

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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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.

JLS WAVE to Berkeley Scholar: Helen Craig McCullough

I was born on February 17, 1918 in Hollywood, spent my grade-school years in Southern California, and then moved north with my family to Mendocino County, where I was one of a three member senior class at a rural high school. The school had only three teachers, but they were graduates of Berkeley, Stanford, and Mills College, and they gave us solid instruction in basic subjects. From one of them, who had been a French major at Berkeley, I had four years of French, plus some Latin and Spanish; enough exposure to learn that I enjoyed working with foreign languages. In those years, I also acquired habits and tastes that proved to be permanent – study, reading for pleasure, hiking, and listening to music.

Thanks in large part to the help of my teachers, I went on to earn a BA in political science at Berkeley [1939], I then cast around unsuccessfully for a job, finally ending up as the

bookkeeper at a little feed store in Petaluma. Fortunately for the feed store my tenure there was brief: I joined an army of clerks, most of them recent college graduates, who were hired to process census returns in an old barn of a building somewhere near Capitol Hill in Washington, DC [1940?]. When the census wound down, I transferred to the Civil Service Commission, and while there I heard about Boulder from a fellow employee, someone who was applying to the program in the hope of avoiding the draft. I suppose my decision to apply resulted from a combination of factors – a feeling that shuffling personnel files wasn't doing much for the war effort; interest in language study, awakened in Mendocino County and fostered at Berkeley; early exposure to Asians in California; family background (my grandmother had spent quite a bit of time in China); maybe even the fact that my Mills College teacher had lived in Thailand. And for someone who had hiked extensively in the Coast Range and the Blue Ridge Mountains, there was certainly the attraction of the Rockies. I left Washington early in July 1943 in order to explore trails in the Boulder area before the 19th. (To be continued)

Helen Craig McCullough
JLS 1944
(1918-1998)

In Boulder WAVES
50-Year Reunion, July 16-19, 1993

[Ed. Note: This bio is well known to those at the WAVE Reunion, but I think the rest of the readership will appreciate it, as well. I will continue to draw bios from the WAVE Reunion book. Her photo was also in one of the displays used at the 60th Anniversary JLS/OLS Reunion, which still shows outside the Archives.]

Doug Brower, MCITTA Historian
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Mr. Brower is interested in any JLO in the USNR or USMCR who served in Korea. Send mail to Archives.

Rancors Aweigh, 4

(continue to row and “heave-ho” in rhythm – They sing in barbershop quartet style)

(Swede and Fully are rowing while Rosie makes like Washington crossing the Delaware)

ROSIE: Full speed astern! Were running aground that table, seamen.

OTHERS: Full speed astern!

Don't worry sir, we're able seamen.

ROSIE: One quarter turn!

OTHERS: One quarter turn!

ROSIE: Two points to the starboard!

OTHERS:

Two points to the larboard!

ROSIE: Starboard!

OTHERS: Larboard!

ROSIE: STARBOARD!!

OTHERS: LARBOARD!!

ROSIE: It's mutiny, dat's what it is. Mister Chris-tian! Come hyah!

1st: Aye Aye, sir.

ROSIE: Train your trusty spyglass on that object to the starboard.

1st: Aye, Aye, sir ... it's a Coke bottle!

2nd: There seems to be a note inside.

ROSIE: Well, read it man, read it.

1st: It says, “The coffee's ready.”

ALL: THE COFFEE'S READY!!!

We get our cups by duress;

Cause we pull our ranks

On Rufus and Banks

We drink, drink, drink.

(as they raise their cups on high, Rufe comes rushing in, complete with three stripes and a mustache and lifts his cup among theirs with a fourth “drink”)

The 3rd: It's Rufe!

1st: Look, he's a commander.

ROSIE: Rufe, where'd you get those three stripes?

RUF: I've been promoted. I'm as good as you guys. How about some coffee, fellows.

ROSIE: Promoted eh? How about us?

OTHER 2: Get on that squawk box, Rosie.

ROSIE: Hello, Ham? Goddamn!.... What? We did?

OTHER 2: Captains! (go into a dance leading off stage)

Hi-diddle-dee-dee,

A captain's life for me

(they leave Rufe lonely and dejected to sing:)

RUF: I'm poor little Rufus

Poor little Rufus,

Who my three captains ignore:

But I'm not complaining,

'cause slowly I'm gaining
And soon my 3 stripes will be 4.
OTHERS enter: Gangway for the captains! (next line illegible)

1st: My name is Captain Carlson,
Though I'm better known as Swede;
I can talla Svenska
But that's not the Navy's need;
You boys are all acquainted with
The stuff I have to read –
everything happens to Me.
When I arrived in Washington
The only real bad news
Was learning of the Boulder boys
That I would have to use –
I could do more in Australia
With a dozen kangaroos,
Everything happens to Me.

2nd: My name is Captain Fullinwider,
but I'm Fully to the boys (ha, ha)
To be one of your captains
Has been one of my great joys (ha, ha)
But I can't see how so few guys
Make such awful goshdurn noise –
Everything happens to Me.
Soon Rosie, Rufe and I will be
Headed on our way;
We sympathize with Swede,
With you boys he has to stay,
We hope he makes you jokers work
A 20-hour day!
It could happen to you! (ha, ha)

3rd: My name is Rosie Mason
I'm the toughest guy in town:
Why I'm so tough, when I was born
I knocked the doctor down.
But how that Goddam Ragan
Makes a monkey out of me,
I think that I'll send him to sea.
When Michael saw my chickens he
was all aglow,
He said, “Well, Dad you finally got
the gravy”

I asked him what he meant, he said
“Why, don't you know?”
Now you outrank Don Winslow of
the Navy!”

Under my command you boys have
really acted swell,
You've all been under fire from me
And borne up pretty well;
So now I'm off to give those
HYPO juniors Holy Hell –
ALL: Everything's going to happen
to them

In Honolulu!
Everything's Going to Happen to
Them

RUF: (enters): God Bless the
Captains!

ALL: Everything's Going to Happen
to Them!

(this last verse finishes with a
vaudeville shuffle off)

THE END

Presented on 18 September 1944 at the 2400 Club Banquet with the following cast, in order of their file numbers:

CPT Mason....Lt.j.g. J.V. Di Crocco
CPT Carlson.... Lt.j.g. R. Pineau
CPT Fullinwider.... Lt.j.g. J. Sosin
CDR Taylor.... Lt.j.g. R.I. Poons

[Ed. Note. This is the last part of the skit performed for OP-20-G. Soon after the skit, the Boulder WAVES arrived, and goodbye to Boulder Boys. We thank Mr. Sosin, JLS 1943, for providing this piece of massacred Gilbert & Sullivan. Making fun of superior officers, hmmm.. I did that once for one of my squadron commanders. Every one laughed but him, ouch!]

different colleges and universities and didn't get off US

James E. Gunn **Science Fiction Author** **OLS 3-8/45**

The name of Len Rush sounds familiar. We also had a classmate who was from north Italy. I thought it was remarkable because he was blond and blue-eyed, but he said that was common in that part of Italy. I ran into him again when I was transferred from Guam to Truk (where I was adjutant to the Commanding General--a Marine officer--I was mostly a clerk and handled the mail). My classmate (I wish I could remember his

What I learned most from my JLS experience was the nature of name--maybe it will come to me) had arrived earlier (and participated in the distribution of Japanese trophies, including samurai swords). When I got there we were still living in tents, with drums of rain water for showers, and walked up a big hill to reach the dining hall, drove jeeps several miles over muddy roads to reach headquarters, with the native women in camouflage mother hubbards calling out, "Hello, I love you," but within a month the Quonset huts were finished adjacent to headquarters, and we were moved--about eight of us,

names but I can still remember the melody and first two lines of two to a room, in one hut. My classmate told me about an incident when a native Trukese came into the camp and the commanding officer told my classmate to tell the native, "You're out of your jurisdiction," and my classmate looked at him (not having the foggiest notion of the Japanese word for "jurisdiction"), and told the native, in Japanese, "Get the hell out of here!"

The reason I was delayed in getting to JLS was that I enlisted as a Naval Air Cadet, and spent 11 months (at Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa; at Highlands

College in flight training in Las Vegas, NM; at preflight school at the University of Georgia; and at flight training at NAS, Memphis, TN) being trained to be a Navy pilot before the Navy decided it had enough pilots, spent 3 months at Great Lakes, another three months at pre-midshipman school in Asbury Park, NJ, and then three months in midshipman's school at Notre Dame. Every time I got into something, the program got extended another three months, and I spent the war at a dozen

soil until the war was over. While I was in Miami, the news came over the radio of the dropping of the atomic bomb (as an avid SF reader, I had my concerns about touching off a nuclear reaction in the Earth and, if so, how long it would take to reach Miami).

Earlier, while I was in the living room of the Acacia House in Boulder, we heard the news over the radio that Franklin Roosevelt had died. Our experiences were measured by what we heard over the radio.

the intensive program, and I adapted it to the teaching of science fiction, beginning in 1974, with the Intensive English Institute on the Teaching of Science Fiction, offering six hours of credit for three weeks of study, 7 or 8 hours a day. At Stillwater, we were housed in dormitories, unlike the Acacia House in Boulder, and fed in cafeterias, where they used to play Japanese songs on the intercom. I remember one called "Shina No Yoru" (*China Night*--I can't remember my classmates'

that song), and a Japanese version of the Pepsi Cola song.

It was a terrible experience for the world, but for those of us who were young and maybe for others, it was the most intense, exciting period to be alive. Everything mattered; everyone cared about the same things; seldom has there been so much unanimity of purpose. Life-changing news arrived daily. Relationships were often brief but also intense for that reason.

James Gunn

