

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.

How We Got to Boulder

In the Spring of 1942, Ed Rosston, Colgate Dorr and I were Yeomen Third Class assigned to the Cable Censor's Office in San Francisco, all having enlisted in the Naval Reserve prior to the outbreak of the War.

In April or early May, Commander Hindmarsh came to San Francisco to interview prospective applicants to the JLS which was then moving to Boulder. Ed, Colgate and I were accepted on the basis of our membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Commander Hindmarsh assured us that transfer orders would follow within the month. Unfortunately, the Commanding Officer of the Office of the Cable Censor was not enthused about our studying Japanese and blocked the transfer. However, good fortune intervened. Colgate Dorr's father, a prominent Admiralty attorney, made a telephone call to his personal friend, the Commander of the 12th Naval District, and shortly

thereafter all three of us, along with my pregnant wife, Helen, were on a train en route to Boulder.

Despite the rigors of the language course, my wife and I had a wonderful year in Boulder. Our oldest son, Charlie, Jr. was born in August 1942 at the Boulder Community Hospital. We lived in a small two bedroom house on Euclid Street and have very happy memories of the University of Colorado and the town of Boulder. Our younger son, Tom, was also a product of our year at Boulder, arriving the day before I left for Pearl Harbor and FRUPAC.

My personal greetings to all former classmates.

Charles Sargent
JLS 1943

A Book 60 Years Overdue

A few *Interpreters* back, I noted your addendum to Rose Kerr's letter (#74A) that a book, *Aeronautical English-Japanese Glossary*, was kept by my friend, Tom Kerr for 60 years, but was signed out by none other than Flaherty, to whom it remains a mystery. My interest in aeronautics is zero (no pun intended) [*Shucks, I love such double meanings*]. Had it been a Japanese novel, and I had kept it for 60 years, I would be ready to turn to page one.

Duane J. Flaherty
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: The last line reminds me of a recent comment by my father. I had determined, at long last that videos were the best presents I could send my parents (ones they wouldn't park in closets or the garage). When I asked him how I would know which ones they had already seen, he replied, "Dave, one of the benefits of having reached your mother's and my age is that every time we watch a movie, it feels like the first time." Pardon me if, likewise, I have forgotten that I had already told you that vignette.]

David Hays (303) 492-7242

JLS WAVE to Berkeley Scholar: Helen Craig McCullough II

Aside from the pure exhilaration of encountering Boulder in the 40s, what I remember most about that initial, pre-19th period was being asked by a restaurant host to share a table with a witty classicist from the University of Texas, Nancy Pearce, who proved willing to put up with me as a roommate for the next 13 or so years [*sic, months?*].

What stands out in my memory of the school? Above all, the grace and dignity of the sensei, teaching us in Boulder while their relatives languished in relocation camps. I remember especially, Dr. Watanabe in that respect. Also, I'm struck by how well we got along in my little class group, whose core members included Bea Eckes, Margaret Pfau, and Anne Sheffer. I don't remember any of the aggressive competitiveness that might have been expected. But I do recall feeling extreme annoyance because Nancy and I were never rated Smart, Shipshape, and Seamanlike during room inspection.

I'm afraid my activities at Fourth and K after graduation didn't fall into the "now it can be told" category. They involved mostly translating documents of dubious utility to the intelligence - gathering enterprise. They also indicated to me that I had a lot to learn about Japanese language; and as the War drew to its end I began to look around for ways of getting to Japan, hoping both to see the country and to improve my language skills.

(to be continued)

Helen Craig McCullough
JLS 1944
(1918-1998)

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

[Ed. Note: This bio is well known to those at the WAVE Reunion, but I think the rest of the readership will appreciate it, as well. I will continue

to draw bios from the WAVE Reunion book. Her photo was in one of the displays used at the 60th Anniversary JLS/OLS Reunion, which still shows outside the Archives.]

“North to Alaska... We’re Going to Go to the Russian Zone”

I am pleased to know that you are developing an historical archives of the Navy Foreign Language School at Boulder. I was indeed an inductee. I was in the six-month Russian Program. I graduated April 28, 1945.

I assume you have a collection of the mimeographed newsletter the school published, called, *The Flatirons* [*We do, upon checking: call number 378.788 Un3QF*]. I did the cartoon strip in the newsletter, for the Russian page, entitled “Lionel”.

I came directly to the school from the Cornell Midshipman School, a freshly minted ensign. I soon discovered I was, in this respect, an anomaly. My classmates were generally older and generally outranked me. I graduated third in my class, an achievement attributable entirely to the fact that I had had more than two years of Russian at the University of California before coming to Boulder. I was very impressed by the two who came in ahead of me, entirely without my advantage. I became well acquainted with Robert Bunker, who came in second. He was quite brilliant. He once pointed out to his instructor that the Russian word for ‘slogan’ had essentially the same letters as the Russian word (Lozung) but the order of the letters was entirely different. After the War he served in the Bureau of Indian Affairs [*I found Mr. Bunker and added him to our list after a fine conversation*]. Robert Spencer was first in our class.

I remember Fred Neal (in my class), the only Marine attending the program. He came from having been a correspondent for the *Wall Street Journal*. After the War, he learned Serbo-Croatian and became an expert on Yugoslavia and served in the State Department. Subsequently he taught at Boulder and later at Pomona College, where we renewed our acquaintanceship. I was well acquainted with Walter Stoessel who later was ambassador to the Soviet Union. In fact it was through him that I met a university undergraduate there who later became my wife. We were able to ski on the weekends at Winter Park. It was there I met her. We had one

volcanoes that I had no idea were there.

After the Japanese surrender, I attendee from Great Britain, whose name I've forgotten. He was financially independent and drove a Cord (an exotic automobile of the period) and claimed he bought it from Jean Harlow [*Stanley Heath & Ivan Morris bought Jean Harlow's white phaeton, #50 & #60. It must be that vehicle. I cannot imagine Jean Harlow running a used car lot for the OLS, though she owned many Cords*].

Spencer, Bunker, Stoessel, Joseph Gross and I were sent, upon graduation, to Advanced Intelligence School in New York.

work as an analyst in Washington, DC. It was code work. I enjoyed it, but felt the

From there I was sent to Cold Bay, Alaska. This was a Navy base which was devoted at that time to a Lend-Lease program in which the Navy transferred several small ships to the Russians. There were some 10,000 Russian seamen and officers on the base, waiting to accept ships. The ships to which I was detailed resembled destroyer escorts but were of British design which the Navy had decided were not suitable for the Navy's purposes. The shake down for the Russian crew was 10 days. During that time the ship had a skeleton American

learned in high school physics had actually proven useful. At the end of each ten day shake down the ship was decommissioned and there was a great party for all hands.

Cold Bay was in the Arctic life zone – above timber line at the water's edge. I recognized flowers there that I had known in the Sierra at 10,000 feet. We were told that Cold Bay enjoyed eleven clear days per year. I saw one of them. There on the horizon, was a row of smoking

was sent to Washington, DC to do translation work. One of my assignments was a handwritten manuscript in which the author went into great detail about the possibility of putting objects – 'sputniks', he called them – into orbit around the earth. I was sure he was a crackpot. Little did I know.

I was soon separated from active duty and sent home. I resumed my work at Berkeley. When in graduate school I received and accepted an offer to

need to complete my education. I eventually returned to the University of California and took a graduate degree in university librarianship. From there I took a position at the Hoover Institute and Library, assigned to organize the huge collection of Slavic non-book materials. [*He later held library and administrative positions at Cal Poly and St. Francis Joliet and was Associate Director of the University Library at California State University, Long Beach from 1973-1986.*]

Lloyd A. Kramer
OLS 1945

[Ed. Note: As with most articles, I have to come up with a title, in this

crew and a full Russian crew. I interpreted all over the ship, in the galley, on the bridge (for firing practice) and in the engine room. Work was difficult in the engine room because it was noisy and I knew nothing about it. The high point of the experience was when a Russian seaman pointed to something and asked me what it was. It just happened that I had seen a drawing of the device in my high school physics text and knew that it was a Wheatstone bridge. When I told him he seemed to know what it was for, and I was delighted that something I had

case, with apologies to both the author as well as country singer, Johnny Horton.

About Jean Harlow's Cord Phaeton – It appears that the famed actress, like many actresses, had a weakness for both Cords and Phaetons. The Cord, a car manufacturer (1924-31 & 1935-37) and the Phaeton, a convertible 4-seater model. The 2-seater convertible was a cabriolet. She owned: a 1929 L29 Cord Cabriolet; a Cord L29, Bugatti type 57, [1930?]; a 1931 Cord Cabriolet; a 1932 Packard Phaeton; a late 30's Cadillac touring limousine, and a 1937 convertible, possibly a Cord Phaeton, on which it is said she never raised the top.]
