Tom Winter, associate professor of classics and religious studies at UNL.
Vandersall finished his doctorate at Ohio State after the war, and in 1948 took a position at UNL, where Winter said he was sometimes called “Commander Vandersall.” Rippel said in addition to Latin and Japanese, her father spoke French, German and Greek. Valdis Leinieks, professor of classics and religious studies at UNL, said Vandersall taught nearly everything in the department during his 37 years at UNL. At one point, the department only had two professors, so Vandersall taught classics and his older colleague covered religion. “I would have trouble even deciding what his favorite subjects were,” Leinieks said. “He was teaching everything all along.”

John Turner, professor of classics and Cotner Professor of Religious Studies at UNL, said Vandersall was particularly fond of his first language, Latin, and was proud to have learned it at Roxbury. Leinieks said that when Vandersall was teaching, he was unlikely to let the class leave until everything had been covered to his satisfaction, often keeping classes 20 minutes late. “We referred to anyone else who would do that as pulling a Stanley Vandersall.”

True to the archetypal idea of a classics professor, Vandersall rarely was without his tobacco pipe. “I think his main hobby was smoking his pipe, cleaning his pipe and knocking caked tobacco out of his pipe,” Winter said. Leinieks said Vandersall also had a love of railroads. He said he would watch trains roll underneath him from the 9th Street overpass, and once rode a passenger train to eastern Canada because the line was about to be discontinued.

After receiving the College of Arts and Sciences Distinguished Teaching Award in 1984, Vandersall retired from UNL in 1985. He continued to independently teach a class – “Latin for Retirees” – into the last years of his life. “After he retired, he had some old-timer friends and they would read Horace together,” Leinieks said. “He never quit teaching.”

Vandersall was preceded in death by his wife of 63 years – Florence Amy Wright – who died in February. Winter said the Vandersalls always were among the last to leave faculty gatherings, and Amy would play piano for those who stayed behind. “We figured he wouldn’t leave Amy far behind,” Winter said.

By Aaron Bals

Vertical Language: Martha Dale Moses

I was born in Atlanta, Georgia, April 13, 1922, and received my BA from Agnes Scott College, Phi Beta Kappa in 1943.

Soon after graduating from college, I heard from a friend whose husband was in the language school that some women were going to be admitted. I was on the point of enrolling in the WAVES and was very excited at the possibility of studying Japanese so that I could find out how a language could be written vertically in those strange characters. It was mainly my curiosity and my love of languages that drew me to Boulder.

I arrived in Boulder at the beginning of August on rodeo weekend [The Boulder Pow Wow was held on the fairgrounds just east of 30th & Pearl until 1973]. I was fascinated watching my first rodeo. A few of us lived at first in a private house where our desks were painted with a blinding glossy red enamel. Then we moved to the Phi Delta Theta house with a St. Bernard named Heidi for our mascot. Our class left Boulder on September 30, 1944.

Following our month’s indoctrination I went to Washington, DC and worked in the Communications Annex. The most interesting thing I remember about that was my occasional use of a Japanese typewriter.

In Washington, I met Sid Moses, an Ohio State graduate who was working in the Pentagon. We were married in the summer of 1945. The next year we moved to Maryland and bought a piece of a neglected old apple orchard near Frederick. On it, we built a small house with our own four hands using surplus barracks for our material.

I have been primarily a homemaker, Scout leader, and community volunteer except for five years when I taught English as a second language in a Los Angeles elementary school. Then Sid retired, so I quit and we began to travel. We took our Toyota pick-up camper to Europe and camped a year. It was so much fun that we did it again a couple of years later. We are still traveling – and between trips I garden.

Most of our married life has been spent in California. We have a daughter and a son and three grandchildren.

Martha Dale Moses
WAVE, JLS 1944

WAVE 50th Reunion Entry, 1993

[Ed. Note: She is on our mailing list.]

Falk, Robert Paul

1914-1996, JLS 1944
UCLA English Professor

Robert Paul Falk, born February 28, 1914, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, passed away February 28, 1996, in Laguna Hills, California, from complications resulting from congestive heart failure. He is survived by his wife, Jane Shepard Falk; two daughters, Sara Falk Brummer and Eugenia...
Falk Langford; six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

He received his B.A. degree from Williams College, and the Ph.D. degree from the University of Wisconsin, Madison. During World War II he served in the US Navy from 1943-1945 as a Japanese Language Officer in the South Pacific and attained the rank of Lieutenant, junior grade.

From 1949 until his retirement in 1974, Falk taught as a member of the English department at UCLA, and became well known as a specialist on Henry James, parody, and Colonial and nineteenth century American literature. While at UCLA he served on a number of departmental and Academic Senate committees, including University Personnel and Graduate Affairs.

Falk was the author of numerous books and articles in his field, and published in major periodicals, such as PMLA, Modern Language Notes, and Nineteenth-Century Fiction. He was an active member of professional associations, including the Modern Language Association, wherein he was a member of the Nominating Committee and chairman of the American Literature Group. As a Fulbright professor, he lectured at universities in Denmark, Poland, Germany, Italy, and Japan, where he was elected dean of the Conference on American Literature held at Kyoto University in 1966.

Florence Ridley
University of California: In Memoriam, 1996

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One soldier's defining moments

Recently I have read articles and editorials about the Battle of Okinawa in The Japan Times and other newspapers. I have noted how some writers tie the battle to modern-day unhappiness with the American military presence on the island or to the war in Iraq. My late father's experience might be of interest. A U.S. Marine Corps officer, he participated in the battle, serving as a Japanese-language interpreter for the U.S. forces. When I was a little boy half a century ago, he told me how the Japanese Imperial Army troops drove civilians on Okinawa between themselves and the American guns. He told of a young woman who held scissors to her throat in terror as he approached but whom he was able to convince to surrender. He spoke of a soldier he encountered in a cave, armed with a "bomb on a stick," to whom he said, "You don't want to die . . . I don't want to die." Somehow they both emerged alive into the sunlight.

My father went on to a long career with the CIA in Asia and Europe. He lived to see much to his satisfaction -- the Berlin Wall fall. On his deathbed in 1995, though, he looked to Okinawa in 1945 and said the most worthwhile thing he had ever done in his life was to convince Japanese civilians and soldiers to surrender rather than kill themselves.

In a letter to my eldest son, who is half Japanese, he once wrote: "We did not hate the Japanese soldiers. They were doing their job just as we were doing ours. We respected the ordinary Japanese soldier -- and he was a very good soldier . . . We were mad at the people who started the war and wouldn't stop it even after all chances of winning were gone."

Few things are black and white. I would like to say to those who resent the U.S. military presence on Okinawa, and to those who think badly of the U.S. military in general, to remember what one proud U.S. Marine thought was the most worthwhile accomplishment of his life.

Arlo A. Brown
Tokyo
Japan Times
Sunday, July 3, 2005
READERS IN COUNCIL

Dear Arlo:
I'm very grateful to David Hays for forwarding your letter and your Dad's letter to the Japan Times. I read the Times daily for many years in Japan. Glen Slaughter and I were the Language Officers with the 29th Marines of the 6th MarDiv through the campaign. Your Dad must have been in the 1st MarDiv, though some 2nd MarDiv units came ashore just before the end of the campaign.
I am completely in accord with him in his description of his Okinawa experiences and his assessment of the Japanese soldier. I too spent many years in the CIA, twenty of them in Japan. Also a short stint in Vietnam and a final tour in Germany.

Semper Fi
Glenn Nelson
JLS 1944

Dear Glenn:
Thank you for the kind note. Yes, my Dad was with the 1st Marine Division. You are right about that.
Interesting about your 20 years in Japan: did you know Euan Davis [Euan G. Davis, JLS 1944, on our mailing list]? I think he was station chief in Tokyo in the mid-60s. His family was good friends of my dad's family, and they knew each other from childhood. My mom thinks Euan may have been at the naval language school as well, although not concurrent with my dad.
Euan introduced him to the author after the war, in the late 40s, or perhaps, 47 or so. He loved it. I am not sure if Euan is still alive but my mother and siblings are in occasional touch with his children [I sent Mr. Brown the Euan Davis addresses].

My dad was stationed in Bangkok in 49-50 or so, and Hong Kong 52 to 54 or so, then Germany from 58 to 63, and then from 65 to '70 or so helped train folks at the Farm in Virginia. His last tour was Vietnam, '69 - '70, and he retired in the summer of 1970 after he got back. He died in '95, as I mentioned. He asked for USMC on his headstone before he died, though. He was always very proud of his Marine service, as is the whole family [Military service, moreover, Marine service, and especially wartime service is very often a 'defining moment'].

Semper Fi,
Arlo Brown

PS: I have been in Japan now 23 years myself, and am an aerospace businessman.

Asian Scholar Reflects On Fifty Years at Berkeley

(cont’d) With Scalapino's help, Berkeley's institute is now considered one of the nation's top-ranked programs and is one of only three federally-designated national resource centers for East Asian research.

Among Scalapino's numerous awards, including the Berkeley Medal, a Fulbright Fellowship and membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, is the Second Class Order of the Sacred Treasure, a medal of recognition bestowed by the government of Japan for his efforts to promote cooperation and understanding between Japan and the U.S. He received a similar honor, the Heung-In Medal, from Korea.

Though the Kansas-born Scalapino retired from teaching in 1990, he maintains a busy schedule that includes research, writing, lectures and extensive travel to Asia. This year alone, he’s traveled to that area seven times.

An event to honor Scalapino's numerous achievements, and his 80th birthday, took place Oct. 27, in San Francisco. The campus is naming a portion of its new East Asian Library and Studies Center in Scalapino's honor. The center will gather together under one roof the Institute of East Asian Studies, the Department of East Asian Languages and Cultures, and the East Asian Library.

D. Lyn Hunter, Public Affairs
The Berkeleyan
November 3, 1999

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Recollections of a Year in the Navy
Japanese Language School

(Cont’d)

At Boulder (June 1942 to February 1943)

My cheerful anticipation of Boulder was borne out upon arrival. It was a beautiful setting; and I was welcomed by my relatives in Denver and assured of weekends of comfort and home cooking whenever I could get away. The unmarried students were assigned to the men’s dormitory on campus, which had been taken over by the Navy school. Jack Harrison and I had chosen to be roommates; we were assigned a large, bright, and wholly comfortable end room on the first floor. It was a short walk to our mess (perhaps part of the former cafeteria) and to our classrooms. There was another Navy unit on campus: a school to train radiomen. They were in uniform and under the usual discipline; we had almost no contact with them because there was no occasion to. There
dereliction of duty, extending to
various dire punishments for
Articles of War, and strode out.

Meeting with him, at which he
ordered us to attend a
Naval ROTC unit. He responded
commanding the university's
our life, the Captain
the non-classroom elements of
known to the officer in charge of
how that world operated.

As the date of our graduation
were after all enlisted men.

My recollection is that at the
outset of our dorm living, the
university provided regular
cleaning services, but this was
soon stopped, and we were
required to keep our own rooms
tidy and to make our own beds,
with periodic inspections by a
Chief Petty Officer from the
university’s Naval ROTC unit.
This was no great hardship,
becoming a gentle reminder that we
were after all enlisted men.

As the date of our graduation
and departure into the “real”
Navy world came closer, we
became increasingly concerned
about our lack of knowledge of
how that world operated.
Finally, we made our concerns
known to the officer in charge of
the non-classroom elements of
our life, the Captain
commanding the university’s
Naval ROTC unit. He responded
by ordering us to attend a
meeting with him, at which he
strode in, went to the podium,
read out with emphasis the Naval
Articles of War, and strode out.
Since this recitation detailed
various dire punishments for
deliction of duty, extending to
execution, it was a sobering
reminder that our privileged
existence at school had definite
boundaries. Unfortunately it did
little to enlighten us about how
to conduct ourselves in Navy
protocol terms.

Of course we continued to
have periodic physical
examinations, being bussed in to
Denver for the occasion. I could
never figure out why these were
so frequent. One theory was that
it was to provide training for
doctors entering the Navy.
Another was that the Navy brass
sought reinsurance because
many of us needed “waivers” to
meet Navy physical standards for
prospective officers. I, for
example, required two – one
because I was below the height
requirements and the other
because I needed to wear
glasses. One of us, a strapping
6-footer, claimed that during one
physical exam, he had been
ordered to appear briefly before
the officer in charge who had
just wanted to make sure that
there was at least one of us who
did not need any waivers.

There were other changes
especially when a new class
arrived in the Fall to begin
language study. Several new
sensei arrived, including at least
one female. I should add that
there were at least two Caucasian
sensei – one named McAlpin,
but I can’t remember the other’s
name – who I think had served
as missionaries in Japan. One
of the new nisei sensei was, as I
recall, Dr. Tsutsumi (Tatsumi?),
who had taught linguistics at the
University of Washington. In
drilling us in Japanese grammar,
he strove mightily to explain the
mysteries of when to use “ga” as
distinct from “wa” as a
nominative postposition. I don’t
think I was alone in never quite
comprehending the rules of that
game.

In late summer or early fall,
Jack Harrison and I began to
produce a little, 2 to 4 page
mimeographed newspaper, if I
can dignify it by that word, titled
“Sono Hi no Uwasa” (The Day’s
Rumors). I think we put it out
about every two weeks. This was
of course an entirely in-house
publication, containing all the
news that was fit to print relating
to our school activities. There
actually wasn’t very much, but
we could scrounge up items
about coming events of possible
interest in the Boulder
community, along with usually
humorous accounts of one or
another aspects of the inscrutable
Japanese language. Sometimes
one of our number drew a
cartoon; one I especially
appreciated (drawn by Joe
Levenson, I think) showed a girl
plucking petals one by one from
daisy, while intoning “wa”,
“ga”, “wa”, “ga”. We of course
had obtained prior clearance for
our effort, and were careful to
stay away from anything even
remotely touching on security
concerns. I don’t know whether
the paper was continued after we
left.

I enjoyed our months in
Boulder, although I sometimes
felt we were too far removed
from the wartime world.
The campus itself was placid and
pleasant. Without a car and
under the strictures of study
demands coupled with the need
to secure official permission to
go out of town, our movements
were limited. Most often, for a
change of pace, we simply went
to a close-by campus hangout for
a hamburger, and on weekends
into downtown Boulder for
steaks or once in a while to a
roadhouse on the outskirts of
town for beer. When possible,
on a Friday night I caught a bus
denver to visit relatives who
once, when I had a more
extended pass, took me to Estes
Park. But as the time for our
graduation neared, I think we all
became increasingly restive,
anxious to learn what our next
assignment, in the “real” Navy,
would be.

Graduation day finally came.
Don Keene was our
valedictorian. An event I
especially remember, and savor,
did not occur during the
ceremonies (as welcome and
satisfying though they were) but
earlier that morning. Jack and I
had stayed abed, past the usual
hour, enjoying the extra rest
time, when we heard the Chief
Petty Officer who was overseer
of the dormitory charging down
the hallway, noisily opening the
door of each room to make sure
all occupants were out, and then
slamming each door. When he
opened our door, we pretended
to be asleep. We assume he then
cought sight of our new Ensign
uniforms with the gold stripe
very shiny that were hanging in
our open closet, because we next
heard him tiptoeing out and
closing the door quietly. (to be
cont’d)

Royal J. Wald
JLS 1943

Grilk, Anne van Patten
(Mrs. Samuel P. King)

(Cont’d) Sam remained in the
Navy until he got his Dear Sam
letter and was retired as a
Captain USNR. He was an
attorney in private practice in
Honolulu until 1961 when he
became a state judge. In 1972 he
was appointed to the U. S.
District Court for the District of
Hawaii and served as Chief
Judge from 1974 until he took
senior status in 1984. He now
continues to serve as a federal
judge in Hawaii and anywhere in
the country where help is needed
at the moment. He has sat many
times in California, including in
San Diego, San Francisco,
Sacramento and Los Angeles, as
well as in Tampa, FL, Phoenix,
AZ, Las Vegas, NV. Last
October he sat in New Haven,
CT where we saw many of his
Yale undergraduate and law
school classmates.

We both love to travel and
take three barge trips in
France, one in England, and one
in Ireland. In each case we have
chartered the barge with friends,
a great way to go. Our favorite
countries are France and
England. We have a favorite
small hotel in Paris and a
favorite flat we rent in London to
offset the High Cost of
Everything. The USIA sent Sam
in 1984 to talk to lawyers and
judges in Moscow and
Leningrad. (He says this is what
started Glasnost!) They also sent
him to Cyprus, Belgrade, and
Zagreb on the same trip. In 1985
he was sent to Beijing, Nanjing,
and Guangzhou: memories,
memories.

Among the male language
students, we have especially kept
up with Paul Kramer who lives
in Washington, DC and who puts
us up in his Georgetown
basement at least twice a year.
We also frequently see Prof.
Frederick A. Olafson who has
written many learned tomes on
The American Experience in China

Now to the ever fascinating subject of "The American Experience in China", subsection 1911 to about 1939, including the 15th Infantry USA, USMC Legation Guard, and a host of other players. As the article you sent me pointed out [Edward M. Coffin, "The American 15th Infantry Regiment in China, 1912-1938: a Vignette in Social History, The Journal of Military History 58 (January 1994): 57-74.], the official U.S. Government presence represented in Peking during those years was so much more than just notable. Just a couple of the numerous events of world consequence involving the U.S. in North China are examples. Although the capital of the new (1911) Chinese Republic had been moved from Peking to Nanking, early on, the British Government refused to recognize the move and kept its diplomatic staff in Peking. That staff was a Legation with a Minister, not an Ambassador, signifying China's relative unimportance in the world. I believe that El Salvador then had a US Embassy, but not weak China. Officially, the U.S. and other nations followed the example of the larger and longer English presence, stayed in Peking ("Northern Peace" the new name for Peking).

Amazingly, three U.S. officials assigned to our Peiping Legation, were prohibited by British officials assigned to our Peiping Legation, were prohibited by "permission for married trainees to spend time with his wife in 1943-44. Phil showed me where he used to climb out the window at night at the Men's Dorm, so he could spend time with his wife in 1943-44. The Navy had cut down on their permission for married trainees to live in town with wives. Aside from archival treasures of the JLS/OLS, I also showed them the JLS/OLS plaque in the veterans lounge in the University Memorial Center.

Sincerely, Jean Myers

[Ed. Note: I was able to get them from the Golden Buff to CU and back on the Hop Bus, which those who toured Boulder during the 60th Reunion will recall. I enjoyed their visit, as well. Phil showed me where he used to climb out the window at night at the Men's Dorm, so he could spend time with his wife in 1943-44. The Navy had cut down on their permission for married trainees to live in town with wives. Aside from archival treasures of the JLS/OLS, I also showed them the JLS/OLS plaque in the veterans lounge in the University Memorial Center.]

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Edward M. Coffin, "American 15th Infantry article."