

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.

A Malay Graduate II

Paul Mussen returned to his parents' home in Connecticut in 1946 and was admitted to the Yale graduate program in Psychology, obtaining his Ph.D. in 1949. His first job was at the University of Wisconsin, and in 1951 he moved to the Ohio State University in Columbus as an Assistant Professor in Clinical Psychology. I came as a graduate student in Speech Pathology and Audiology to OSU at the same time, we met in 1952 and married in 1953. We remained in Columbus until the fall of 1955 at which time Paul received a Ford Fellowship to do post graduate research at the University of California in Berkeley. The research was a continuation of work he had done in 1953 on a longitudinal study of Child Development, his favorite area, and he was invited to stay on as a member of the UC faculty in that field. He retired in 1986 after a decade as director of the Institute of Human Development as well as full Professor. He acquired

international renown as co-author of a basic text, *Child Development and Personality*, with John Conger (later Dean of the Medical School of the University of Colorado), and still later with Jerome Kagan and Aletha Huston as co-authors of subsequent editions. This book endured as a basic text through eight editions and was translated into many languages which promoted invitations to lecture, teach, and visit all over the world. He also authored *The Psychological Development of the Child, Roots of Caring and Sharing*, and edited the *Handbook of Child Development*, as well as other books, articles and chapters in other publications. His feeling for language gave him the reputation of being a superb professional editor and, as a voracious reader and theater-movie-goer, he always judged the quality of writing.

Paul felt a special kinship for Boulder, returning to attend a major seminal conference on the field of Psychology in 1949, and as a visiting professor at the University the summer of 1954. He joked that he had to return every five years or so. The summer of '54, he was teaching but also completing the first volume of *Child Development and Personality* with Dr. Conger, who had moved to Denver in 1953.

His knowledge of Malay caused amusement in two instances. On our visit to Java and Bali in 1976, he found that he could read signs and converse with guides and taxi drivers to everyone's mutual delight. On a 1972 visit to Israel he impressed our children when he discovered that he could read a menu in Sanskrit. Beyond that, except for a few catch-word phrases that he used around the house, his skill was never put to the test. The US war bypassed the archipelago. He was however, fluent in French and Italian, relatively fluent in German, remembered

his high school Latin, could get by in Spanish-speaking countries, but required a translator in China and Japan. His English was classy and salty as befit a New Englander.

He died in Berkeley in July, 2000, from prostate cancer and its complications.

I have little else to add. He was first a master of language who served his country, but not really a military man. He fought discrimination and prejudice all his life and won fame as a champion of teaching pro-social behavior to children everywhere. I cannot help but be grateful that he did not live to see 9/11 and the world that followed.

Ethel F. Mussen, Ph.D.

[Ed. Note: Our first article on a Malay language graduate, and we are looking for more. We had been in contact with Mrs. Waggoner, but she asked to be dropped from our rolls long ago.]

Magee's Navy (4)

A much more interesting task was poring over the battle logs of Japanese military units. One purpose was to look for clues related to Americans, such as American aircraft, that were missing in action.

In early summer, 1946, I was released from active service and returned to Bowdoin College. Although my Japanese studies had done little to advance the war effort, I was able to convince the Dean at Bowdoin to give me academic credit for the year of study that advanced me well along toward graduation.

After military service, I had little opportunity to use my familiarity with Japanese, except for the occasional Japanese movie or visitor. Later, I did have a chance to make several visits to Japan and explore the country; enough of the language remained to be minimally helpful. One occasion stands out in my memory: I was working with a client in Japan and was asked to join a dinner with the

elderly chairman of a large Japanese [company] with whom my client was seeking to cooperate. The dinner was in the Imperial Hotel and the arrangement was very stuffy. I was seated next to the guest of honor; he spoke no English and I, not enough Japanese to make conversation. After we sat in silence for a while drinking several glasses of excellent Japanese whiskey, I impulsively burst into a recitation of the first several lines of the old tale, "Momo Taro". The chairman burst out laughing, gathered the party up and took us off to his favorite geisha restaurant for an unforgettable evening of fun and games.

So, in the end, it was worth the effort. (End)

*John F. Magee
OLS 1945*

What a Way to Wage War

Although I didn't know it at the time, my World War II career was set in the summer of 1941 in South America. In the spring of our junior year, much to my surprise, the University gave me a grant to travel to Colombia to gather material for my senior thesis. Off I sailed, and no sooner had I arrived in Colombia than I ran into a group of American college students sponsored by the Experiment in International Living. The roster read like an Ivy League directory – two students each from Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Vassar, Radcliffe and Wellesley. In fact, the two Princetonians were classmates of mine. I spent a fair amount of time with this genial group, and I regret to report that I remember more about the carefree time with them than I do about gathering thesis material, although I must have done some of that as the thesis did ultimately get written. What has all this got to do with the war? Well, one of the Yalies and I turned out to be kindred spirits in our fascination with foreign languages. Hank

Bradford and I tried to out-boast each other in what we knew, and what we could say, in how many different languages. We got to be great friends. (To be cont'd)

Wallace M. Erwin
JLS 1943

from The Princeton Class of 1942
During World War II: The Individual
Stories. Ed. Charles B. Blackmar,
The Class of 1942
Princeton University, 2000.

[Ed. Note: Ivy leaguers out- boasting
each other, who would have
guessed? I went to the University of
Idaho, we don't brag much.]

A 1940s Garage Band

How about a housing story? Wife of a week and I arrive and with true Navy instinct start nest hunting. The classifieds quickly produce a second story room on Spruce Street, no kitchen privileges. But heck, when you're just married who spends a lot of time in the kitchen? What we need, both being musicians, is a piano. Our landlady, Blanche Eager (that's right - single and 60) is OK with that and the

classifieds produce an \$80 upright with the serial numbers filed off. Paid for and delivered the next day, it jams and sticks in the steep narrow stairway up to our room unable to make the bend up the first stairs. 911. Jaws of life. Finally out on the front porch. Eager is eager to get rid of it and us. Classified has a one room with burner, coal stove, and tub on an alley - a garage sort of. But BIG door for piano. Outrageous rent - \$20 per month. A tribe of Indians had just been evicted for complaining to the rent board

about excessive rent. We take it and move in. The Indians' complaint is acted on favorably by the rent board and our rent is reduced to \$15 per month. Blanche Eager is happy. She begins to send us love letters from sex-starved Navy post office workers in Chicago who see her name on mail and assume the worst/best. She pleads with us to send them to WAVES and other single girls who, using her name, can maybe meet some cool guys. Love pre-internet style. Our musical love garage produced little musicians, one of

whom is now the cellist in Secretary of State Condileesa Rice's string quintet - Rice is a fine pianist - had my son sing as one of the three kings of Orient are, with the Secretary of Defense and the Attorney General of the US at her little Christmas party, including the President and a couple of other close friends. Not born in a manger but close to it.

Bryan M. Battey
OLS 1946

[Ed. Note: Great story! Imagine
singing "We Three Kings" with
those particular cabinet secretaries,
no telling what their gifts are.]

Childhood Memories

Newsletters that have stirred me to want to write to you have dealt with Ken Ringle and Joe Rochefort. I have vague recollections of Ken Ringle, who was in Japan as a young Naval officer studying Japanese when I was a very young boy --probably in the late 20's. He was a friend of my parents and a frequent visitor to our home. I recall our Japanese domestic help used to laugh at his last name, which they would pronounce as "ringo", the word for apple in Japanese. Joe Rochefort's son, Joe, was a contemporary of mine

when we were in the lower grades of The American School in Japan, circa 1930.

Richard Moss
JLS 1943

W.E. Winebrenner, OLS 1945

Sorry not to reply sooner because of the Christmas rush. Yes, Walter Edwin Winebrenner who graduated from Japanese Language School from the University of Colorado is the same person who founded our company. We got married in the Philippines in 1965 where he was assigned by the C.V.

Starr Group of companies to run their general insurance business here. He worked in New York and Germany for the company and went to Afghanistan for the US State Department. After his retirement, he set up his own company, Winebrenner & Iñigo Insurance Associates, Inc., insurance brokers. (To be cont'd)

Carolina Iñigo Winebrenner
Widow of Walter Winebrenner

New Recruits

Mrs. N. A. Vardac kin
N. S. Curtis OLS Russian, 1945
Mrs. T.P. Marker kin
G.L. Chesnut OLS Russian 1945
J. Kultgen OLS Chinese 1945
D.K. Switzer OLS 1946