

The Interpreter

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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.

JLS/OLS Careers

Several times I have wondered, why you have not tried to mount a more serious study of the Language School graduates from Boulder and what happened to them in their subsequent incarnations. The answer is probably: Money, or lack thereof! Should this be the case, I would not be inclined to call a halt to the effort.

Given a little preliminary research in *Who's Who* and its academic and professional peers, it should not be difficult to demonstrate that many of us have had significant subsequent careers in a variety of fields. To what extent and with what results did Boulder grads continue their involvements with Japan or Japan-US relations? How much did we have to do with the vast post-war expansion of American interests in and involvements with Japan?

Robert E. Ward
JLS 1943

[Ed. Note: I have already suggested the study of this subject to researchers, but more has to be done. We have much of the data.]

Some Memories of a JLS Wife, Part III

There were about 8 to 12 wives among the Japanese Language School students, when we [Sherwood and Francis Moran] were there [1942], so I made some good friends. The best was Carmen English, who had just lost their first baby to Sudden Infant Death (SID), before her husband, Art, had joined the Navy group. My pregnancy and subsequent baby-girl were both comforting and upsetting for her to watch. The prospect of SID upset me. It was not yet identified and researched, so the fear of just walking in and finding a dead child was frightening, since I was an only child and unfamiliar with births and babies.

I remember reading books on the topic, but the idea of birthing classes was long into the future. We had arranged to borrow Art and Carmen English's car when the time came, so off we were to the hospital. My labor was long and painful and never seemed to satisfy the nurse checking dilation.

To make matters worse, Mrs. Nakamura (wife of an instructor) came in for her second child, squatted in her bed for a couple of hours, knitting, and then went upstairs to the delivery room calmly, and immediately produced a son! She waved at me going and returning, and went home while I lay suffering and not dilating. Finally, at midnight, a very tired Dr. Reed said to my husband, "Help me get your wife on a cart and let's get this show on the road!" My husband not only loaded and unloaded me, but the doc told him to put on a gown and stand by. So it was that, long before husbands routinely participated in birthing, he watched Susan emerge, after a shot of something, and stern directions from doctor and nurse to PUSH! *[To be continued]*

Mrs. Frances H. Moran

The Blue Parrot Family Owned & Operated since 1919

Mike and Mary Colacci started the Blue Parrot in the east Boulder County coal mining community of Louisville in 1919. The menu consisted of Hot Tamale Sandwiches, Chili, Hamburgers and other sandwiches *[catering somewhat to the community's high proportion of Hispanic coal miners at the time]*. Mary and Mike's Sunday meal was homemade spaghetti with a red sauce that Mary made from scratch by blanching bushels of tomatoes, then sitting for hours with family and friends peeling the tomatoes and drying them on screens, outside in the sun, for tomato paste. Since Mary and Mike were more eager to feed family, friends and even strangers roaming through town who were hungry, they usually ended up with a fair amount of people with whom they shared Sunday dinner *[Italians made up another considerable portion of the coal mining]*.

As time went by, Mary continued to fix Sunday dinner for more and more people. Someone suggested to her that it was too expensive to keep feeding everyone for free and convinced her to start charging a small fee for her spaghetti dinners. Needless to say, that is how the Blue Parrot began.

Mike continued to work in the coal mines for an undetermined amount of time to supplement their income until the restaurant could support them. The couple conceived two sons: Joe, the oldest, and Anthony, the youngest.

Joe and Tony worked the restaurant with their families through the years. In 1955, Tony started "Colacci's", located down the street, but the restaurant was sold to another family several years ago, limiting the Colacci family to one restaurant.

In 1970, Mike Colacci passed away at 83 years old; Joe and his family took over the Blue Parrot at the time. Joe is still the owner of the Blue Parrot Restaurant, but is semi retired. At present his daughter, Joan Riggins, runs the restaurant with the help of her son, David, and some fine assistant managers. Joe's son, Richard Colacci, with the help of his daughter, Jonna, runs the plant that bottles our sauces for sale in the grocery stores.

Joan M. Riggins
General Manager
Blue Parrot
640 Main Street
Louisville, CO 80027

[Ed. Note: Joe Colacci probably has some memories of the JLSers who came out to his restaurant. But he is quite old and they did not want to bother him. For a very long time, the Blue Parrot was the only Italian restaurant in Boulder County. Special thanks go to Glenn Nelson for requesting the history and to Ms. Riggins for providing the history.]

Post War Experiences

When the first atomic bomb was dropped in August 1945, our class was about to graduate. There were five of us: myself, George Beckman, Bob Brown, Timothy Manley and Keith Mann. For us, there was no graduation ceremonies; within a couple of weeks, we were off to Hamilton Field, just north of San Francisco, awaiting air transport to Japan.

There we were separated and what happened to the others, all but Keith Mann and Bob Brown, I never knew. Anyway, we went on to the west, stopping at Kwajelein and then Manila, where we stopped over amidst the wreckage of that city for a week or so before moving on to Japan in late September or early October.

It was not until 1954 or 1955, when, as a correspondent for *Time* magazine based in Tokyo, I first saw Hiroshima. However, I'm sure that Hiroshima, then

bursting with reconstruction, could not have been more devastated by atomic bombing than Tokyo had been with fire bombing.

Except for the buildings in Marunouchi and around the Palace nearby, there was simply nothing left in the Tokyo of 1945. You could stand anywhere and look for miles, it seemed, with nothing in sight except blocks of stone to mark the entrances of former residences and lone water pipes sticking up to mark where the kitchens had been. At each side of the street, steel light poles were fastened

with loops of severed trolley wires. In the streets, occasional charcoal-powered vehicles were stalled, as drivers staggered to the curb to shake out ashes from their fireboxes to get their motors running again.

Amidst all this, and billeted in a former office building from which every bit of metal had been stripped, even the steel stair treads, I set out to perform my assigned duties --- of civil censorship. That is, I was to sit in the central post office in Tokyo to monitor cable traffic between Japan and the outside world, presumably to ensure that

nothing subversive or otherwise offensive to Occupation authorities passed over the wire. I can attest that nothing on the incoming side, at least, (and while I was watching) ever did.

From Japanese legations in the former Nazi-occupied countries in Europe came long cables in *Romaji*, fiendishly difficult to render into understandable *Kanji*, depicting the woes of their diplomatic staffs left stranded by the War's sudden end. Laboriously translated with the assistance of a Japanese helper, with whom I soon developed a brotherhood-

in-sweat, these messages were sent upstairs for perusal by whomever, if anybody, was interested.

But no attention whatsoever, I'm sure, was given to the cable traffic, fortunately in easily readable *Kana*, that poured in from the thousands of Japanese civilians scattered throughout what had once been the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, all seeking news of distant loved ones long unheard from, all desperately needing money, all voicing their distress in the same telegraphic wordage, that I can remember to this day: *bujika hen*

matsu kane okure.

Given my censor's stamp of approval, these messages were sent on for delivery to their addresses. Or were they? I never knew. By the end of January 1946, I was a passenger aboard a Navy flattop, en route home.

Curtis Prendergast
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: George Michael Beckman died 1/22/98 and is survived by his wife, Janet, who lived in Bellevue in 1998. No contact or word about Robert R. Brown, not an unusual

enough name to find easily. J. K. Mann is, of course, on our mailing list. I will look for Timothy Manley. Thanks to Mr. Prendergast for his interesting and poignant letter.]

Charles Templeton Brier Discussed in Ecuador

You will be interested to know that my wife and I attended a dinner at the Japanese Embassy in Quito last night, and that among the other guests were the Mexican Ambassador and his American wife, Karen Brier

Martínez del Sobral. During the dinner conversation, which dwelled considerably of course on topics related to Japan, Mrs. Martínez del Sobral mentioned that her father had served in the U.S. Navy during WWII, in Intelligence as an expert in Japanese. My ears pricked up right away and upon further questioning, she said he had studied at the JLS in Boulder in 1942-43, and that she was born in Boulder in 1943. Her father's name was Charles Templeton Brier, born in Sacramento CA in

1915. According to Mrs. Martínez del Sobral, he graduated in 1939 from Berkeley where he studied business administration, and in 1942 married Ruth Schneider of Los Angeles. She said he served in the Okinawa campaign and after the war worked as a personnel manager at some Air Force base and also in the V.A. in Sacramento. He died from a heart attack in Morocco in 1957. (To be Continued)

Richard Moss
JLS 1943