

*The Interpreter*

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

October 15, 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.*

**Reprise on  
"Red Flags ...", III**

When we returned to Tokyo, the atmosphere in the foreign community had changed. The British and French stuck together, while the Germans, now quite numerous, stayed with the Japanese. We Americans mixed with them all. In the summer of 1940, I was highly courted by the Germans (Nazis). Since I was of German ancestry, belonged to the Aryan race, surely I would be one of them. I went to their Nazi party meetings and was impressed as to how regimented they were in their physical behavior as well as their thought process, not unlike some of the evangelical Christians here in the States. When I showed no interest in their "Plan for the World" I was misguided. Just a little more effort and I surely would join them in their cause of "The Thousand Year Reich." (We spoke either in English or Japanese.)

By now things were getting pretty tight and controlled. We often had air raid drills, and lights were not permitted at night

during those exercises. For me it was not so difficult. When they would ask me what nationality I was, I would say, *amerika jin desu ga, BOKU WA DOITSU KEI DESU*. Immediately they would say, *dozo irashaimase*, and all would be well. (After all I wasn't dumb.)

After the 1929 crash, all money from the U.S. was cut off. My Mom started teaching at Doshisha and my Dad began teaching at a military school. It was there he made good friends with the officers, one in particular who was a Lt. Col.

In the fall of 1940 a man came to our door dressed in Japanese civilian clothes. He gave his name card to our house boy who nearly fainted. He could barely call my father to the door. When my dad saw the man he broke out in a big smile and they both greeted each other warmly. I went over to the house boy and asked him what was wrong. He then told me that on his name card was his name and rank. He was a Major General. (No Japanese officer at that time walked around in civilian clothes, they all wore their uniforms. It was a badge of pride.) Now I was intrigued. As my dad told me later, he was the officer who was very close to him during the early 30's.

This General said for my dad to go to the U.S. for a meeting, to take us, however, leave all furniture and take only that which is necessary to travel. Tell the parishioners that you will be back in a few months. We left Dec. 1940, one year later the war broke out between the U.S. and Japan. Draw your own conclusion. (end)

Baldwin T. Eckel  
US Army MIS

*[Ed. Note: I thought this description of pre-war Japan to be fascinating. Oh, and I read Martin Cruz Smith's December 6. I found it to be a wonderful description of pre-War Japan and a very enjoyable and intriguing read. I recommend it highly.]*

**Lucie Anne  
Porterfield  
WAVE, Student &  
Teacher**

After separation I alternated spells of teaching high school Latin with work on the PhD, first at Columbia and then at Berkeley, which had the only good Latin and Greek facilities in the west. There I met the Associate Director of Development in one of the seminaries on Holy Hill. When she left and went east I started doing research for her on companies, donors, and potential donors. Later I helped write proposals for the various colleges we worked for. I continued this in Davis, which has a University and a library, and I must say I have enjoyed it immensely.

*[Ed. Note: The next paragraph discussed, at length, her hemochromatosis (a disease she said was also suffered by Arnold Schwarzenegger, a governor she might not have foreseen when she wrote this piece) and juvenile-onset, insulin dependent diabetes, both diseases of which may have led to her death in 1997.]*

Sorry, I don't remember any anecdotes, though I did get a laugh out of meeting Leone Moore after the final exam. She said she was tired and about ready to join the Divine Wind Self-Explosion Corps. It cracked me up then, and I think of it now when the kamikazes are mentioned. It sort of dims the horror. Then there was a football game with a college that had an Army unit. They played the *Kimigayo* during the break to identify a Zero and all the Navy people in the stands stood at attention. My date yanked me to my feet and when I asked why muttered, "Our second homeland." I went back to the University for summer school. I lived in an awful boarding house, but fortunately ran into Anne Nelson who said I could live in

the French House, which was in the Men's Dorm, so I spent a very pleasant summer there, taking two Ed courses for a California credential, horseback riding, and a year of Russian in 10 weeks. I thought we were going pretty fast so I asked the teacher how it compared with the Language School speed, and she said it was just the same. I was also going away every weekend, so I can assure you Russian is easier than Nihongo!

Lucie Anne Porterfield  
JLS 1944  
1918-1997

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

*[Ed. Note: I suppose Chinese and Japanese may be more difficult than Russian, for while Russian uses a completely different alphabet, it still uses letters and words. It's "all Greek to me," however, I can only parlez and sprechen un peu and ein bischen, and not even that beyond asking for another beer.]*

**Learning  
Cantonese in 1945  
Part III**

I remember little more than the names of a few of my fellow students. The only person with whom we maintained contact was Donald Leslie Dalley, of Bloomfield, NJ. I believe he continued to work after World War II for the Defense Department as a Chinese language specialist. He was also an artist, and we have hanging in our home a picture which he did in Chinese style, and gave us as a wedding present. Unfortunately, we subsequently lost contact. If he is still living I would like very much to have his present address, and to learn what his life has been *[Both Mr. & Mrs. Dalley passed away in the 1990s in Seabrook, NJ]*.

Another person I believe to have been in the Cantonese program is Joseph Flatow from Far Rockaway, NY, who was perhaps the only married officer in our program. Another was named White, but I am not sure

which of the Whites who are listed. Another may have been Melvin Dieter *[On our address list and who submitted his own account]*. If I perused the names long enough perhaps some others will come to mind.

We were all given Chinese names, which were either translations or transliterations of our American names. Since there are only about 400 family surnames in China we had to be placed in a proper family. My name was "Lau Tim Moh", which was in the Cantonese Lau family (Lui in Mandarin) with

the given names meaning "the killer endowed with courage". I guess I was supposed to strike fear or admiration into the heart of everyone I was to meet in China. I remember (because it sounded rather odd) the name of the person named White was "Bok Lok Duck"; Bok was the translation of White.

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

*[Ed. Note: We are finally getting stories from attendees and graduates of the other OLS language programs. I try to mix all groups in.]*

## **Donald A. Corlett, Sr. (1899-1981) JLS 1942**

I received your email that you had sent to me and my daughter Margie. Lt. Commander Donald A. Corlett (Senior) USN was my father. He was born in 1899 and passed away at the age of 82 in 1981. His wife, Mildred Corlett passed away in 1999 at the age of 95.

He indeed attended the U.S. Navy Japanese Language School at the University of California in Berkeley, CA in 1941-1942. At

the time my mother, brother and I had moved to the Berkeley area to be near my father. I think my father attended the JLS in Boulder, Colorado, and he also did something in the early forties with the US Navy in Seattle, Washington.

Since I was a boy when all this happened, I can go only so far in reconstructing his US Navy career. He did attend the Language School in Berkeley in 1941-1942. He spent some time after that in Washington, DC where he told me he received reports from US submarines

and identified Japanese merchant ships that has been sunk. About 1943 my mother, brother and I moved back to Portland, Oregon where my father and mother had lived immediately before WWII. I remember he was gone for a year or so, probably during 1943 and 1944.

After WWII, my father continued his interest in the Japanese language and spoke it regularly and also developed quite a skill in writing Japanese brush characters.

My father and mother were very colorful people. My father was one of the first radio operators on US merchant ships

starting in 1917 and told me he had crossed the Pacific 30 times. He got a BS from the U of Washington in "Maritime Business." In the late 1920's and the 1930's he lived in the Orient and was a shipping agent for the States Steamship Lines in Yokohama and Tokyo, Japan, and in Hong Kong, China. No doubt this background was instrumental in his activity in the U.S. Navy Japanese Language School. My mother had been born in China to missionaries, and was a missionary nurse in Canton, China where she met my father in 1936. They were married in 1936 and I was born

in Kobe, Japan in 1937.

We have quite a bit of interesting memorabilia from my father, which, quite frankly, I haven't known what to do with. He was quite a photographer and left a large box of photographic glass plates and photographs from living in Japan and Hong Kong in the late 20's and early 30's. There are also a number of photo albums with material. In addition, we still have some of his correspondence and a box of Japanese language text books that he had used. We also have some very special things. One is a box of letters he wrote to his mother

from 1917 to about 1936 from his various ports of call and locations. In addition, he made a photographic scrapbook of many of the places he visited during his working travels in the 20's and 30's. Some of these pictures must be priceless from a historical viewpoint. Most deal with Japan and China and provide an intriguing peak into the past.

*Donald A. Corlett, Jr.*

*[Ed. Note: It is most unusual to contact the family of a Berkeleyite, especially one whose family wishes to donate a substantial collection. We are pleased to assist the Corlett family with their JLS/Asia papers.]*