

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

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Our Mission

In the Spring of 2000, the Archives continued the original efforts of Captain Roger Pineau and William Hudson, and the Archives first attempts in 1992, to gather the papers, letters, photographs, and records of graduates of the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School, University of Colorado at Boulder, 1942-1946. We assemble these papers in recognition of the contributions made by JLS/OLS instructors and graduates to the War effort in the Pacific and the Cold War, to the creation of East Asian language programs across the country, and to the development of Japanese-American cultural reconciliation programs after World War II.

Another Reprise on Aloha Jigpoha

I'm glad you liked my letter about the songbook *Aloha Jigpoha*, and I enjoyed learning from you more about the St. Francis and Camp Erdman [No No-Tell-Motel, Issue #181, March 1, 2013].

I have one or two more trivial memories of the two places. Once, Ed, Griff, and I went to Camp Erdman the place was crowded and I ended up spending the night in one of the Erdman rooms with a full commander. He was reserved and I felt uncomfortable with him as a mere ensign. At one point, I recall, he asked if I liked beer. Of course I said I did and then he said: "You take care of that detail, ensign." So I found the beer in the refrigerator, poured it in glasses, and served the two of us. The next morning, he got up before I did, dressed and left. I suddenly felt quite at ease.

As for San Francisco, the night before leaving for Pearl Harbor, some of us went to the

bar in one of the hotels (not the St. Francis) to have a few farewell drinks. In those days, I looked younger than I was, and the waitress refused to serve me since she thought I was underage. Well I was so angry, of course, but I finally convinced her I was old enough and she served me plentifully. The next day I boarded the LST, we hit rough waters off the California coast, and I got seasick for the first and only time of my life. Maybe I should have stayed younger at that hotel bar [falls under the rubric, be careful what you wish for].

Paul F. Boller
JLS 1943

The Reminiscences of Donald Sigurdson Willis

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

The Navy Chapter (1943-45)

(Cont'd) I steamed away on the ancient, rat-infested *President Johnson* on June 11th and reported for duty at JICPOA (Joint Intelligence Center, Pacific Ocean Area) on Makalapa Hill, down from Aiea, on June 22nd. I was quartered in a BOQ (Bachelors' Officers' Quarters) very near the Harbor, and recall my delight in getting a dish of ice cream. We were put under Frank Huggins, himself half-Japanese, and we went out to the Marine stockade at Barber's Point, some distance away by staff car, to interrogate prisoners.



JICPOA Building, 1943, Decker Photo, Pineau 10-6a-5-09j.

And there were handball courts, so Casson and I resumed our competition (I wish I could say that I came out on top). The

hot sun came in though the screened overhead, and Coca Cola with ice never tasted so good!

Life was very tedious – the streets were alive with junior officers changing duty shifts. It was like working in a factory 24 hours a day, seven days a week. So when the materials came across our desks all relating to Yap Island and the Carolines, it did not take a person very long to surmise that the next amphibious "strike" would be there. I therefore figured that this would be a perfect opportunity to take a little break from the routine (I always wanted to see what Yap looked like, anyway), and go out to see what all the fighting was about, and what war was really like. All with no necessity for me to do other than observe – maybe they might find something for a Navy person to do, although it would be a Marines-type operation. Thus refreshed and enlightened, I would come back to peaceful, boring Oahu. So I volunteered.

I was told that the Army would be doing the amphibious landing, and that I would be attached to the XXIV Corps as Navy Liaison. I drew my combat gear (knife, pistol, canteen, jungle fatigues, etc., most of it familiar from my Army days [at least he had that Army training and pheasant hunting behind him]), and was assigned to an AKA (a troop transport).

Here's one for you: the ship was not in condition to sail, so those assigned to it were transferred to other vessels. What do you think I got? Right! Another LST! (No. 478). Only this time there was no cabin – I set up a cot abaft (in back of) the wheelhouse. Pontoons were carried outboard, along the sides. It was so heavily laden that there was very little freeboard. The main deck was covered with all kinds of motorized equipment, and their crews lived in them. Antiaircraft guns studded the rails, and 40s were in the bays throughout the ship. There was

no carefree, on-a-cruise atmosphere, either! All in all, it looked as if we were ready for Yap....



LST 478

It was on a Sunday in September (10th) that we sailed from Kaneohe Bay. We clearly saw the cars on the road as we rounded the point and headed southwest. The convoy was immense – nothing but ships from horizon to horizon.

It was the beginning of the monsoon season, and we went through squall after squall. The rainwater sloshed across the deck as the ship rolled back and forth, until it ran through the scuppers and the sun evaporated it. We had rigged little canvas awnings above our bunks, and that helped shade us and also kept us from getting soaked.

After we had passed the Marshalls on the other side of the International Date Line, we pulled up to Ewinetok. Aboard the flagship we were told to forget the Yap thing – that had simply been a deception, a feint to disguise the true nature of our mission, which was to LIBERATE THE PHILIPPINES!

Around October 1st we crossed the Equator, and this time the initiation was a real ordeal! As I watched it from above, I wondered how those being initiated could survive eating the cosmoline, being washed across the steel deck by high pressure hoses, etc. I was certainly glad I had already been initiated!

A couple of days later we were in Seeadler Harbor, Manus Island, Bismark Archipelago. I never dreamed there could be assembled together so many ships – the list I happened to see listed over 500 craft of all kinds, from the newest battleships of the 3rd Fleet, to LCIs and smaller. We had been joined by forces from SOWESPAC (MacArthur's New Guinea-based theater).



Battle Line Leyte Gulf, Life Magazine

I was now of bright yellow hue from Atabrine, the anti-malarial drug we took (I, having learned of the fate of our Marine classmates who almost to a man succumbed to the disease, swallowed extra pills, just in case). I also found that my emotions were very close to the surface, and difficult to control [No wonder, having signed up for little Yap, only to get sent to Leyte!].

We arrived at Leyte Gulf the evening of October 19th, and I remember hearing Tokyo Rose on the ship's radio, telling us of the warm reception we could expect.

The next day all Hell broke loose [see Arthur R. Kruckeberg's account in *Issue #112*]. The old battlewagons opened up with broadsides, the dive bombers loosed their deadly loads, the LCIs fired their multiple rockets – it was quite a show! The *California* was about half a mile from us, and every time she let go, we heeled over from the blast!



West Virginia's 16" guns in action, October 19, 1944.

The invasion occurred at two points, roughly 20 miles apart. General MacArthur stepped ashore through the surf ("I have returned") near Tacloban, the capital located at the north of the island. We, on the other hand, were at Dulag, to the south. Between the two was a rugged promontory which presented a steep cliffside dropping into the sea. This cliff attracted a lot of our fire. The bombardment went on all day.

The next day, LCVPs took the assault troops ashore, and we followed a couple of days later. We immediately set to work digging our slit trenches, since enemy planes were active, bombing and strafing, and "red alerts" were frequent. Because of the danger of infiltration, passwords for use in challenging at night were devised, plenty on "L" sounds, such as "Leaping Lena", "Lollapalooza", "Leaf Lettuce", and the like (if we heard "Reef Rettuce", it was bang-bang!). The grenade trucks came by at dusk, as faithful as Kristoferson's milk was delivered in Seattle [more iron, less calcium]. We fell asleep at night on top of the foamy yellow beauty-rest mud, lulled into slumber by the hum of the Anopheles mosquito.

A "Betty" (Mitsubishi) bomber hit the ammo dump on the beach, and the explosions lasted most of the night. From the slit trench I could hear the whistle of shrapnel, etc., as it flew overhead. Next morning, we went down to take a look – trucks were still burning, and the dead were still lying around.

I was put to work taking dispatches from Dulag to Tacloban and vice versa. It was up to me to find my own transportation – one time it would be by sea on an LCM; another time in an L-5 observation plane (when we got an airstrip carved out of the jungle). It seems that frequently the one I rode up was attacked on the way back, at least that is how I remember hearing it.

However, I do remember a number of instances when my life seemed to have been spared arbitrarily, without logical reason. For example, we were washing our clothes at a nearby stream when we were taken

under fire by a Japanese plane. The men on both sides of me were hit, and I was not.

Another time, in a large "casual" tent in Tacloban, an alert was sounded, and I was one of three slowpokes putting their shoes on, when an incendiary bomb came through the tent, exploded, and its fragments killed the man opposite me....

The consequence has been a sort of mysticism regarding death; as if my life has been extended beyond what SHOULD have been its extirpation, so that I have not had a normal fear of death at all! (to be cont'd)

Donald S. Willis
JLS 1943

John L. Rawlinson 1920-2009

John Lang Rawlinson, professor emeritus of history at Hofstra University, passed away on May 19, 2009, from pneumonia. He was aged 89 years. He taught at Hofstra University for 37 years and retired in 1992. His principal teaching fields were modern China and Japan,

Professor Rawlinson was born in China of missionary parents and attended the Shanghai American School, Oberlin College (BA 1942) and Harvard University (Ph.D. 1958).

After graduating from college he served as a clerk in the US Embassy in Chungking (1943-



US Consulate in Tientsin, 1906-1949, except during WWII.

1944), and later as Vice Consul in the US Consulate General at Tientsin (1945-1946). In the interim, he was an ensign in the US Navy, studying Chinese at the Naval Language Training School at [the University of Colorado at] Boulder, Colorado. He entered Graduate School in 1947, teaching part-time at MIT in the Department of Political Science. His dissertation, written under the direction of the late Professor John King Fairbank,

was on the Chinese navy, 1839-1895, and was published by Harvard University Press in 1967.

In 1955, he joined the History Department at Hofstra University where he introduced courses in Asian history. He became active in faculty governance, serving as chairman of the Senate Executive Committee at the time of student unrest in 1970. At about that time, he became involved in the Hofstra Social Science Associum, which he helped to establish to improve liaison between college and high school faculties in the social sciences and social studies. A number of conferences were held to that end, as well as summer programs for high school teachers.

More recently, he published a two volume biography of his father, a liberal missionary editor in Shanghai who was killed in the outbreak of full Sino-Japanese hostilities in 1937. In addition, there were a number of reviews and several papers given at professional meetings, including the Modern China Seminar at Columbia University.

In retirement, he served as the historian for Upper Brookville. He was also active in volunteer work for Meals on Wheels and the interfaith Nutrition Network, a soup kitchen in Glen Cove, New York. Hobbies included building ship models and driftwood sculpture. He is survived by his son, Frank, granddaughter, Morgan, stepdaughter, Nancy Nicholson, and step grandchildren, Robert and Alex Pucciariello.

Professor Rawlinson had been a member of the AAS since 1958.

Source: Nancy Nicholson
Submitted by Forrest R. Pitts
From the Asian Studies Newsletter
Vol. 54, No 3
Fall 2009

[Ed Note: He went to the Shanghai American School, as did JLS/OLSers David Anderson, Ernest Beath, Harry Allen, William Allman, Leo Ball, Hugh Harnsberger, George McClure, George and Robert Sheeks, Wendel Furnas (faculty), Henry Krisel, Houghton Freeman, Emma McCloy Layman, Halsey Wilbur, and Dan Williams. He also went to Oberlin with fellow JLS/OLSers Allison Downs, Charles S. Holmes, Daniel J. Meloy, Clarene Suter,

H.S. "Mac" McGinnis, Emma McCloy Layman and Halsey Wilbur. According to our records, we were never able to find or contact him. I'll bet he knew all those fellow SAS and Oberlin attendees who were JLS/OLSers?]

Short Shorts

During the summer of 1945 as allied troops advanced against the Japanese in the Pacific theater, residents of Stillwater were faced with a dressing dilemma, a summertime scandal of shorts. It seems that for Navy officers of the Oriental Language School located in Stillwater, shorts were approved as appropriate summer time wear. James McAlpine, director of the language school, indicated that he wasn't waiting for the official shipment of shorts to arrive but that he had sent a pair of long pants to the tailors for alteration and would wear them as soon as they were ready. A spokesperson for the naval group stationed here attempted to explain the dress code decision by saying, "Why not, it's hotter here than most Pacific islands." When questioned about changing trends in men's summer wear several Stillwater men reportedly felt that their legs were too unattractive for public display. On a more serious note, dispatches from the Mayors office indicated that there was no city ordinance against men wearing shorts but that one could be passed if the situation became distasteful. When questioned on her opinion of the men of Stillwater wearing shorts, one female resident simply stated, "Woo-Woo"...and that's what happened this week in Oklahoma history.

Steven Kite
Oklahoma Audio Almanac
July 26, 2000
"Short Shorts"
From the
Stillwater Daily News-Press
(1945)

Harry P. Barrand, Jr. Banker

Harry Percival Barrand, Jr., was born in London, England, to American citizens Harry Percival and Helen (Drayton) Barrand on November 13, 1922. He was educated at the Westminster

School, graduating in 1940. He received his BA from Yale University in 1944.

He married Helen A. D. Stukenborg, April 3, 1948. They had four children: Kieth Frederick, Helen Drayton, Stephen Ayres, and David Charles.

He was with Hanover Bank, in New York City from 1946 to 1961: as assistant manager, foreign department 1951-53; European representative; 1953-1956; vice president, 1956-58; senior vice president in charge of the foreign department, 1958-61. He was senior vice president, foreign department, Manufacturers Hanover Trust, 1961-1963, executive vice president foreign department 1963-66, executive vice president banking department, 1966-1970. He became executive vice president, international operations for Franklin National Bank, 1970-1974 and vice chairman WFC Corporation, Coral Gables, Florida, 1975-77.

He was a trustee of the Westminster School, Simsbury, Connecticut. He also on the

Hauck, Harry Muheim and Larry Vincent. He was commissioned into the USMCR in 1943, promoted to First Lieutenant and Captain in the Reserves by 1948.

He was a member of the US-Australian C. of C. (Director) and the Council on Foreign Relations. A supported his alma mater, Yale University, and lived in Ridgewood, New Jersey.

David M. Hays
Editor & Archivist
From Who's Who in America
1980-1981, p. 187.

[Ed. Note: We began to get mail returned from Mrs. Barrand's address some time ago, so I thought it would be good to put together a statement on his career.]

Donald Murray Ayers Classicist 1923-1969

Donald Murray Ayers was born on January 19, 1923 in Los Angeles. He was educated at Stanford University in Classics (BA 1943, MA 1947, and PhD 1950). He entered the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language



Japanese Language Section. D-2 at Saipan, 1944. Identified are Robert Sheeks, Otis Cary, Harry Barrand, Robert Boyd, John Decker, and Reid Irvine.

Reid Irvine, John Decker and Otis Cary have already passed away. Pineau, 10_06_02_01, AUCBL.

School at the University of Colorado in March 22, 1943. He served until 1946, attaining the rank of Lt. (j.g.) in the USNR.

During his last doctoral year, 1949-1950, he was John Harding Page Fellow in Classics at Princeton University. In 1950,

Professor Ayers joined the faculty of Vanderbilt University for a year. Subsequently, he became a faculty member of classics at the University of Arizona, where he taught until his death on July 6, 1969 at the age of 46.

"Professor Ayers was one of the finest human beings who ever served the University of Arizona," said UA President Richard A. Harvill. "His admirable qualities and superb competence were translated into highly effective service as teacher and scholar, and as a counselor of students."

As a researcher, he traced the derivation of words, especially from Greek and Latin, charting their meanings through the ages. He wrote his own text, "English Words from Latin and Greek Elements," for students who took one of his courses to increase their command of English. He served a number of years as the chairman of the Pre-Medical Committee which advises and screens all undergraduate students preparing for medical careers. Students of the various sciences knew him through his course on Scientific Terminology, which stressed the structure and meaning of scientific terms derived from Greek and Latin.

As well as *English Words from Latin and Greek Elements*, he was also the author of the posthumously published *Bioscientific Terminology*. The latter volume was completed after his death by his wife, Esther, a member of the UA Cooperative Fisheries Unit. He also published two articles in academic journals in classics.

Dr. Ayers was a member of the executive committee of the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast and also belonged to the American Philological Society, the Classical Association of the Pacific States, the American Classical League, Phi Beta Kappa, Eta Sigma Phi, the American Association of University Professors, Mt. View Presbyterian Church, and the Tucson Adoptive Parents Association.

Survivors included his widow, Esther, and two children, Thomas and Barbara of Tucson, Arizona.

David M. Hays
Editor & Archivist
From the D.M. Ayers
Biographical File
Special Collections
University of Arizona

[Ed. Note: One of many JLS/OLSerS to become classics professors. A promising career was definitely cut short.]

Philip George Burchill 1921 – 2010



Ensigns Philip Burchill & Hammond Rolph at their graduation from JLS/OLS on May 27, 1944 (detail), Pineau, 28_06_00_07, AUCBL.

Philip George Burchill passed away in the early hours of the morning on January 1st, 2010, having just entered his 10th decade. He died of heart failure after having undergone heart surgery 7 months prior. Philip had been living at the Veteran's Home of Yountville, CA where he had resided since 2004.

Philip was born to George and Eva Burchill in Chicago, Illinois in May 17, 1921 - later moving with his family to Indiana and then Michigan. He attended the University of Washington in Seattle, courtesy of ATΩ – a Greek fraternity - which he was a member during college. He received Japanese language training at the University of Colorado in Boulder, Colorado, from 1943 to 1944. After graduating from the Naval Intelligence School, he was assigned to the Office of Naval Intelligence in the Pentagon as a US Naval Intelligence officer, where he subsequently worked to break Japanese communication codes. He was recalled to active duty during the time of the Korean War. He remained active as a reserve officer, making many lifelong friends during his years of service.

Later in Paris, he attended the Sorbonne, studied French and served as an officer with the US

Naval Attaché in Paris and undertook graduate studies at the Oxford University. Moving to California, he taught counterinsurgency at Moffitt Field. Upon leaving the military, he worked as a parole officer in Newark, New Jersey. Later, he tutored English as a second language.

Philip arrived in San Jose, CA in the late 50's. Over the years, he lived in several different places throughout the San Jose area. His father, George Burchill, was involved in real estate there and Phil worked for him. He also tutored English to senior executives of major Japanese firms. He had a love of travel and carried on a wide correspondence, including one with the US Navy Japanese /Oriental Language School Archival Project at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

He was highly intelligent, well read, and attracted to interesting people, places, and activities. He liked to read, and he loved classical music and theatre. The two came together in his particular fondness for Wagner. He and his mother frequently attended the summer Wagner festivals in Beyreuth in the years after completing his naval service. He was supportive and devoted to his family and his many friends! Philip is survived by Kristine Nelson-Burchill (sister), Carole Nelson (niece), Leslie Ihrig (niece) and John Nelson Jr. (nephew).

John Nelson, Jr.
popealope2002@yahoo.com

[I received the family letter informing us of his passing in 2010. I was very sad to hear that Phil Burchill had passed, but I am very happy to have had the opportunity to know him. I am always sad to hear of the loss of yet another JLS/OLSer, but Phil was special - he adopted us at the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School Archival Project.

I met Phil on two occasions before the 60th Anniversary USN JLS/OLS Reunion at the University of Colorado at Boulder in 2002. He made two solo visits. On the first, he scoped out our project and invited myself, three of our assistants, and Don Willis, a local JLS/OLSer to a sushi restaurant. We interviewed him, and he was cracking wise, teasing, and waxing eloquent the entire time.

Then, a year later, on his birthday, he swung by again, claiming to be taking me up on my offer to take him to dinner. Gleeful and poking fun, he was in great spirits as I took him to one of my favorite gourmet spots in repayment for his past generosity.

Those meetings began a 9 year correspondence (a file that is a few inches thick, now) with us, in which he told stories and passed along commentary for the newsletter. He even corresponded with five of our student assistants over the years, his letters crackling with humorous ripostes. I sent him a ball cap and a mug from the Sink, a local Boulder burger/beer place, on the Hill, that he remembered fondly from his time in Boulder during WWII.

At the same time, I heard that his close friend, Julia Hiltz Rolph had also passed away. He was very close friends with Ham Rolph, Lucie Porterfield, Frank Tucker and Bill Braisted. The Interpreter carried a number of his wry comments and stories: #23, #84, #106, #108, #111, #114, #119, #120, #125, and #145.]

Lawrence Creshkoff OLS 12/14/44- 1924-2009

CRESHKOFF, Lawrence Died on May 21 at his home in New York of pancreatic cancer. Born in Philadelphia in 1924, he graduated "cum laude" from Harvard in 1947, having served in the Navy during the war. He worked in radio broadcasting at what was to become WGBH, where he met Nancy Freeman; they married in 1953 and spent a year in Paris on a Fulbright fellowship. He worked as an editor in educational radio and TV, gave time to education and fair-housing causes and cared for Nancy during the last decade of her life. He enjoyed intelligent conversation and planting trees at the family farm in Maryland. He is survived by stepchildren Mary Harper of Oakland, CA, and Frederick Harper of New York; daughters Maggie of Port Deposit, MD, and Rebekah of New York; two granddaughters; and two great-grandchildren.

The Boston Globe
May 24, 2009

[Ed. Note: Larry was a vocal supporter USN JLS/OLS Archival Project. See his comments in Issues #112, #127, and #162. We will miss him.]

The Unity of Civilization - The Harmony of Cultures



Lt Conover and Chief McGill inspecting (R to L) F. Gibney, M Scott Veeler, Sol Levine, H V Calhoun, others, Pineau 21_05_10 _17. AUCBL.

Although as I recall when I was at Peleliu during that operation during World War II, the people who sank the Japanese battleship Musashi came into our airfield and we said "How was it?" They said "It was amazing. It was a super battleship. One hit. Another hit. About seven or eight torpedoes and it still kept going. "We finally got the rudder."

After seven or eight flagons of martinis and Spencer Kim's wine, fortunately I'm happy to say no one has gotten my rudder yet... I have one thing to say about this fascinating pastiche of images which Pedro Guerrero has given us. As Don Gregg said when he looked at it first. It really takes you back to the half-century we've lived through. It is extraordinary to see everything flash before you as images - quick, quick, quick, fleeting, fleeting, fleeting. But when you think about it that's really what happened in Asia.

The whole experiences of modernization, renaissance, enlightenment and what not, took several centuries in Europe, and were accomplished in Asia in about fifty years. And you look back to the days when we came in after WWII and there was Chiang Chai Chek and then there was Mao Tse-tung. And Ho Chi Min. We had no idea of what these people meant and what these people could do. We learned the hard way.

As Dick mentioned, some of us had the good fortune to go to the language schools run by the navy to teach us Japanese during WWII. I remember the other day reading somewhere a comment by a former Assistant Secretary of State. There we were in 1941 at war with the Japanese and we didn't know who they were. I think of that right now. (cont'd in #189)

Frank Gibney [RIP]
JLS 1944

<http://www.pacificcenturyinst.org/GibneyTranscript.pdf>