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.

Lt. Cdr. K.D. Ringle
Naval Intelligence
Gathered & Disregarded
VI: The Officer, the Internes, and History
Throughout the War, Kenneth Ringle corresponded with many internees who he had met and worked with in Southern California. He found that, in spite of his worried expectations, they had not been turned against America. In fact, they wrote admiring letters to him that both gratified and humbled him at the same time. One letter in February 1942 claimed that the writer had not turned against the United States precisely because of Ringle’s “humane attitude and intelligent direction”. The writer considered Ringle an inspiration. “Your name is on the lips of all of us…. We will not fail you......” Fred Tayama, Chair of the JACL in Manzanar, wrote in June of 1942, “I feel so weak and helpless to find words...for all you have done for the nisei. As long as we have persons like you, we feel our cause is worth fighting for. You can be assured we won’t fail you.” These and other letters expressing similar sentiments were written to the naval officer who believed he and the nation had failed these Japanese American citizens.

For Vice Admiral Ringle, the only heroes of those times were the Japanese Americans themselves. Whenever the mail would bring snapshots of nisei valedictorians, or the news carried stories of a Japanese American physicist or a nisei senator he would remind his family how much each had overcome to achieve their honors and his son recalled that the old sailor’s “jaws would tighten with pride.”

Ringle’s wife remembered that after her husband died, she felt “more alone than I had in all my life”. But when she had returned to her house from seeing her children off, she found a “wealth of flowers”. The card for the unexpected flowers came from California and read, “With deepest sympathy from your Japanese American friends in Los Angeles.” Somehow, all the way across the country, they had read that Admiral Ringle was gone and they cared enough to send flowers and condolences.

Twenty years later, and they had not held his ‘failure’ against him; they had remembered his attempts on their behalf.

When his son, now working at the Washington Post, researched his father’s career at the National Archives, the clerk startled him by asking if he was related to the Lt. Cdr. Ringle who wrote about the Japanese. He was told that the “Ringle Reports” were much-requested items. To a small band of historians, it seemed, Lt. Cdr. Kenneth Ringle had become a minor sort of hero; his little known effort to halt injustice had come to be seen as gallant with the passage of time.

The Japanese Americans with whom he had worked and conversed had known it all along. [VI of VI, The End]

Some Memories of a JLS Wife, Part II
We [Frances and Sherwood Moran] had no sooner gotten settled in Berkeley and learned our street-car stops, and engaged my 3rd doctor in five months, when the Army decreed that all persons of Japanese descent had to get out of California. This meant that we, and all our Nisei teachers had to leave the state, even though they and we were under the direct command of US Naval Intelligence. We were told that “calls had gone out to Universities farther east” to relocate some 60 to 80 students, faculty, and their families ASAP. We almost went to the University of New Mexico, but the University of Colorado was able to get us into Boulder right away, because so many of their male students had left for military service [President Robert Stearns had gone about replacing these students with Navy and Army schools: a radio school, a flying school, a cooks’ school, a large V-12 program (ROTC) and, of course, JLS].

So we all got on a train for Cheyenne and then on to a bus in Boulder. By the time we arrived at the bungalow on Grant Street, which my husband had rented over the phone, sight unseen [good neighborhood, though], I was nauseous, stressed out, upset at the plight of our Japanese instructors, running a temperature, 7 months pregnant, and angry. As I lay shivering on our bed, a porch light came on next door, and I heard a woman say, “Thank you, doctor. I’ll call you in the morning”. I called to my husband to run out, ask the man getting in his car if he was a people-doctor and, if so, to drag him in to see me. So I finally got my fourth doc, who turned out to be Dr. Walter Reed, the only physician left in town and the nephew of the Walter Reed of malaria fame.

Dr. Reed was badly overworked, and Boulder’s small Community Hospital was understaffed. But my baby and I thrived although I was only 6 pounds up, in my 7th month. Dr. Reed told me to walk downtown every day, get a melted milk, and then walk back up Grant Street to home!

Fortunately, I passed a grocery store on this trek to the drug store [Since Grant stops at College, it might have been the College Grocery & Market and the Drug Store might have been either Greenman’s or Quinones on 13th, otherwise to get to the drug stores on 12 hand block Pearl Street was a ways off Grant on 9th], which had a lending library of contemporary, popular books. So I was able to read and buy food and ride a bus back up Grant. I never ventured off Grant, for fear of getting lost. But we often walked UP Grant to Baseline to view the gorgeous Flatirons. There were no houses above Baseline [just Chautauqua Park], so in the eight months we lived in Boulder, we fell in love with the Flatirons, and my husband climbed one of them (from the back). We took pictures galore of them in summer, fall and winter, and watched the sun rise and set on them. (to be continued)

Mrs. Frances H. Moran

Attorney at War
In December 1942, I was employed as a civilian attorney in the Cleveland Ordinance District, US War Department. As a member of Phi Beta Kappa, AB 1938, Western Reserve University (now Case Western Reserve University), I received the Phi Beta Kappa Quarterly. I noted in the fall issue, 1942, that the US Navy was seeking 500 Phi Beta Kappa individuals to study Japanese. The sensational naval victory at Midway, June 1942, was the result of Lt Commander Joseph Rochefort’s
Charles Edward Montague, British journalist; Florence Lascomb, a civil rights leader; Harry Truman, Blanton Collier, NFL Coach; Ronald Reagan; and Peter Gabriel. They have also been given credit for the same or very similar statements.

Kanshasai in Stillwater
I came across these old photos the other day, and it occurred to me that you may want to add them to your archive. They are of the great Thanksgiving Festival (Kanshasai) put together by the teachers at Stillwater (Oklahoma A&M) on Thanksgiving eve, 1945. They made it a great project, improvising all the props. Trying (rather in vain) to teach a couple of students to dance – Kabuki onnagata style, and putting together all sorts of acts. Pauline McAlpine, wife of the school director, James McAlpine, sang Sakura. It was held in the school gym.

Bill Sherman
OLS 1946
PS: I had lunch with an old friend and Boulder graduate, Curt Prendergast. Hard to believe we met at Boulder 58 years ago. [Old letter]