

The Interpreter

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★ 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.

Our Japanese “Ally”**Part V**

Back on Guam, we followed the reports of POWs taken on Iwo. From the ever increasing number, we knew that Kuwahata, or at least the Kuwahata method, was still at work. Several visits to the Guam stockade revealed some Iwo acquaintances, but Kuwahata had apparently become too important to be sent to a rear area. We finally gave up asking for him.

One evening this August we met a Naval language officer friend of ours [Lt. j.g. Donald Keene] We began talking shop, when he said, “I knew there was some reason I had to see you tonight. Do you know a POW by the name of Kuwahata? We immediately let out with an emphatic “Yes! Is he here? How is he? When did he come?” Kuwahata obviously had not given up asking for us.

At the stockade gate the next day, we requested that Kuwahata be brought out. We were allowed to step inside the stockade while we waited for the guard to bring

him up. In a few minutes the familiar little figure, this time in dungarees with a white PW painted on his clothes, came within view at the other end of the camp street.

As we waved, Kuwahata recognized us. He broke out in a run, shouting back to a confused guard, who must have thought this was an attempt at a prison break, “Those are my friends!” The guard then relaxed, as there was a breathless torrent of words, strong hand shakes, and a curious mixture of restraint and unrestraint of emotion.

Now, though we see him frequently in the course of our work, we know that another farewell remains to be spoken. It will be different from the last in that we may look forward to making that first discussion on Iwo into reality. We shall have the chance to work together with Kuwahata and others like him. We shall be able to show the people of Japan that mutual understanding, still more sacrifice, and ceaseless effort can bring about a more peaceful world. (End)

*Lieutenants John J. Craig
& Lawrence C. Vincent
USMCR, JLS 1944 and 1943
Guam, August 1945,
Lawrence Vincent Collection*

**Doyle “Gocho” Harris
Samoa/EJLS/OLS**

“Gocho” means corporal in Japanese [for my benefit]. Harris had just come back Samoa where he had studied Japanese and had done some conversational Japanese with POWs somewhere. He was made assistant to CPT Jewett USMC, the conversational teacher at the EJLS at Camp Elliott. When [Thomas] Carey was at the school, then at the MCB, SD, later on in the fall of ’44, Harris had been promoted to staff sergeant. He was a corporal while I was at the school, 11/’43 to 4/’44. I just had lunch with Carey in Santa Cruz in November when visiting our son who also lives there. Carey and I

go back to LAHS ROTC in ’41-’43 although we have not been in contact until I got his name and address from the LAHS alumni association in ’83 to help Pineau on the EJS school. I had seen Carey briefly on Guam in ’45 but never did any duty with him.

Harris was from Indiana. He used to kid about being a Hoosier. I was friendly with him, was on liberty once in a group with him but was never really close and never heard of him after I left the school in 4/’44. Carey told me of his sergeant rank, [but] to me he is always “The Goch”, meaning corporal.

The Harris in Texas [Ed. Note: Referred to in the last issue.] seems about the right age at 84. I am 79 this very day [16 December 2003] and in ’43 I was 18. That would put him at 24 which is about the right age then. He was in his early 20s. I trust Carey will pursue the matter as he is curious about Harris. Just how many Doyle W. Harris’ that age can there be? The others are out of the search as they are far too young. I had not realized that Harris went on to Boulder but that seems logical. He was good. The War was yet to end and he was ambitious with the proper credentials to gain entrance. Wonder if he stayed in to go on to Stillwater? I doubt it. Most of us wanted OUT.

Hope you had a great holiday. *The Interpreter* is a good read even if I am familiar with a small percentage of the personalities. Their experiences are familiar. Thanks again for tracking Harris for Carey.

*Cal Dunbar
USMCEL 1943-1945*

[Ed. Note: As I place this letter, it is December 31, 2003, having received Dunbar’s letter this week. It just shows how far ahead I have to place letters.]

[Ed. Note: The second part of the amazing story of *The Tinian School* and its 50th Reunion in Japan follows. Warren Johnston (JLS 1944) was also involved with this

remarkable project. Rev. Mook spoke at CU in October of 2003.]

**Tinian’s School for
Japanese Children
1944-1945 II**

Forty-six years after Tefler Mook (JLS 1944) left the Tinian Islands in the South Pacific, he was reunited with 86 year-old, Nobuji Ikeda, his Japanese deputy at the Tinian school. Ikeda finally came into contact with Reverend Mook, when, after 35 years of asking every American he met in Tokyo, “do you know Tefler Mook?”, someone finally did.

The missionary for the United Church of Christ sent word to Mook in India. Mook had been performing missionary work with a major emphasis on education. Finally in February, 1990, Ikeda sent for Mook from his hospital confinement, saying he wished very much to see him before he died.

Mook traveled to Tokyo for the long awaited reunion, which was broadcast on TV in a five-minute news segment. After the coverage, many phone calls were received from former students. The broadcast was arranged by a former neighbor of the Mooks, Shigeko Yukawa, who was now a 27 year-old producer for a Japanese television network. Yukawa moved to New Jersey when she was six, and moved back to Japan when she was twelve, keeping in touch with the Mooks.

When Yukawa learned of the upcoming reunion, she convinced her network to cover it. The TV Station had been considering how to commemorate Pearl Harbor. The overwhelming response from the brief news segment, led Yukawa to promote the filming of a documentary, which would serve as a centerpiece for the 50th anniversary of Pearl Harbor. They were amazed by the remarkable story of a school for Japanese children that the US Navy ran on Tinian, while the war was still underway.

The documentary's four-person crew began filming in July 1991. Several segments included Mook's war-time mementoes found in his garage, and Mook visiting with a WWII colleague. Yukawa even enlisted the help of the grandson of Michigan Shores' residents, Howard and Ruth Pearsall. Their grandson, Tim Kirkwood, played the part of a young Mook during his Navy service.

Also pictured in the film was the Mooks' return trip to Tinian after 46 long years. On his trip, Tefler Mook could not find a thing on the island that reminded him of his days on Tinian. Before the Army Air Force returned home at the end of the War, they had sown seed on the island to prevent erosion. This had created a dense jungle which was hardly recognizable to Mook. All the Japanese residents had been repatriated in 1946, and the school had been closed forever. The school buildings had probably been dismantled by islanders looking for material to build their houses. After almost half a century, the only thing Mook found that reminded him of his days on the island was a trace of the coral walks built as an airstrip right next to both the school and the prison camp.

The documentary observing the anniversary of Pearl Harbor was aired in Japan on November 30, 1991, although the Mooks did not get to see the final product until they received a copy of the video.

At the reunion, Reverend Mook met with a large number of those who had attended the Tinian School. Most of them were descendents of multi-generational Okinawan sugar cane workers. As children of agricultural laborers, they would have had only a future of work in the fields. The Tinian school, however, had opened their horizons and altered their opportunities. Mook found himself surrounded by grateful professionals, educators, lawyers, and administrators who owed their careers to the Tinian school.

All were also aware of the incredible paradox that the school that had so benefited several thousand Japanese

children had been located right next to the same coral airstrip that Tefler Mook rediscovered on his return trip to Tinian, the same coral airstrip from which the *Enola Gay* had flown its atomic missions to Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Nicole Bilbro, Student Assistant
DMH, Archivist & Editor

Drawn from
Tom Northway,
Benzie County Record-Patriot,
December 4, 1991,
pp. 1,4,11
and other sources

A Navy Wife, II

Now that I have made my excuses to you, let's start looking back.

We arrived in Boulder in September 1942. Two problems became apparent immediately.

First, Boulder was a lovely, sleepy little town built around the University of Colorado. There were no apartments in the town, just private homes and college dormitories [*There were fraternities & sororities and rooming houses. None of which were suitable for married couples*]. For all the rest of our class, all single young men, there were no choices. They were moved into the men's dorm and slept and ate there. However, in those days it was unheard of for a woman to be accommodated in a men's dorm, nor was it possible for a man to – horrors! – enter the “girls” dorm except for the reception area. What to do with Dan and me?

The Navy decided that our quarters were not their problem. Dan was at liberty to move into the dorm with the rest of his class. And they had headaches enough getting this new and untried venture off the ground without worrying about some uninvited wife. (Keep in mind that in those days most well bred young people did not get married until they had bought an engagement ring and had saved up enough money for the down payment on a house. When a girl accepted an engagement ring, customarily she quit her job and started collecting linens and silver in hope chest. Dan and I were mavericks.)

So the Navy did not house us, nor did they pay us....

Dan and I found a basement apartment on the outskirts of town. Since the Navy was still pondering the problem of the first married recruit, they decided that doing nothing in haste was the better part of wisdom. They didn't pay us anything at all. However, I was able to get a secretarial job in one of the College's offices (the pay for a college graduate there was 25¢ an hour in those days), so we were able to survive nicely. Oh how young we were!

The magazine *Women's Day* which was distributed by the A&P Markets and cost 2¢ an issue (and which can be bought at news stands today for what they proudly print on the cover “only \$1.49”), had wonderful ideas for feeding a family of two for \$5 a week [*The same two people who fit in a two-man raft?*]. It's true that if it was ham week, you ate sliced ham the first night, grilled ham and cheese the second night, ham patties the third night, etc., until, blessedly, you were at the seventh night with the ham bone making split pea soup. Now you progressed to the next week, with similar variations on themes of chicken, or pasta, or beef, often welcoming a banquet of a can of baked beans which could be bought for a nickel to add a little diversity in the middle of the week. (more stories to come)

From the
Daniel & Addie Busch Collection

Tatsumi's Song

Thanks for sending me the list of JLS/OLS alumni... Here is a memory I would like to share with readers of *The Interpreter*.

I read with interest Tim Shorrock's reminiscence about General Douglas MacArthur's attempt to fill post-war Japan with “Christian soldiers.” It reminded me of the school song which one of our sensei, Professor Henry S. Tatsumi, who came from the University of Washington, wrote for us sometime after we arrived in Boulder in the summer of 1942. To the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan's “Onward Christian Soldiers”, he composed stirring

lyrics in the spirit of a patriotic fight song. I don't remember all the words, but I think that it began “Susume Tsuamono” and concluded: “Susume Hagemeyo/Kuni no tame/Sekai no Hikari/Oyobu made” - which my well-worn Kenkyusha tells me means “Strive forward for the sake of our country until we attain world glory.”

Tatsumi Sensei proudly distributed the lyrics to us at a school assembly, but he was greeted with objections to the music he had chosen. A few days later, one of our classmates, Jim (I forget his last name), a jazz pianist from (I think) Montclair, New Jersey, introduced us to a lively fox trot melody he had dashed off. It was very different from Sir Arthur's solemn hymn with its march tempo, and we all accepted it with enthusiasm as more appropriate for the mood of us young *tsuamono*.

I would be curious to learn whether later JLS classes continued to sing our unofficial school song, and whether anyone can recall all the words. Some of the above phrases were provided by my old friend of more than sixty years, J. Maynard Kaplan, who lives in Columbus, Ohio at age ninety with his wife Rhea. They arrived in Boulder not long after they were married. Like me, Maynard was stationed after graduation at the Naval Communications Annex in Washington, DC, where we used to joke that we were captains of LDMs - Large Desks, Mahogany. Our group of “Boulder Boys” in Op-20G may not have been warriors in the classic sense, but we did fulfill Tatsumi Sensei's exhortation, and our efforts in Japanese cryptography contributed to the ultimate victory, earning for us a unit citation.

Gene Sosin
JLS 1943

[Ed. Note: The Japanese Language School Collection, 1-7 contains Hat . Words by Henry S. Tatsumi, Music by S.O. Thorlaksson, TE-N-CHI HI- RA-KE- SHI SO-NO HA- JI- ME // NA-MI U-CHI-YO-SE-NU KI- SHI ZO NA-SHI // SI- N-KA NO HA- HA NO U-RA-NA-MI WA MI-M-SHU NO SE-KA-I TSU-KU-RU NA-RI // WA-RE-RA WA MA-SA-NI MO-RO- KU-NI // WA-RE-RA WA MA-SA-NI MO-RO-KU-NI- NO // I-SO U-TSU NA- MI-ZO TA-TA-E KA-SHI , or lyrics to

*that effect. Sung energetically, three
verses]*
