

The Interpreter

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

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Our Mission

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

Red Flags and Christian Soldiers

(Part III)

By Tim Shorrock

1945: A DESPERATE TIME

When the American churchmen met MacArthur in the fall of 1945, over 160 Japanese cities, including the great industrial centers of Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama, Kobe, Hiroshima and Nagasaki were in ruins, the last two poisoned by the world's first atomic weapons. Throughout the country, food was scarce. As defeated Japanese soldiers trickled back from their outposts in China, Korea and the South Pacific, the hungry, exhausted populace left at home ached for rice, vegetables, meat, sustenance.

The desperation was keenly felt by the visiting Christians. In meetings with Japanese ministers and laypeople, they encountered a confused, dispirited people ashamed of their complicity with militarism, bitter at the terrible American bombing raids that destroyed more than 500 churches and killed countless

civilians, and desperate for outside assistance and relief. The people are "shocked and hurt and humbled and miserable," a Japanese colleague told them.

The delegation was led by Dr. Douglas Horton, who represented the American Committee for the liberal World Council of Churches, and Dr. Lumar J. Shafer of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, who had been a teacher at a Tokyo Christian school for 11 years before the war. Their mission, as they summarized it in a 1946 report, adopted MacArthur's convergence of spiritual and political goals. "We came as citizens of a country which was interested in bringing Japan into its own political orbit, yet our chief, in fact, our only purpose was to advance the cause of the Church of Christ," they said.

After completing its survey of Japanese churches, the Horton delegation returned to New York and began the task of setting up the missionary effort. Six missionaries who had previously worked in Japan were selected by their churches to work out the procedures with SCAP. They began to recruit volunteers to work in Japan, particularly in Christian schools where, according to a youth magazine published in 1946, the "day to day influence of a Christian life will count for the most."

The first wave of new missionaries came primarily from churches affiliated with the Federal Council of Churches, America's largest coalition of Protestant denominations. Since the days of the "social gospel" of the late 1800s, churches in the council had emphasized social work and education above the task of evangelism and conversion. As part of their social commitment, they had been cooperating with churches in England to send missionaries to Japan, China and other Asian countries for over a century. But now, with the British Empire in ruins and the United States

eclipsing England as a world power, the American churches were suddenly the major source for missionary work overseas.

Most of the volunteers were young people just out of college, Bible school or the military. They were motivated by a raft of postwar concerns: reconciliation with the former enemy, guilt for Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and sorrow for the Japanese-Americans assigned to relocation camps. "Conspicuous by its absence was the old, stereotyped missionary jargon such as saving the heathen," wrote a missionary who arrived in 1948 and conducted a survey of missionary attitudes 40 years later.

On May 22, 1947, MacArthur's General Headquarters, known as GHQ, announced the liberalization of its entry procedures for missionaries following a meeting with a large group of Catholic and Protestant representatives in Japan. The policy allowed families with children into the country for the first time since the war and authorized the churches to ship tons of food, clothing, prefabricated housing, motor vehicles and other supplies to the new arrivals. "Under this review policy, it is anticipated that the flow of missionaries to Japan within the next three years will be greatly increased," GHQ said in a press release that is stored at the U.S. National Archives in Suitland, Maryland. "This is in line with General MacArthur's desire to encourage Japanese understanding and acceptance of basic principles [of Christianity]. The Supreme Commander seeks to facilitate the entry of as many qualified missionaries as possible." My mom and dad arrived three months later.

[End of our Part III]

[Ed. Note: For the entire article on the Web, see the site: http://www.killingthebuddha.com/dogma/red_flags.htm.]

Mike Foley - Umpire

Along with most of the Class of June 1943, I knew Mike Foley well – and with great respect and admiration – as a result of the following circumstance. Our group had quite a compliment of softball players, most of whom had more verbal than athletic abilities. Nevertheless, we all played soft-ball on Saturday afternoons after the morning exam.

Our biggest problem was to maintain order when a ball or strike was called and half the group took exception to the call. We were never able to get a handle on this problem until someone suggested that Mike Foley might be prevailed upon to act as plate umpire and call balls and strikes. Mike was the perfect umpire type – tall, rather substantial, unemotional and rather quiet in manner. His eyesight, however, was no better than that of most of us – and he came to be known as "Blind Mike" Foley. There were those who claimed that Mike never saw the ball after it left the pitcher's hand. This fazed him not a bit. He knew that anyone who took that job would carry unjust burdens.

His quiet, dignified manner, and patience earned him the affection of the entire group – and he contributed greatly to our year in Boulder.

Hart H. Spiegel
USMCR
JLS, June 1943

Army Guys Have More Fun

My twin brother and I received a telegram from the Navy Department to report immediately to Lt. Cdr. Hindmarsh at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco on December 27, 1941. We drove all night to get there from Southern California. We were interviewed by a missionary from Japan, who had us read some stuff, and he talked with us. In less than that 5

minutes he said, "We need fellows like you who speak perfect Japanese." (We grew up in Japan from 1924 to 1940 and attended Japanese schools. We spoke as natives from the Kanto area. In College, 1940 to 1941, our English vocabulary grew to where we matched our peers.)

We were ushered in to be "interviewed" by Lt. Cdr. Hindmarsh. He said, "You boys are highly recommended for service in the Navy as interpreters. Because of your age (18) I can offer you Yeoman 3rd

Class." I said, "The Navy knew our age before they sent the telegram, so I assume they waived the age requirement." Hindmarsh raised himself to full stature and said, "Son, in the Navy you don't assume anything." I told him where he could put it and we walked out. *[Ed. Note: Hmmm, telling a senior officer where to stick it: I always wanted to try that, but never did...]*

I received a commission in the Army as a teenager, and fought in the Pacific, island hopping until we landed in Luzon. When the War ended, our unit landed on the

peninsula near Wakayama and then went to Kobe. While there, in early September '45, the Colonel of the MPs called me in to interpret for the Chief of Police of Kobe. The Japanese Chief said they were having problems with the Yakuza and Koreans who said they were the victors in the War and that the Japanese authorities had to follow their orders. The Colonel blew his stack, "No Korean @#\$% is going to tell me how to run my department!" Not knowing quite how to interpret that outburst, I told the Japanese Chief that we

would support them in enforcing the law.

The Chief with his staff of about six others drew a map showing the location of the three story house which was not destroyed by the fire which had consumed well over half the city. That house was, according to the Chief, the Korean Yakuza's headquarters.

The Colonel set up riflemen around the building with orders to shoot anyone who came out of the building without a Japanese police or military escort. I insisted that a Japanese police officer go

in first (I did not want to get shot). The first room we entered had four people in it, one man was sharpening a wood plane. I thought, what a cover. When we went into the second room, the officer in front of me fainted. I looked around and no Japanese officer would take his place so I went on alone, with pistol drawn. I checked each room on the second floor, all were empty. I came to the last room on the third floor and said to myself, this is it. I kicked the door open in a style that would have done

credit to any class B movie. To my astonishment, there on the bed was a couple copulating. Time stood still. Fortunately for me, the girl looked at me in this comical setting and burst out laughing. That broke the ice. I told the man to put on his clothes and I watched carefully to see that he had no weapons.

I turned them over to the Chief and said to him, "Never ask us again for any help with these *osoroshi yakuza*."

A few weeks later I was transferred to Tokyo.

Don't tell me Army guys didn't have more fun.

Baldwin T. Eckel
RLJ, US Army

[Ed. Note: Mr. Eckel was invited to the PBI 1999 JLS Reunion, and as such has been on our mailing list as a sort of sleeper. I had no idea he was Army until I got his letter. Nevertheless, Mike Moss and Allan Meyer, who are Army, as well, ought to enjoy this letter.]

Book Review

I have just read a book I thought

all of you might like: Stephen Budiansky, *Battle of Wits: The Complete Story of Codebreaking in World War II*, (New York: Free Press, 2000). Mainly it is the story of British and American codebreaking. Even so the author, journalist and math expert, entertainingly explores the bureaucratic and personal oddities, while describing the development of the effective codebreaking efforts in WWII. He uses recently opened sources to expand on previous works.