

*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.*

### JLS WAVE to Berkeley Scholar: Helen Craig McCullough III

I arrived in Tokyo in early 1946 and settled down for four years in the Allied Translator and Interpretation Section, where Pat Shannon and former sensei Grace Yokouchi were among my co-workers. Scattered in various branches of the Occupation were numerous other Boulder WAVES, and we shared some wonderful experiences, solidifying friendships that have been very important to me. Japan was a fascinating place in those days, and the beauties of the countryside were breathtaking.

Back in the States in 1950, I entered the Berkeley graduate program in Oriental Languages, married a fellow graduate student, Bill McCullough, got my PhD, and began an academic life of sorts. It was inconceivable then for a husband/wife to receive ladder-rank appointments in the same department, or for the two to break up and teach at different universities, so I held lectureships at Stanford and

Berkeley, occupying myself mainly with raising our son, Dundas, and translating the Japanese classics. Eventually, when the climate changed, I dead leaped from lecturer to full professor at Berkeley, and there I stayed, teaching classical Japanese literature, until I retired in 1998.

My routine remains pretty much a variation on the Mendocino theme. I spend a good many mornings in the study, where most recently I've finished the last of ten or so books; I listen to music; I hike in the Sierra closer to home; I see something of friends and former students, including Tom Smith, Mike Rogers, and other Boulderites who went into Japan Studies (or, in Mike's case, switched to China); I travel occasionally, sometimes to visit Dundas, who as a fledgling diplomat lived through the bombing of the Beirut Embassy, and who is presently the political-military officer in the New Delhi Embassy; and I work in my Japanese garden, part of which was designed by former sensei Ari Inoue. It's a quiet life, but one that I find satisfying. And at its core, of course, is the Navy Japanese Language School.

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 in one of the displays used at the 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary JLS/OLS Reunion, which still shows outside the Archives. I found a memorial statement on the UC Berkeley website, a portion of which is included:*

*"...These lovely details seem strikingly true to their author, even as the exceptional form and personal voice in what we expect to be a conventional document seem surprising. After all, Helen was*

*astringent, laconic, typically unrevealing. In observations made at her memorial service by former students, now teaching across the country, Helen's austerity was clear: she taught and talked to the point, seldom indulging softness or eccentricity. The integrity of her example, and the quiet ferocity of her expectations, inspired marvels of scholarship. But Helen was also breathtakingly independent, free in her work no less than in her c.v. (innocent of the stuff most of us list relentlessly) to follow directions she alone set....*

*Graduate school brought Helen back to Berkeley and the Fulbright took her back to Tokyo with her new husband. In the following years without "regular paid employment" (from 7/56 until 9/64), she cared for her household while embarking on the long solitary scholarship that remained the spine of her career. Her translation of and commentary on the Taiheiki appeared in 1959 from Columbia University Press. By 1966 Stanford was publishing Yoshitsane. Helen was off. Between 1964 and 1969 she taught as a lecturer at Stanford, where Bill was on the faculty. In the fall of 1969, when Bill joined the Department of Oriental Languages at Berkeley, Helen became a Lecturer here. She was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in 1975.*

*A number of honors came to Helen late in life--invitations to serve as distinguished visiting professor at the premier research institute of Japanese literary studies in Tokyo (the Kokubungaku Kenkyu Shiryokan), induction to the Hall of Outstanding Women at Cal in 1995, and receipt of the Medal of Honor (Kunsho) from the Japanese government in 1996. But long inoculated against celebrity, and disposed to regard it as a bad ghost in any case, Helen remained the keeper of her own soul.*

*Independence in Helen went together, however, with uncommon loyalty. Certainly she cherished above all the attachments to Dundas and to Bill, lover as well as collaborator on one of the starry achievements of both careers--the two-volume translation and encyclopedic study of the 12th-century courtly classic, A Tale of Flowering Fortunes. Helen never revised her c.v. to add, after the note about Bill's retirement, that he died on April 23, 1997. But her attachment to Cal was also prodigious. This place was not, for*

*her, some institutional abstraction. Berkeley, and most of all the Department of Oriental Languages (now East Asian Languages), was a place of hard daily work where a procession of people she honored--Y. R. Chao, Peter Boodberg, Cyril Birch, and many others--formed thick genealogies of the spirit. Perhaps particularly for a woman shaped by solitude, membership in this company mattered consumingly.*

*Many of Helen's pleasures were classical, in a fashion seemingly consistent with an enviable sensibility. She listened by the night, particularly after Bill's death, to Mozart's operas. She kept an enchanting garden where California rocks and flowers took the shapes of Kyoto. Many of her pleasures, singing of Hollywood and the bars of Tokyo's Officers' Clubs, were classically sensible. She liked long sweaty hikes. She swooned for baseball. Helen died on April 6, 1998."*

[A portion]

Mary Elizabeth Berry

Robert Brentano

H. Mack Horton

Donald H. Shively

1998, University of California:

In Memoriam]

### Reprise on Ringle: 'Little Tokyo' In 1940-41

I just read the article in the April 1, *Interpreter* regarding Naval Intelligence. I have no quarrel with the findings, however, I'll give you an anecdotal response which my twin brother and I experienced in Little Tokyo.

Upon our return from Tokyo to California in December 1940, we often went to a restaurant in Los Angeles, named the Koharu (Indian Summer). This little shop specialized in hand made noodles. The owner was a first generation Japanese (Issei) and took great pride in showing us around the shop's basement where he had the tools to hand make the noodles. For the next ten months we carried on a very pleasant conversation regarding many subjects. His daughter a second generation Japanese American spoke very good Japanese and was equally open

with us. We never spoke English while we were in the Restaurant, and all the customers spoke only Japanese. It was a "taste of home." Actually we thought we were transposed to Tokyo.

We went there in November 1941, looking for a break from our first year in College. We entered as usual, greeted the daughter who always served us and sat down. In a loud voice, so every customer could hear, she said, "These two *hakujin* (white people) speak perfect Japanese."

each other. It was dead silence. Gene and I looked around the restaurant and saw expressionless faces. We switched to English and were puzzled by the reaction. On the way home we wondered what we might have said, nothing came to mind. After many months of cheerful fraternizing, the restaurant was almost a hostile environment.

Three weeks later, December 7, 1941. What did they know? When did they know it? How

information? This is a puzzlement to me, even to this day.

Baldwin T. Eckel  
UA Army MIS

*[Maybe Mr. Eckel stumbled upon precisely the segment about which Lt. Cdr. Ringle's Japanese American friends had provided info. It may also have been possible that those in the restaurant were worried about government agents listening in on their conversations at that tense time. I wonder how Japanese Americans could have known about such a closely guarded secret. DMH]*

It was good to see the letter by Ted Harbaugh. To my mind, Ted was what the JLS was all about – a good student, a straight arrow, a good Marine and a conscientious interpreter. We crossed paths several times in the Pacific and, as his letter indicated, he was effective and to the point.

Jack E. Bronston  
JLS 1944, USMCR  
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*[Ed. Note: Here, here! If I may be allowed to say so.]*

## Response to Stories on the Summer Group, 1942

It was a pleasure to talk to you about my husband's attendance at the Japanese Language School. Dave [*Stocking*] would have been delighted to know about your archive.

And thank you for the interesting file of *The Interpreter*. I have now been through them and been delighted to find the reminiscences of Ed Hart. I remember Ed well from Rocky Mountain Language Association and am happy to. Immediately a hush fell over the shop and nobody spoke to

hear that he is still alive. I found Harold Wren's article very useful in pulling together things I'd only known in scraps.

From the necrology, John Ashmead and Leslie Fiedler were familiar from Dave's accounts (both, of course were familiar to me as an English scholar). Beyond the "dear departed" (and wouldn't Leslie have snorted at that euphemism!), I am interested in your address list. I've made my own list from memory—men Dave kept in touch with or at least mentioned warmly over the years: Ed Whan, Gene Sosin, come no Japanese Americans came forward with any

Frank Ryder [*deceased*], Don Keene, Stan Kapner, Earl Swisher [*deceased*], and of course, Hart, Fiedler and Ashmead.

I especially enjoyed Harry Muheim's story in #A. And I want to second what Ed Hart said in 69A about how the more the guys learned the language, the more they developed appreciation of the Japanese people and their culture. Dave often mentioned how true that had been for him. (to be cont'd)

Ms. Marion K. Stocking  
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Lamoine, ME 04605

## Reprise on Harbaugh

## William C. Hoekendorf, OLS

Bill Hoekendorf, Eastern Washington University Professor Emeritus and Boulder/Stilwater OLS student, died on October 17, 2004, after an extended battle with cancer. Longer obit to come.

## John J. "Jack" Craig JLS 1944, Passed Away

Larry Vincent called to pass along the sad news that his JLS buddy, Jack Craig, had died after a long illness in April. An obit will appear later.