

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 93A

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

November 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.

Barbara Shuey

WAVE & Professeur Parisienne

Barbara Shuey was born in Berkeley, California on June 21, 1915. She attended the University of California at Berkeley, receiving her BA in 1936 (Phi Beta Kappa), her General Secondary Teaching Certificate in 1937, and her MA in 1939. Her major subject was French. She was a Teaching Assistant in French from 1939 to 1943, when she attended the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado. She graduated in September 1944, was commissioned an Ensign, USNR in the WAVES, and was assigned to Washington, DC.

After the War, she returned to her Instructorship at Berkeley until 1947. In 1947 and 1948, she took work at the AEP School in Tokyo, as a teacher of French, Spanish and English during the Occupation of Japan.

In 1950, she went to France as a teacher for US Army, Paris. She attended the university of

Paris (Sorbonne), taking the Cours de civilisation française in 1951 and the Special Training Course for Teachers of French Abroad in 1952. She taught French for the US Army in Paris until 1954. She worked for the University of Paris student residence unit from 1955 until 1962 as a cultural assistant, "more assistant than cultural", she joked. From 1962 to the 1990s she taught English at the Ecole Militaire in Paris as well as performing freelance translation and whilom lexicography. Her name appears on the title pages of the 1954, 1960 and the 1973 Librairie Larousse French-English dictionaries, despite, as she remarked, "sedulously refraining from paying royalties".

"My memories of Boulder and Washington do not include any very outstanding recollections. I do recall being threatened with a court martial at one point as the result of having allowed a few sheets of uninteresting translations to fall out of a window at the Communications Annex. Luckily, the War was over, and Commander Ernest Kroll [*The poet whose line "Home, not Rome" now graces Pennsylvania Avenue. A poet disciplining a French professor in pursuit of intelligence security, what next?*] settled matters by getting a carpenter to nail the screen shut.

As for my admission to the Japanese Language School, there was the desire to contribute to the War effort, plus the irresistible lure of new language study.

I have been living in Paris uninterruptedly since 1950, with no return trips to the USA. Down the years, I have received visits in Paris from the following exWAVES: Jean Barnes (Morden), Blanche Belitz, Helen Craig (McCullough), Lucia Lhamon, Nancy Pearce (Helmbold), Avis Pick (Waring), Patricia Shannon (Milford), Frances Shepard (Fuller) and Abbie Jane White (Bakony).

Lucia paused briefly in France in the Summer of 1961, and seemed very happy and poised, shortly before undertaking her ill-fated assignment with the Peace Corps. Pat Shannon and her husband made two trips to Paris in the late 70s. She was always delightful to be with, and we corresponded regularly until the end of her life"

Barbara Shuey
JLS 1944
1915-2001

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

[Ed. Note: Issue #62 related the death of Ms. Shuey in Paris and the closest "family" there being Eric and Marie-France Gilles, who took care of her affairs. They are on our mailing list, although we have never heard from them.

Eric Gilles
7, avenue de Beaumont
60260 Lamorlaye
France]

Field Day (Illinois)

I.

Blackbirds,
Skimming the planet,
Dip to sit on the corn.

II.

Lacking speech, the corn
Nevertheless finds words,
Occasionally uttering
Blackbirds.

Ernest Kroll
Harvard JLS 1942
1914-1993

Vol. 6, No. 3, Summer 1967.
Michigan Quarterly Review.
v. ill. 26 cm., v. 1- Jan. 1962-
Ann Arbor,
University of Michigan

[Ed Note: Even in poetry, Kroll was translating. This time blackbird to corn.]

So What ! (V)

Somehow I arranged for water to be heated so as to cleanse about the wounds as well as the persons; I did what I could to replace rags with something more substantial and clean; and I soon upped toiletry and toilet, rations and bedding. Seichi had soon examined what I had brought back for him to work with the wounds, arresting further deterioration wherever he could, then bandaging as he was able with sterilized gauze and tape. Cutting became pretty much my specialty, although there were times when I trusted him with a knife or scissors under my eyes.

Each day we worked long and hard; I wish I could say we achieved miracles, but we did not. Hardly a day did we know without another arrival or two; hardly a day, without another body to remove. Just soon enough both my work and my spirits were enlightened by getting to know several *Nisei* [second-generation Japanese-Americans] soldiers, themselves interrogators in branches of the Army 1st Division. Often when I found myself stuck, they unstuck me.

It was from these same *Nisei* that I accepted my first invitation out: supper with them. Outside they had a roaring fire with a large pot over it at half-boil. Ready to go in was a huge, bright green cabbage not long out of a neighboring Okinawan garden. At last something fresh! And, surely, sake as well as hard stuff to set off an assortment of standard rations. I stuffed myself with cabbage and had nary one thought for what I was to remember about night soil.

The acute infectious hepatitis knocked me for a loop. Just when, I can no longer be sure. I vaguely recall that I made it back to the stockade before succumbing, but how did I get to the nearest field hospital I'll never know. By aid of a *Nisei*? A guard? Somehow at any rate. I was brought unconscious and I remained so for the next six days. When I came

out of the darkness into the light, I was looking up at an Army doctor-major, a smiling Texan, red-haired, tall, and strong, in clean khakis with creases no less. I am not one to forget his first words, "You know Lieutenant, we thought we had lost you." He bent over and injected me. I fell fast asleep and never came to on the long flight by hospital plane back to Pearl Harbor via either Saipan or Guam. I knew no goodbye to my stockade, nor one word of thanks to Seichi. (to be cont'd)

Robert D. Thornton
JLS 1944

Not A Forgotten Enterprise

Thank you for your letter of June 8th [*sadly a year and a half late*]. [Although a Russian Program graduate,] I am also interested in the JLS aspect of things, since the social side overlapped with the cultural. The surnames there with whom I was most familiar were Ivan Morris, (as well as Royal Navy Officers: Quine, Wilkinson, and Catt), in case there are gaps in your records.

...My own sympathies are on the side of archivism, possibly inherited from my father, who

was a book dealer and collector. Besides that, I have the largest collection in the world of reproducing – piano – artiste - recorded rolls of a leading make.

I remember the Russian programme with great precision and went on to take an Oxford BA and MA in Russian studies. Others tended to forget the language, but I kept it alive. Of my class, I was the valedictorian, as you may be aware [*No, those Navy records did not survive*].

Yes, please send any information you have on attendees. Certainly many names will have slipped my memory,

but not those of my teachers. Most of them have come over from France, and I had the advantage of being fluent in French, so that I could tap their brains on matters linguistic. And yes, I am in touch with Charles Brink, who sent some photos that I was able to enhance on my computer.

Thank you again for contacting me. I had thought that we were a forgotten enterprise!

Gerald C. Stonehill
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: Neglected, I admit, but not forgotten.]

Reprise on Okamoto Sensei

I did not know of the passing of Okamoto Sensei until I saw the story in the 15Oct04 issue of *The Interpreter*. Each section (I was in S-7) of our July 1943 "Summer Group" graduating class at Boulder had its individual mix of sensei, as sensei assignments and availability developed during our 14 months at USN JLS CU. Our section head was Sensei John Yumoto, who did a superb job of advancing our understanding of

both the Japanese language and Japan itself, and the majority of our time was spent with him. Sensei Okamoto was probably second in time spent with us, including instruction in all three of the major subject – reading Naganuma, conversation, and writing kanji and kana. I also had the privilege of occasional lunches and other visits with him here in the S.F. area after VJ Day. It was a special pleasure to see him and several Okamoto family members at the JLS/OLS Reunion at Boulder. He was a wonderful friend, certainly was

tireless in his furthering of my progress at the JLS, and his passing is a loss, leaving unforgettable memories.

Dan S. Williams
JLS 1943

'The Older We Get..., The Better We Were.'

After several weeks visiting my son's family in Santa Cruz, CA, [*last year*], I had lunch again with John Rosendale. In the midst of our libations he exclaimed: "Do you realize, Cal, that our Guam days were *sixty*

years ago!" Boy, *tempus fugit* and we are lucky to be old ginks celebrating it. (I'll be eighty in December and he is several years older than me.)

I called Tom Carey and we got up to date on JL stuff. He has a wrist problem that was bedeviling him, so we put off our lunch until next spring. Carey told me that he wrote Dr. Dingman (USC) where to get his book and Dingman sent him a copy with a nice letter. (Cont'd)

Cal Dunbar
USMCEL 1944