

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 203

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

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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.

William A. Clark OLS 1946 (Chinese)

Dr. William Arthur Clark lost his battle with Melanoma on June 23, 2011. He enjoyed a fruitful career in Microbiology. Although he was a small man, he left a large footprint with valuable contributions to his field.

He was born November 6, 1923 in Chicago Heights, IL, to Elsa and Edward Clark. He attended Beloit College 1942-43, Western Michigan State College in the Navy V-12 program 1943-44.

He was commissioned a Naval Ensign from Officer's School at Columbia University [Stand Columbia!] in December, 1944. He was then assigned in the Navy Oriental Language School at the University of Colorado at Boulder to study Chinese from January 1945 to June 1946. While in Boulder, he met and married Ellen Hylan on June 1, 1946.

After two years in ONI (Navy

Intelligence) in Washington, DC he left Naval service and enrolled in the University of Colorado from which he graduated in 1950 with a Bachelor of Science in Zoology. At Cornell University, he earned a Master of Science in 1951 and a Doctorate of Philosophy (Bacteriology) in 1953.

After a year as Assistant Professor of Bacteriology at Cornell, he joined the American Type-Culture Collection, a microbiological laboratory in Washington, DC. There, he introduced liquid nitrogen for freezing microbes, thus solving the chronic problem of contamination and mutation. In 1960 he became the Director of ATCC. Under his leadership the ATCC became the international prototype for microbiological culture collections. He served for twenty years as International Secretary for Microbiological Nomenclature, a position which took him to scientific meetings around the globe.

Dr. Clark spent 1974 on sabbatical at Queensland University, Brisbane, Australia. From 1975-77 he was a visiting scientist at the Centers for Disease Control Special Bacteria Laboratory where he was the senior author of the first Monograph of these rare bacteria: Identification of Unusual Pathogenic Gram-Negative Aerobic and Facultatively Anaerobic Bacteria. In 1977 he joined the Georgia Public Health Laboratory. During his tenure, he taught Microscopy workshops several times yearly to public health nurses, enabling them to identify sexually transmitted diseases and to care for their microscopes. For this work, he was given the Sellers-McCroan Award (1989) "for outstanding achievement and service to Georgia in public health."

In 1998 at the age of 75 Dr. Clark retired to Estes Park in his beloved Colorado Mountains. In Estes Park he was a member of Saint Bartholomew the Apostle

Episcopal Church where he served on the vestry, sang in the choir and served on the Music committee and the Organ Search committee. Dr. Clark was a member of the pre-med honorary Alpha Epsilon Delta, Biology honorary Beta Beta Beta, scientific honorary Sigma Xi, Phi Beta Kappa National Scholastic, honorary, American Society of Microbiology, American Academy of Microbiology, and New York Academy of Science.

Dr. Clark was predeceased by his parents and his twin sister Laura Jean Clark Tester. He is survived by his wife, Ellen, three children: Timothy of Newton MA; Judith Dobbins, Apache Junction, AZ; Peter Atlanta, GA; ten grandchildren, eight great grandchildren and numerous nieces, nephews and cousins.

Bill enjoyed cooking, especially Chinese cuisine and he was a superb pastry chef. He loved nurturing his African Violets and purple Shamrock houseplants. Bill was the rare individual who could laugh at himself and thus was the favorite subject for family teasing. His delightful sense of humor and contagious laughter, his modesty and warm personality and his Pecan pies will be deeply missed by his family and legion of friends. Requiescat, dear Bill.

<http://www.estesparknews.com/?p=6636>

Posted on 29 June 2011.

Reprise #2 On "Gocho" Harris

Thank you for all the interesting correspondence. When I received my Christmas card from you (November 2012), I was pleasantly surprised to see the photo of me, Kiuchi and Hirokatsu broadcasting off the east coast of Guam. We didn't induce anyone to surrender that particular day although we knew that there were holdouts in that particular area because we got a few from time to time from the

land area above the cliffs which was densely forested and could support them.



NE coast of Guam 1945, LCT-760 broadcasting to cliff area holdouts, Kiuchi, Hiramatsu, Dunbar, b&w, 8x10, Dunbar Photo, Pineau11_02_00_35j

As for the photo of me with a couple of Major Sato's holdouts, I have always thought that the two fellows I was talking to did not look like fierce Japanese. As I recall, they were particularly young. I don't recall their particular ranks.

I appreciated seeing all the other photos in the collection you sent me of Boulder graduates. I recall Glen Slaughter from the 2002 JLS Reunion in Boulder. He was a friend of Jim Jefferson whom I knew in Grand Junction. I had lunch with Jim several times near the end of his life. I recall Zurhellen who was at Camp Elliott when the Fifth Marine Division was first forming up. Our class there was sent to the Pacific before we were assigned to the Fifth Division. There were seven of us: Adams, Crenshaw, Dunbar, Kraft, Hansen, Martin and Paschall. Adams was a paratrooper who went into an amphibious outfit when all seven of us first arrived in Hawaii. I lost track of him. Crenshaw went alone to Peleliu where he was commissioned in the field. Kraft was with me and Hanson on Guam. Martin was wounded at Tinian, was sent to Hawaii, and I lost track of him. Paschall

returned home and later committed suicide.

It is great that you go to the trouble to reproduce these photos at Christmas, and I appreciate hearing about Corp. Harris. He was a big factor at our language school at Camp Elliott because he had just come back from Samoa and was very capable at spoken Japanese. Because Gocho means Corporal in Japanese, we called him The Gocho. Behind his back, he was referred to as Goch. I am glad to hear he finally made Captain which is quite a jump from Corporal.

Cal Dunbar
USMCEL 1944

Albert Marre **Director, Is Dead at 87** **[OLS 12/18/44-]**

Albert Marre, the Tony Award-winning director of the original Broadway production of "Man of La Mancha" — and three of its four Broadway revivals — died in Manhattan on Sept. 4. He was 87. His wife, Mimi Turque Marre, confirmed his death.

Mr. Marre directed or staged more than two-dozen Broadway shows during his more than 50 years in theater, among them the musicals "Kismet" and "Milk and Honey." But it was "Man of La Mancha," the musical adaptation of "Don Quixote" (written by Dale Wasserman, with lyrics by Joe Darion and music by Mitch Leigh), that brought him his greatest acclaim.

The famous story of a deluded would-be knight, presented as a play within a play performed by the novel's author, Miguel de Cervantes, and his fellow prisoners as he awaits trial during the Spanish Inquisition, "Man of La Mancha" began at the Goodspeed Opera House in Connecticut before moving first to Off Broadway and then uptown, where it went on to become one of the biggest hits in Broadway history. It ran on Broadway for 2,328 performances, from November 1965 through June 1971.

The original cast starred Richard Kiley as Don Quixote; Irving Jacobson as his squire, Sancho Panza; and Joan Diener (Mr. Marre's second wife) as his

true love, Dulcinea. But the show was perhaps best known for one song: "The Impossible Dream," which became a popular inspirational anthem.

"One does not expect complete fidelity to Cervantes outside his pages — who reads him these days? — but there are charm, gallantry and a delicacy of spirit in this reincarnation of Quixote," Howard Taubman wrote in *The New York Times*.

Mr. Marre won the Tony for best director of a musical. He remained closely identified with the show for many years, directing its Broadway revivals in 1972, 1977 and 1992, as well as numerous productions around the country and internationally.

Mr. Marre made his Broadway debut as an actor and associate director of the 1950 revival of John Vanbrugh's comedy "The Relapse." He directed "Kismet," for which he received the 1954 Donaldson Award, a precursor to the Tonys. In 1956, Mr. Marre was nominated for a Tony for his direction of "The Chalk Garden," Enid Bagnold's play about a disturbed child under the care of her grandmother and a governess. In 1961 he directed "Milk and Honey," a story set in contemporary Israel. Featuring songs by Jerry Herman, it was nominated for five Tonys, including best musical (although Mr. Marre did not receive a nomination).

Albert Eliot Moshinsky was born in Manhattan on Sept. 20, 1924, to Alexander and Eugenia Moshinsky. (He later changed his name.)

Mr. Marre, who was known as Albie, graduated from Oberlin College and then served in the Navy during World War II. After the war he attended Harvard Law School, but stopped going to classes after he and several fellow students created what became the Brattle Theater in Cambridge, Mass., one of the country's first classical repertory companies. There he met the actress Jan Farrand, whom he married and later divorced.

His second wife, Ms. Diener, died in 2006. Three years later he married Mimi Turque. Besides his wife, he is survived by a son, Adam; a daughter,

Jennifer Marre; and three grandchildren.

When "Man of La Mancha" was first reprised, in 1972, Howard Thompson of *The Times* called it "a stunning revival" and wrote, "Bravo to Miguel de Cervantes, the original dreamer, and to Albert Marre, again directing."

Dennis Hevesi
New York Times
September 10, 2012

A MEMORY FROM HAROLD NEBENZAL [OLS 1945] (LIFELONG FRIEND OF ALBIE [MARRE])

Bliss was it in that dawn
to be alive,
But to be young
Was very Heaven.

William Wordsworth

It was the last year of World War II. The Germans, desperate, seeking the end, were counterattacking in the Ardennes; the Japanese were preparing for the invasion of their homeland by the Allies. Little did they know that the runway was being built for the Enola Gay to drop its bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki thus to end the war once and for all.

But in Colorado, in the foothills of the Rockies, the little town of Boulder was an American time warp, the picture on a calendar left to curl up on a garage wall. White clapboard houses with front porches, swings lazily in the breeze. Beyond — grassy plains with fat cattle and fat crops.

That is where the Navy had placed its School of Oriental Languages, well ensconced in the University of Colorado. It was a remarkable school, which taught Japanese, Mandarin, Cantonese, Fukien, Malay, Indonesian [?], and Russian. The students, hand picked by the Navy, were mostly thin-lipped Anglos, the crème de la crème of the best Ivy League schools. They were mostly Ensigns and Lieutenants junior grade who had not yet seen salt water. There was also a small contingent of Royal Navy Officers, toothy chaps who had actually been to sea. And a small

group of US Marines, a more hirsute bunch who had come from the battle of the Pacific. The teachers, at least those who taught Japanese, had been dentists, importers of soy sauce, bicycles, MSG or lady school teachers in their civil pursuits. They were a tireless, dedicated, hospitable group, which invited us into their homes to sample Japanese food. "You never put soy sauce on your rice," was part of their criticism.

One day at lunch I informed my fellow Marines that they were moving a newly arrived "Naval Agent" into my room. It was not something that I relished because we dismissed the young Navy officers as "Candy Asses" in our lingo. That afternoon the Naval Agent showed up with his kit. Black, slightly curly hair; dark eyes; a disarming smile — this then was Al Marre, my new roommate and lifelong friend to be. After sniffing each other out, we soon discovered that we were in naval parlance not only shipmates, but also soul mates. And soon we created a life for ourselves, a life separate from our studies, which we took none too seriously. I, because I already spoke Japanese, and Albie in a less advanced class, came from academia and was a quick study.

To give us greater social mobility, we bought an early thirties Ford from the owner of a gas station. For some sixty-five dollars he felt that he had put one over on those whippersnappers from the college. Wow we drove to Denver slithering carelessly on icy roads to favor the Ship's Tavern at the Brown Palace Hotel or the Buckhorn Steak House with our patronage. And there were luxury weekends at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs. Then we discovered little mining towns in the foothills of the Rockies. Mining was long gone but the miners and their families had stayed there living in splendid self-imposed isolation. In one town an ancient Frenchman ran his restaurant as if still in France, serving *Garbure*, *Coq au Vin* and *Blanquette de Veau*. In another town a lunchroom served venison worthy of a star in the Michelin. We were enthusiastic

customers, trenchermen even then.

And the co-eds. The University was sorority-ridden and their splendid and beautiful girls were our companions. They had, perhaps out of patriotism, thrown the social structures of their sororities to the wind and enjoyed the two darklings from New York and Beverly Hills. Thus those halcyon days continued – the war now a far off thunder. It all came to a sudden end. Without explanation Albie was reduced to blue jacket and transferred to the Great Lakes Naval Station. Shortly thereafter I wound up at the Naval Ammunition Depot in Hastings, Nebraska. When I heard from Albie he was working as an interpreter, translator of Russian and German for the Occupation Forces.

There, God bless him, he immortalized himself by committing probably the greatest gaffe in diplomatic translation ever. Mimi Turque [Albie's widow] is my informant. At a meeting of Allied Officers with German officials the senior German had a document translated by Albie into German in hand. He was to have said. "It is perfectly clear, but I do not understand the word "Emmes". Albie had subconsciously used the Yiddish word "Emmes" (the Truth), in lieu of the German word "Wahrheit." If you are not amused by this, I assure you that Isaac Bashevis Singer, or even a Martin Buber, would have spilled their glass of tea laughing.

Now we were back on Civvie Street, and Albie and I took a memorable transcontinental trip in his convertible Packard. Albie came to L.A. and played bit parts in one of my father's films. It was a mercifully short appearance of Albie as a bandido with black mustachio from make-up and a pistol from props crawling through a window. As the years went by we met in New York, Paris, in Santa Monica. We had taken different paths but the bond held. We had shared so much. To have been young together, to have shared those golden times was indeed "the very Heaven" of which Wordsworth wrote.

Albie, I see you in your Navy Officer's uniform, brass buttons glistening, smiling, saying, "I am Al Marre." Indeed you are and I will never forget you.

Harold N ebenzal
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: What a wonderful JLS memorial story! I am glad that Albert Marre's memorial tribute program carried this story by another OLSer who we were never able to contact. Maybe we will finally be able to tell him about the Project.]

Dr. H. Morris Cox, Jr. Clemson, SC, OLS 1945

Dr. Headley Morris Cox, Jr. 96, of Clemson, died Friday, February 22, 2013 in Clemson, SC. Dr. Cox was born in Mt. Olive, NC, the son of Headley Morris Cox and Frank English Cox.

He attended public schools in Mt. Olive, NC. Dr. Cox graduated magna cum laude from Duke University with a degree in English Literature, and was a member of the Duke University Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Dr. Cox was a veteran of WWII, having received training as a Japanese interpreter at the Naval Language School in Boulder, Colorado. He also served with the occupation forces in Japan.

After WWII, Dr. Cox received a Master's degree in English Literature from Duke University, and a Ph. D. in English Literature from the University of Pennsylvania.

He was associated with Clemson University for over fifty years, serving as Head of the English Department, and Dean of the College of Liberal Arts. In 1958-59 he was Senior Fulbright Lecturer in the University of Graz, Austria. After retiring from Clemson, he graduated in 1984 from the University of South Carolina School of Law, where he was on the Dean's List. He practiced law in Clemson with the Law firm of Olson, Smith Jordan and Cox for 24 years.

He was married to the late Irene Todd Cox of Barksdale, SC, and the father of John M. Cox of Greenwood, SC, Deborah Cox Vallance of Greenwood, SC, and Thomas Headley Cox of

Chapel Hill, NC. There are three grandchildren, Patrick Cox and Olivia Jackson Cox of Chapel Hill and Alison Cox Jones Heisler of Portland, Oregon.

After Irene died, he married Elizabeth Smith of Clemson. There are three stepchildren, Shelley Hobson of Wilmington, NC, Dale Smith-Henslee of Irmo, SC, and Jed Smith of San Francisco, CA.

The Greenville News
February 24, 2013

[Ed. Note: H. Morris Cox was a longtime, enthusiastic, loquacious, and generous supporter of the US Navy JLS/OLS Archival Project. Among the issues in which his name appeared were #44, #50, #60, #70, #70A, #71, #102, #123, #139, and #184. He took great pride in his numbering among the graduates of the USN JLS/OLS and was very interested in the activities of his fellow JLOs. Speaking for them as well as myself, let me say, we will miss him.]

Reprise on David Osborne

The article about David Osborne's papers at the Eisenhower Library in the recent March 1, 2013 issue of The Interpreter (#181) was of interest to me, for I enjoyed a warm friendship with him. Though a latecomer, arriving at the JLS in early October of 1942, I did enjoy several months of good camaraderie living in the Bastille before we were all placed under closer vigilance in the Men's Dorm.

One evening (it was already dark) when I passed by Dave's Bastille room, the door of which was open but with no light on, Dave surprised me by calling out "hi." I asked him what he was doing in the dark, and he replied he was reading. I asked him how he could be reading in the dark. He said he was reading a book in braille!

Another day, he said he was going for a walk and asked if I'd like to join him. I accepted the invitation with pleasure, but noting he had a rope slung over his shoulder, I asked what it was for. He said he often carried it, just in case it might be useful. Well, we walked up toward Chataqua and were soon at the foot of the Flatirons. To make a

long story short, we climbed to the top of one of them (which of the five I no longer remember), and on the descent had to maneuver ourselves down a chimney. Quite different from the afternoon stroll I expected, but it was great fun!

I also saw Dave many years later in Tokyo, when he was in the U.S. Embassy there and we lunched together. He was, indeed, a very bright, fine gentleman, and I was sorry to read he left us nearly 20 years ago.

Dick Moss
JLS 1943

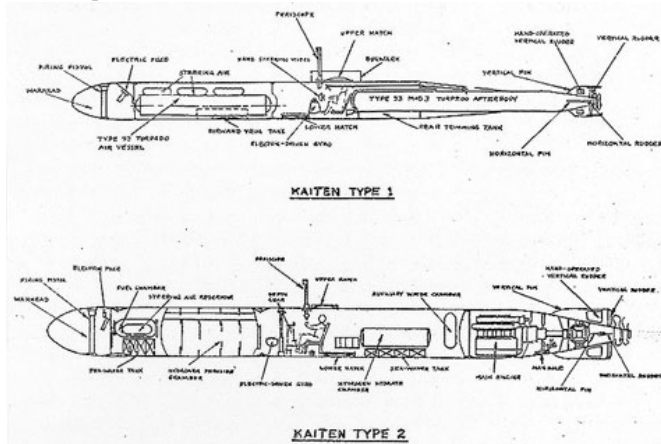
Kai-ten & the Sinking of the Indianapolis

In the winter of 1944-1945, I was attached to the Seventh Fleet Headquarters in Manila, the Philippines. In the spring, I was attached to the amphibious force that was attacking the Japanese garrison in Borneo. The task was to obtain information about the munitions that the garrison had, by reading the nameplates on the cannons, vehicles, etc.

On one special day, I found the entrance to a seaside cave, and inside, to my astonishment, there was a torpedo riding on railroad tracks, that led down to the ocean. On top of the torpedo there was a cage with controls with which a navy man could guide and manipulate the torpedo. Immediately, I realized that here we had an actual example of the new secret weapon, the *kai-ten*, that we had been reading about in the Japanese naval dispatches that had been deciphered and translated for us by the Intelligence units in Hawaii and Washington. The *kai-ten* (literally 'sea thunder') had been most effective against our naval ships. In short, it was a suicide torpedo – the navy counterpart to the air force *kami-kaze* suicide planes that were too well known. In fact, I had seen a *kami-kaze* attack on our way to Borneo – fortunately it missed the ship I was on, and landed in the water several hundred feet behind our ship. The dispatches indicated that the Japanese had lost virtually all their expert pilots, and were giving the suicide

pilots just enough training to get off the ground and point the plane in the direction of the nearest ship.

Indianapolis by I58. Kramer did not mention the use of kai-ten manned torpedoes, although he did mention the Japanese submariner's testimony



U.S. Navy diagram of Kaiten Type 1 (top) and Type 2 (bottom).
<http://www.avalancheexpress.com/SuicideSubs.php>

When I returned to Manila, the Admiral scolded me for staying too long in Borneo, but when I told him of my discovery, he said it was worthwhile after all. In fact, he gathered all the top naval officers in the area to hear about the discovery of this secret weapon. He sent messages to all ships in the Pacific to set extra watches for such surface torpedoes. I went to the ordinance section of the Seventh Fleet to find out how the *kai-ten* operated. On one occasion we had the time of the torpedo's launch and the distance to the target from the submarine captain, and the time of impact from our ship's captain so we could calculate it's speed. The ordinance specialist said the answer was obvious – the torpedo was running on compressed air, not on its engine.

A couple of months later, the *Indianapolis* was torpedoed and sunk. Our dispatches said it was indeed a *kai-ten*. The commanding officer of the *Indianapolis* was court martialed for failing to use evasive tactics, but the Japanese officer stated correctly that such tactics would have made no difference to the passenger on the torpedo.

George E. Mendenhall
 JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: An interesting corroboration of "A Perfect Choice", by S. Paul Kramer, in #150, regarding the sinking of the

"Japanese Suicide Submarines"
 By Mike Bennighof, Ph.D.
 September 2008

that zigzagging would not have affected the success of his attack.]

PATRICK
 LENNOX
 TIERNEY
 EMERITUS PROFESSOR
 UNIVERSITY OF UTAH
 I & OLS 1945]

"People ask me all the time how I have lived so long and I tell them it's Japan," says 97-year old Patrick Lennox Tierney, an emeritus professor for the University of Utah specializing in Japanese Art education. He has dedicated himself to anything and everything Japanese and considers himself a "Japanologist." In addition to his academic role, Dr. Tierney is currently the art director and on the board of directors for the Japanese Friendship Garden of San Diego.

Starting his career in the US Navy as the representative commissioner of art and monuments under General Douglas MacArthur, Dr. Tierney was able to help restore war-damaged monuments and works of art that were bombed and destroyed during the Pacific War. As he became increasingly engaged in Japanese art, he stayed in Japan at the end of his military service and offered art studies to students from the United States, which cultivated relations between the two countries. The initiative also further improved Americans' understanding of Japanese

history and culture. Due to his contributions, Dr. Tierney was bestowed Japan's second most prestigious decoration, the Order of the Rising Sun, from the emperor of Japan in 2007 – a badge comprised of a multi-rayed white enamel star with a gold-rimmed cabochon garnet in the centre, which symbolizes energy as powerful as the rising sun. Additionally, in 2006, Dr. Tierney was honored with the Reichauer International Education Award from the Japan Society of San Diego and Tijuana [see Issue #185 (July 1, 2013)].

Dr. Tierney is the founding director of the Pacific Asia Museum in Pasadena. Established in 1971, this museum is one of only four US institutions dedicated to the arts and culture of Asia and the Pacific Islands. Additionally, he taught for 22 years at the University of California before moving on to teach in Heidelberg, Germany and Japan and ending up at the University of Utah. He still visits Japan every year, introducing new students to the culture and artwork of Japan.

Dr. Tierney received a Bachelor of Arts with a concentration in Asian art from the University of California, Los Angeles, in 1932 and a Master of Arts in Asian Art History and Japanese Art from Columbia University in 1936. He also earned a Doctorate in Sogetsu Ryu in 1949. Dr. Tierney is a life member of the Korean Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society and a member of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce.

Top 101 Executive Spotlight
 Japanese Art Instruction
 Pp. 39-40

Richard DeMartino
 1922 – 2013
 Religion Professor Emeritus

Richard J. DeMartino, the co-author along with Erich Fromm and D.T. Suzuki of the little 1960's classic, *Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis*, died January 6 in the end-stage of Parkinson's disease at his home in West Hempstead, New York. DeMartino retired from the Department of Religion at Temple University as a senior

associate professor in 1986 after teaching there for some 20 years. Born in Harlem, New York on August 28, 1922, DeMartino graduated from Benjamin Franklin High School. He earned his Bachelor's degree in social science at the City College of New York. He was recruited as a Phi Beta Kappa member into the U.S. Navy Language School and he served active duty at the Joint Intelligence Center in Pearl Harbor and as naval language officer with the U.S. force occupying Japan in 1945-1946. After his discharge, he served in Tokyo as historical consultant to the defense panel of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East.

During this period, he met D.T. Suzuki and began studying Zen Buddhism in Kita-Kamakura with him. DeMartino's studies continued during Suzuki's early years in the United States through the 1950s at the University of Hawaii, Claremont Graduate School, Harvard Divinity School and Columbia University as Suzuki's assistant.

DeMartino also studied with Zen thinker Shin'ichi Hisamatsu and translated many of Hisamatsu's writings into English. He participated in—and served as interpreter for—extended exchanges between Paul Tillich and Hisamatsu, which he edited for publication in *The Eastern Buddhist* as "Conversations between Dr. Paul Tillich and Dr. Shin'ichi Hisamatsu."

DeMartino's own treatments of the human situation and Zen Buddhism in his Ph.D. dissertation and several articles serve as a unique conceptual introduction to Zen Buddhism, on which he focused his academic career.

He is survived by his centenarian aunt who lives across the street, his extended family of cousins, his former students and his wife.

College of Liberal Arts
 Temple University
 January 18, 2013

Recent Losses: Ray Heffner, Paul F. Boller,