

# 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.*

## Reprise on "Red Flags ...", I

Dear Mr. Shorrock:

I read your three part article in the *Interpreter* published by the Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries. (Actually I read the first two parts and went to the web site of Killing the Buddha to get the complete report.)

I thought you might be interested in my perspective, since my parents were missionaries in Japan from 1915 to 1940, and then returned to Japan after the war for a total of 52 years of "Service for the Lord." My sister was born in Kobe in 1920, and my twin brother and I were born in Kansas City while my parents were on furlough. We were taken to Japan in 1924, went to a Japanese kindergarten and then were refused attendance to a Japanese public school because we were Americans. As you know the U.S. passed a non immigration act in 1924 by Cabot Lodge, which prohibited Japanese from emigrating to the

U.S. This was in retaliation to that Act.

Our kindergarten friends came to our house and gave us a summary of what they studied each day. My parents purchased the texts they were using, so we kept up with them rather well for the next three years. (Home study) We still had a lot of time on our hands so the two of us often went to the temples in Kyoto and talked with the priests. It was then we learned of the many Buddhist sects which flourished in that area. We stored this information in our minds and when we returned to the States in 1934-36 we compared them to the many sects in the Protestant movement. What struck us was the many similarities from the most conservative to the very evangelical groups in both nations. They even had the "Holy Rollers" similar to the Pentecostal movement here.

I'll have to give you an aside. Our parents were on deputation work, creating interest and support for their missionary work. We were in Missouri, somewhere near the Ozarks, when some kids from our church asked us if we wanted to go see the "Holy Rollers." Of course we agreed to go. Toward the end of the service the preacher whipped the crowd into a frenzy and some started to speak in tongues. This amused my twin and me, so we started to speak in Japanese, describing the incident to each other. The church people noticed us so we became more animated and the attention was directed toward us. The others were babbling and repeated the same sound over and over again. While we speaking in Japanese had complete sentences which avoided the repetition of the others. This was proof positive that we were filled with the "spirit." The problem was that they required someone to interpret what we said. The fraud of that sect was made very evident to us. Even to this day I have misgiving of those, such as Ashcroft, who profess to being

Pentecostal.

Now back to reality. We lived in Kyoto, however, the only foreigners we saw were our parents. My sister, Gene and I spoke to each other in Japanese because it was the language of convenience. We knew we were not Japanese, but we didn't know who an American was, not really. At that time we spoke Kansai ben.

When we came to Long Beach, California in 1934, we attended a fourth grade public school and had great difficulty. We didn't have the vocabulary to talk well, and we continued to speak to each other in Japanese. The kids would ask what language we were speaking and we said Japanese. They then called us yellow bellies, slant eyes, Japs and other derogatory words. The amusing thing to me now is that we said in Japanese, "We are Americans and we should really learn English." Whereupon we never spoke Japanese to each other, unless we didn't want anyone to know what we were saying. After a year and a half in the states, 1934-36, we learned English very well, and by the time we returned to Tokyo in January 1936, we were "Genuine Americans."

(to be cont'd)

Baldwin T. Eckel  
US Army MIS

## Learning Cantonese in 1945 Part II

After the bombs were dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki I was transferred rather quickly to teach Personnel Administration at the Demobilization School at Great Lakes, and later became a Public Information Officer in the Bureau of Naval Personnel [BUPERS] in Washington, was Assistant Officer-In-Charge at the Navy Printing School, completed Naval Intelligence School, and my final active duty assignment was Intelligence Officer on the Staff of Amphibious Group One.

In the spring of 1947 I was offered a commission in the Regular Navy, but almost simultaneously was accepted for graduate study at Harvard University. I chose the latter, but retained my USNR commission and was eventually retired as a Reserve officer in 1984 with 41 years of service.

I completed two master's degrees at Harvard University, and my doctorate at Columbia University. I was an elementary school teacher, high school teacher, school counselor, school psychologist, school principal, school superintendent, college professor and dean. I served for five years with the US Army Dependents Schools in Eurpoe and 19 years in the Panama Canal Zone.

I have been fully retired since 1993, but continue to participate in professional, civic, and social activities at the local, state, national and international levels.

I have been in Taiwan and in mainland China a number of times over the years. I have maintained very little of the Chinese I learned (though I do have a chart of the 212 basic characters posted on one of the walls of my study); however, when I am in China I do find that some of what I learned does return. The most I can generally do, however, is to say Hello, Thank You, and Goodbye. But even that impresses waiters in the Chinese restaurants we enjoy. (cont'd)

Charles L. Latimer  
OLS 12/44-9/45

## So What ! (II)

Learning Japanese as quickly as possible was tough. Each week demanded 5 14-hour days of classes and homework and a long Saturday morning of examinations, testing ability to translate from Japanese to English and from English to Japanese as well as dictation of *Kanji*. Completion of each volume of the course brought tests over the whole and a

decision as to whether or not the axe should fall.

My own studies suffered an unusual interruption when the Navy rather quixotically [*Ah, the military and its wistful arbitrariness*] decided to advance every student from Yeoman to Ensign. Here again my heart murmur was caught and given as the reason for my dismissal from the Navy and orders were cut to stand by for a Review Board. Week after week, cut off from classes, I awaited the Board. When at last it had met, an elderly admiral called me

back in and asked, "Well, Thornton, do you still want to stay in this God-damn Navy?" So back I went to Japanese, cold as could be, laboring, never again to regain my "A" ranking.

Ultimately I graduated with a fistful of credits from the University of Colorado towards a third MA, this time in the Japanese language. As a graduate of the Japanese Language School I was sent on to the US Navy Advanced Intelligence School at the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York City [*I just met an RADM Lyons*

*USN, ret., at a NROTC commissioning ceremony who had been an ensign in Naval Intelligence at the Henry Hudson Hotel in 1944. He said he remembered your bunch but was not allowed to mix with you.*]. With never so much as one minute of having learned how to fire any kind of weapon, but loaded down with a heavy trunk of dictionaries, including my *Rose-Innes*, which became my pride and joy, I was flown away from Intelligence School to Pearl Harbor where I served under Admiral Nimitz, CINCPAC, in

the Japanese Section of JICPOA. On night shift, I took from Japanese business directories the location of vital war industries which were then fed to the bomber command. A 'deadly' job.

By the spring of 1945, I had become a Lieutenant (j.g.); it was then that the serious fighting began to be engaged on Okinawa. Word went out for volunteers to meet the rising need for additional language officers. I was accepted. (to be cont'd)

Robert D. Thornton  
JLS 1944

## Response to Stories on the Summer Group, 1942, II

I just finished a memoir on war—my second hand experience of it—and I noticed how rarely men who were engaged in the fighting spoke or wrote about it until many decades had past. Dave almost never spoke of his actual work in the field (he went ashore with the troops at Okinawa), and I notice how little there is in the newsletter about working under fire, though many are delighted to reminisce about their Boulder

experience. Perhaps most translators were able to work behind the lines.

Dave spoke very little about his actual tour of duty. He remembered warmly Wolle's friendship to the men in the Boulder language program. He kept in touch for years with his landlady in Honolulu. At Beloit he worked with students who wanted to explore the Japanese language. For a while he was the whole oriental language program at the college. I think he was taken aback when a Japanese student with whom he was practicing his conversational

Japanese giggled. What was the problem? "You sound exactly like my grandmother!" Dave decided that his vocabulary might be a little out of date.

I told David Hays something about my career in the CU English Department under Francis Wolle (we never used the "Francis," just "Wolle"). [*Ms. Marion Kingston is listed as an English instructor at CU from 1950 to 1954, prior to her marriage to David Stocking in 1956. Coincidentally, they both knew "Wolle" from entirely different situations.*]

Ms. Marion K. Stocking

## New Collections

The following are further collections promised, held or recently received by the Archives:

- Donald A. Corlett, Sr.
- Harrison Parker

## SDonations Received

The Archives has recently received generous donations from:

- Charles D. Cook
- Duane Flaherty
- Griffith Way
- Andrew Sabetta
- William Howe
- Donald M. Richardson