

# The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

February 1, 2006

## 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.*

## Knecht Recollects

... We reported to the fraternity houses early Monday morning and were assigned rooms and room-mates. Mary Stanhagen was mine, a happy choice. We have meals at the Faculty Club, served cafeteria style. We are all surprised to find that we are more a part of the Navy than we had expected. We use Navy time: 0800 for 8AM and 2000 for 8PM. We have reveille at 0630, breakfast at 0715, rooms ready for inspection at 0800, classes or study until 1200, etc. Our rooms must be kept in prescribed order --- beds made taut and with square corners; no loose gear floating around the room; only clocks, radios and photographs on top of bureaus; neat bureau drawers; no dresser scarves, no pictures on walls. The floors are referred to as decks. We live on the second deck. Miss Smith warned us the first day not to be too active at first, not to attempt any hikes in the mountains, and to get plenty

of sleep. She recommended naps until we get used to the altitude. It has various effects: some girls got swollen feet, some got hay fever, some got light-headed, my nose bled, etc. We are all extremely hungry....

*Betty Knecht to her Mother, July, 1943.*

*[Ed. Note: Mrs. Evelyn Hansson had included so many parts of her correspondence with her mother in the WAVE 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion Entry, 1993, that I thought I would make them into a column.]*

## Down the River of Time

I have in hand your letter with its voluminous attachments and commend you for having prevented such a mass of details regarding the World War II Navy Language School at Boulder from flowing down the river of time and being lost forever.

There is little I can contribute, I'm afraid. In addition to Japanese, there were courses in Russian, Malay, and four dialects of Chinese: Mandarin, Foochow, Amoy and Cantonese. Four students comprised the first class in Amoy, and Bill Clark (from whom you obtained my address) and I roomed together and constituted the entire class in that dialect.

The planned landings on the China coast were not carried out, of course, and we graduated after the War was over. One of my instructors, missionary Reverend Henry Poppen, offered me a job teaching English for three years at a mission high school at a subsistence wage which floated with the cost-of-living index. Instead I joined the US Foreign Service and was posted to Kuming in Southwest China. Following that, I spent two years in the State Department's China language and area program at Cornell and Yale. China became the focus of my Foreign Service career (I retired in 1974) and I

quickly forgot all but a few shreds of Amoy.

The only China students with whom I maintained contact in addition to Bill Clark are Eugene Sullivan and William Augustus Klauder Jones, both now deceased. Bill Jones' somewhat ostentatious middle names were those of a great uncle, an architect, who designed the light pink stone buildings which form the core of the early University of Colorado.

There are a handful of other names on your list I can identify but they are nearly 60 years downstream.

*Robert D. Yoder  
OLS 1946 (Chinese)*

*[Ed. Note: Mr. Yoder joined the number of JLS/OLS graduates into the Foreign Service, such as Zurhellen, Finn, Wilbur, Manhard, Petree, Buchanan and many others.]*

## So What ! (VIII)

Springtime in the Boston Fenway is joyful. By the time it arrived, I had been up and around for several weeks. To pass the day, I picked up my favorite pastime of reading westerns. Later on I walked in the Fenway Gardens or to the market where I did the shopping that Grace was too busy to attend. A monumental step was concert in Symphony Hall with Serge Koussevitzky conducting or that Friday night when we went off to Temple Israel to hear the remarkable Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman. Late spring saw the two of us back in the choir at the St. Vernon Street Congregational Church across the bridge from M.I.T. It was there that we had first met, and it was there that we left on our first date, an evening of a seidel of dark bratwurst and shell beans at Jake Wirth's

Summer was just what I needed to come around fully. Grace and I spent these months on an island out into the Atlantic off Salem, Massachusetts. There

I got out on a point with waves breaking on either side and sat upon the rocks like Thomas Mann's Emil. I once more now knew contentment. While tanning my body, I counted waves, followed soaring gulls, and greeted each passing lobsterman. The woodpile and house painting built up my strength and gave me an appetite. Cool night air of the tides put me to sleep.

By Fall Registration I was raring to go for every step of the Harvard doctorate even though I had once more taken a Teaching Fellowship to help pay my way. In spring, 1949, before my June graduation, I worked also as an assistant to the most distinguished member of the English Faculty. Even as I received my diploma and switched the tassel on my mortar board, I knew that in September I would again be in Boulder, Colorado, at the University of Colorado, this time with the title of Assistant Professor of English.

In my first free time, I turned back to the Murayama. Leaning heavily upon the aid of a Japanese-American friend, who had been abruptly moved east of the Rockies with the news of Pearl Harbor, I translate the diary and saw my translation published in the *Western Review* by the University of Utah. Upon fulfillment of my promise, I placed the diary back on that bookshelf where it had won its own place.

For the next thirty-three years, my career advanced through the levels of full professor and chairman. During several of those years Grace and I took off one afternoon a week to go into New York City for the study of bookbinding. In time I could handle the Murayama. I sewed diary and translation together, created a spine, wove headbands of red and white silk on strong string, cut out endpapers from a sheet of dark red Italian paper, bound the volume in white leather with a

rectangular patch of red leather on the front cover bearing in gold the title "Diary of Murayama" and on the back cover another patch bearing a circle of red leather. Just before retirement I left the chairmanship to accept the honor of becoming the first University Professor at the College of New Paltz, the Honors College of S.U.N.Y. (State University of New York). During my years of teaching I had written more than twenty books, received various research grants, such as that of the American Philosophical Society founded by Benjamin Franklin, and had twice been named "Guggenheim Fellow," later to be entered in *Who's Who in America*.

communications consultant both in the U.S. and abroad, working with such orgs as Lockheed and Singapore Airlines, and also

Now at the point of breaking up my library, I have for the last time taken down the *Diary of Murayama* handsomely bound in pure white leather with two patches of dark red for title and rising sun. Today at the University of Colorado on the main campus in Boulder the Archives has developed a new project called The US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language Archival Project; it was set up in honor of those like myself who had graduated from the Japanese/Oriental Language School and went out into the Pacific or to the Department of

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## Book Review

After a long hiatus, I thought I the Navy in Washington D.C. A letter to me came as a request for an archival contribution. With hesitation, I let the *Murayama* go.

So what! So---no more than this.

Robert D. Thornton  
JLS 1944

## Milo O. Frank (1922-2004)

Milo O. Frank, a writer-producer and agent for Humphrey Bogart, Marilyn Monroe and Joel McCrea, died June 13 in Beverly Hills from Parkinson's disease.

author speak recently and he said he writes of this period to attempt to do justice to the World War II generation. I sent He was 82.

At the William Morris Agency in the 1950s, Frank represented top actors, producers and directors. He left the agency biz to take a newly created position as head of talent and casting for the CBS Television Network in New York and Los Angeles.

Among his credits were "The Ed Sullivan Show," "Red Skelton," "Studio One," and "Playhouse 90."

As a writer-producer, he optioned the novel "The Vikings" and sold his script to Kirk Douglas and United Artists.

Other producing credits include "The High Cost of Loving," starring Jose Ferrer and Gena Rowlands. He was involved in the production of sci-fier "Village of the Damned" and wife-swapping indie "All the Loving Couples."

Frank also was in charge of production for Cinerama, working in that capacity in the U.S. and Europe. He later went on to a career as a

furnished consultation and skills training to Sen. Bob Dole, Attorney General William French Smith and California Gov. Pete Wilson.

Born in New York, he attended USC, UCLA and the U. of Colorado and was a student at the U.S. Naval School of Oriental Languages. Frank is survived by his wife, actress Sally Forrest.

Variety Staff

would offer the following authors for your consideration. Alan Furst has written a series of historical novels, set in Europe of the 1930s and early 1940s: *Kingdom of Shadows*, *Red Star*, *Polish Officer*, *Soldiers of the Night*, etc. A used-book seller friend told me to read them and I devoured his 7 or 8 books in 4 months time. The books have an atmosphere part-*Casablanca* and part-*Third Man*. I heard the

my father the books to read and his take was that the author caught the times extremely well. I like the confusion and uncertainty that surround the main characters, the café intrigue, the ordinary thrust into extraordinary situations, the ambivalence, the wry humor.

I also liked James Galvin's two novels on life along the Colorado/Wyoming border *The Meadow* and *Fencing the Sky*.

They are both extremely well  
written, if strangely organized.

*DMH*

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