

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 192

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

February 1, 2014

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.

USMC

Enlisted Linguist

(Cont'd) Unsurprisingly, rather few of us survived the 13 weeks of our training. One of those who did, I was shipped (along with several thousand other men and officers, most of whom were destined as replacements in the First Marine Division, at that time just returned from Guadalcanal to Melbourne, Australia) on the USS Rochambeau to Melbourne, Australia with one stop at Noumea, New Caledonia.

The voyage lasted 30 days, I was seasick most of the time, and I took advantage of the ship's library, which amazingly had a copy of a book published by the American Council of Learned Societies with a title something like "learning Melanesian pidgin English." Fortunately, when I got to New Guinea and New Britain one of my tasks was to assist a former Australian "coast watcher" in his task: identifying "boys," as all male Melanians were called, to come out from

the interior and use their skills in building up the coastal infrastructure.

Lewis "Chesty" Puller, the regimental commander of the First Marines First Mar. Div., scarcely knew what to do with a lowly PFC arrived at his H&S Co. trained to interrogate prisoners or translate captured documents, so he had no objection if one of his PFC spent his time persuading "gooks" to come to the coast to earn their pay (three cigarettes or one Australian shilling a day). Nor did he object when I was assigned to "protect" several Nisei interpreters when they temporarily joined our regiment, who were "borrowed" from the Army because Marine Corps policy did not allow them to enlist in the USMC. I heard him complain that his Marines would shoot unguarded Nisei "because they look like Japs to me."

As we prepared for the attack on Peleliu we heard that Col. Puller's brother had been killed on Saipan, and it was Hq. scuttlebutt that that fact accounted for the colonel's order: "No prisoners on this operation!" I dared to say to him, "But Colonel, that's what I'm trained to do - interrogate prisoners!" His answer was "You heard what I said." As fate would have it, as we were closing down that bloodiest and most unnecessary landing of my part of WW II, a patrol brought into Hq. a bedraggled and terrified prisoner, whom they said had protested that he had been forced as a Korean to "enlist" as part of the Imperial Japanese Army's labor corps. Puller's response? "He looks like a Jap to me." And, speaking to a second Lt., "Ch---ler, get your carbine and take him out and shoot him!" What does one say to one of the most fearsome legends of The Corps, the man who is alleged to have returned from a patrol with the head of a feared Haitian terrorist, a man who had earned a Congressional Medal of Honor

for his bravery? The lieutenant followed his CO's orders.

My respect - and yes, love for The Corps - was not because of the atrocities I observed. Indeed, the first Japanese prisoner I ever met was on Cape Gloucester: the man was brought back to our camp by the patrol that had captured him. A rifle shot had gone through both his legs, so he was being carried on a litter improvised from a poncho. As they neared camp the patrol decided to play "toss the blanket" with their charge. The first words I ever heard spoken by a Japanese soldier were "Ashi ga itai!," as he screamed from pain.

As a kid from a high school in a little Iowa farm town, Pearl Harbor shocked me. I had read *Mein Kampf* and Hitler's racist and anti-Semitic terrorizing of Europe's Jews was by then quite well-known. As editor of my high school newspaper, I was still publishing editorials against our country's "entangling" itself in "Europe's war." Pearl Harbor changed my politics, of course, and on December 8, 1941, I hitch-hiked to the state capitol to enroll in the USMC. I did not know that I would be rejected because I was not yet 18 and had not brought my parent's permission. I returned home to seek their permission, which they denied because, as the youngest of 6, I would be the first to finish high school in the following May graduation.

And thus did I miss Guadalcanal and Col. Goettge's unwise patrol, for I was by that time a "boot" in San Diego.

Gerald Allen Green, Ph.D.
Professor emeritus of Psychiatry &
Family Medicine
SUNY Stony Brook NY

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The Archives has recently received generous donations from:

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In Memory of Steingrimur Thorlaksson, Jr.



Steingrimur Thorlaksson in Boulder, Pineau 10_06a_04_04, AUCBL

Steingrimur Octavius Thorlaksson, Jr, also known as Tavie and Thor to his family and friends, died January 11, 2010 at Enloe Medical Center with his son by his side. He was born March 16, 1919 in Japan to Caroline Thomas and Steingrimur Thorlaksson, Lutheran missionaries. They were a musical family and he played the violin, giving concerts of his own compositions beginning at 12. He lived there until he was 16 when he came to the U.S. to attend the University of Washington.

When WWII began, he and his brother Erik were recruited into the Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado in Boulder, where he met and married the love of his life, Freda Henning, after a six week whirlwind courtship! The family will celebrate their 67th wedding anniversary on Jan. 16.

He spent most of the war years in Hawaii as an interrogator at a Japanese POW

camp. After Japan surrendered, he went to Hiroshima to translate for the doctors who were working with patients near the atomic bomb sites.

Freda and Tavie moved to Berkeley after the war where he finished school. His first job as a music teacher was with the Fall River School District and he taught there until he retired in 1984. They have three children: Carol Eastwick of Reno, Brooks Thorlaksson of Chico, and Thor Thorlaksson of Adin, Ca, and an honorary daughter, Abbie Dauterman of Chico; and two sons-in-law, Jack Eastwick and Ed Daniels, and daughter-in-law, Sheral Thorlaksson. He has three granddaughters: Michele (Rob Laing), Sara (Brendan Smith), and Rachael, and great grandchildren, Devon, Jayden, and Tucker Laing; Adin Smith; Jeremiah, Jocelyn, and Jonah Capen; and Tayte Watkins.

He retired to Chico in 1984 and continued his love of music by attending the North State Symphony; his love of boats by floating them in the Lindo Channel when there was water; and his love of building, as he helped construct the University's Centennial Organ with Munetaka Yokata, with whom he shared many memories of Japan.

Tavie leaves his sister, Esther in St. Louis. He was preceded in death by sister Margrethe and brother, Erik.

Mr. Thorlaksson was cared for by Freda for many years and by the wonderful staff at Prestige/Expressions, especially Dana, Trinity, LeeAnn, and Katie; and by 4th floor nurses at Enloe for the last week, especially Stephen, Josh, Rachel, Angie, Jennifer, Sarah, Kathy, Caitlin, and Heather. Our appreciation for the respect, love and kindness given to him is unlimited as is our gratitude to our many friends who have been so supportive during these last years.

Mountain Echo
January 19, 2010
Fall River Mills, CA 96028

[Ed. Note: We had been in contact with Freda during the past several years. Her long letter was included in Issues #136 and #137.]

Recent Losses:

Reprise on Wendell Furnas

I met Wendell on the first day he reported to Boulder. He had just recently returned to the US on the Gripsholm after a stint in a Japanese prison in Shanghai. His tales of prison life and Japanese mental, if not physical, torture held me in fascination. We double dated in Boulder and after the war, when we both lived in Alexandra, we had frequent social contacts. Although we are now on opposite sides of the country, we still keep in touch. I have always had highest regards for Wendell.

Paul Hauck E.
JLS 1943

Kermit Easton JLS 4/30/45-

Kermit "Kim" Easton, Columbia 1939, retired CPA and firm partner, Redding, Conn., on June 29, 2009. Formerly of Westport, Conn., Easton was born, raised and educated in New York City. He earned a B.A. from the College, an M.B.A. from the Business School (1940) and a J.D. from Brooklyn Law School. Easton served in the Navy in WWII and was assigned to the Japanese Language School as a naval intelligence officer. He became a senior partner of SD Leidesdorf & Co. when that firm merged with and became part of what is now Ernst & Young, from which he retired as a senior partner in 1980. Easton is survived by his wife of 64 years, Freda; son, Richard and his wife, Denise; daughter, Judith Shaw; and four grandchildren. Memorial contributions may be made to Friends of the Westport Center for Senior Activities, 21 Imperial Ave., Westport, CT 06880; the Prayer Book Fund of Temple Israel, 14 Coleytown Rd., Westport, CT 06880 or the Memorial Beautification Fund, Meadow Ridge, 100 Redding Rd., Redding, CT 06896.

Columbia College Today
March/April 2010

[Ed. Note: We never found Kermit Easton. I wonder if he ever knew of the USN JLS/OLS Archival Project?]

Recent Losses:

Raymond Luthy 1920-2010



Murphy, Silverthorne, Brown, Luthy, and Stillman in gear on Okinawa- 12 Aug 1943, b&w, 5x7, Pineau_27_10_00_14, AUCBL.

Raymond Vincent Luthy (Oct. 14, 1920 ~ April 13, 2010), Resident of Concord, died April 13, 2010 in Concord, CA at the age of 89. He is survived by his wife of 33 years, Juanita Luthy of Concord, CA; children: Frances Luthy Madrone, Betty Luthy Miller, David Luthy, Anita Peterson, Cindy Griswold; grandchildren: Katherine Nielsen, Darren Miller, Michelle Miller, Alice Dalrymple, Monica Tennon-Luthy, Daniel Peterson, Christopher Peterson, Clifford Griswold; and 5 great-grandchildren.

Raymond was born October 14, 1920 to Reverend Simon Raymond Luthy and Kitty Viola Fishel Luthy. When Ray was 2, his father took a missionary assignment in Japan where they lived in Yokohama and then Sendai.

Ray returned to the US in 1936 and graduated from Horace Mann Prep School, NY. He then attended and received his degree from Ohio Wesleyan University. Ray Luthy was a chemist at Chevron in Richmond, CA, for 38 years. In 1943 Ray attended the Japanese Language School at the Univ. of Colorado, Boulder. Ray joined the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve and was assigned to the 4th Marine Division. During World War II he received a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart for his service in the Pacific.

Ray devoted his life to his family. He was impeccably honest and was the first to help if family or friends were in need.

He was an amazing man: so strong and yet so kind. Both his family and the Country he loved, have truly lost a hero. He will be deeply missed.

In lieu of flowers the family requests donations to Walnut Creek United Methodist Church, Bell Program, 1543 Sunnyvale Ave., Walnut Creek, CA; or Wounded Warrior Project, 7020 AC Skinner Pkwy, Suite 100, Jacksonville, FL 32256, woundedwarriorproject.org.

Contra Costa Times,
April 25 to April 30, 2010
& David M. Hays
Archivist & Editor

[Ed. Note: I found the photograph in the Pineau Collection, of LT Luthy with other USMCR JLOs on Okinawa. They didn't say who was who.]

Dr. Keene's Book & Reminiscences

After securing my own copy of Donald Keene's book [*Chronicles of My Life*], I read every word of it. Then went back and reread a few more to enjoy his ability to put so much information into a sentence. And I'm amazed that his brain decided to focus on learning a foreign language, thence its culture and accompaniments to an astonishing degree of perfection. One wonders what he would have done if he had applied himself to medicine or any number of other disciplines.

His chapter 12 was almost written for me, because it described his trip to Tokyo, lasting a week, and included a visit to Nikko, a place everyone described as wonderful. My comrades urged me to go for months but I never made it. Instead, I borrowed a jeep and with Johnny Hetherington drove instead into the hinterland with my friend Eichi Yamagichi, who had been raised in a Presbyterian school and who spoke English flawlessly. His girl friend was in the country and he wanted someone to drive him there and bring her back to Tokyo, and Johnny and I were his drivers. When we reached the lady's house, the entire neighborhood's children (or so it seemed) assembled in the house and with their fingers pierced holes in the paper that covered the frames of

the Japanese walls to see through to the “strangers” in their midst. At one point, I remember saying out loud and waving my arms at them, BOO! And they must have fallen over each other in their haste to get away. We laughed about it many times thereafter. The trip back was uneventful and Eichichi (shortened to Eddie) and his girl were very happy. The Japanese were most friendly.

John McCubbin and I were working at that time in the Tokyo Central Telegraph Office. Keene wrote that “some language officers were quartered in the Yuraku-chu building.” I don’t know where John was quartered, but apparently their paths either didn’t cross or came close to it.

I’ve just received Dingman’s book and I’m looking forward to reading it, thanks to your telling me about it.

*Robert W. Strain
Dean Emeritus*

College of Insurance in New York

[Ed. Note: During World War II, Dean Strain served in the U.S. Navy as a yeoman and after the war as an officer in Naval Intelligence Reserve, with assignments in Washington DC, Manila, and Tokyo. He always kept in contact with John Boles McCubbin JLS 1944, with whom he served in Tokyo.]

Mahala Briggs Landrum WAVE, JLS 1944

Mahala Briggs Landrum, 86, of Forked River, died Thursday, May 21, 2009, at Community Medical Center, Toms River. Mahala was born in Forked River and lived in New York for one year and Dayton, Ohio for three years. She attended the College of William and Mary, did graduate work at Bucknell University, and worked for Rutgers University for many years as an English professor [I wonder if she knew fellow JLS/OLSer Professor Ardath Burks in Political Science at Rutgers?]. She also was in the U.S. Navy serving in World War II with the Signal Corps, having attended the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

Mahala Landrum

*Written before she passed away
& David Hays, Archivist and Editor
The Society Scroll*

*Newsletter of
The Ocean County Historical Society
August, 2009*

John Toshiyuki Sensei

By chance, I came across my father’s name in reference to his role as an instructor at Boulder and Stillwater [in Mits Kojimoto’s “John Y. Toshiyuki Sensei, USA MIS, Died Serving during the Occupation” in The Interpreter #165, found on the web]. On Nov. 2, 2002, John Toshiyuki and other instructors were awarded citations in appreciation for their work. It took place at Claremont College (Claremont, CA) and if memory still serves me, it was presented by the U.S. Navy. My dad was one of the few left who came to receive this though there were many family members there to accept the honor for the family member who either passed away or was unable to attend. One of the other recipients was an old family friend, Mr. Robert Iwamoto. Mr. Iwamoto’s family accepted for him since he had died a few years before then.

As Mr. Kojimoto noted, PFC Shigeo Tabuchi, who was a member of the 442nd and killed in action on Nov. 4, 1944, was John’s brother-in-law. Shigeo was my mother Yukie’s older brother. The 442nd personal histories on the internet are wonderful and I appreciate the information.

My father died in January 2004 at 90 years of age. He taught at both UC at Boulder and OSU at Stillwater. I remember my father said he really liked it in Boulder and if it were not for the fact that he had two young children, he thought he might like to have stayed there or gone to Japan to help with the Occupation. But he felt it necessary to get back and provide for his young family so he decided to return to Los Angeles and get back to his profession, pharmacy. Dad graduated from USC (University of Southern California) Pharmacy school in 1936. His father and he had pharmacies in the Little Tokyo and Boyle Heights areas of Los Angeles

before the war. After internment and returning home to L.A., he started his pharmacy, Tensho Drugs, on Sawtelle Boulevard in the West LA area. He was quite successful and had his store until he retired in 1987.

Thank you for your record keeping.

*Sincerely,
Sandy Toshiyuki*

Daughter of John Y. Toshiyuki

Upside-down Translator

Here is a memory of mine that you might want to publish in a future edition of *The Interpreter* [We did.]. One Boulder friend of mine, Francis Perry [Francis Berton Perry, 1910-1983, of San Francisco, OLS 1945, Stanford, attorney] was an incredibly gifted language student and his favorite language game at Boulder was to read English upside down. Whereby, he could and did every morning read and tell us about instructions from Admiral Hindmarsh and other project officers that lay on the desk of our project commander in upside-down English.

*F. Hilary Conroy
OLS 1945*

*Emer. Prof. of East Asian History
University of Pennsylvania*

Paul Boller’s Exploits on History Detectives®

You’ll be interested to know that *History Detectives®* is preparing a documentary on leaflets that were dropped on Japan during the Pacific War [sent in December 2010]. The producer is including the kind of leaflets dropped by B-29s flying to Japan from Admiral Nimitz’s advance headquarters on Guam in the Marianas. The kind I helped prepare, as you know, gave warnings, each week, about cities that might be hit and urged the people in Japan to get their civilians out of the cities that might be hit. Because of my work on that project, the producer and some of his assistants came to Fort Worth last week to include me in the documentary. It was like making a movie and I was worn out after three hours. The documentary

will appear on TV sometime in June or July, and I will keep you informed. [I posted little announcements in April and June of 2011, hope everyone saw it. I wonder if the producers found out about the story from The Interpreter?]

*Paul F. Boller, Jr.
JLS 1943*

Acacia in WWII

We’re looking for information on the Acacia Fraternity, 955 Broadway, which our records showed was being used as Language School housing. If there are any photos or history about our house, please let us know and we’ll come up and take a look. Thank you for your time!

*Bern Hughes
Acacia Alumnus*

Dear Mr. Hughes:

I quote from the 1947 *Coloradan* (p.323), “The Colorado Chapter of Acacia Fraternity, one of 25 located on selected campuses throughout the United States, was established in 1911 and remained active until 1943, when forced to become locally inactive as a result of the war. Since its reactivation in March 1946, Acacia has played an important part in fraternity affairs and has a reputation of high ideals and scholastic achievement.” I found Acacia in the 1942, 1943, and 1944 yearbooks. members rarely appeared in their portraits in uniform during this time. However, the chapter did not appear in 1945 or 1946. Yearbooks usually reflect the previous academic year.

The US Navy did use fraternity houses during WWII for the Navy Language School students. The well-known use of the Sigma Phi Epsilon stands out. Their house, “The Bastille” as it was known on campus and in the Boulder City Directory, was the home of a 1942-1943 JLS bunch, called the “Bastille Bastards”. Later, in the summer, they used the Sigma Phi Epsilon House for some of the USN JLS WAVES who were here in 1943-1944.

The Navy School for Oriental Languages was enlarged in 1944 and 1945 to produce enough language officers for the latter parts of the war and the invasion

of Japan and following occupation. This would explain why the Navy had to find more space for their students. The inactive status of the house and the Navy requirements happily coincided. Unfortunately, neither CU student directories, nor city directories, show group residences of Navy Language students. If you would like to perform some research, there may be some paperwork in the Regents Minutes in 1943 or 1944 to show when the Navy contracted for your Fraternity House.

James Gunn, who attended USN JLS/OLS from March to August 1945, at CU and at Oklahoma A&M, stayed with other Navy Language students in the Acacia House (*The Interpreter*, #88A, 2). I will forward your email to him. But this the only mention I found in our project newsletter <<http://ucblibraries.colorado.edu/archives/collections/jlsp/index.htm>>. Commander Albert Edward Hindmarsh, USN, who began the US version of the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School in 1941, and transferred the school to CU in 1942, was an Acacia member at, perhaps, the University of Washington (*The Interpreter*, #186, 2-3).

I will pass along your request for photographs to our A/V student assistant.

David M. Hays
Archivist

Dear Professor Gunn:

I thought you might not mind discussing the Acacia house with members of the fraternity who are interested in the WWII history of the house, when it was used to house JLS/OLSers in 1944-45.

David M. Hays, Archivist

My memories are pretty general—more about the people than the building itself. The only unusual memory is that the special fraternity matters, such as a stack of fraternity songs, had been placed in a small room on the first floor, and we thought they were amusing. Outside of that, the building is remembered mostly by what happened while we were there, including the death of President Roosevelt, just as the Columbus Hotel in

Miami, where I stationed a few months later in Advanced Line Officers Training is memorable for its cheap bar drinks, especially what it called a "French 75," when it was getting rid of its liquor supply, and the news of the dropping of the first atomic bomb. Maybe Charles D. (Chuck) Cook would remember more; I know he is on your list. He was my best friend there.

I've heard from the people who were doing the WWII history and shared a few more memories. What I find remarkable is that I don't remember more about the house—what the sleeping arrangements were, for instance, and where we ate—at a Navy mess hall, I suspect, but I don't remember; all I remember about Oklahoma A&M, too, is the geometrical layout of the campus and its walks, and the song that kept playing over the P.A. at the mess hall—"Shina no Yoru." I tried to e-mail Chuck Cook but the old address didn't work anymore. Do you have a current e-mail address for him [I gave him a newer email address]?

James Gunn
OLS 3/20/45 -

Thank you so very much! Harlan and I are both USN vets and would love to connect with some real history on this era. I'm proud that our chapter contributed to the war effort in this way.

Bern Hughes
& Harlan Lindberg
Acacia Alumni

Eleanor Farrell Swanson WAVE, JLS 1944

Eleanor Farrell Swanson, former teacher at Duarte High School and long-time resident of the San Gabriel Valley, passed away at the age of 89 at Royal Oaks Manor in Bradbury. Mrs. Swanson was well known to the Duarte/Bradbury community as Eleanor Farrell, French teacher and faculty sponsor of the American Field Service student foreign exchange program. Mrs. Swanson was born Eleanor Ruth Wells on September 11, 1921 in Riverside, CA to Jesse and Corena Wells.

Mrs. Swanson graduated

valedictorian at Riverside Polytechnic High School and salutatorian at Riverside Junior College. Mrs. Swanson received a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Music with a minor in French from Pomona College as a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and was the first woman to graduate with a performance Master's Degree in Music from Claremont Graduate School. Following graduation, Mrs. Swanson enlisted in the WAVES during World War II and served as an Ensign at the U.S. Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado, Boulder.

Mrs. Swanson was a teacher at Chemewa Junior High in Riverside and later at Monrovia-Duarte High School. Mrs. Swanson became a charter faculty member of Duarte High School when it separated from Monrovia High School in the late 1950's. Mrs. Swanson was married to Henry Farrell of Grafton, MA in 1955 and lived in Arcadia from 1955-1991.

Mrs. Swanson served as organist and later as organist and choir director of Village Presbyterian Church in Arcadia for forty years. Mrs. Swanson was also an early member of the William Hall Chorale and Orchestra, and performed in several European tours with the group.

Following her first husband's death, Mrs. Swanson was married again in 1991 to Lloyd Swanson of San Gabriel, who preceded her in death.

Mrs. Swanson is survived by her sister Marjorie Witting of Alexandria, VA, daughter, Maureen Hensiek of Camano Island, WA, son David Farrell of Tualatin, OR, grandchildren Jennifer Morgan of Poulsbo, WA, Kyle Hensiek of Sacramento, CA, Kathryn Farrell and John Farrell of Tualatin, OR, and great-grandchildren Jacob, Brigham, and Hannah Morgan, and Forrest, Hunter, and Summer Hensiek.

San Gabriel Valley Tribune
December 7, 2010

\$Donations Received

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Robert H. Walker Jr. GWU Professor

Robert H. Walker Jr., 85, a retired English literature professor at George Washington University and a past director of the university's American studies program, died of respiratory failure Jan. 15 [2010] at Sibley Memorial Hospital. He lived in the District.

Dr. Walker directed the American studies program at the University of Wyoming before joining the GWU faculty in 1959. His books included *The Poet and the Gilded Age: Social Themes in Late Nineteenth-Century American Verse* (1963) and "Everyday Life in the Age of Enterprise, 1865-1900" (1967). He edited professional publications and other books on American studies.

Before retiring in 1996, Dr. Walker won State Department and Fulbright grants to study in Europe, South America, Asia and the Middle East. He won a research grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities and other institutions. He was a member of the Cosmos Club.

Robert Harris Walker Jr. was born in Cincinnati and a 1945 literature graduate of Northwestern University, where he was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa honor society. He received a master's degree in American literature from Columbia University in 1950 and a doctorate in American studies from the University of Pennsylvania in 1955.

He was a Navy veteran of World War II, during which time he attended the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School at the University of Colorado and Oklahoma A & M.

Survivors include his wife, Grace Burr Walker, whom he married in 1953, of Washington; three children, Amy Walker Barrs of Atlanta, Rachel Walker Luersen of Washington and Matthew Walker of New York; and two granddaughters.

Adam Bernstein
Washington Post
February 1, 2010

& D. M. Hays, Editor & Archivist