank of lieutenant colonel in the post-war reserves. He was at Pearl Harbor during the Japanese attack and participated in the Tulagi and Guadalcanal campaigns in the First Marine Division and at Tarawa, Saipan, and Tinian with the Second Marine Division. The Secretary of the Navy best summed up his service in the citation for the Legion of Merit: "Working long hours under fire and at times in positions of great danger, Captain Boardman translated captured documents and interrogated prisoners of war, thereby contributing materially to the prosecution of the campaigns and the probable saving of many American lives." He suffered from combat fatigue and had four attacks of malaria during the war. In the fall of 1945, he served as chief interpreter at the war crimes trial of General Yamashita. He believed that this was a miscarriage of justice and argued to this effect in an article which appeared in the Marine Corps Gazette in June 1946.

After the war, he began work on his dissertation which he had left unfinished five years before. He completed it and was awarded the PhD degree in 1947. In the fall of 1946, he accepted a position as assistant professor in the History Department and offered the first course taught here in, what was then termed, Far Eastern History. Later, he offered courses in Chinese, Japanese, and Korean history as well as a seminar in historiography. He was an outstanding undergraduate teacher. Several now prominent China scholars were first introduced to the field as undergraduates in his East Asian civilization course. In the 1950s

and 60s, he was one of the country's best known teachers of graduate students as well and he supervised many MA and PhD theses. Several of his students, Jackson Bailey and Sidney Brown among them, subsequently achieved prominence as teachers and scholars in the field. He also headed the first inter-departmental program in East Asian Studies which he helped organize in 1953. Throughout his career he was always most helpful to Asian students who came to Madison. He published *Christian Influence upon the Ideology of the Taiping Rebellion: 1851-1854* in 1952 as well as several articles in his field. In addition to a Fulbright grant which took him to Hongkong in 1951, he spent a year as a Senior Research Fellow in Chinese Studies at the East Asian Institute of Columbia University in 1956-57 and served on the American Historical Association's Asian-African Committee. As a historian, he sought to observe world areas as total cultures. This led him to stress, among other features, the role of language and religion in understanding civilizations. He firmly believed that knowledge of a culture's language was an essential key to understanding that culture's thought processes. The son of a Congregationalist minister, Gene also had the opportunity to observe the world of Islam in Beirut and, during his travels in East Asia, various Oriental religions as well as the impact of Christian missionaries. While at Columbia he talked with several professors there and at the Union Theological Seminary to add to what he had observed to prepare a course in History of Religions. In this pioneering course, he was scrupulously objective and careful to make clear that it was not his task to teach religion but rather to teach about religions and their role in history. (to be cont'd)

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

John W. Barker
Maurice J. Meisner
Michael B. Petrovich
Edward M. Coffman, Chair
University of Wisconsin-Madison
Faculty Document 727
7 December 1987