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.

INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR JAMES W. MORLEY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY (RET)

(cont’d) Research in Occupied Japan

The problem there was that no foreign scholars had been admitted into Japan since the Occupation began. It was not until December 1950 that the bar was lowered, and Arthur Tiedemann and I were given permission, providing we had a place to stay. A missionary friend in Japan found me an apartment in Kyoto. I packed up my family immediately and boarded the President Wilson for the ten-day voyage across the Pacific.

Angel: And how did you find Japan?

Morley: At first it was frightening. What spoken Japanese I had learned at Boulder atrophied. The universities in Kyoto could not receive foreign students; and in any event the professors I called on said they could not help me with my research. For two months I took to the streets, dropping into stores, especially tea and antique shops, and tried to practice my Japanese on the hapless store owners.

Finally, desperate to get at my research, I went up to Tokyo and took an apartment in an old fashioned Japanese house in Seijo machi, and then, learning that the Japanese Foreign Ministry, which had been shut down, was holed up in a former Mitsubishi Bank building in Toranomon, I knocked on the door and asked if they had any materials on the Siberian Expedition.

I can’t help thinking that the Ministry must have thought that I was an Occupation spy, except that I spoke so poorly and my story seemed so improbable, but to my great relief, I was invited in. For more than a year I was given work space, provided with the documents I sought, and helped by an extraordinary Ministry official, Kurihara Ken, a man who knew the Foreign Ministry Archives intimately, was devoted to historical truth, and became a lifelong friend, not only to me, but to many American scholars thereafter.

Of course, living in Tokyo five years after the end of the war was an experience I shall never forget—the veterans in hospital garb begging in the streets, the sidewalks laden with household goods that burned-out families were offering for sale, the tuberculosis that infected so many of the academics, and yet—I could not get over the beauty of the countryside, the fabulous, exotic richness of the culture, and most of all the sincere friendship offered by so many Japanese we came to know. I returned a Japanophile, determined to do what I could to strengthen the understanding between our two countries, that between us we would see war no more.

An Unexpected Career Move

Angel: Had you always wanted to be a teacher?

Morley: No, that was one profession I had had no interest in. I had entered the PhD program simply to learn. So when I finished my work at Columbia and the support from the GI bill and the University came to an end, I found myself broke, with a family, and no plans. At this point one of my professors called me in, told me of a teaching position at Union College in Schenectady, New York, and advised me strongly to get on the train the next day and get the job. Having no alternative, I did. The first years were hard—fifteen hours a week of European history and three of Asian history, for $2,800 and a war-surplus barracks building to live in, but I found I enjoyed working with students and valued the freedom to do my own work, so, when the invitation came in 1954 to join the faculty of the newly formed East Asian Institute at Columbia and teach graduate courses in Japanese and Chinese politics (Yes, Chinese politics too), I leapt at it. Hey, that was a challenge! (to be cont’d)

Robert Angel Japan Considered
University of South Carolina College of Arts and Sciences Department of Political Science

The Diplomatic Contribution of the USN JLS/OLS

(Cont’d) We have featured a number of Foreign Service Officers and State Department people in articles and obituaries: Thomas Ainsworth (above); R. Stuart Hummel (#12); Edward Seidensticker (#21); Halsey Wilbur (#24); Albert L. Reiner (#32); Leonard Weiss (#72); (Carl) Ferris Miller (#61A); Manning Williams (#95A); Robert D. Yoder (#96); Harman Parker (#99); Foster Parmelee (#104); Laurence Thompson (#117A) Lyne Starling Few (#119) and Richard W. Petree (#129A), among others.

Robert D. Yoder OLS 1946

(Japanese), I found on the web that he was an Occupation spy, except that I left some names out. Please let us know if I left you out of this article, as I will include you later.

Looking for more specific Foreign Service information about Robert D. Yoder OLS 1946 (Chinese), I found on the web that he had Chinese language skills. He was 82.

Robert Dunathan Yoder, a retired Foreign Service Officer, community service volunteer, outdoorsman, and environ-mentalist, died at his home in Springfield, Vermont, on May 21, 2005. He was 82.

Mr. Yoder was born in Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania. He graduated from Findlay College in 1943. He enlisted in the US Navy and was sent to study Chinese at the University of Colorado. He was honorably discharged in 1946.

Mr. Yoder entered the Department of State in 1947 as a clerk and was posted to Kunming. He was evacuated following the Chinese Communists’ conquest of the mainland in 1949. He was detailed to Cornell University, then Yale University, to perfect his Chinese language skills. He was assigned to Manila in 1950 as a political assistant. He was transferred to Hong Kong in 1952 as an economic assistant. He was commissioned as an FSO in 1956. He was assigned to State from 1957 to 1961. In 1961 he was sent to Quebec as a consular officer. He returned to State in 1965 to work as an intelligence research analyst. He was assigned primarily in the Bureau of International Organization Affairs, notably as Antarctica Treaty Officer.

After his retirement in 1974, he visited Antarctica as a consultant to State to help assess whether the provisions of the treaty were being honored.

After returning to Springfield, he worked for or volunteered with the Southeast Council on the Arts, the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, Vermont Public Television, the United Way, and the Vermont Land Trust. He was thrice elected to serve as a selectman, and was also a justice of the peace. He was an avid sailor, kayaker, and hiker, including in the Himalayas.

Mr. Yoder is survived by his wife, Dorothy Yoder, two children, four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. (to be cont’d)
John A. Kneubuhl
Navy JLO, Hollywood
Scriptwriter, Playwright
& Samoan History and
Language Expert

Of mixed Samoan/American ancestry, John A. Kneubuhl was an acclaimed Pacific Island playwright who died in 1992. Born of Samoan, English and German ancestry, Kneubuhl grew up in his Samoan grandmother's thatched hut until he was 13 years old. He was educated at Punahou and Yale and wrote plays for the Honolulu Community Theater. He joined the US Navy in 1942, entering the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado in July 1942, and graduated in August 1943. He served as a Navy Japanese Language Officer.

After the War, he spent 20 years as a TV writer in Hollywood, writing scripts for the Wild, Wild West, Waterfront, Markham, West Point Story, and other shows.

After a career in script-writing, he moved to Hawaii, as Nadine Kam states, “in his search of home and identity, two themes that ran through much of his later work.” The latter part of his career was spent back in Hawaii and Samoa, researching, writing, and lecturing on Samoan language and Polynesian history and continuing to work on plays like Think of a Garden and Mele Kanikau. In this pursuit he authored: *Samoan: an Interpretive History; Samoan Language and Culture Curriculum Guide; 'Upa Samoan' = Samoan Words: a Guide for Bilingual Teachers; among other works.*

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**Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century**

9. Valedictorian address in Japanese

Autobiographical essays by Donald Keene

My first stop on the train was New Orleans. I had long hoped to see the one American city marked by French culture. Around me on the train were men and women of my age and soon we began talking, sharing our experiences of travel. I have rarely had a conversation with a stranger aboard an airplane, but when travel was generally by train, it was normal to converse with one’s neighbors. People told their troubles and even their secrets to strangers on a train, confident they would never see the strangers again. No matter how tedious a long train journey might be, the atmosphere of the train favored conversation. I wonder if conversations with strangers on an airplane are so much rarer because one never entirely loses one’s fear of flying and exhibiting conversational memories.

In New Orleans I had time between trains to eat a fine meal at a French restaurant. I had never been much interested in food. My idea of the supreme delicacy was shrimps in lobster sauce, as served in Cantonese restaurants. Paul Blum, who took me to various restaurants in New York, had taught me to appreciate the glories of French cuisine.

The next part of the journey took me over the vast emptiness of Texas. I generally enjoy looking out train windows, but for many miles in Texas there is nothing to look at except barren land and an occasional lonely house or cow. Not until the train reached Arizona did I feel again the pleasure of travel. When the train stopped at some small town in Arizona I got out on the platform and breathed the clean air. It was February, but it felt like a perfect spring day. Why do people live in New York, I asked myself.

The last part of the journey was from Los Angeles to Berkeley. I arrived late at night. Fortunately, the room there had reserved at the International House had been saved for me. I was very tired and fell asleep, my first night on a bed in five days. In the morning I woke and looked out to see flowers in bloom and girls wearing sweaters in pastel colors walking along the street. It is probably snowing now in New York, I thought.

Later in the morning I went to the university building mentioned in the letter from the Navy. Other men had already assembled. I looked them over, thinking these would be my classmates. It did not occur to me that some would also be my friends for life.

We were divided up into classes on the basis of the extent of our prior knowledge of Japanese. No class was larger than six. We had class for four hours a day six days a week, and an examination every Saturday. Two hours each day were devoted to reading, one to conversation, and one to dictation. In addition, we were expected to spend at least four hours preparing for the next day’s classes. Although it was not mentioned at the time, gradually becoming aware that we would learn nothing about the Navy, the Navy had wisely decided that learning about the Navy would divert our attention from learning Japanese. We did not wear uniforms even after being formally inducted into the Navy.

Our teachers were mainly kibei–Japanese-Americans who had been born in America, sent to Japan for schooling, and then had returned to America. Very few had previous experience teaching Japanese (or any other subject), but they threw themselves into their work with devotion. It did not take long for the students to become fond of the teachers, and this feeling was reciprocated. I did not know until recently that the teachers had been expected to pressure and abuse other Japanese-Americans, interned in camps in the desert, for their willingness to cooperate with their oppressors, but I never noticed the slightest reluctance to teach us; instead they seemed delighted with our progress in learning Japanese.

The students consisted of two groups. Members of the first group had grown up in Japan, the sons of missionaries or businessmen. Some had lived in China rather than Japan, but the Navy seems to have considered this would help them in learning Japanese. The other group consisted of people like myself who had done well in their studies, particularly in foreign languages. The latter group, mostly from major universities on the east coast, formed an assembly of exceptional talent. Of the foreigners, the experience of learning Japanese is a major event that links them to everyone else who has studied Japanese. Years later, when I travelled in Europe, it was easy to make friends with professors of Japanese wherever I went. Regardless of the country or the differences in our political opinions, the experience of memorizing kanji and learning Japanese grammar created important ties between us.

The textbook used at the language school had been prepared years earlier by Naganuma Naoe for teaching Japanese to American naval officers in Japan. Unlike the texts I had studied before, some intended for children, others aimed solely at acquiring a reading knowledge of Japanese, these suited the Navy’s needs in wartime. The language was a mystery, but the Navy seems to have decided that learning about the Navy would divert our attention from learning Japanese. We did not wear uniforms even after being formally inducted into the Navy.

The textbooks used in the language school had been prepared years earlier by Naganuma Naoe for teaching Japanese to American naval officers in Japan. Unlike the texts I had studied before, some intended for children, others aimed solely at acquiring a reading knowledge of Japanese, these suited the comprehensive method of instruction at the school. We were trained as translators and interpreters in a time of war, and this required as complete and varied a knowledge of Japanese as possible, not solely of military matters. Once, someone came into the translation office at Pearl Harbor with a mysterious Japanese code. I recognized it as shakuhachi music, having seen it at a teacher’s house.

We studied hard at the language school through their fear of not being rewarded for proficiency. Everyone who graduated from the school was commissioned, regardless of his marks in the weekly tests. Perhaps there was an element of patriotism in performing one’s best in wartime when other young men were dying for their country, but I believe that a more important reason for diligence was the desire of each student to prove that his own university was the best.

After eleven months we were granted a leave. I gave then eighteen months, but we were told our services were urgently needed. We could now read not only printed Japanese but even some cursive script, and could write in Japanese a letter or a brief report. I gave the valedictorian address, speaking for about half an hour in Japanese, a language in which I could not have uttered one sentence a year before.

Donald L. Keene

Navy JLO, Hollywood

Scriptwriter, Playwright

& Samoan History and

Language Expert

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**Student By-Lines**

Last week [month, for us] Student By-Lines began the story of a San Francisco family’s wartime odyssey from their home at Post and Webster to Seabiscuit’s stall at Tanforan Race Track. You met Dr. Kitagawa and his children, Kay and George. Not wanting his children to go to the relocation camps, the good doctor arranged for them to be hastily enrolled in the only college that would accept them, the University of Colorado. As Part One was ending they boarded the California Zephyr in Oakland not knowing what awaited them at the Denver Station. Relieved that, instead of indifference, there was a welcoming committee waiting for them, “two sobbing Asians alighted from the train.” To continue a Fromm Institute student’s personal tale of survival in a world turned upside down, here’s Part Two of “Relocation” authored by Kaya Kitagawa Sugiyama, University of Colorado at Boulder.

**RELOCATION (2)**

[The Kitagawa siblings’] Our first impression of the University
of Colorado was idyllic, for the campus situated a mile high in the Rockies seemed unreal with mighty slabs of red rocks jutting up into the azure blue sky. Brother George was being transferred from Stanford University in Palo Alto, and I from an inner city campus life, unaware of the fact that we were under constant surveillance from the federal government, the university, and the townspeople. Unknowingly, when the state of Colorado accepted us as students from California, we had been under their investigation for six months.

We felt furtive and insecure during the first few days after arriving at the university, for the nagging feelings and thoughts cropped up periodically of our family who were uncertain of their destination. As the days turned into the end of the first week, a white, coconut-covered, marshmallow frosted cake, the size of a large snowman’s head (white candles included), was airmailed from Yuli’s kitchen in Loomis, California. Yuli, a classmate from San Francisco State College had returned to Loomis, a small “bus-stop” community of fruit orchards situated in the foothills of the Mother Lode. From the veranda which circled Yuli’s Victorian house, one could view in all directions the various fruit trees on her ranch, for this redwood Victorian House stood on top of a knoll. This exquisite cake was the beautiful cake and celebrated my birthday with new friends at the Victorian House. From #128 September 29, 2003

Robert H. B. Wade, US official, envoy

Following his retirement from government service in 1973, Dr. Wade worked in the nonprofit sector. He served as executive director of the Foreign Student Service Council until 1977. Until his retirement in 1985, Dr. Wade directed the DC office of the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business, an agency responsible for accrediting university-level business schools.

Dr. Wade was an active member of the French Heritage Society and the Chevy Chase Club. He belonged to the Fifth Church of Christ Scientist in Washington, D.C.

In addition to his son, Dr. Wade leaves his wife of 58 years, Eleanor Borden Wade, of Washington, D.C., and North Chatham; and two grandchildren.

Morley: The questions being asked about Japan are different than they were in the early post-war years. There were concerns, for example, with whether the Japanese economy could ever recover even to its pre-war level, whether it would keep its new democracy and whether the US-Japan relationship would last. Well, Japan is a different place today. It is a far more comfortable place to live, but it is hardly without problems. Its economy has at last caught up with the West, but is now plagued with recession. Its society is in far better circumstances, but now it is being shaken by the rising demands of its women for equality, its youth for more recognition, and its aged for greater support. And its political parties seem to have lost their way. And on and on.

Our political scientists, being so contemporaneously oriented, have therefore had to grapple with constantly changing problems. Fortunately, over the years faculty members have become better trained than at any previous time. And their students have come better prepared: many have had undergraduate courses on Japan, many have already acquired basic language skills, and many have lived in Japan, so that our teaching and our research have grown more sophisticated.

On the other hand, in our graduate programs particularly, an old problem still troubles us: how much attention to give to the study of Japan in all its ramifications and how much to the theoretical questions and approaches integral to the discipline. Our first approach was to say that they were equally necessary and we built doctoral programs requiring both area study and disciplinary study, trusting our students to integrate them productively. Some students were able to do that, some were not. In any event, as the discipline has become more sophisticated, the political science theorists have pushed back, insisting...
Nobutaka Ike
expert on Japanese
East Asian politics
dead at 89

Briefly confined to
internment camp during
World War II but
released for language skills

Ike (pronounced EE-kay) was
born in Seattle on June 6, 1916. He
earned a bachelor's degree from
the University of Washington in 1940.
In the fall of that year, he joined
their daughter, Linda Kelso of
Jacksonville, Fla.; and son Brian Ike of
Darien, Conn.; and two
grandchildren.

After the war, Ike earned his
doctorate at Johns Hopkins
University and, in 1949, came
campus as a research associate and
curator of the Hoover Institution’s
Japanese Collections. In 1958, Ike
joined Stanford's faculty as an
associate professor of political
science specializing in Japanese and
East Asian politics. He served as
department chair during the mid-
1960s and as chair of the
department's graduate admissions
committee. During the late 1950s and
1960s, Ike also held visiting
appointments at the University of
California-Berkeley, the University of
Michigan, International Christian
University in Tokyo and the
University of the Philippines.

Ike became a professor emeritus in
1984 but continued to live on
campus until about five years ago,
when he and his wife moved to
Jacksonville to be close to their
daughter, Linda Kelso.

"He was a very modest, quiet
man, but when he opened his mouth
[during a discussion with his
colleagues] he nailed it," North
recalled. "He was one of the most
genuine, decent human beings I've
ever had the privilege of knowing."

Ike wrote several books, including
The Beginnings of Political
Democracy in Japan (1950),
Japanese Politics: An Introductory
Survey (1957), Japanese Politics
(1972), Japan, the New Superstate
(1973) and A Theory of Japanese
Democracy (1978). In 1967, Ike
translated and edited Japan's
Decision for War, based on the
official records of the 1941 policy
conferences, which revealed for the
first time to an English-speaking
audience that the Japanese general
staff was aware of the possibility of
defeat when they decided to attack
the United States at Pearl Harbor but
never officially mentioned it for fear
of being thought treasonous.

Many years later, in 1982, Ike
and Jan Triska, his longtime friend
and colleague, self-published The
World of Empowers. Ike, North
and North decided to write their own
political science textbook, which
accompanied a course they taught of
the same name, to avoid the long
delays and high book prices they
associated with commercial
publishers. The professors did the
production and distribution themselves—Ike and his wife laid-
out and pasted up the tabloid-style
book on their dining room table at
home.

Ike is survived by his wife of 63
years, Tai Ike of Jacksonville, Fla.;
their daughter Linda Kelso of
Jacksonville; and son Brian Ike of
Darien, Conn.; and two
grandchildren.

Lisa Trevi   Stanford Report,  
February 3, 2006

[We had received word that
Professor Ike had passed away, and
had posted an earlier notice, but by
the time this excellent obituary had
surfaced, the first room in the
newsletter was in this issue.]

Thomas W. Ainsworth

Thomas W. Ainsworth, age 84,
of Chambersburg and Ambersom
Valley, Pennsylvania, died
peacefully at home, surrounded
by his family, on Saturday, April
1, 2006. Tom was born March
20, 1922, in Beloit, Wisconsin,
the son of Oliver M. and Annie
Bruce Ainsworth.

He earned a B.A. in English
from Yale College in 1942 and
then began graduate school at
Yale, with thoughts of becoming
a university professor. His
studies were interrupted by
World War II, when he enlisted
with the U.S. Naval Reserve in
November 1942. As a U.S. naval
officer, Tom learned Japanese
during the war, an act which
changed his life. He saw active
duty aboard the USS Fremont,
USS Sands, USS Denver, and the
USS Indianapolis. He served in
the US Occupation Force in
Fukuoka, Japan.

After the war, Tom became a
diplomat, joining the United
States Foreign Service, the
Department of State. He served
in embassies and consular offices
throughout the Far East,
including: Fukuoka, Kobe, and
Tokyo, Japan; Taipei, Taiwan;
Suigon, Viet Nam; and Hong
Kong, B.C.C. His final overseas
post was as U.S. Consul General
to Osaka-Kobe, Japan, 1976 to
1979. He also served many
sections in the U.S. State
Department, Washington, D.C.

Tom met the love of his life,
Wilma “Sue” Seeman (of
Uniontown, Pennsylvania), when
they were both posted by the
State Department to Tokyo,
Japan. They were married
December 9, 1950, in the U. S.
Army Chapel in Tokyo. Tom and
Sue introduced their five
children to the pleasures of
living in many different
countries.

Tom is survived by his
beloved wife, Wilma Seeman
Ainsworth; three sons, Bruce H.
Ainsworth of Cheverly,
Maryland, Thomas W.
Ainsworth, Jr. (and wife Terry)
of Woodbridge, Virginia and
Daniel E. Ainsworth (and wife
Becky) of Severn, Maryland;
two daughters, Jean Ainsworth
Zabin (and husband Gary) of
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and
Anne Ainsworth Kirkland (and
husband David) of Houston,
Texas. Tom's grandchildren are
Candice and Charles Zabin;
Jason, Daniel, and Andrew
Ainsworth; Diana and Will
Kirkland; and Samantha Ballard
and Alexis Ainsworth. He is also
survived by his sister, Elizabeth
Ainsworth Steinberg and her
four sons. In addition, he leaves
his special companions, Twinkie
and Ginger.

Tom was preceded in death
by his infant daughter, Mary
Ainsworth, and his parents.

Received from his wife,  
"Sue" Wilma S. Ainsworth