

Institute showed a profit — not the case with most of the other departments of the university. The provost at a university is probably the most important man on the campus, and it is he who runs the place on a day-to-day basis. Mr. Furniss did his job very well indeed and was always most cooperative when we had need of his help in resolving certain issues.

However, things changed drastically for us in 1961, when Yale got a new provost, Kingman Brewster. Brewster was an efficient administrator, but arrogant, dictatorial, and unapproachable most of the time, and it wasn't long before he earned the nickname, "The King." He rose meteorically, and in two years became president of Yale.

In our relationship with him he made it quite clear that he was unhappy that the Institute was earning such a name for itself worldwide. He didn't seem to feel that a prestigious university like Yale should be widely known for its language courses rather than something more academic. However, he was unable to dispute the fact that we were costing the university nothing and, indeed, were making a profit. He was also annoyed by the sight of so many blue Air Force uniforms on the campus. That was in the '60s, when military personnel were not popular on any university campus and were a constant reminder of the war in Vietnam, and Brewster decided that the Air Force had to leave.

One day in 1962 he peremptorily called me into his office and, without even asking me to sit down, bluntly told me that he had decided to terminate the Air Force contract after two more years. Patronizingly, he added that although he was well satisfied with the job I was doing for the Air Force and for Yale, I should begin to look for employment elsewhere as there was not the slightest possibility of my being retained by the university in either the language field or any other capacity when the Air Force program was terminated. At the same time, to demonstrate that my job was solely connected with the Air Force program and not Yale, he changed my title from assistant director to coordinator of military programs. It didn't matter one whit to me. I was still paid the same salary and still had supervision of all the IFEL students, military or otherwise, but the incident was something of a shock, and it should have indicated to us the way the wind was blowing.

The Institute at the time was at the height of its

popularity world wide. We had a large number of civilians in the courses, a number of whom were diplomats from other countries, as well as various U.S. State Department personnel slated for overseas duties. Even Jay Rockefeller came to study Chinese for a brief time. The more I thought about Brewster's statement, the more I felt sure he was bluffing and gave it no further thought, and, as time went by, I forgot the incident completely.

However, Brewster's antipathy toward the presence of Air Force personnel became more evident as the days went by. It is of interest to note that in the Yale Bulletin of February 1963, which featured the Institute of Far Eastern Languages and which Brewster must have approved before publication, there is an admission on the first page that the Institute: "...at present enjoys a worldwide reputation in the teaching of spoken and written non-Western languages..." At the same time, in the entire 23 pages of text, there was no mention of the Air Force program, and the only concession to mentioning the military at all was a short description of two military courses.

Another notable event in 1962 was a visit by President John F. Kennedy on June 11 to give the commencement address. For days before his arrival, extensive preparations were made to welcome him, including sprucing up the entire campus as well as the city streets. Probably the best-known building on the Yale campus was Woolsey Hall, and a special area of the mezzanine there was set aside as a rest area for President and Mrs. Kennedy. The entire place was repainted and carpeted, with couches and easy chairs placed all around, and tables on which various refreshments were to be served.

We canceled all classes for that day so that our IFEL Air Force and civilian students would have a chance to hear the President's address and also to see something of the pomp and historical pageantry of a Yale commencement. In fact, a number of the Air Force students in uniform had their hands shaken by President Kennedy, who made it a point to seek them out in the crowd.

President Kennedy's address made news at the time for its daring statement on new economic principles, and many people remember him starting his address by saying he had the best of two worlds: he had graduated from Harvard and now had an hon-

orary degree from Yale.

Our own graduation ceremonies for the Air Force students, held at least four times a year, were modest by comparison; nonetheless, we made sure each student would remember the occasion with pride. We secured the use of one of the large halls at the university — usually Sprague Hall — and canceled all classes for that morning. I made sure that every teacher and staff member at IFEL was there at the ceremony to show respect and appreciation for each student's achievement and, at the same time, to say goodbye.

The students always entered into the spirit of the occasion. For every graduation we had a valedictorian who gave his well-rehearsed speech in what passed for "fluent" Chinese and which, in fact, was always remarkably good, considering the men had only been there for 32 weeks. A second student stood by to translate it into English so that the visitors could understand it. On each occasion we also invited an outside speaker to address the graduates. Sometimes it was a member of the Yale faculty, or a notable from another leading university, but more often than not it was a USAF general or colonel. In 1957 it was the late Mike Todd — who fielded more questions about Elizabeth Taylor than about his travels around the world. Quite frequently the boys put on skits, performed entirely in Chinese, while they were dressed in pseudo-Chinese clothing. A running translation was given for the benefit of the audience. At other times they performed with group singing of Chinese folk songs, led by Jerry Kok or P.C. Li, one of the musically gifted Chinese teachers.

An important feature of each graduation was what we called the "moving up" ceremony. Our classes were designated by a letter of the alphabet. The senior, outgoing class was known as the "A" class. The one behind them was the "B" class, and the newcomers, at the time of a graduation usually having only been in the school for a few weeks, were the lowly "C" class.

At the graduation, we kept several rows of seats empty at the front of the hall. After all guests, visitors and school staff had been seated to the traditional strains of "Pomp and Circumstance," the three classes marched into the hall attired in their dress uniforms and took their places, one behind the other, in the center of the hall. When the speeches and other activ-

ities had been completed, diplomas or certificates of accomplishment were handed to each man as he mounted the stage, and then one by one they took their places in the empty seats in the front of the hall. When that was completed, I made a formal announcement designating the "B" class as the new "A" class, and the entire class moved forward to the seats that had been vacated by the outgoing class, and that was followed by the "C" class moving forward to become the new "B" class. It was a simple thing, but it did a great deal for student morale. My insistence that all members of all classes be present at a graduation was also a morale booster. For the newcomers to see fellow airmen performing on the stage in apparently fluent Chinese was always an encouraging experience. It gave them hope that in time they, too, would attain that proficiency. For the benefit of family members and invited guests, I invariably put on a brief show with the graduating class by having them stand and perform various maneuvers as I gave the commands from the stage in Chinese, speaking at a very high rate of speed. "Face left," "Face right," "Face forward," "Put your hands on top of your head," and so on, followed by the ultimate command that always brought a roar of laughter and approval, "Face to the rear and look at all the pretty girls sitting there."

It had become a tradition, a few days prior to each graduation, for me to take the entire graduating class to New York for a visit to the United Nations, where the students could sit and listen to the various delegates speaking and hear a simultaneous translation in Chinese. Of course, there was much that they were unable to understand, but the fact that they could get the gist of what was going on was always an exciting experience for them. Following our visit to the UN, we had a big Chinese lunch at one of the better Chinese restaurants, and then, in the afternoon we all went to a Broadway show. As an added bonus, students who had made straight "As" throughout the course were permitted to stay overnight in New York if they desired.

We made the trip back and forth from New Haven in chartered city buses, while a few of the students used their own cars. Both going and coming back, it had become a tradition to make a pit stop at a certain restaurant/gas station complex on the border between New York state and Connecticut. At that particular stopping point, beer could be purchased, and the

younger students who were not permitted to purchase beer in Connecticut made certain that they got their fill. Of course, having taken on so much liquid, it became necessary to make another pit stop later, before reaching New Haven. On one occasion the bus driver, a surly chap who was anxious to get home, flatly refused to make a second stop, and I could not persuade him otherwise. As the need became more pressing, the students in the back of the bus set up a chant demanding a stop, but the driver ignored them. Then quiet fell, and I heard nothing more. Immediately afterward, riding as we were in the fast lane and passing cars on our right, I happened to notice a surprised look on the faces of certain drivers as we passed them, and looking to the back of the bus I discovered the reason. Our enterprising students had rolled up a copy of *Time* magazine and had thrust it between the rubber bumpers on the double back door of the bus and were using it to relieve themselves, much to the dismay of passing drivers. When I drew our bus driver's attention to what was going on, he hurriedly made a stop at the next gas station. On all trips after that I made it a point to inform the drivers that two stops each trip were part of the bargain.

Early in 1964 I received a letter from Berlin inviting me to be a participant at the International Conference of Modern Foreign Language Teaching, which was to be held in Berlin in September. I was asked to give a paper describing our courses and participate also in a number of seminars. It was made clear in the invitation that I was one of only two or three participants invited from the United States, and that it was expected that in each case the home institution should foot the bill for all travel and living expenses while in Berlin.

I approached Mr. Brewster with the invitation. Instead of showing some pride that Yale should be one of only two American universities chosen to be represented at the conference, he flatly refused to have any part in it and bluntly told me that if I went I would have to charge the time to my vacation time and pay all my own expenses.

Reluctantly I wrote the German conference hosts, telling them the circumstances and of my inability to

attend because I could not afford the cost of the trip. However, to my great surprise they responded almost immediately that, in my case, an exception would be made, and they would pay all expenses for me and my wife. They expressed themselves as most anxious to hear about our program.

The language conference in Berlin was a huge affair, with hundreds of educators from every part of the world. It was held in a magnificent new building, modern in every respect, with simultaneous translation available on headsets at every seat in a variety of languages. My presentation was well received and I was then asked to join various panels of professors who questioned me as to the best methods for teaching a foreign language. I divided my time between those sessions and listening to other speakers in the main forum.

Our five days in Berlin passed all too swiftly. Amusingly enough, although we were quartered at the Hilton Hotel, except for breakfast, we ate all our other meals outside. Knowing very little about German food, we elected to eat in the many Chinese restaurants, where we found the food to be superb. I've never tasted better Chinese food anywhere outside of China. Apparently the Germans liked it so well that the Chinese were challenged to produce only the best and the competition between restaurants was intense.

In this chapter I have detailed some of the unhappy events of those years at Yale. However, the happy times were by far in the majority and we thoroughly enjoyed those years at IFEL. We look back on that period as one of the most rewarding in our entire lives. To work daily with those bright young men and have a small part in shaping their lives was both exhilarating and challenging, and we like to feel that every man who went through the school became a close friend of ours for life.

The months of October and November 1964 passed without any major developments at IFEL, but 1964 wasn't over yet, and before the year was out, we were hit with a momentous happening that was to completely change the lives of all of us who were connected with IFEL.

