

*The Interpreter*

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 236

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

[arv@colorado.edu](mailto:arv@colorado.edu)

October 1, 2017

**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.*

## Tall Mountain's Daughter, Haruko

I [John Ashmead] had gone into a tiny Japanese art store near the south side of the Ginza area in Tokyo where I had heard there were some copies of Hokusai's 100 Views of Mt. Fuji. The owner of the store was delighted that I could speak Japanese and insisted that I have some tea. He asked where I had learned and I said I was a tsūyokkon on Admiral Spruance's staff but originally had taken it from a Mr. Shimoyama. It turned out that Mr. Shimoyama was a patron of the store and the owner at once dashed off a letter, giving my address as the battleship *New Jersey*.

Two days later I received a curiously folded telegram from Shimoyama who had it seems come to Yokosuka but had not been able to reach me. We arranged a meeting in Tokyo.

It is something you know, to go to a country as I did, for the first time after some seven years of more or less intermittent study

of its life and arts, four of them during the war when I served as an interpreter sometimes a guide to various majors, colonels, generals, captains and admirals. And as a guide to a country which I had never seen.

I particularly wanted to see again Takayama Sensei, Professor Takayama, who had first introduced me to Japanese on that clear October day so many years ago. There were of course certain set pieces -- Nikko, Mt. Fuji, and Kamakura. These and other places like them I intended to visit. I wanted to see Japanese citizens for a change. I was tired of the hundreds of politely lying captured soldiers, most of them clad in blue dungarees or green army fatigues with PW painted in large white letters.

My first view of Japan was from the decks of the *New Jersey*. As we swung into Yokosuka harbor and the great gray ship was moored to a huge rusty buoy, I could see the Japanese battleship *Nagato* framed for a moment against the dark purple cone of Fuji perhaps fifty miles away. It gave me an uneasy feeling or better a feeling of deep attraction. I knew our own battleship, I even had a little office burrowed into the steel of its conning tower, like a woodpecker's hole. But those lines were purity itself. The pagoda tower of the *Nagato* with all sorts of decks protruding from it, higher than our own, almost top heavy, seemed to fit the cone of Fuji. And I captured again that feeling of mystery which is inevitable, I suppose which led me to Tall Mountain's classes in the first place.

We had a curious bond, Professor Tall Mountain and I.

When I arrived in Japan a few days after the surrender, I was very curious to meet again my teacher of Japanese some five years before the war, Takayama Sensei. Professor Tall Mountain. We had a curious mutual bond link through our grandfathers.

Mr. Tall Mountain's had been a tutor to the grandfather Emperor Meiji (grandfather of the present Emperor Hirohito), and had on several occasions given the young emperor-to-be an honorable piggy back ride in the Imperial Palace at Kyoto.

My grandfather Albert S. Ashmead, had been surgeon to the Emperor in 1874 and had helped to found Tokyo Hospital. He had even received, so one dubious family tradition said, the Order of the Rising Sun, 2 swords and a scroll, for his labors. My own tiny collection of ribbons indicated commemorated several bombings which had nearly burnt down the hospital.

In 1937, I had taken a course in Japanese at Harvard. I am still not very clear as to why I took it. It was partly because it came late in the morning and my favorite breakfast hour was 9:30. But partly it was the stories my grandmother had told of my grandfather in Japan, and of the Japanese who consulted him in New York. My grandfather had been a specialist in leprosy; once a Japanese had been unable to feel a needle passed thru his fingertips. He had walked out of the house without a word.

The course had been a curious one for Harvard. During exams we would hear a clicking noise of a camera. We were photographed a million ways. (He was a city planner by trade - always taking moving pictures of buildings.) The pictures of us, so he said, were to prove to people in Japan that Japanese was studied in America. My friends who continued on arriving in Japan found that their names were already known -- but this I believe was standard practice.

Unfortunately, I no longer had his address, I had received a Christmas card each year.

I went up to Tokyo and met him. He wisely began in English but his English had deteriorated during the war. We had an extraordinarily fluent conversation, since he could

quickly supply vocabulary, and 4 years of interpreting during the war had made me fast, if inaccurate.

He had come down for a meeting of the Harvard Club of Japan. I unfortunately went into the hospital, then I traveled about for War Crimes. He had invited me to his home where he was acting as interpreter for a garrison.

When I finished an unusually unpleasant assignment -- two groups of Japanese -- one bought flesh and ate it, others killed and ate it. I was allowed a week before returning to the States. I wanted to meet a Japanese who had not been drinking blood or connected with the Army.

I asked where he had been during the fire raids.

"I was in the south end of Tokio," he said, "near an airplane factory.

"I do not want to live in Tokio, although I could afford it -- feel bad when buy black market.

"My wife and I were worried about our baby girl more than anything else. We did not want her to be affected by it. Then we were missed closely twice. We moved to the country. My wife wants to give you a kimono."

I ordered a dress and a sweater from my mother for the girl.

I brought my own rations. It was in the foothills of Fuji cloud hung from the tip of mountain. We walked around the lake. Military field. American plane -- sightseer droned overhead.

She received me in American dress -- wine red -- beautiful -- Brooch Bridge on nose.

Late afternoon when I arrived. Sun tory whiskey. Screen with pages of writing -- all dead. We began to talk of new Japan. Cannot change the family.

Rock garden -- tea houses.  
European room - quiet peace  
*Oto no kawagu furuike ya tobikomite*

She talked of the New Japan.  
The little girl - dressed in

Kimono ran into the room. The gum, the sweater.

A plane far off -- we all tensed. I knew what the plane meant to us all. We did not know each other -- must build a bridge of culture

I had had a spell of it.

Then the motor whined. He was buzzing the little village -- peculiar whistle roar.

Suddenly the little girl began to scream. A peculiar animal scream as though fear itself -- her eyes distended -- body rigid.

We sobered immediately.

The next morning I left -- wife in kimono -- child was sent next

*Taishita koto wu (wa?) aūmasen.*

He was the only Japanese I had seen before the war.

John Ashmead

JLS 1943

From the John Ashmead Collection  
Haverford College  
Special Collections

[Ed. Note: The Ashmead family graciously allowed me to post this piece of reminiscence, some handwritten, some typed. I edited it down and removed some duplication.]

## Henry Gardiner's was a life marked by quiet generosity

Waterford - Henry Gardiner III, whose ancestors were Puritans who settled in Waterford before the United States was even a country, was a taciturn Yankee who quietly helped his community throughout his entire life, donating time, money and land.

Gardiner, who died Wednesday at age 89, was out of the public eye for many years, but those who knew him when he was active said he worked behind the scenes and didn't like to draw attention to himself.

"He was a very quiet philanthropist," said George C. White, founder of the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center in Waterford. "He was a remarkable guy. A major player here, but it was always under the radar."

Gardiner was one of the original founders of the O'Neill, White said, co-signing a \$350,000 note in 1965 to start the center.

"He loved the theater but he never wanted to be in the spotlight," White said. "He never wanted to take any credit, but he really did an enormous amount to start the O'Neill."

Because he was quiet, even those who knew him and volunteered with him were unsure of all of his contributions to the town.

White said he believed Gardiner either donated the land or the money for Spera Field on Gardiner Woods Road, or may have given money to help build Waterford Library.

"It's so difficult with Henry to know what he did," White said.

Naomi Rachleff, who volunteered with Gardiner raising money for Lawrence + Memorial Hospital in the 1950s, '60s and '70s, agreed.

"Henry was a fine gentleman," she said. "He was very generous with the hospital and gave money, but I can't say what. He wouldn't like it."

She said he had a great sense of humor and even performed onstage in a few skits for the Hi-Fever Follies, the hospital's annual fundraiser.

Gardiner, who joined the Waterford library board in 1959 and was an honorary trustee, was instrumental in raising the library's endowment and designing and building the library on Rope Ferry Road, according to Clifford Grandjean, the board's current president.

"I remember fondly many things about him," Grandjean said. "He was always a great source of information and wisdom."

Grandjean said his friend was "a wonderful and polite human being" with a wry sense of humor, who didn't like to flaunt what he had.

"He would drive around in a very old, beat-up car, probably the oldest car in Waterford," Grandjean said. "He had no pretensions about him."

The Gardiner family settled in Waterford in 1763 and became one of its biggest landowners, operating the Millstone Granite Quarry for years. In 1951, Gardiner sold 114 acres of waterfront property for \$446,000 to the Millstone Point Co., where today the Millstone Nuclear Power Station is located.

The family still owns land around Millstone, as well as the Barrett Farm near Cross Road and Interstate 95.

Gardiner spent his childhood in Waterford and Montclair, N.J., graduating from Yale University in 1944. During World War II, he was a Navy lieutenant acting as a Japanese language officer assigned to Adm. Chester Nimitz's staff in Pearl Harbor [JLS 1944].

He was a pilot and had a landing strip at his home on Millstone Road. He also was interested in radio and electronics.

Edgar Russ, a friend for more than 60 years, said Gardiner did many good things for Waterford, including revitalizing some buildings in Jordan Village.

He also served on the YMCA in New London and was a charter member of the former New London Country Club, the Thames Club in New London and the Niantic Bay Yacht Club.

"All in all, he was a good citizen," Russ said. "But he was a very private person."

His wife, Marcia, said her husband was modest and would have downplayed any talk of his generosity.

"He would never have been pretentious enough to think that he would leave a legacy," she said.

His burial and interment will be private. According to his family, a memorial gathering is planned for a future date.

Kathleen Edgecomb

The Day

May 11, 2013 12:01AM

[k.edgecomb@theday.com](mailto:k.edgecomb@theday.com)

**Glenn W. Shaw**  
**Director**  
**JLS/CLS**

Glenn Shaw's connection with Hawaii was both a professional and personal one. He taught at the MidPacific Institute for two years before leaving for Japan for the first time in 1913, and he came back to teach at the University of Hawaii for one summer session in 1957 on his way home to Boulder, Colorado, and in the intervening years he became friends and colleagues

with Gregg Sinclair, former University President, and other Hawaii scholars. Thus his life's work in Japan was rounded by brief but memorable experiences in Hawaii, and after his death, his family thought it fitting that his collection of books be placed there.<sup>1</sup> Shaw himself said in 1932, "I was like Hawaii, midway between the Occident and the Orient, really tied up with the Occident, but so nearly a part of the Orient that she wishes above all else friendship and brotherhood among her peoples."<sup>2</sup>

Glenn Shaw was born in November 19, 1886 in Los Angeles, California, but moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado and graduated from Colorado College in 1910. He married Ms. Reba Hood, also of the class of 1910, and she traveled with him in subsequent years, along with their two children. From 1911 to

<sup>1</sup> It would have been interesting to discover more about the choice to place the collection at UH, but I was unable to obtain any of the original donation documents, and the only quote I was able to find was from Mrs. Shaw: "My son, my daughter and I wish to give the collection to the East-West Center of the University of Hawaii. We feel that it will be more useful there than in any of the other universities that have been suggested." (unknown newspaper, Nov. 1, 1963) This quote does show that they were considering other locations, probably including Colorado College, Dr. and Mrs. Shaw's alma mater, though it was certainly not a competitive college in terms of Asian Studies. Further research in this area would be informative.

<sup>2</sup> Colorado College Information Files, Colorado College Class of 1910, "Glenn W. Shaw: Just Living - That's All." pp. 30-34. (These information files and other clippings came from the Colorado College Special Collections and Archive, care of Special Collections Curator and Archivist, Jessie Randall. For online indexes, see: <http://www.coloradocollege.edu/Library/SpecialCollections/Special.html>).

1913, he taught English at the Mid-Pacific Institute (also known as the Mills School) in Hawaii,<sup>3</sup> before embarking on a

<sup>3</sup> Glenn Shaw was a gifted writer, and I cannot resist including his description of his time spent in Hawaii, if only to give a hint of the flavor of his prose: "The Hawaiian Islands – but this won't do. A skeleton is a skeleton, and I must refuse to put meat on one bone while I leave it off of others. That would make an abominable whole. Suffice it that I spent two years in Honolulu teaching the English language to Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Hawaiians, South Sea Islanders, and a few others. This English instruction was given in regular grades, beginning with the Primary and ending with the last year of High School. I had neither the highest nor the lowest, but working for two terms over the middle ground taught various sorts of elementary knowledge and picked up a lot of information that I had failed to absorb in knee-breeches days.

Outside of working hours and during vacations I swam in a sea that is enticing the year 'round, climbed through the tangled vegetation of mountains as steep as church roofs, tramped through extinct volcanoes and slept in an active one, rambled through Chinatown eating strange foods and smelling strange smells, caught crabs, harpooned sharks, collected shells, climbed coconut palms, and gathered tropical fruits.

When my contract with Mills School had been fulfilled, I went to work for a botanist at the College of

Hawaii and became a happy flower-chaser in the rich, wet forests. I also signed up in some courses at the College, but it was of no use. A man in love (and I was in love, with everything around me except the mosquitoes, that were as the stars for number, but hotter; and the cockroaches, perhaps, that were plentiful enough, altogether too big, and went off like firecrackers when one stepped on them; and maybe the ants, that had the first taste of everything; and possibly the mud, that stuck

sea voyage to Japan. Between the years 1913 and 1915, he traveled and taught in Japan, China, Korea, and India before settling permanently in Osaka, the city in Japan where he spent most of his time, and establishing himself there. From that point until 1940, he was variously engaged in all kinds of professional activities: he was a faculty member of the Osaka Foreign Schools; he taught at Yamaguchi, Kobe, and Osaka universities; he gave weekly broadcasts for NHK's Osaka Broadcasting Station (JOBK), featuring commentaries and English lessons; <sup>4</sup> he was a member of the editorial staff of the Asahi Shimbun (in both Osaka and Tokyo), and regularly wrote articles for the English section of that newspaper; he also translated and wrote several books, including one collection of poetry.

It was during this time that Glenn Shaw became affiliated with an important group of modern Japanese writers, including Akutagawa Ryūnosuke, Kikuchi Kan, and Yamamoto Yūzo (who, actually, all knew each other from their early days at Tokyo University).<sup>5</sup>

like tubs of antiphlogistine; and mayhap the sick wind, that brought sticky weather from the south; and perchance a filthy tenement district; and peradventure some other thing or two) is no fit subject to become a student. So, thinking of Ulysses in Lotus Land, I came away." (Colorado College Information Files, Colorado College Class of 1910, "Glenn W. Shaw: Just Living – That's All." pp. 30-34.). <sup>4</sup> The accompanying textbook *Rajio eigo kōza kyōzai* (Shaw, Glenn. [Osaka]: JOBK, Osaka Hosōkyōku, 1926) can be found and enjoyed in the closed stacks of Hamilton Library, University of Hawaii; it includes grammar and vocabulary lessons as well as short readings, like "The Young Sparrow."

<sup>5</sup> *Kodansha Encyclopedia of Japan*. Available at [www.ency-japan.com](http://www.ency-japan.com) with subscription. Accessed December 13, 2005. Articles "Kikuchi Kan," "Akutagawa Ryūnosuke," and "Yamamoto Yūzo."

He translated their works for the first time into English, and in fact, many of the plays he translated were later produced at the University of Hawaii.

By the late 1930s, there were the signs that war would inevitably come, and Shaw chose to take his family back to the United States. In 1941 he took a job as a research analyst at the Navy Department in Washington, D.C., and stayed there for three years before putting his impressive language skills to good use as the Director of the Navy Japanese School (or Navy School of Oriental Languages) at the University of Colorado. It was here that he gave a 1944 Commencement Speech on "America and the Orient" to the young students at the University of Colorado. In 1946, the family returned to Washington, D.C. when Shaw was appointed the Head of the Language Division at the Navy Intelligence School, and there they stayed for the next three years. Finally, in 1949 Shaw returned to his beloved Japan, to Tokyo, where he worked as the historian for the Department of State. His final career turn was made in 1952, when he became the Cultural Attaché for the American Embassy in Tokyo, and the culmination of all his cultural and historical knowledge about the two countries was put to work officially. Shaw worked in Tokyo for another five years before deciding to finally leave Japan and retire in Colorado.

The day before his departure, he received the Order of the Sacred Treasure. An editorial in the *Japan Times* wrote, regarding his leaving Japan, "There was complete incredulity in the voice [of Takashi Komatsu, President of the American-Japan Society] that asked, 'Can you believe Glenn Shaw is leaving Japan?'"<sup>6</sup> But leave he did, and on his way back made his final stop in Honolulu – to teach again, more than forty years after his first experience there. Shaw taught two summer session classes at the University of Hawaii, one on "Japanese Literature" and another on the "History of

Japanese Culture," then left for his ranch outside of Boulder, Colorado, where, four years later, in 1961, he passed away at the age of 75.

Glenn Shaw's collection, amassed during these many years of living and traveling in Japan and the Pacific, was deposited at the East-West Center starting in 1963.

*From Caitlin Nelson, "Midway Between the Occident and the Orient": the Glenn W. Shaw Collection at the Asia Collection, University of Hawaii, Manoa", Journal of East Asian Libraries, No. 139, June 2006, Pp.18-19.*

*\* Caitlin Nelson is an M.A. candidate in Japanese Linguistics and a student in the School of Library and Information Sciences at the University of Hawaii.*

*[Ed. Note: We never had posted such a complete biography of Glenn Shaw. It seemed appropriate to place it verbatim in this publication. Daughter Daphne Shaw and son William Hood Shaw attended USN JLS/OLS, as well.]*

## Conversation with Leathernecks

Dear Dave:

*[Continued from Issie #234]* I've never understood how some of the Japanese language officers apparently have many photos. Cameras were supposedly prohibited! So, besides some photos you have sent me, I have few, if any, and none, I believe, of my interrogating POWs. *[I sent Mr. Nicholas Efsthathiou many of the images he needed.]* And as you may recall my telling you way back when, I was off-loaded from our troop transport on D-4, while the final attack convoy was being assembled at Saipan, due to a bad case of amoebic dysentery. That frightened the doctors aboard, who feared the malady could affect many of the 2,500 troops on the ship. They immediately put me ashore on Saipan, into an Army Hospital, from which, after a two to three week stay, I was transferred back to my unit, via Guam. So I participated only in the final throes of the battle, on the northern end of the island, during which time I did interrogate a number of

<sup>6</sup> *Japan Times*, May 28, 1957

prisoners, including an officer whose face had been partially burned by a flame thrower and was totally bandaged. But no photos of that. Perhaps Bob, Jack or Tom can help.

Dick Moss  
JLS 1943

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sir,  
I've just finished the final draft of the article for Leatherneck and I was wondering if you have a picture of yourself in uniform from World War II. I would like to include the photo with the article if you feel that this would be alright. I hope that you are well, sir, and thank you again for your time.

Sincerely,  
Nicholas Efstathiou

\*\*\*\*\*

Nick:

Attached are two photos so that you can take your pick between a formal photo in uniform and one in dungarees taken aboard a troop transport ship.

The third is a group photo of the 5th Division's Japanese language officers, taken at Camp Pendleton. I thought you might like to see it, too. From left to right, it shows John McLean, John Erskine (the officer in command of the 5th Division's Japanese Language Officers), Bob Murphy, Rich White, myself, Al Rickett (with something covering a part of his face), Ed Seidensticker, Roger Marshall, Owen Zurhellen, Dick Woodard and John Farrier.

Dick Moss  
JLS 1943



5<sup>th</sup> MARDIV JLOs Camp Tarawa, Hawaii, 1944: McLean, Erskine, Murphy, White, Moss, Rickett, Seidensticker, Marshall, Zurhellen, Woodard, Farrier, Pineau  
11\_11\_00\_07

\*\*\*\*\*

Good Afternoon Dick:

These are fantastic, thank you so much for sending them along. They'll be perfect for the article.

I was wondering, could you tell me what ship you were on and what your destination was. I hope that you're well, and that you have some good weather out there.

Nicholas Efstathiou

\*\*\*\*\*

Nick:

I wish I could help with the name of the ship, but I no longer remember it. For some reason, U.S.S. *Elliott* came to mind, but it doesn't sound right. I looked up the *Elliott* on the Internet, and while I did find the ship, there is no mention of it being used to transport troops. And because we were forbidden to keep diaries, I have no personal record of it.

So sorry not to be able to help, but memories do fade after 70 or more years!

Dave, I don't suppose there would be a ship's name in your archives, but I thought I would ask anyway.

Dick Moss  
JLS 1943

\*\*\*\*\*

Dick:

Since there were 880 vessels at Iwo Jima, and I could only find a list of about 20 named ships, I am uncertain whether I can determine which vessel carried the language officers, or you. It is possible that there were hundreds of LSTs and other types of troop ships. I do not have a list of those, sorry.

David M. Hays  
Editor & Archivist

[Ed. Note: I also sent him the Slesnick Short History of the Navy Japanese Language Programs and the graduation List.]

\*\*\*\*\*

Sorry, Nick:

I missed your question regarding the destination. It was Guam, but after several weeks of cruising around the Pacific (I think we aboard did not set our feet on land for about six weeks!), Guam was declared secured and we ended up in Hilo, Hawaii, from where, after a few weeks, we were moved to Camp Tarawa on the Parker Ranch, next to the town of Waimea.

Dick Moss  
JLS 1943

\*\*\*\*\*

Not a problem, Dick.

And from what I've read about those ships -- whether the Liberty ships or the converted troop transports -- I wouldn't have wanted to spend any time on them, let alone six weeks. Thanks again, Dick, and it looks like the article may be in May's issue of *Leatherneck*.

Nicholas Efstathiou

\*\*\*\*\*

Nick

The accommodations weren't quite like first class on the *Titanic*, Nick!

Bunks for the troops were stacked in three levels, not two, and the space between the rows of bunks was narrow, so much so that if two men were trying to dress or undress at the same time, they kept bumping into each other. On one ship—I've forgotten between what ports—16 young officers shared a cabin with only one shower, and water was available for that shower 15 minutes per day! Three of us showered at the same time—one getting wet, while another soaped, and the third washed off the soap!

It had its good aspects, though. Twice a week we were supplied with a gallon of ice cream. One day when it was brought to us, there was only one other young officer in our cabin, and he didn't care for ice cream. So I took the gallon, went up as high as I could get, sat in the shade of a stack and consumed the entire gallon myself while simply gazing off to the horizon in a calm sea. It was a blissful afternoon that I spent there! And the other 14 of the cabin didn't miss it at all.

I don't receive the *Leatherneck*. Perhaps I can get it from one of the Marines at the Embassy here. Please let me know if your article does indeed appear in the May issue.

Dick Moss  
JLS 1943

[Ed Note: Jack Bronston was also in contact with Nicholas Efstathiou and had us photocopy a report from his collection for him. One reason why Dick Moss did not retain many of his WWII documents was that he told me while he was on board his ship about to leave Japan, he watched as his field desk slipped between the cargo netting of bags being brought aboard. He watched with dismay as his desk fell into the harbor waters below. I guess he had just enough time to say goodbye. The photo in our files says it was from Camp Tarawa, not Camp Pendleton, but we could be wrong.]

## An Interview with Dr. Verner Chaffin on March 16, 2012

...Dr. Myers: Let's go back to the Language School. You are already at the Boulder School at this time. You and Ethel are already married. Is that correct?

Dr. Chaffin [JLS 1944]: Yes, I was out in Boulder. I had already finished about a third of the course, and I had my commission. All of us were still on probation, but they were still dismissing students and sending them home to the draft boards. But I felt pretty comfortable about it.

Dr. Myers: So if you didn't pass the Boulder program, you could be sent back home?

Dr. Chaffin: You were sent back to the draft board. You were decommissioned and sent back home.

Dr. Myers: So it was a privilege to be in that program?

Dr. Chaffin: Yes, but it was ruthless. (To be continued)

Cayce Meyers,  
"An Interview of Dr. Verner Chaffin", The Journal of Southern Legal History:  
XXII (2014), 46-47.