

This is the second half of an interview being made on behalf of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. It is the second half of an interview with Frank Ephraim. The first half was made on February the 28th, 1997. Today's date is March the 20th, 1997. The interviewer is Nancy Alper. And this is tape number three, side A.

Frank, when we finished doing the first half of the interview on February the 28th, 1997, you were talking about the friendly policies of the then governor of the Philippines, then eventually president of the Philippines, Quezon y Molina, toward the Jews and Jewish immigration to the Philippines. And you mentioned that he, together with the leader of the Jewish community, Alex Frieder, were instrumental in constructing a community home called Mariquina Hall, which was planned to house young Jewish immigrants who would be working the land which had been donated by the government. And you mentioned that this was around 1940.

That's correct. The-- there were several other plans going at the same time. Alex Frieder, who was then the President of the Jewish Community, also worked with Quezon to get as many as 10,000 Jews from Europe to the Philippines, but they would be settled in a large area of Mindanao, which is the southern most island of the Philippines. This project was also known, of course, by the State Department of the United States, and they had a representative whose name I momentarily forgot, who also was working in this particular area.

There were several problems involved in that, first of all, trying to find out-- first, you would have to clear land. You'd have to have some means by which to produce income. You're dealing here with people that are not necessarily farmers or are agriculturally-oriented people, but people there are largely from the business community of Europe or who were in the retail sales, or who were possibly lawyers, and things of that nature.

So the-- you had to sort of combine and look at the possibilities. However, this project, which was vast in scope for those days and would have been, of course, very helpful to these 10,000 Jews from Europe, did never come about because of the war interrupted that, Hitler's invasion of Poland September 1, 1939, et cetera. So that never took place.

Now, I'd like to maybe cover a little bit about the-- what I've been referring to as Alex Frieder, the so-called American portion of the Jewish community. That actually goes back to very likely the 1920s, possibly the early 1920s. They arrived in the Philippines, one, two, or three brothers-- and I'm not sure-- out of five from the City of Cincinnati, Ohio.

They then established a business in Manila, which was a tobacco factory basically manufacturing cigars and cigarettes, the Frieder Concern. As I mentioned, there were five brothers, but only three of them would rotate through the Philippines. That was Philip, who was the oldest, Alex was in the middle, and Herbert was one of the youngest of those three.

And they took turns being president of the Jewish community because there're very, very few Jews there to begin with. Later on, they were joined by others. A family by the name of Levine and Meadows, Konigsberg and a whole group of others. I would say probably about 200 to 250 people altogether.

They established businesses. Konigsberg was in-- had one or two good sized bookstores that he had established. One downtown, I think on the main and downtown street called Escolta. And there were others who were in automobile businesses, cars that it would sell.

And there was others in transportation. Bachrach was another name. In fact, the temple that was subsequently built in the early '30s-- 1936, I believe, was completed, or '34, I'm not certain exactly about the date, was named after this fellow Bachrach, first name was Emil. And thus, the temple became Temple Emil.

And he ran a small transportation operation where he took sort of little Jeep like vehicles, which could carry four, six passengers, and they would zip all over town. They have different routes, and at that time, the price was five centavos, which is about 2 and 1/2 American cents, for a ride. And everybody took those vehicles because they're very handy. You can get anywhere and go very fast.

They would stop anywhere, pick up, and discharge passengers. There were no stops-- formal stops. In any event, these

were people who had built their businesses in the Philippines. And of course, as the situation in Germany got very serious, and subsequently in Austria, German Jews somehow or other managed to get to the Philippines-- a few, at first.

I believe the first immigration probably was sometime around 1935 say. I believe the rabbi, Rabbi Josef Schwartz, arrived at his young wife. He was in his early 30s-- around about 1936, or '37.

Before that, members of the existing American Jewish community ran the services, I believe, [INAUDIBLE] Konigsberg and Levine were active in conducting services. The temple that they built, it's a beautiful structure. It was yellow stucco, was a sort of Moorish design, and with two towers.

And the inside was old wood, sort of a medium dark wood, possibly made of the Philippine mahogany called narra. And it had a bema and it had, of course, the eternal lamp, and the Torah scrolls. There were about three or four of them.

And seating capacity was a balcony level, as well. So seating capacity is probably somewhere in the neighborhood of about 1,500 all told. Now, the-- they established this sort of committee that is the Jewish share-- the American Jewish community established what one might call the committee, which was really a sort of administrative unit.

And they put in charge a man by the name of Morton I. Netzorg. And that was his main job because now immigrants were coming in. They were trying to help them to find jobs and find housing, to feed them, because these were people who had escaped from Europe, Germany mostly, and Austria, and possibly some other areas.

What can we do with these people? Now, Frieder with his tobacco factory did manage to employ a number of people. One man in particular, his name was Rosenblatt, and he indeed worked in the cigar business in Germany. And he was able to actually roll cigars. He knew how to do that.

So he was a valued employee. But there were others who did administrative things, or whatever he was able to use them for. Now of course, he did not-- was not able to employ everyone. But he did manage to employ quite a number of people or other Jewish businesses.

For example, my father found a position with a man by the name of [? Sherdit ?], who ran a office machine supply-- office machine business. And that was sort of in my father's line. And he, of course, had to learn to speak English at that time.

But that was the type of things that they would try to do for the people that were coming into the Philippines. The-- of course, coming there, as I mentioned, we arrived there on March the 16th, 1939, and were met by this distant cousin of my mother's, including car driver, wife, and small child, and governess. And we stayed at his house for about three weeks.

And one of the first things that I did, I went along with a little-- the little daughter of his who was much younger than I, and the governess, and we went to this famous place called the Boulevard. The Boulevard was a grand meeting place. First of all, the Boulevard ran alongside the shore of Manila Bay.

Manila Bay is a huge bay from Admiral Dewey's day, of course, and well-known, facing west of the great Isle of Luzon facing west. So you could, first of all, see beautiful sunsets there each night. But the Boulevard itself was constructed like a sort of a scenic highway.

It had-- first of all, there were large rocks that fronted the bay. Right behind the rocks was a concrete retaining wall about-- from the shore side about two feet high from the other side much higher, and about two feet wide, which certain gaps that you could actually go down to the rocks through. But people would sit on this wall, but they would also sit on benches. Benches were all along the Boulevard.

And there were these beautiful palm trees on both sides of the roadway. And once you crossed the roadway back away from the shore, there would be a space of about 100, 200 feet of grass area, or bush area, whatever. We used it as playing fields later on for soccer and a game called capture the flag.

But then those days, the Boulevard was a place to go to play, to-- and that's when I would accompany the governess and the little girl, and we'd hang out there and do whatever, walk around, play in the sand, what have you. Of course, I also went to school there fairly soon. As I may have mentioned this before, this was a school called Mrs. Hoyes' kindergarten where, of course, I had to learn to speak English before I got started. But that worked out rather well. And so the first years were pretty much getting accustomed to everything that was so totally new from what I had known in Germany.

What do you remember, especially when you arrived there in those early times that was totally different from anything you've ever known before that you had to deal with?

Well, first of all, the climate. In the Philippines, there's only one climate-- hot. And it's divided into two seasons-- the rainy and the dry. I've forgotten exactly-- I think we had just emerged from the rainy season when we got there. So it was the dry season. And the heat was horrendous.

The other thing was the mosquitoes. When one was bitten through and through these fellows, they seemed to thrive on our blood. And of course, you had to sleep under mosquito nets.

Although many of the homes had screens, there were-- often had holes in them more. Somehow the mosquitoes did manage to get in when you open the door. So these white mosquito nets were a very important item when you're-- over your bed.

So everyone slept under one of those. That was the other-- it was sort of a strange way to sleep, because I'd not been used to that, never known it. The other thing, of course, was just the clothes and the food there. You're naturally in a climate like that, you wore shorts or just a simple shirt. You'd never had to worry about being cold. It was hot.

And of course, there was no air conditioning as we know it today. The only places there was air conditioning was in the movies. And so you were really eager to go to a movie because that's where you could cool off, but the only place. That was the other thing.

And the food itself was way different. Although, at that time, there was beef and things like that available, which were imported, or there's some, I guess, cattle in the Philippines. But the vegetables were very different. There was sort of-- they're almost like today in the United States, you describe as Chinese vegetables type of thing.

The fruit were different. They had these huge papayas, and they had bananas, and they had this thing called pomelos, which is a citrus fruit larger than a grapefruit but much drier. So they were these different kinds of things. And of course, a lot of rice. Rice in all forms.

And a lot of sugar. And there was-- first time I saw this brown sugar, which sort of a wet type sugar, but people ate that. And then the-- of course, to us there was the newness of the ice cream and candy. I was kind of interested in that.

The Boulevard featured these people with these yellow carts. They were painted yellow, and the word Magnolia was written on it in blue, that they sold ice cream. It was a larger company that did that.

And you could get a popsicle. And then if you were lucky when you finished your popsicle on a little wooden stick would be the word free. That meant you could get another one for nothing.

I also vividly remembered this one man, he was very poor. He was Filipino. And he would walk along with something around his neck sort of like a tray.

And on it were candy, all kinds of candy bars. And his shoes were just sort of falling-- completely falling apart. And he sold candy bars. He'd walk up and down selling candy bars.

The other thing, when the juice went-- well, in the evening, for example, people who also streamed to the Boulevard. First of all, there's a little bit of a breeze there. It was a beautiful sunset, as I mentioned before. It was just like a

postcard, just tremendous sun going down in the west.

And by the way, from the Boulevard you could see in the distance on the right-hand side the Bataan Peninsula. And on the left-hand side, you could see a little jet out, and that area was called Cavite. Cavite is-- it was at that time, and probably still is, a Naval repair base. It was used by United States Army.

And on a very clear day between the two, you might detect the Island of Corregidor which, of course, is quite famous. But going back to these Johnson strolls along the Boulevard just before dusk, there was, first of all, many of the Jewish community would go out there, sit on the benches, walk around, talk to each other. I mean, they were all new, and they sort of had a good time, at least resting after a day's work coming out to the Boulevard.

Then there was the-- it was well known as the Spanish [? Curso ?]. This was a tradition by people of Spanish background. There were lots of them in the Philippines.

They would stroll three or four blocks worth along the Boulevard in sort of-- in two directions so that they would see one another. That's the way they would meet. It was sort of a minor romantic thing. People would get to know one another that way. It was a tradition, the Spanish [? Curso ?].

And of course, the ice cream vendors, as I said, there were both these Magnolia, which was like a upscale type of ice cream, I guess. And then there was sort of local ice cream outfits. And they had all different colorful carts, and they would sell ice cream.

And they would-- you'd get a lot more from them for less, usually. But it was-- some people said not to eat that ice cream because they claimed that the milk was from tubercular cows [INAUDIBLE]. We didn't pay much attention to that.

The other item and product that was sold was-- people walk around with a little basket, and it was covered with a bit of cloth. And they would call out the name of this product. It was called balut. That's the Philippine delicacy.

Those are duck eggs which have been half hatched with an embryo in it and buried in the soil for some time. And that was a Philippine delicacy. They would unpeel the shell. The stench of that stuff was so horrible that I don't think anyone other than aficionados would touch it. I never-- that's the only thing I never ate.

And the other thing that you would notice in the Philippines is the smells. I mean, they're quite different from Europe. There was this fried-- these little fish that-- dried fish. They would dry them and then fry them.

The stench of that would be city wide. They were not too bad. We ate them later on during the war, but again, there was a smell that was totally unusual.

Why don't you give me the name of the distant cousin before I forget. And also, I was interested in what that family did for a living there, how they had gotten there. And what your housing was after you left their place. You said you were there about three weeks.

Yes. The name of the cousin was Rudy First. Rudy First had an interesting history. He was married then, and as I mentioned, had a small daughter. Rudy First was born in Germany. He had to leave under unknown circumstances.

This is the gentleman who went to Spain for a while?

Exactly. I may have mentioned this already that he had to leave Germany. He went to Spain, was there until about 1936 when the Spanish Civil War broke out. And through connections, managed to get to the Philippines because again, the Spanish connection was a factor.

And he was in business working for a large concern. I forgot exactly its name, but they were into all kinds of businesses as was the tendency almost in the Chinese style. They were trades-- trade houses that dealt in goods of all sorts-- import,

export, and so on.

And he was a big wheel there of some kind-- at least he thought he was, I believe. He had a car and a chauffeur, as I mentioned. He had a very nice house and he knew a lot of people, and he talked big. His name was Rudy First.

And the name First is-- in English it will be like Earl or Lord or something like that. And he would deal with business. I don't-- again, I'm not familiar with the exact details.

But at any event, he had established himself rather well. And the-- as I mentioned before, we lived with him for up to three weeks. And then we managed to get into-- in a small apartment.

I forget exactly the name of the street. It might have been the M.H. Del Pilar, which was in the Ermita district. The Ermita district bordered-- the Manila Bay was right behind the Dewey Boulevard that I mentioned, sort of in the north-- slightly to the north somewhere close-- I would say about five miles, six miles south of the Pasig River, roughly speaking, and also about three or four miles south of the Port area where we had arrived.

The other thing we did, and of course, I went to school. We had very little money. My father worked. This helped.

And my mother tried to do some work, as well. She tried to get into sales. I think there was one woman who made artificial flowers and she was in to try to sell those. But she also was a housewife and did all that, of course.

Then on weekends-- and we didn't have that much to do except to visit or play around. But my father always liked the transportation things, like back in Berlin, he took me to the railway station. This time we spent many weekends at the port.

We went to the large piers and went along the piers and try to get aboard ships. Because in those days, there was not the kind of security as there is today in the '90s or '80s. And many times we just let-- we would just wave to the person on top of the gang plank. And they always said, come on board.

So we visited many, many ships. Amongst them was a Dutch freighter where we first noticed it was a completely air conditioned ship in the passenger quarters. It had these forced draft types of air conditioning systems. Went aboard that one.

We went aboard many of the Empress line ships-- the Empress of Japan, the Empress of Canada, the Empress of Russia, all passenger line there's a dock there. We went aboard some of the American ships-- the American President Lines, President Hoover, President Fillmore, I believe, President Taylor, some of these ships that were docking. They are on their way to other parts of the Orient.

We were also aboard ships of the Italian lines and some British ships of various kinds. So we spent a lot of time visiting ships, looking around, and so forth.

Was your impression that those ships were carrying a lot of Jewish immigrants? That's the first part of my question. And the second is, I'm assuming, perhaps incorrectly, that the first wave of immigrants in that period of time are from Germany. And then as time went on, they came from other countries, is that correct?

Well, the immigrants that came starting, say, in 1935, '36, were primarily from Germany, some from Austria. But very few from any other place. A few here and there from Czechoslovakia, perhaps just a handful somehow from Poland. But that was about it.

And one thing I had forgotten to mention, I had mentioned the American Jewish community, there was also a fairly good sized Sephardic community in the Philippines. These Jews had been there, we assume, sometime going back from the Spanish Inquisition. [? Therefore, ?] it's a family by the name of Godol who lived across the street from us at one point. Large families, usually, and kids.

However, they all were members of the same Temple Emil synagogue. So of course, we would see them quite often, as most of the Jews did go attend the synagogue Fridays, and mostly Saturdays, as well as on the holidays. So this was an interesting mix of Jews.

We had people who were called from the United States who might have been originally from Russia, and Poland, and Germany, wherever. And then we had these German and some Austrian Jews emigrating in the '30s, and perhaps up to 1940, '41 maybe. And then we had these real old timers, the Spanish Jews, or Sephardim, who spoke Ladino. And of course, also spoke English, as well as the native language Tagalog, many of them.

And they were all in business of some kind or another-- jewelry, textiles, you name it, restaurants, and things of that nature. They were very helpful. As I say, there was families but they were always very friendly and helpful people, as far as I can remember.

Why don't you tell me a little bit about the kindergarten that you mentioned and what it was like for you to have to learn English.

It was very interesting. My mother took me there one fine morning. And this was Mrs. Hoyes, and she had like a little house which divided up into classes. Many of the teachers were Filipino and some were Americans or other nationalities.

And my first day in class was-- well, they decided to put me in, I guess, the America-- what it was-- kindergarten or first grade because I spoke no English. So the first day, these-- it was a Filipino teacher or two, they tried to talk to me a little bit. And I sat in the class and I was listening and all this stuff.

And naturally, very little of it I understood. I could read some of the things that they had written on the board. I could certainly look at pictures and things of that sort.

And so after a while, I sat there and I would say, oh, within about three or four weeks, I was able to begin to communicate. And then it sort of naturally you adjust to that. You begin to understand the words they use.

And of course, they try to make it clear to me what they meant. So they pointed to things what these were, and what that was, or what the word book was, the word pencil was, and so on. And so that I could-- so pretty soon speak enough at least to understand and to write, and later on, to speak, to respond, as well. So I would say within, oh, certainly two or three months, it was not-- I spoke the language enough to attend school.

Were there other Jewish immigrant children in the school with you, and also I'm assuming, this was a private American school.

Yes, it was a private American school. And there were one or two other immigrant children. Forgot-- in my class, there wasn't any-- there was-- one was a little older, so they stuck him into a slightly older class. But he, of course, had the same problem. So he had to learn the language.

But there was at one point another family there whose son was there. They were immigrants from Spain. They were the so-called Republican-- from Republican Spain, the ones that were defeated by Franco and the nationalist forces.

And they had fled to the Philippines, and they were fairly well to do. They had a car and a chauffeur and the whole bit. And he lived not far from me, so I would-- I got friendly with him. In fact, they would pick him up with the car and they'd give me a ride. Very nice people.

And of course, he-- his English wasn't that great, either, because he spoke Spanish. So he, too, had to learn. And that's how we got together.

And so that was-- the community was a bit dispersed. We did not live in all-- in the same neighborhood. I mean, we were either in Ermita, Malate, Pasay, and those three areas.

However, when you figure there were maybe 800 to 1,000 immigrants between 1935 and 1940, early '41, that were just fairly well dispersed, I mean, that was an odd chance only that one or two people lived next to one another. There were cases like that. We had neighbors once or twice where the people next door were also as we were, refugees from Germany or Austria. So there was a great intermingling. I mean, people would deal with others socially and otherwise.

Is it your recollection that when your parents needed help with finding out information, or adjusting to life there, that they would turn to members of the Jewish community? And if so, what do you remember about that?

Not a great deal. They would, of course-- this committee, which Morton Netzorg was in charge of, was usually available for all kinds of things-- jobs, advice, things of that nature. But of course, there was the temple. And I'd like to go back a little bit to that.

Just in addition to being a religious center, it was also a sort of social center. Because during that time, I believe it was 1939, '40, in addition to the temple itself, they built an addition next to it, which was what became a huge hall, and the classrooms downstairs. And upstairs they built a rabbi's living quarters, a huge apartment.

So the rabbi moved in there, and the lower part was used for Sunday school, and plays, and get-togethers, and social events. So there were always get-togethers amongst the immigrant Jewish people. Whatever there was, they may not have been living next door, but they did not live far away.

So very often we went to see-- to other people's homes. They came to our house. We had a man there, for example, who was an actor from Czechoslovakia who spoke German, and so on.

And he was expert at mimicking people. So he could entertain you all evening with his imitations of other German and Austrian immigrants, and their struggle to speak English properly, and the way they loused up the language. And he was great at that.

He actually had a job selling airtime for KCRH, was the radio station in the Philippines, in Manila. And he-- and he spoke English fairly well, an educated man, and knew English before he came, actually. So there were these possibilities.

You were never alone. There were always people to ask that-- there were Jewish physicians, both old-timers, so to speak, as well as the people who had emigrated fairly recently. There was, for example, our physician was a Dr. [? Lota Listner ?] and very unassuming man, but a very gifted man in terms in the medical field. So he treated us.

And there was also another man by the name of Dr. [? Markelson, ?] who'd been there for a while, and not as long as Dr. Listner. And he was ear, nose and throat. He actually yanked my tonsils out some time in 1939, '40. Had a lot of trouble with that part. And so he did the job.

And I remember very distinctly the day after. Again, I will mention that we had very little money. And-- but my mother did manage to get me, I think, for a nickel or a dime, the newest version of the Superman Comic Book. So I managed to read that when I was recovering. [INAUDIBLE] to give you some ice cream and for that time. So these were some of the early memories.

We-- the physicians were available, and what's so good about charging or not charging, rather, and if you didn't have enough, they would just forget about it, or whatever you were able to pay. So that was a very-- obviously, a very useful thing to have around. So there was mutual help available. No one starved.

That was a country where it would be difficult to starve, although later on, as I will come to during the war, that was a different story. But this-- so there was tremendous amount of mutual help among the Jewish community, all of them, really.

Tell me a little bit about Jewish youth and the activities, both religious and social, that I assume centered around the

temple that you were involved in.

Yes, indeed it did center around the temple, because we all went to Sunday school. I had to be dragged there myself, if I remember, but I'm not-- was not that eager. However, we had several classes.

One was given by the rabbi. He had this sort of older children, the beyond the-- almost bar mitzvah and beyond age, mid to upper teens. Then there was the Cantor, who I may have mentioned, came by ship and was taken-- it was actually employed as a rabbi. I met him on board the ship, Cantor Joseph Cysner, who came with his mother, and he was from Poland.

He had this problem with struggling to get across the corridor at that time, the Polish [INAUDIBLE], Polish quarter. Anyway, he was very, very popular. He had a wonderful singing voice. He taught music. He taught piano.

But of course, he mainly taught Sunday school. And I was in his class. And he was marvelous. He was a man that, of course, had to learn English, as well, very quickly, which he did. He was very bright.

And he taught Sunday school. And then there was another even younger class that was also taught by, I believe, a lady. And then there were about three classes altogether. That was sort of the core.

Because from that, you got to meet all the other Jewish kids. Although, you probably knew them already because they were at Friday night services. And so there were several things going.

For example, I have a picture that was given to me not long ago of a performance we put on of Mendelssohn's the Midsummer Night's Dream where we all dressed up and I was one of the clowns. And absolute performances that were put on by the Jewish youth under the supervision of the people of the temple.

And there were other socials for the various Jewish holidays. Purim was dress-up time. There was the holidays, the Arbor Day, what is it? Whatever. Hanukkah, of course, a large celebration.

And the high all the days when there was no celebration, but you all-- we all attended the synagogue, which was very interesting because we had people that were both conservative and orthodox. We had no one there was reform as a [? mishmash, ?] perhaps, before. Reform is an American practice. It may have been invented in Germany but not known there.

So it mostly conservative and orthodox. But they were together. Now, the orthodox would split up. Their wives would be sitting up on the balcony.

But the others would all sit together. It was a mixed type of-- however, the services were always conducted in Hebrew. There's no English whatsoever. No responsive reading, for example.

And the only thing in English was the sermon. And the poor rabbi with his difficult English, shall we say. He was not a very outgoing man to begin with, but have trouble-- but he spoke well, so well with content.

However, some of the old timers, the American Jews-- some of them I say, not all-- would walk out just before he began speaking, which is kind of an insult. But that was their nature. But nonetheless, he was a very popular man.

Tell me a little bit about the apartment and your mother's adjustment to, I assume, running things herself and adapting to the domestic chores that were unique to the Philippines. And how long you were in that apartment, as well.

Yeah. Well, we were in an apartment for a fairly short time. If I recall, during the period March 16, 1939 through, oh, the beginning of the war. We must have lived in, oh, five or six different places, at least, for various reasons. I remember we lived once on one street where we-- it was a larger house-- we took in boarders.

We had three different men living in that place. One was-- one's name was Hartman. And there was-- well, I'll talk about



my mother's-- I don't want to talk about this little story first. Hartman was married to a woman who was not Jewish but still in Germany with their children. But she came over later.

Hartman one night-- one morning came down, he says, I don't know what happened, but if somebody's always calling me in the middle of the night. He's calling, Hartman, Hartman. And I'm wondering what the heck. This guy must have some sort of a problem.

But as it turned out, it was not somebody calling him Hartman in the middle of the night. There are such things as geckos, those animals geckos, and the gecko was going, go, gecko. He's somehow converted that to Hartman. And he never experienced the call of a gecko.

So he was, again, one of those unusual things that people confront when they leave the Europe and go to the tropics in the Far East. So anyway to get back to my mother, shopping was always one of her interests, whatever it was. And Philippines had open markets. That was the main source of food supply.

They're quite interesting, and they were always full of people. And they sold meat, and they sold vegetables, and fruit, and rice, and all these things. And then she would go shopping there and bring her food home and prepare it.

Sometimes we had domestic help. They were extremely cheap. You could get a person to help you for five pesos, 10 pesos a month. And they would, of course, eat with us and everything. That will all be free, and even live there [INAUDIBLE] have a space.

So there was help like that occasionally. And she would manage all that. She would bring the food in, prepare it, and we'd have usually three meals at home because of the-- I wouldn't call it siesta, exactly, but there was a long lunch period in the Philippines because of tremendous noon heat. And in fact, the heat all along.

So in fact, she would also feed the borders. They would be there full board. They'd be for breakfast and dinner. And so she'd have a big chore on her hands preparing all the food. Sometimes this help. But that also was a way we managed to get some income.

There was another place we lived that was sort of like a bungalow. And we rented a room out to a man who was aboard one of the Navy ships in the harbor. It was one of these four stack destroyers called the Perry. And he was a Chief Petty Officer.

And he stayed-- whenever he was ashore, he stayed in his room that he rented. And that went on for quite a while. But he did not eat with us. He would be eating out, or wherever he went. So that was another place we lived. I think that street was A. Mabini. That was the name of that particular street, all in the Ermita area.

We also, as I say, often accompanied her shopping when I didn't have to go to school. So we would hang out near the markets. Philippines always also had a lot of beggars. And that was one of the things that was new, the number of them on the streets.

So these were things were not pleasant to see. But they were there.

Do you have any impressions, child impressions, of how the Filipinos regarded Jews?

Well, the Filipinos, of course, did not see that many Jews. They only saw white people. To them, whether you were a Jew or whatever, was secondary. You were white.

So that was-- they had an expression that the-- Tagalog expression that they used. They would call you a mestizo bangus. The word mestizo means mixture, a racial mixture. Bangus is the name of a fish that they have. It's one that's a nice tasting fish, but has a lot of bones in it. That's what they would-- so they would--

This is the second side, Side B, of tape number three of an interview for the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum

with Frank Ephraim. My name is Nancy Alper. I'm the interviewer. And it is March the 20th, 1997.

I'm just trying to recall where we were at. We were, again, with the Jewish community during the year 1939, '40. There were many events, of course, that dealt where we were involved in.

The community itself began to grow, of course. More people who are coming in. Almost every weekend, or whenever possible, we went to the docks to see the ships arriving from Europe.

As I mentioned before, they were primarily of the Lloyd Triestino Line. There were four different ships that would arrive-- The Conte Verde, Conte Rosso, Conte Biancamano, the Victoria. There were also two German ships that occasionally supplied this area and brought Jews out, the Gneisenau and Scharnhorst. And there were other ships, as well.

And every time we went to the dock, we'd get aboard the ships, which they allowed you to do. And inevitably, my father or mother would run into someone that they had known in Germany. It was uncanny.

These people were on their way to Shanghai to join that ever-growing large Jewish community there. A few would get off in the Philippines that had been given visas and so on, had affidavits, or whatever you needed. But these were very, very few.

So-- but in any event, the Jewish community did grow. And I would estimate in terms of immigrants during those-- that period of time were about 800 to 1,000, roughly speaking. I'm not certain of the exact number.

I may have also described the arrival of one Herbert Zipper, that was one day. He became the conductor of the Manila Symphony Orchestra. And that was another of my mother's favorite things. She also was a singer.

And she actually went and tried out, auditioned, and got-- was accepted into the chorus of the Manila Symphony Orchestra. And she was in the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in the contralto section. That was a fascinating affair, because she would take me to the rehearsals. This is how I got to know that symphony inside out.

And the concertmaster was a little fellow somewhat under five feet tall by the name of Vallejo. He was a violinist, first violinist. He was concertmaster. The orchestra was almost 100, or perhaps more. And made up of people-- of Filipinos, mestizos mixtures, people from Europe, China.

I recall the Beethoven's Ninth was performed with the fourth soloist, one being-- the tenor being Chinese, the soprano Filipino, the contralto European, and the bass baritone was a man by the name of Desiderius Ligeti who was from Hungary. And he later performed in San-- with the San Francisco opera. He changed his first name from Desiderius to Desire to make it a little easier.

He was a very nice looking man, nice family, and we used to meet him on the Boulevard occasionally walking up and down, as we met the soprano. She also took walks there with her family. So we occasionally meet these people along on that Boulevard that I talked about before.

My mother really enjoyed this. And of course, one of the interesting things about Beethoven's Ninth as we, of course, know the words in the Ode to Joy, the Fourth Movement. They decided because of the situation that they would sing this in English rather than in German. So there was my mother practicing the English version of the Ode to Joy, which sounded very strange in English, perhaps. But to me, was the very first time I had ever heard the symphony and so I grew up with it in English, rather than in German. So that was a fascinating part of my experience there.

The heat was enormous. This conductor was a very active conductor. He would be bathed in sweat as he was conducting in his old Viennese style. But it worked beautifully. They played extremely well. It was a packed house. And they performed that, an opera, of course, and ballet, up until the beginning until Pearl Harbor.

Other facets of the community were, for example, people would go on outings to see this little bit of the countryside,

which is certainly quite different from Europe. It was jungle like, hot. We went to a place called Tagaytay, which there was a dead volcano in the bay, the Laguna de Bay it was called.

And on occasion, the earth-- Manila also suffered from earthquakes. And they usually were centered in that particular area of Tagaytay. There also was, as I mentioned, a Jewish community in Manila.

There was Jews in other parts of the Philippines for work reasons. They were in a place called Iloilo, Cebu City, and in a place called Baguio, which was a resort up in Luzon, the northern part of Luzon in the mountains. We did visit there during the war, and I'll talk about that a little later.

But there were Jews there who were doing hotel work, were doing other businesses, and they went to live in Baguio, or wherever else.

Frank, it sounds like your family made, all things considered, a pretty easy adjustment. And I wonder what you would recall about what was not easy for them to do, your two parents.

Well, again, from my standpoint, always of course, the most difficult was, they did-- my father did make a living. We ate. We had clothes. We moved around quite a bit, and perhaps for various reasons. Either the location was not right, the facility was lousy, the-- whatever. The neighbors, there was a problem with the noise, or whatever it was. And my mother always wanted some improvement.

So-- and of course, when you are from that kind of background, you strive. And in the Philippines, it was difficult to strive because there were difficulties, first, with the language, secondly, with the culture. Here we were totally like different type of folk in a country that was inhabited by Filipinos.

And the wealthy-- and of course, Filipinos viewed everyone that was white as wealthy. It was difficult for them to accept that there were poor white people. That's just-- unless there were some-- there was one person, I don't want to mention his name exactly, but he was mentally-- there was something wrong with him. He would roam the streets in torn clothes. He was white.

He actually was from a well-to-do family, highly educated family. But there was really nothing that-- and he would pop into people's homes to ask for food and whatever. And they would come to our house occasionally, drop by or whatever, and we would feed him. But this was not-- this was a problem he had that was existing.

But most of the community strive. They worked very hard. And my father worked a lot, and he worked hard, and so did my mother whenever she was actually doing a job, either as a housekeeper with the borders, and so on. But we always managed.

There were difficulties with money. I recall one particular instance. We had managed to bring with us in one of the crates a German radio, a nice large table model. But it was a good sized one, new one, I think. I forgot its brand.

And we had just moved into a little house on Taft Avenue, not all that far-- you could almost walk to the temple. And we had three sets of boarders at the time. We had a man who was an expert bridge player. His name was Berkowitz, or something like that.

And he used-- had to use a cane. He was a young man, but he had something wrong with his leg and he used a cane. He was in one room.

Another room was occupied by a couple that had just come to the Philippines-- their name was Hyman-- a childless couple. And he became-- he opened up a tailoring business after a while with this fellow Hartman that I had mentioned before of the gecko story. It was then known as Hartman and Hyman, the tailors.

And if you may want to recall, the man that was a comic, he would do an imitation of their business. Their-- none of-- neither of them had any experience in tailoring. So he would always claim, well, if the shirt-- if the sleeves are too long,

we just make the pants legs a little longer, or too short, whatever. He did really take them over the coal rack-- rack them over the coals.

But-- and then-- yes, so we had these people as boarders. But still apparently there were problems, because I think my father had to change jobs. That one job ran out. The man went back to the United States. Things were getting-- this was already 1940.

Things were getting a little tough. And in fact, shortly before that, I remember distinctly, there were lots of people over at our house, maybe half a dozen or a dozen. It was the night we got the news that Hitler had invaded Poland September 1, 1939. And there was a lot of crying and a lot of tears because that was the signal that no one else could come out of Germany anymore.

And of course, all these people had relatives, or parents, or someone left there. And of course, at that moment, they all pretty much knew they were no longer able to leave unless they escaped in some fashion. But-- so that was a very trying moment, the invasion of Poland.

And of course, there were some people who may have had relatives in Poland itself. And so there was a very tragic day-- or evening for us. But one day there was-- my father said, oh, there were some people coming to look at the radio. And so, sure enough, a Filipino or two men came.

And I didn't know what this was about. But he sold them the radio. So here was a situation where he had to get rid of the-- sell the radio for money in order to have money. And so the radio was sold. They walked out with it.

So that was kind of a sad day because we no longer had this radio. And I think-- I don't know what happened when we got another radio, but at some point. However, of interest, in that particular house on Taft Avenue, it was a bungalow type of house.

Next door, similar house, was a man and his wife. And they would ask-- but he would ask my father over. Well, this man had a ham radio operation going in his house. And my father, being from the radio era, and himself having had work done, had patents, and radio equipment, radio parts, was very much into it. He loved knobs and play around with all these things all the time.

So this guy would tune up the ham radio, and my father would be there and all that. Interestingly enough as it turned out, one night this man had some sort of an attack, or seizure, and they called my father over. And my father rushed him to-- got him on one of these cab or something to the hospital. And this man was always very thankful thereafter because he felt that my father in that sense by rushing him to the hospital saved his life.

This was an American man by the name of Goodrich, just like the tire, but he had nothing to do with tires. Strangely enough, this man looked us up after they-- many years later after the liberation of the Philippines. He was in the United States Army and he was the local-- was a major by that time. He was the local commander of the CIC, the Counterintelligence Corps.

That background, of course, in the Philippines helped to get him into that particular field. And he looked us up and came visiting. That was in 1945. But I-- that's projecting forward.

So that was a person that we met at the time. It was interesting experience.

You talked about the Filipinos differentiating and characterizing you simply because of the color of your skin. And I was wondering if there were any such differentiations made because of your Jewishness. It sounds like there wasn't, but I wonder if there were any assumptions about your having money because of that.

Not exactly. I did not-- I personally do not recall any such confrontation or hearing anything of that kind. Filipinos, as I mentioned before, the country was 99, or whatever, percent Catholic. And it was very strongly Catholic.

There were these processions where they would take the body of Jesus and parade, singing, a very big ceremony at night of candlelight down the various streets. These schools, of course, particularly one that I went to-- as I mentioned, I started in this kindergarten of Mrs. Hoyes. But I subsequently went to the De La Salle College, which was run by Jesuits, which was on Taft Avenue, almost walking distance from where we lived.

I remember from this Taft Avenue house, I would take one of these little Jeep like things and zip down there and negotiate with the driver instead of a nickel, I'd pay him three centavos-- I mean, five centavos, I was paying three centavos and that was fine. But-- so we went there. Now, this school, the brothers who were the Jesuits, were in some cases quite strict.

I remember one sitting in a class with Brother Victor. And Brother Victor, sort of a mean looking guy, and he announced right off the bat that anybody in this class would be required to take religion as he was looking at me and knowing full well that I was not a Christian, a Catholic. I was Jewish.

And I was the only Jew in that class. There were other Jews in the college. But one friend of mine, Ralph Price, was a year older and so he was in another class.

And one other fellow by the name of Hans Heinz [? Herflin, ?] who was really only partially Jewish. His father was a marine engineer. It was just-- but his mother was not. They did not attend the temple. They did not really practice Judaism.

These were three I knew of in that school. But I never did take catechism. My simply that-- during that session, I would just sit and do nothing, and that was that. He didn't like that idea, but that was the way I did it.

Do you remember what year you started there, and why your parents decided to send you to a Catholic school?

OK. It was not a decision to send me to a Catholic school. It was rather a-- the only thing available for the price. There was a school which was a very good school. It was-- I've forgotten its name. It was extremely difficult to get into.

They were somewhat discriminatory. They did not want the new refugees in there. They were strictly limiting it to Americans, British, oh, I don't know, other people. So many attempts to enroll in that school were futile.

So the choices then were limited. The initial school I went to was largely every elementary school for two grades or so. And by that time, this was now 1940 or so. It was-- well, I was in the second grade-- I forgot-- or third grade. I don't remember exactly.

And my parents thought I had to change schools in any event. And so then there was another school called the American School. That was very expensive. And that was something way out of-- we could not afford.

So there was this word that, yes, the De La Salle College would take Jews, or it would take others, and their fees were relatively low. And so a number of Jewish boys went there. And it was an excellent school.

The Jesuits are superb teachers. I mean, there you could really learn. And there was a no nonsense type of learning. I mean, they'd throw a erasers at you. They'd cane you and there was all this that was-- what do you call it-- about to say capital punishment.

There was that kind of corporal punishment, and that was practiced, and without any question. And there was prayer at the beginning of the class, at the end of the class-- a very quick prayer. There were spelling bees and so on. And if you won those, you got a rosary or candies.

They also had-- other than Jesuits, they had some Filipino teachers. And I had one of them. And he was a very nice man and never-- in his class, there's no question, I never had to take any catechism.

I sat there and they would just skip over me. As the catechism was practiced in those days in a sort of singsong fashion,

the teacher would sing song the question. The student-- every other-- as he went down the rows would sing song the answer. And the same kind of sing song or rhythm was used to recite the rosary.

This was more of a method of learning at that age for children, I believe, than a typical Catholic practice. In any event, every 25th of the month, the whole class is at the chapel, the church in the college, because that was a celebration of Christmas, the birth of Christ. I did go along there because that was just a matter of visiting.

The others kneeled and made a sign of the cross with the Holy water. I didn't do that. I sat in the pew and then listened and sat there and observed. That's it.

But as I say, some of these brothers were kind of tough. Others were kind of lenient. It would depend. There was a man by the name of Brother Xavier, X-A-V-I-E-R, who was the headmaster. He was a very nice man. He was of, I believe, English or American background.

There was a Deputy-- a Dean whose name is Brother [? Birthwin, ?] and he was of German background. Both of them were certainly not requiring the Jewish students to take catechism. But as I say, there were a couple who were kind of nasty about it.

So that was my experience. I went to that school up until the beginning of the war. However, by that time, we had moved.

We moved to a place called the Santa Monica Courts, which were row houses. And they-- I would estimate about eight rows worth of houses where the houses-- row houses were back to back. Between the rows were about 15 foot wide concrete roadways.

You could run a car through there, but no cars were basically allowed. But you could walk and everything. They were built perpendicular to the Dewey Boulevard. And they were right on the Dewey Boulevard.

And it was these-- in these houses that we experienced the actually Pearl Harbor. Because what happened was, first of all, when Pearl Harbor occurred, I was no longer going to this De La Salle College, for whatever reason, I forgot. I ended up in a place called the Philippine Women's University, which allowed boys up until the fourth grade. And I was in the fourth grade.

And there I was in the same grade with the two women who were cousins who attended our Manila Reunion in 1996-- Lottie Cassel and Margot Cassel, and a few others. And there were a few other boys there in the fourth grade. It was still mixed.

Apparently, it was either a bit cheaper, or it was more convenient, because now we lived in another spot. I was a little boy. I remember the Santa Monica Courts was much further away from-- that was not in Ermita, rather than Malate. As a result, there was a much, much longer way away from the De La Salle College.

And the Philippine Women's University was closer. So that's the reason, I believe, I went there. I switched schools a lot. But I adapted, because by then I spoke the language and picked up whatever I needed.

I was never the greatest student in those days. I was more of a wild kid. And I've always been adventurous. And well, that's the way it was.

But anyway, one day my father and I-- we were living in these courts, and as I explained, they were sort of double-- two stories. Across from us on one side lived a family by the name of boss, B-O-S-S, a couple, no children, and his mother. And also from-- I believe, from Breslau, yes.

He was a veteran of the First World War. And in the heat, he'd walk around in this T-shirt, this sleeveless like a tank top type of affair. And there were these huge bayonets scars in the back. He had apparently been bayoneted, amongst other things, in the First World War.

And right next to them across the street was a woman and a small child. She was the wife of a Navy man who was in the United States Navy. But she also was originally, I believe, from somewhere in Europe.

And then amongst us doing-- a number of German Austrian Jewish refugee families living in these courts. Next door to us was a young couple, and he was a pilot in the United States Air Force, flew a P40. The [? Shallocks ?] were their names.

He later was in the Death March, and she was taken in-- taken from Corregidor and-- where she had sort of converted to be a nurse and spent the war years in Santa Tomas, the civilian interment camp. And then on the other side were people who were Dutch. And they had moved into Manila from out of town. And they lived there, and they had a small boy.

So amongst that whole series of courts, I want to say eight rows, there must have been 1,000, 2,000 people living there. Many Americans, British, Dutch, German, Austrian Jews, mixtures of people who came from other countries. Not too many Native Filipinos.

And this was perpendicular to the Boulevard. And it was very close to the Hellman's huge operation, which I had mentioned before. And Sigi Hellman was an ace football player-- soccer, that is, of course. And we often played soccer out there almost every day, or capture the flag.

And once in a while, this one fellow, who was the expert football player, would walk by and he would honor us occasionally playing with us. But he was a bit older. But he was very, very good. So we enjoyed doing that.

But it was in that particular period of time, we're now dealing with the 1941. And when-- one morning my father and I were on the way walking down this one street-- he walked me to the Philippine Women's University before he went to work-- picked up the newspaper, and he was very shocked because that was the announcement of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

I continue to go to school, but about an hour into classes, they gathered us around and began to send us home. So I was put into one of those caratellas, which I had described before, horse-drawn vehicle, which was more for freight, as opposed to a caramata, which is more for passengers. And I arrived, told my mother, was looks all full of anxiety. She tends to be a very, very anxious person anyway.

And so I went home, and we were listening to-- by then, we had another radio, I guess. We heard from other people, and we didn't really know very much. The American troops-- there were Americans officers, and they were talking about it very casually. Oh, well.

And then there were announcements made on the radio, all military people should report back to the bases. But the fellow next door, the pilot, he says, oh, well, no problem. We don't have to rush it. This is just-- I know I have to be there tonight, so I'm not going to bother going now because that's my duty time is tonight.

And he was a fighter pilot. But there was this sort of lackadaisical response or reaction that I noticed among the service people-- Navy, Army. In those days, of course, the Air Force was part of the Army. So we saw more troops around now with those flat helmets, and the British style helmets and more in those days, and Jeeps.

A lot of people say the Jeep was not really developed during the war. Actually, we did have Jeeps in the Philippines in 1941. Well, by afternoon, everybody had come home. My father come home.

Everybody was wondering what's happening. There was no noise. It was just a lot of talk. We walked the Boulevard, which was close by.

We ran into people, talked to them, and they said, well-- so we went back home. And then they announced that the air raids alarm system would be operated by the Philippine Boy Scouts. For some odd reason, that was the way, at least that's what they said on the radio.

And so nothing happened until approximately 10:00 at night, oh, must have been December the 7th, whatever equivalent time, 1941. The air raid sirens rang, the alarm. So everybody came from their upstairs bedroom downstairs.

There's no basements in the Philippines. If you dig there for three feet, you're in water. So we sat on the stoop and all the other peoples, dark, had that blackouts required, of course. So-- and then about 10, 15 minutes later, the all clear siren rang. Said, oh, gee, system works real well. It must have been close by and everything's all clear.

We went back upstairs and went to sleep. Well, the next thing I know was a horrendous racket-- explosions, flashes of light, whatever, airplanes overhead. And sure enough, it was a surprise attack by the Japanese.

They went in and began to fire at the ships and bombed the ships in the harbor, the Navy ships that were there, or had still-- were left there. And there, of course, was no alarm whatsoever. The system had broken down.

And so sure enough, we went downstairs, shot under the tables, and stayed there till whatever was over. It was-- took about 10, 15, 20 minutes, half an hour, perhaps. And then these planes and the explosions subsided. The planes apparently left.

And it was only then that the air raid alarm went off. So the thing didn't work too well.

Was there any response from the Americans?

The response-- we don't know. There might have been. There might not have been. We heard later that they also raided Nichols Field and Clark Air bases, or airfields, United States Army airfields in the area, and did manage to wipe out a goodly number of planes that were lined up wing to wing, which was unfortunate that unpreparedness at that time.

There was a feeling that the Japanese would not attack at night because they don't see too well. And that was the thought about it. And that was a myth, of course, but it was-- but it was accepted doctrine. You're dealing in days where lots of myths about Orientals and these Asiatics were abound.

So then the pilot next door came back and he's-- he was actually on a mission at that time, was in the middle of the night. And he said he was lucky they ran into that Japanese attack force, and they had it-- took a couple of bullets in the plane. But he managed to land safely and come back the next day.

But at that point, they started posting troops with sort of anti-aircraft guns around the Boulevard and in other areas. And everybody walking around with gas masks. That was the big thing.

Everybody was concerned that the Japanese would use gas. So they taught us how to protect against gas, mustard gas, and other gases, with wet handkerchiefs or [INAUDIBLE] And all the military people were wearing these big gas mask kits and few civilians, where Americans were given that by their own country, them being part of the country there.

When you say they, I assume you're talking about the American Army, or was it the Filipino government, or the two of them in conjunction that were helping you prepare for whatever was going to happen?

It was primarily American Army. There was a Philippine Army, of course. MacArthur had been put into command, and he was actually a Field Marshal in the Philippine Army, in addition to being a commander of the United States Army and all the armed forces.

But it was mainly the American Army. Also a mixture of the Philippine government. We must recall the Philippines were a Commonwealth of the United States. So it was-- yes, there was a Philippine flag, but also an American flag. And so it was sort of a mixed command.

The Philippine Army is very ill equipped unit. They mobilized the ROTC of the colleges. They were these sort of tropical helmets. They had no weapons, and they wore some uniforms.



But that was just raw manpower. They were ill trained. And as was the United States Army, it was under equipped. It was not well-trained. It was really a peacetime army, Garrison army.

And as a result, tremendous difficulties. But that was the first night of the air raid, the attacks, which then of course, no, there were no more schools. They were closed. So starting December the 7th, 8th, say, 1941, for about a year, none of us went to school.

Do you remember also hearing on the radio-- or how did you hear that the United States and Great Britain had declared war on the Japanese?

Yes. That came about in the next few days, the word was out. And then among other things, they began rounding up foreign-- or aliens that might have been members of the axis, including my father. Because after all, we were German Jews and not citizens of any-- but-- so they rounded up in the courts where we lived.

Oh, they came-- it was a Filipino unit of the police, very friendly. They said, well, we just-- we have to take you in, only the men. And so on-- and was, well, can-- we have-- this is-- we were told to do that.

So they took in, oh, from that area, about 50 or so, and then they brought them all to this great police station. And they released them about four hours later, having identified them as Jews and being refugees from Germany. And again, the America-- there is where the American Jews came in because this committee under Morton Netzorg, they of course would roll down to these places in a hurry, and says, these people are refugees. What are you doing?

And they were Americans so they had this kind of authority. I mean, not authority, but a certain status that they could use to convince these people, and they weren't that eager to take all these people in anyway. So-- but it did take in Germans, real Germans, and of course, Japanese.

Lots of Japanese in the Philippines in business and in agriculture. They were all taken in at that time and arrested. Usually, only the men. They did not bother with the women and children. There was no internment as such. But that was what they did.

Do you remember any kind of expectation that the American Army would protect you from whatever the Japanese were going to do?

Well, there was certainly that hope. After all, the United States was always regarded as a major power. Certainly, it was, and was there to defend the Philippines. MacArthur made speeches, and the others talked about things that they would do, they were able to do.

And again, there was a view of the Japanese as not having been well equipped, well trained, very effective. Although, it's surprising because they had been victors in Malaya and China. Tremendous combat experience in those areas from the Korea and Taiwan, wherever they were. They had lots of experience.

And by that time, they were, of course, in Formosa, Taiwan. And so the next thing we knew, there were more air raids. Normally, be about 20 to 30 planes only coming over.

They targeted pretty much the military areas to a large degree. There were a few cases where there were bombs that fell into civilian areas and there were casualties. Was not a horrendous amount, big bombardment.

The air-- antiaircraft was fairly light also in the area. So they came-- they bombed us at will. They did not fly that high. You could see them coming across, black airplanes, bombers. I'm not sure, I think they were-- they were probably stationed in Formosa.

Was this usually at night?

No, it was actually usually during the daytime. The first attack was at night. There were some attacks at night, but most were daytime attacks.

In fact, usually in the morning, some for a couple hours. Everybody knew that this would be the appropriate-- we know full well the sirens would go off, and we could expect planes. And we could expect something.

Do you recall during that period, the last weeks of December of '41, any visible signs of evacuation on the part of the Americans, or was there still the feeling that the American Army was going to stay there?

Well, that was the expectation, that they would be able to defend. There had been that whole eight, nine months prior to that time, of course, there was a sense of danger of war for many reasons. I mean, there was war in Europe.

The Japanese were making moves into places like Singapore, or heading in those directions, in China, and so forth. So there certainly were moved-- Pearl Harbor had occur-- they were preparing for that. So there was a sense of this thing's happening.

This then resulted in a large number of Americans leaving the Philippines, women and children primarily. But also members of the Jewish community, American Jews. The Frieders all had gone by then.

Oh, yeah, there was no Frieder left. And there was, I think, Konigsberg was left, he remained. And Levine remained, among other Americans. They didn't all leave, but a goodly number of this-- but certainly, the Frieders had left.

Now, I assume they were able to go back to the United States, or to Ohio, wherever you said they came from. But I'm wondering what the options would have been for Jews like your family? Where could you have gone? Did you talk about it?

Yes. That's a very good point, because what happened was this. As soon as Hitler invaded Poland, as soon as the Second World War began in Europe, a new rule was posted at the consulates, American consulates. Because many of the Jews, if not all the German and Austrian Jews who came to the Philippines, looked upon the Philippines as a way station.

They were going to go on to the United States. We were. We had family here, and so on. They were unable to give us affidavits because they were not wealthy. Although, parts-- other parts of the family were wealthy but they were slow. They would correspond with us by-- not by airmail, but by surface mail, take a long time.

Anyway, not really-- they weren't-- they were not aware of the need for hurry, and as a result, we were stuck in Philippines. But at the point when Hitler invaded Poland, the rule came out that no one who had family left in Germany could come into the United States would be given a visa to enter the United States. That was that.

So we were definitely not able to in any fashion into the United States, because my father had his mother and brother left in Germany. That-- and that was the word. And this was it.

So we were unable in any way, shape or form to leave the Philippines. There was no option but to stay and to sit it out for whatever occurred next, which occurred, the war.

I-- maybe I'm missing something and I don't remember that particular rule. What was the rationale for that tying the closing of the doors of immigration to family members remaining in Europe? Because I assume that the doors were closed in Europe so the fear would not be that you would arrive in the United States and immediately start hauling additional family members in.

I'm not sure what the rationale was. There may not have been any real rationale. It may have simply been a good reason to close the doors further, or tighter, or whatever. And the remote reason might be that that could be a security problem in some fashion.

Because after all, there was such a problem. The Germans could easily negotiate information for a release. That has

crossed their minds, I'm sure. So that may have been a possible reason. I'm not certain.

But in any event, the doors were closed. That was that. And of course, we knew that the relatives were now trapped in Europe. That was the hard part of it.

You had mentioned earlier that your father's job with the office machine company had ended because that gentleman had closed his business. Now, I assume he then went on to some other work. And I'm wondering what happened to his work right about the time that you're describing?

Well, whatever happened at the time, he was working for an office-- another office machine company, which strange enough was run by a German. And that--