

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 70

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

December 1, 2003

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.

Sono Hi No Uwasa Quips

Vol 1, No 4:

A dinner-dance will be held on Saturday night, Oct. 3, for language students and faculty in Memorial Hall. There will be entertainment, music and, so we hear, games of chance. . . . The Fujin Kai is giving this dance and married men will probably be forced to sell tickets. If you have trouble getting a date, particularly one who speaks English, see the Fujin Kai --- they claim to have a date list of gorgeous college women.

Bill Amos
JLS 1943

Members of the OLS Class of '45 Part 1

The following people entered the OLS May 16, 1944:

1. **Howard Gilman** entered with the class but had a heart defect and could not pass the physical for commissioning. He sought a waiver but was turned down. His family were prominent in New

York and his appeal, I am told, went all the way up to FDR, but the defect was deemed too serious for commissioning. Nearly all the OLS students I knew had waivers of one sort or another. Jethro Robinson was virtually blind without his glasses; I myself am nearly colorblind.) Gilman was a good student and would certainly have graduated. He was in the OLS about three months.

2. **Jay Judah** was the oldest of the group at about 30 and was commissioned Lieutenant, J.G. on that basis. He was a Sanskrit scholar, and when we were at the blackboard in dictation class, Judah would often write up the words in Japanese and then in Sanskrit (Jethro Robinson sometimes did the same thing in Greek and Tom Kerr in German.). Judah graduated with the class in August 1945 and was posted to Japan with the Occupation. I saw him there a time or two but lost touch with him after we were discharged. [Ed. Note: We found Mr. Judah at 2711 Saklan Indian Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94595. Then we later found an obituary on the web.]

3. **Warren Jacobs** had very little interest in Japanese and not much aptitude for languages; he dropped out after a month or so. I have not heard from him since.

4. **John Quine**, one of the Britishers, entered in May 1944 and, if I remember correctly, graduated with us in August 1945. I know nothing of his subsequent history.

5. **Bill Ritter** entered with us but dropped out after a couple of months. He was a bright and attractive fellow and could, no doubt have graduated. He just wasn't much interested.

5. **Claire Reeves** was, I think, the youngest of our group who graduated, he was single. He was bright but took Japanese study just seriously enough to get by. His accent was terrible, but he knew enough to do very well with Japanese girls during the Occupation. I ran into him in

Japan several times, and he was enjoying himself. I haven't heard from him since discharge.

7. **George Manno** I do not remember him at all.

8. **Walter Merrill** was from a prominent family in the Philadelphia area, was married and had a child at the time. He and I, both college professors, became good friends. I think he already had his Ph.D. at the time. If not, he got it later, and the last I heard was head of the English Department at a college in Kansas or Oklahoma. I have not heard from him in many years. He did not learn Japanese easily and dropped out after a few months struggling with it.

H. Morris Cox, Jr.
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: This is the first of a three-part discussion of the Class of August 1945. I found this email from February 2002 while combing through the Contact Files. Quine was discussed in a Tom Kerr letter from the Pineau Collection recently. If anyone knows addresses for these OLSers, please let me know. PS: I have been trying to classify those who graduated after the name change as OLS, not JLS.]

After the Bomb In Nagasaki

As for me, except for the inspection tour of Kyushu, I had a rather uneventful time in Japan. The *Wishita* was the first American ship in Nagasaki harbor after the bomb. We went ashore without any qualms as to radiation dangers. In addition, we also quickly found out that we had nothing to fear from the Japanese people, and likewise they realized that we were not going to abuse them. They are a very fatalistic nation, and resigned themselves to their defeat. I toured the city of Nagasaki, as well as Hiroshima, and got a first hand view of the destructive power of the A Bomb. In Nagasaki, we visited a school which was converted to a hospital for victims of the nuclear attack. Although many of the patients were dying of

radiation sickness, there was not a single moan audible in the room. After my duty in Kyushu, I was assigned with ComNavJap in Tokyo, where I stayed until my return to the States in April 1946.

John R. Cromie
OLS 1944

[Ed. Note: Another part of a letter gathered from the gleanings of the JLS/OLS files.]

Samoa Marine William Croyle's Story

On January 8th, following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the 8th Marines sailed from San Diego to American Samoa to protect the island from Japanese invasion. I was a PFC assigned to the intelligence section of the 1st Battalion. While manning an observation post atop a mountain at the west end of Tutuila I was ordered to report to battalion headquarters and learned that I was assigned to Japanese Language School. Our teacher was Captain Ferdinand Bishop USMC [Cpt. Bishop graduated with the last Tokyo JLS class in 1941]. In October we went to Guadalcanal. Later I was in New Zealand and Noumea, New Caladonia doing translation and interrogation.

After returning from overseas I was interviewed by Captain Hindmarsh in December of 1944 and started OLS in January 1945. The following March 17th, in Boulder, I was married to Elcena Torrance of Seattle. We rented a house on Spruce Street, a block or two from the present day Pearl Street Mall. The house had a piano which was the center of Saturday night gatherings thanks to the splendid jazz played by Robert Walker. Other OLS celebrants were H.D. Pratt, Elmer Stone, Robert Nugent, Seldon Brown and Ralph Baker. In July, Walker and I were transferred to Stillwater. My first opportunity to use OLS training was in north China after the War

with Japan was over. August 1946 I returned to civilian life.

During the Korean War I was on active duty four years and was very fortunate that for over a year I was on the G-2 staff of Provisional Corps Japan located at Kasumigahara just outside Gifu. The Nagara flows through Gifu and is the site of world famous Cormorant fishing. A nice helicopter ride to the south is Toba, the site of the noted Mikimoto Pearl Farm. By virtue of my OLS training, in addition to liaison with Prefectural and city officials and the new Japanese Defense Force,

and Army VIPs on visits to these sites. In those days Mikimoto was still living and he was a delightful gentleman and marvelous host.

In March 1955 I again returned to civilian life. During the late 50s, my employer started importing steel products from Japan and I enjoyed a good relationship with Japanese Nationals representing Mitsui. With Mitsui we arranged the first direct shipment from Japan to Anchorage, Alaska.

*William R. Croyle
OLS 1946*

father's biography. Here is William Croyle, Senior's statement. It is a good follow-up to the Samoa JLS story. I have substituted OLS for JLS to be accurate about the name change.]

Gurdon Wattles Reprise

I continue to enjoy *the Interpreter*. Here is an addition to your story in number 63A, May 15, 2003, about Gurdon Wattles: my dormitory room at Boulder was near Gurdon's. One day a package came in the mail for him which at his request I

handsome leather dice box with dice in it. He called my attention to the fact that the spots on the dice were not in the same order as on modern dice. Gurdon was a Harvard classics major and had acted as consultant to the movie studio making a movie about the Roman soldiers throwing dice for possession of Jesus' robe. He advised about the dice spots and the studio presented him with the box and dice.

We did, indeed, have some interesting classmates at JLS.

*Frank L. Mallory
JLS 1943*

Komesu "Tony" Seiichi Passes Away

I just got the word from Masatoshi Uehara in Okinawa that Komesu "Tony" Seiichi, our foxhole buddy during the hostilities in '45 died on June 18, 2003 with his remaining relatives and Masatoshi at his side. He was 100. Some people you never forget, and Tony will always have a special place in my heart, and I'm sure Glenn Nelson feels the same.

Jessica's excellent article in it was my duty (and pleasure) to escort three and four star Navy

the July 1 *Interpreter* gives me reason to believe that Tony faced some postwar rebuff from his peers for helping us, even though he helped save a lot of his fellow Okinawans. I hadn't realized the extent of the rebuff felt by our sensei and the thousands of Nisei who served in WWII, and I appreciate Jessica's enlightenment.

*Glen Slaughter
JLS 1943*

[Ed. Note: This came in July, sorry.]

**Reverend Telfer Mook Speaks,
Shows School for the Enemy at CU**
[Ed. Note: Last year, I placed William Croyle's son's version of his

"On The Plains of the Buffalo" Comment

As for songs, we had a lot of parodies and outrageous translations going. Some of the "First Aid Sentences" lent themselves to song, such as "Furasetaku, furasetaku, (beat, beat, beat) nai mon' des' ne" to the tune of "In the mornin'", in the evenin, ain't we got fun?" The phrase means "we don't want it to rain, do we?" I think I sent you a picture of Packmann and Judd doing a little dance to that tune. I send kudos to Ned picked up for him. After opening it, he showed me the contents: a

Coffin for remembering that great song. We both agree that it was "...what you learn on FRIDAY night in the land of the buffalo". Saturday morning was hell time, and it took me, at least, years to get over that Friday night feeling that I ought to be doing something. The same de-programming applied to keeping the right arm free of burdens lest one had to salute. Cheers,

*Marylou Siegfried Williams
JLS 1944*

(Cont'd). Mook was in Boulder for a wedding and talked 10/6/03. (TBC)