

# The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

November 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.*

## Mary Virginia Whitehouse Nagle WAVE & Professor

Mary Virginia Whitehouse received her BA from the Mather College of Case Western Reserve University in June of 1943, after which, she attended the US Navy Japanese Language School from July 1943 to September 1944. She was commissioned an Ensign, USNR, in the WAVES and served until 1946, reaching the rank of Lt. j.g.

Following her service in the Navy, she attended the Cranbrook Academy of Art in Design and Weaving until 1948. From 1949 to 1950, she managed the Modern Center, Inc., in Minneapolis. She lectured in Studio Arts at the University of Minnesota in the mid-1950s. during the late 1950s and early 1960s she was an interior designer for Barr's Interiors and a design consultant for the Minneapolis Gas Company.

In 1964, she began an academic career at the University of Minnesota in the Design Department. She was an assistant professor from 1964 to 1971 and was an associate professor from 1971 to 1989. She had always maintained her own studio and remained a design consultant on a limited basis throughout her career [culled from cv in the 1993 WAVE book]

"I was fortunate enough to be hired at a time when new and innovative changes were being made in the curriculum. My professional experience in the community as an interior designer provided a base for my teaching in two undergraduate programs of the college, Interior Design and Housing Studies, the latter a secondary emphasis.

For those of you who have been in academia, time in the classroom is but a small part of the responsibility of this kind of position. In the state of Minnesota, with its large rural population, I toured the state offering Continuing Education credit classes for teachers who needed to upgrade their skills, noncredit workshops for the general public which included professional consultations when time permitted.

I am fortunate that I have been able to combine my professional expertise with such a rewarding position. I also continued my interior design business which provided credibility and vitality to my teaching. Our program in Interior Design was accredited by the national organization for certifying these programs throughout the country. We are also fortunate to have a close alliance with the architectural program at the University as well as the practicing professionals here."

*Virginia Whitehouse Nagle  
JLS 1944*

*From the  
WAVE 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion Book, 1993*

*[Ed. Note: When a letter to her St. Paul address was returned, I called the Design Department at the*

*University of Minnesota. They told me she passed away about 5 years ago. The Rolph's confirmed this.]*

## So What ! (IV)

Again, toward the north of Okinawa, Americans had set up a very temporary POW stockade to contain those Japanese POWs too severely wounded to keep up with their comrades being taken to a regular stockade. On a spot of bare ground, out away from brush and trees, a barbed-wire enclosure had been raised with a pit dug out at one corner as a primitive toilet facility. Soldiers of the US Army stood guard at the single gate. Now under orders of this Army I assumed command of the stockade.

The POWs lay on the soil in their dire distress. Exposed to all weather, they had the essentials of rations and water; but few could benefit from the same because of their encrustation from hiding and the fly-blown putrefaction of their wounds. Most evidenced heavy pain; some had fallen unconscious and were dying. One could see the stoical and gaunt, the proud, the pale and unshaven, the tattered and rotten clothes. Where were the doctors? Where were the palliatives? Where was the hygiene? Was every one of these Japanese soldiers to lie there until dead and carried away by the guards?

I got busy. First off, I sought an American authority responsible for treating American wounded. Our brief encounter ended with my requesting, "What help can you give me? What doctors? What supplies? What anything?"

The reply was genuinely considerate: "Lieutenant Thornton, our hands are more than full with our own casualties. The only help I can possibly offer you is medical supplies and sanitation aides." Making good, he loaded me up.

Once back at the stockade I was eager to take a second step. This was to gain my superior's permission to hold back any

POW whose training was that of a Japanese medic in order that he might aide me in treating his fellow soldiers. Such authority was readily forthcoming. Early on, behind the barbed-wire I had noticed that one of the prisoners seemed to be aiding others worse off than he. As he leaned over them, he appeared to be easing their pain. So I caught up with Seichi Ozawa, a Japanese medic, a typical enemy, *bushido*-proud, tiny and wiry, cold and distant, but willing.

Sitting down alone with Seichi, I struggled in my broken Japanese to tell him what I had brought back from the American field hospital and why I had to have someone like himself at my side. Then we set about the work before us, and I knew right off the bat that there was one lesson that had to be learned. Seichi had led me over to the first prisoner, one with a gaping wound to his leg; and Seichi had reached out to turn that leg into my full view. The prisoner gasped and tried to withdraw, whereupon Seichi struck him solidly across both cheeks before I pulled him away. Then and there I made my point: this stockade was in *American* hands, not *Japanese*; treatment of the wounded would be my way, not his. Rather sullenly he came to this understanding. Then we really went to work. And what a partnership it proved to be! (to be cont'd)

*Robert D. Thornton  
JLS 1944*

## Alice J. Moore JLS 1944 (1921-2004)

LISBON- Ms. Moore was born on March 8, 1921 in Ogdensburg, the daughter of James D. and Mary (Hutchinson) Moore. She graduated from Heuvelton High School as valedictorian. She graduated from St. Lawrence University with a B.S. in psychology. After college, she was employed by General Electric briefly and then served in the US Navy Reserves

from 1944 to 1946 as a WAVE officer. She attended the Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado and worked as a Japanese Language Officer.

She took graduate studies in Zurich, Switzerland and Florence, Italy. After her discharge from the Navy, she was employed by the U.S. State Department as a Foreign Service Officer. She was a fluent speaker of seven different languages and was posted in Washington, DC; Rome, Italy; Paris, France; Madrid, Spain; and Vienna, Austria while employed by the State Department from 1950 to 1975.

1945. About June '45 some of us, myself included, were sent to

She retired in 1975 after many years of service and returned to her birthplace. She enjoyed reading, poetry, writing to family and friends, her gardens of flowers and vegetables and was a volunteer Spanish interpreter at local prisons. Memorial donations may be made to the charity of one's choice.

She died Monday (Feb. 16, 2004) at the Claxton-Hepburn Medical Center, Ogdensburg. She is survived by a sister, Mary Elisabeth Walkinshaw of Douglas, Wyo.; two brothers and

Do you have any plans of publishing a directory of the graduates of the class of early their wives, Harry and Beulah Moore of Ogdensburg and Clinton and Doris Moore of Downingtown, Pa.; and several nieces, nephews, and great nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by three sisters: Johanna Wicks, Mary Roberts and Henrietta Putney; and two brothers, Wade and John Moore.

Funeral services for Alice J. Moore, 82, of the Cemetery Road, Ogdensburg will be held Sunday at 2pm at the Reformed Presbyterian Covenant Church in Lisbon, with Rev. Steve Rockhill

Boulder was very good to me. I was introduced to the joys of co-ed education by a wonderful officiating. A nephew, Rev. John Putney, will assist with the service. Burial will be at Campbell Cemetery in the spring. Calling hours will be held on Saturday from 4-7 p.m. at the Fox-McLellan Funeral Home, Ogdensburg.

*Submitted by*

*John Moore (Nephew)*

*Taken from*

*Watertown Daily Times  
(Watertown, NY, 2/2004)*

*[Ed. Note: Mr. Moore found our website and is learning more about his remarkable aunt and the language program she so valued.]*

## Father Robert Deiters SJ, OLS

Dear Father Deiters:

Would you be the same Robert M. Deiters who attended the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School in 1945?

Dear David, yes, I am the same man, now pushing 80 living as a Catholic missionary in Japan for the past 52 years. I, a Marine private studying at Cornell University in the Navy V-12 College Training Program, was assigned to the Language School at Boulder in March,

Oklahoma A&M University in Stillwater, Oklahoma where a new branch of the Navy Japanese Language School was opened. As soon as the war ended two months later, I applied for an early discharge and left the service soon after that without completing the program. Please ask if I can help your project with more information.

*Fr. Robert M. Deiters, SJ  
OLS 3/45-9/45*

## Class of 1944

1944? I'd like to know who is still around, and I'd like help in getting past the first words of many phrases that come back on occasional sleepless nights:

*Mukashi, mukashi aru tokoro ni....(momotaro), and Heieki ni tsuite wa, meiji roku nin ni....(past waga kuni wa);* 'Twas in the town of New Haven in the Fall of '42.... I can only remember the full text of "Everyone's doing the *keibajo*, now that we've finished with the *kokubo*, So with an *ichi ni san shi* off we go to NavTechJap at *Sa-a-sebo*."

girl with whom I had "study dates at the Libe", and two-some steaks at Wayne's. And the language skill gave me entry to the Harvard Business School, the job of manager of Jeep sales from Hokkaido to Karachi, and a career in international business ending in the founding and ownership of West Africa's largest poultry farm.

Now such travel is as a tourist, leaving the beauties (and wood splitting exercise) of Vermont for the stimulus of the city (where I love to startle

Japanese tourists in an elevator  
with a *shitsu rei itashimasu*).

*Ned Coffin*  
*JLS 1944*

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