

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 88

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

June 1, 2005

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.

Marcia C. B. Prestrud WAVE, JLS 1944 1920-1992

Marcia Chandler Beckman Prestrud's career was, indeed, a remarkable one for a woman of her generation. After receiving her Bachelor's and Master's degrees at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, in Art and Mathematics, she entered the WW II Navy Program in the Japanese Language at the University of Colorado in Boulder, where she was commissioned as a WAVE Ensign.

She spent her wartime service in Washington, DC in Naval Communications and Intelligence, for which she received the Naval Unit Citation ribbon. She continued participation in the Naval Reserve for 21 years, retiring as a two-stripe Lieutenant.

During her marriage to Mr. Prestrud, she began the initial phase of her career in aero-space at Boeing in Seattle. During a succeeding period with Raytheon in Boston, she resumed her

graduate work in advanced mathematics and philosophy at Harvard. After coming to southern California in the early fifties, she worked in increasingly responsible and sensitive positions in software engineering, programming, mathematical research, and missile and spacecraft development at TRW, the Rand Corporation, the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, and in Lockheed's Advanced Special Projects section.

Marcia invented Hierarchical Algebra, publishing papers on this esoteric subject, and was also co-author with Professors Bellman and Kalaba on books and papers on Dynamic Programming. She also lectured at UCLA and Rand (the latter in Japanese, incidentally) on the application of the concepts. I might add that while she was at JPL, Marcia was senior programming systems analyst on the Mariner probe to Jupiter and Saturn which you may recall had such a dramatic visual climax several years ago.

The wider range of Marcia's interests was exemplified by her devotion to art, both fine and decorative. She was a sparkling, humorous, conversationalist on all manner of subjects. The welfare of her friends was her personal priority, despite her own rapidly failing health. My wife and I met Marcia in the bloom of youth when we were in the service of our country; we lost touch from time to time in the busy middle years; but we became close again in the infirmities of age...

*Drawn from
Memorial written and read by
CDR Hammond Rolph
USNR (ret.)
JLS 1944*

[Ed. Note: Although the WAVES who came to their 50th Reunion in Boulder in 1992 already have read this memorial, several readers have requested information on the careers of WAVES. Like pro-sports players of their time, they were hampered by the traditions and times in which they lived and worked and could not make

the wages offered now. I have heard no complaints from them in this regard. In many ways they, WAVES like Ms. Prestrud, Professor Helen Craig McCullough, and Professor Emma Layman were pioneers. I suspect they would have been far more successful in today's climate, a climate that they had helped create.]

Occupational Hazards:

of "Old School Ties", Christian Burials & a Navy Example, II

Soon after the [Japanese Methodist preacher] left, the General called to say that an Allied mission was to arrive the following morning via the overnight express from Tokyo. I might wish to go to the station to greet it. To my surprise, three British Padres, or Chaplains, emerged from the train: Anglican, Catholic and Methodist. They had come to the area to discover if any British subjects had perished there during the War, and if so, had they received Christian burials?

I immediately sent for the Japanese Methodist preacher and told him to guide the Padres to the appropriate burial sites. Remains were exhumed and re-interred with services by the appropriate Chaplain.

I've always thought it was quite remarkable that this event preceded the arrival of the Regiment by several days and that my role in it was pure happenstance due to my early arrival in combination with the fortuitous visit of the Methodist preacher. There was in the very early days of the Occupation an informality and a requirement for individual resourcefulness that quite belied the majestic tones of General MacArthur in Tokyo.

Once the 126th arrived, there was another incident; this one, somewhat embarrassing. My jeep driver had been 'grounded' by the Colonel for exceeding the 10 MPH speed limit within the Regimental compound. Totally despondent, he came to me to

report what had happened. The Corporal had nursed that jeep from Australia to Japan via the fighting in New Guinea, the Philippines, and Okinawa. I told him I'd go and see the Colonel to see what could be done.

The Colonel heard me out, refused to countermand his order and then barked out at his Adjutant: "Why is it", he demanded, "that Lt. Kramer, a Navy officer, has been the only officer on my staff who has come to me in defense of one of his men? Call a meeting of all my officers at once, and you, Kramer, be there so that I can hold you up as an example, and a Navy officer at that, of what the proper conduct of an officer should be."

This meeting was a total horror. I felt like something out of an Evelyn Waugh novel. To compensate, I went down to the local fish market and bought several pounds of fresh shrimp which I gave to our mess sergeant for our supper. Everyone was happy save our regimental dentist who was allergic to crustaceans, and from then on, both from the Colonel and from my superior officers in the Regiment, I got interesting work to do. The Colonel, without telling me, held me with the Regiment for four months despite repeated demands from the Tokyo Japanese Language office that I be released for other duty. (end)

*S. Paul Kramer
JLS 1944*

Rancors Aweigh, 3

(to tune of *Pirates of Penzance* Ta-ran-ta-rah)

All:

Now we're j.g.'s of the line
Ta-ran-ta-rah! Ta-ran-ta-rah!

We like our billet fine
Ta-ran-ta-rah!

Though we're landlocked sons of
Beaches:

Ta-ran-ta-rah!

Our Navy bosses try to teach us.

(reprise on *Pinafore*)

And if for a moment you'll bear with
us,
and promise not to make a fuss,
We'll try to imitate the way
Those bosses act at N.C.A.

(they oompah off stage and reenter a
few seconds later dressed as
commanders. Each wears three
ensigns' shoulder boards tied
together to simulate three stripes; on
their visors two large broken egg
shells droop conspicuously. They
stare for a few moments at the
audience – one glumly, one with chin
jutting out belligerently, and the third
with teeth gleaming in a smile. Any
resemblance to persons in real life is
purely coincidental)

We're three Commanders of the
N.C.A.

military authorities and
Okinawan employees and unions
And good three-stripers, too:
We're very, very good and be it
understood

We command a right good crew
But there'll be a big commotion
If we don't get our promotion....

ROSIE: (on imaginary squawk box)
Hello, Ham Goddam! (slams
down the phone)
Not yet, fellows.

OTHERS:

Well, guess we'll have to keep on
Sailing.

(start to row and "heave-ho" in
rhythm – They sing in barbershop
quartet style)

Our ship is no flat top,
She's never been launched

I retired from the Federal
service in 1982. A few years
later, Mitsuko and I made a

She'd sink like an anchor at sea;
No more than 4 rooms –
Some desks and 6 brooms –
But she seems like a real ship to me.
The portholes are square,
The head – it is aft,
The bridge is right next to a dumb
waiter shaft.
A damn healthy crew,
(With a waiver or two)
A mate who's expecting
And all know who!
The Navy was never like this!
(Repeat Our Ship Is No Flat Top, etc.
Ending with ... Real ship to me ... to
me, to me.)

(resume chant)

Heave! Ho!
Heave! Ho!

administration at the Pearl
Harbor Shipyard. That
experience led in 1967 to a
position with the Navy
Department in Washington, and
in turn to the Office of the
Secretary of Defense, where I
handled labor relations policy
matters involving DOD bases
and offices world-wide.

Over the next few years, in
that capacity, I made several
trips to Tokyo and Okinawa
dealing with a variety of labor
problems that arose between the

at US bases. As the time for
Okinawa's 1972 reversion to
Japanese sovereignty
approached, I led a US team in
negotiations with officials of
Japan's Defense Facilities
Administration Agency to work
out how best to reconcile the pay
schedules, benefits, and work
rules of the US-administered
workforce on Okinawa with the
considerably different system in
place on US bases in the rest of
Japan.

grand trip to Japan (Tokyo,
Nikko, Kyoto). It was her first
visit to the land of her forbears. I
remain grateful to the Navy
Oriental Language Training
School for having opened the
door to developments which
have enriched both my personal
and professional life. (end)

David H. Green
OLS 4-9/45

\$Donations Accepted

Please mail any cash donations to our
contact address, made out to the
University of Colorado Foundation.

[Ed. Note: Part three of the skit performed for OP-20-G on September 18, 1944, in Washington DC, libretto provided by Gene Sosin, JLS 1943]

OLS and Its Life Influence, 4

After finishing at the University of Chicago I accepted an administrative position at the University of Hawaii, so off we went to Honolulu with our one year old son. We lived there for the next 17 years. I moved on to a position in personnel

Marylou Siegfried Williams Died March 4, 2005

We have lost an enthusiastic contributor to the newsletter and an ardent supporter of the JLS/OLS Archival Project with the loss of Marylou S. Williams, WAVE, JLS 1944, this past March. I am writing this on March 7. By the time you read this, we will have posted a longer obituary. In 1993, she helped to organize the WAVE 50th Anniversary Reunion at CU.
