

This is a taped interview being made on behalf of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. It is an interview with Frank Ephraim. The interviewer is Nancy Alper. The date is April the 3rd, 1997. This is site A or the first side of the sixth tape of the interview.

Well, we were in the process of marching down Dakota Street with these Japanese carrying the rice and the officer up front carrying a tray of what might have been strips of meat. And of course, this was designed to feed these sailors who had been wounded and who are now in these pink stucco houses recuperating or whatever.

The Japanese military, whenever it does anything, it's always in a very formal formation. And most of the time when they are marching in that order, you can sort of smell them a little ways away. But interestingly enough, the Japanese army has a practice of singing. So they would sing song their way down the street, some of course totally out of tune. But that was their way of marching. They'd have this marching type songs.

And anyway, every day these people would supply this now newly converted formerly red light sector and now a hospital sector with this food. And that went on for many, many weeks. That was essentially the end of the red light district as we knew it. And the conversion seemed to be very swift and efficient. The same women that had served in other capacities were now helping out in this new capacity.

The geishas were, of course, in Japanese tradition are women that are trained to serve, whatever. And they apparently did this all very efficiently. Now, heading back from this particular period, actually heading down the road, we, as I had noted before, began to get air raids which began to get more serious by. Early December 1944, we would have daily raids.

They would be mainly carrier-based airplanes, these Grumman F6Fs and others, the Avenger sky dive bomber types. The anti-aircraft was deadening. They must have had some sort of artillery or machine gun position, just about I would say every second house, but all over the place. The air was full of these puffs of flak.

And when-- and there were air raid warnings. And when there were warnings, my father and I would go upstairs to the house. There was a window in my room, which overlooked a good section of that district. We could overlook a huge empty lot, which was almost the size of a city block. And there was another one across from there, behind our house. And there was a wall that separated our house from that one lot. And on the right side were a row of wooden bungalows, and I'll come to those later.

But we could view the whole sky from there, including the barrage balloons, which the Japanese had raised to prevent dive-- American planes from diving into the area that the barrage balloons were protecting. It was a typical defense mechanism. But you could see them coming in, little silver dots in the sky, hundreds of them. And then they would sort of dive down, flip over and dive, typical air maneuver, and drop a bomb, and strafe.

And that would go on for about an hour. And we were under the table. Well, first when they came nearer, when we could see those black puffs and the planes coming near to where we actually live, we would rush downstairs and scoot under the table. Or we had one room downstairs that was sort of enclosed, and the walls were all made of stone or concrete. And we were in that room.

But as I say, most of the time, we just under a table, and we'd hear the bombs fall. But again, the targets were all military. Only on rare occasions did by accident some bombs drop in sort of civilian or residential areas. Again, the casualties were minor.

The raids would go on, and then one day we had the beginnings of heavy bombers. The famous B24 Liberator bombers came over in large groups for bombing runs. And one day, a group of-- must have been at least 12 maybe 24-- bombers came in formation, and they appeared-- we saw them. They appeared to be quite low or much lower than normal. And apparently then one was shot down.

We could see the plane going down in flames, and then the others leaving. And then we went outside, because we could

hear the shrapnel had fallen from the aircraft and so on. We went outside in the back, where this coachman and his family lived. There was like a cobblestoned yard. And we looked-- and I looked up, and I see this white dot way up in the sky. I didn't know what it was at first, but I finally realized it was a parachute. So one of the crewmen had parachuted out of his B24 Liberator bomber and was coming down what looked like right over our house.

Well, he came down and down. It took a while. We were all watching. Pretty soon everybody saw that, and they could see a person hanging from the parachute. And it then looked like he was going to land about two blocks away. And indeed he did. And everybody ran over there, but the Japanese had surrounded him, more or less. And I wasn't there. I did not see his actual landing, but some people were.

They said he came down. He was alive. It was an officer, a lieutenant. I'm not sure what he was. And they packed him off into a truck, and took him to a camp, I'm sure. Some of the Filipinos talked to him or yelled at him, you know, waved at him and that sort of thing, which is what they would want to do. But he landed. And he landed apparently safely.

The other-- there were two other people parachuting out of the plane, but further away that we heard about later. But this was usually a crew of 10. So the others might have well gone down with the plane. It's hard to say. That was a casualty at that time we saw.

As I say, the raids became more frequent. And most of our time was spent going under tables, hiding from shrapnel, not leaving the house for too much length of time. Didn't want to be caught out in the open with an air raid. The Japanese were getting very antsy, and they would fire at you, or they would hit you, or they would shoo you away or whatever.

So everyone was very, very nervous. And at the same time, everybody was beginning to get very hungry. Because now there was no transport. There was no distribution of food. The markets were beginning to be bare. The money was absolutely worthless. You could really only trade things for food. There was really no-- the Japanese Mickey Mouse money was just paper. So that was the thing up to that time. We're now talking December.

Now, the American forces landed in Lingayen Gulf in Luzon, the northernmost island on which Manila is located. And I've forgotten exactly the date of the landing, but as soon as they landed in force, they also landed in the island of Mindoro, which is just south of Luzon. And there they landed I believe with an airborne division, the 11th Airborne Division under Major General Swing.

And they were two primary divisions that we're concerned with that raced or tried to race toward Manila. They were part of the 6th Army under General Krueger, who reported to General MacArthur. And the two divisions were the 37th or Buckeye Division, mainly composed of men from the State of Ohio. I believe commanded by Major General Beightler, of German origin.

And the other division was the famous 1st Cavalry Division. The 1st Cav apparently reports later of course, came roaring down Luzon from Lingayen Gulf, and had a-- one battalion of it managed to liberate the Santo Tomas internment camp. We did not know this, because there was by that time no communication whatsoever.

The first thing we knew, really, was what sounded like artillery fire, the landings of shells, way in the distance. And we could see from that window of mine upstairs a little plane, which later of course, we could see more often that closer by was a Piper Cub. And of course we learned later that's an artillery spotter plane. And that thing was flying way in the distance, and we couldn't figure out why and what it was doing. But we could see tremendous fires in the northern part of the city of Manila, near the Pasig River area, we estimated.

And the word was beginning to come down that the Japanese were systematically burning the city down. They were throwing gasoline at the homes and buildings and lighting them up with hand grenades or whatever they could to ignite gasoline. And the black clouds of smoke, and the smoke we saw was buildings and homes burning. They were going to defend the city, apparently, but in the ruins of the city.

Although we had heard, of course, that was later after the war that General Yamashita, who was in command of all

Japanese forces and who had retreated himself to the mountain province and to near the city of Baguio, had apparently ordered that the city be evacuated. However, a naval-- a Japanese marine force, or segments of Japanese marine forces, were in the city of Manila, and by some strange twist decided that they would defend the city. They would resist the invasion of the American forces.

That's all written up very nicely in a book called *The Battle of Manila* by three British authors, actually, two at Sandhurst and one other historian. And I won't go into the battle, that military aspect of it. But in any event, it came January, we knew the Americans were at the outskirts. Because apparently-- I'm not sure exactly when Santo Tomas had been liberated, and it's in the far north of Manila.

And the Japanese were now beginning to dig in. They were doing two things. They were building pillboxes of sorts, out of rocks and material all over the area where we lived. There were digging holes near the streets, like for machine gun nests. They were laying mines at certain corners of streets. You were, of course, totally restricted. You couldn't go very far any in place.

There was a water shortage by now. There was interruption of water. So you had to fill up bathtubs and fill up bottles just to be sure you had some water. People were being digging wells, which was easy. You dug three feet, and you got water. Of course, it was kind of bad water, but water nonetheless. Your food supply, you had to be very careful.

Once we got the word or heard that they were systematically beginning to burn the city down, we prepared to leave the house. And what I did was, I built a little, small tiny wagon, about two feet by 2 feet, and little small wheels that I managed to scrounge. And it had a little wooden handle. And we filled that up with bottled water, boiled water. And we had some bottles of rum in there, and some rice, and sugar, and some other basic foods.

By that time, we still had a house girl. And my father and I and my mother lived in the house. And the fires came closer and closer. And the artillery began to come in, long range 155 caliber artillery pieces, howitzers and whatever. And then in addition to that, we were being raided by these double-bodied P-38 Lightning military planes. These are land-based planes.

The Lightnings were very maneuverable, and they were just flying around there upside down and everything and strafing. Now, of course, the strafing would hit anybody. And they didn't always hit the Japanese. And if they dropped a bomb, which they could, that could also hit anybody. And so we were beginning to get casualties.

There was, when we looked out from that window of mine, that big empty lot, plus another one across the street from it. And at the far corner was a gray concrete-built Catholic church. That was beginning to be converted into like a hospital, because it was the closest thing available that could serve as such. And we had volunteer doctors and nurses.

And people that would get wounded would go there. And of course, pretty soon that became a rush. Because the American forces were drawing closer and closer, and the fires were drawing closer and closer until the night of-- if I recall exactly, it was the night of February the 7th or 8th 1945. When my father and I were at this window upstairs, we took a watch up there, just to see, because the fires were now like three blocks away.

Suddenly, we saw these little bungalows that were next to our house. They actually were facing Dakota Street, but we could see their backs. And we knew the family that lived in the first one. It was a man of Spanish origin. He had four or five kids. And we could see, they suddenly went up in flames, those houses.

And we could see him with his kids. There was a wall behind this house, the wall that separated this house and our house from that large empty lot. And he was beginning to toss his kids over the wall, and then himself and his wife. And the house went up in flames.

And so my father SAID now is the time. We got to go. So he and I quickly rushed through the whole house. And we closed every window and door as tightly as we could. We pulled these sort of wooden slatted type of blinds, pushed them together, and closed every window and everything to make the house as airtight. Because when you do that, you can avoid it burning, unless they burned that house directly. Then, of course, you can't help it. They always relied on

one house lighting up the other houses naturally.

OK, we left the house with my little wagon. And by that time, this wall the back of our house had been breached. We had all gotten together and smashed it so that you could walk through it and get to those empty lots. That was like an escape route. Because we knew if we go out to Dakota Street, there was a Japanese machine gun nest there, and we were quite certain it was being manned.

So we didn't-- the people in the house in front could see that. So they said, don't go out that way. We're all going to go out the back way, through the wall, and camp somewhere in that huge empty-- by that time, hundreds, even thousands of people were already converging on those empty lots. And we could see in the distance, they were digging big holes. They were burying some people there, because they'd been killed by shelling or shrapnel.

So we were there, and that was nighttime. It was dark. So we and many other people, we rushed out. And against one of the walls-- we went back to the house. My father brought our mattresses, and we built a sort of lean-to. And we were in that thing, and in that thing all night. And meanwhile, everything around us went up in flames.

It was just like-- it was like Dante's hell. Flames all around you, and people streaming out and camping out there. Some with nothing. Of course, they had just run. We had prepared a little bit. We had some things. And we brought out more stuff, because our house was not that far away. Well, my father took a different route, brought the mattresses out.

And so anyway, we had these mattresses, and some stuff, and a bag full of some clothes. And there we were, sitting on the ground. And by next morning, there was black smoke and everything all over the place. And we looked. Of the six houses in our court, two had remained standing, had not been touched by the flames and burned down-- ours and another.

So it was a good thing they did not light up our house directly, and we had closed the windows. However, we did not dare go back into the house. The Japanese were all over the place in small groups. They came out of their pillboxes. They came out of their trenches. They came out of God knows where.

They came amongst all those people camped. There were thousands of them in these empty lots-- in the two empty lots. And they would run around there. And again, they saw a white face, and they went

[SPEAKING JAPANESE]

And they would say--

[SPEAKING JAPANESE]

OK, so they went on. And that to them was the German. It's weird to have to use that as a subterfuge. Anyway, the shelling got worse. They were now closing in, the American forces. They were coming in. They had made a sort of a swing from the north down through the eastern side of the city, and were apparently coming in from the East. That was the 38th Division, which we found-- 37th Division, and the seam between it and the 1st Cavalry was down the street that I had mentioned once, San Andreas.

On the north side of San Andreas, a little further, it was 37th, it was 1st Cavalry. And on our side was the 37th. Although that I found out later naturally, not now-- not at that time. We didn't even know from where they were coming. But the shelling was intense. We were getting casualties by the hundreds killed and wounded.

A woman brought by-- stopped by our lean-to in the middle of a tremendous shelling barrage. And she had this little kid. We knew her and the kid. And then the kid was in her arms, was dead, had been killed. There were people being killed constantly. They were people I knew, neighbors, people we knew some, Jewish people who lived nearby. There was one man, a young couple, he was killed. He was exposed.

There was another fellow. His name was [? Benno ?] [? Wilhelm. ?] And he had an older brother, a Viennese. And he

had sort of volunteered to be part of the Red Cross or medical aid group that was helping people in this hospital. And in fact, he even helped bury them. He was hit, and he was killed. So he was buried there in that place.

So there was a constant burial party routine going. And we were totally exposed. The Piper Cub spotter plane was right above us. They called artillery in. I don't know. Obviously they were not trying to hit civilians, but the Japanese were in small groups all around. So naturally they wanted to neutralize the Japanese.

Because as I found out later from this book, The Battle of Manila, General Beightler's viewpoint was, I'm not going to sacrifice a single American soldier here. We're going to do everything to wipe out the Japanese before we go in. Otherwise, we would lose people. And he didn't want to be saddled with the charge that he was a butcher.

And so if there were civilians there in large numbers, why, that was too bad. That was his viewpoint. Presumably, anyway. So that's exactly what happened. The battle lasted in that area for approximately-- well, actually till-- in our case, till the 15th of February.

This date in February, the 6th or 7th of '45, was this the beginning of what you would call the Battle of Manila?

Well, I would probably put it earlier. Certainly it started with the liberation of Santa Tomas. Later on, we found out that because they rushed down to Santa Tomas, one of the two battalions of the 1st Cavalry Division, which is a small amount of the division, they were stuck there. The Japanese had built tremendous defenses. They needed to bring the rest of the troops down from Lingayen. They needed--

And there were problems on the way. I mean, there was some Japanese resistance, roadways, tremendous logistical problems, certainly. And it took weeks to get in a position to actually conduct the Battle of Manila. And on top of that, American forces perhaps did not realize that it was going to be defended to the last Japanese marine. So that of course, created delay.

And the biggest delay was crossing the Pasig River. The Japanese had blown up all the bridges. So to cross the river, they needed to send combat engineers across, set up pontoon bridges. Eventually, they built Bailey bridge sections over some of the destroyed bridges to get Across and to bring an army across a river, a fairly decent-sized river, is no easy task.

So instead they began to soften up the southern part, this part of Manila south of the Pasig, beginning, I would say, with major artillery sometime late January. I'm not certain exactly of the date, but certainly by the 5th of February we knew that they were beginning to shoot artillery into the portion south of the Pasig River, where the large residential areas were, Paco and to the East Ermita Malate Also the Intramuros, the large walled city, which was one of the last things that was actually liberated by the forces, American forces.

So the Battle of Manila lasted from January to March. And in the course of which, as I'll mention again later, 100,000 Filipinos and proportionate amount of others were killed. It was a tremendous battle, very expensive. The destruction was as bad as Warsaw, and the fighting was bad as Stalingrad. The only reason it doesn't get too much play is because, one, the casualty-- the reasons for the casualties, the 100,000 civilians were mostly killed by artillery and mortars.

Although many were killed through Japanese atrocities, no question about it. But the majority were not. They were killed by American or friendly fire. So that tends to be a difficult story to tell. It hasn't really been told thoroughly until more recently here in the 1990s when this book was published.

But that was the fact of the matter. In any event, by sometime around February the 13th, I believe it might have been, there was an enormous barrage we were in our lean-to with the house girl, and my father, my mother. And people that had lived next to us, this cochero and his crew, they had built a huge underground-- they dug out a huge ditch or pit, covered it with a palm tree logs, made this thing like a bunker. And they were all in there.

And I said to my father and my mother, this shelling, this is really bad. Let's scoot out of here and dive into their ditch during the shelling, which was only about 10, 15 feet away. And we did that. The house girl froze. I tried to pull her, but

she wouldn't move. She was just lying flat. but we moved. And the artillery just went on like crazy.

And then suddenly we heard a huge bang. And seconds after that, the house girl jumped into this dugout, and she was bleeding all over the place. She had a hole in her cheek, which was bleeding, squirting blood, and she was all-- had collapsed there.

So we put a cushion against her cheek. My father grabbed her, dragged her out of this bunker, took her under the artillery barrage to this makeshift hospital, left her there, because there were people attending to some degree. He came back, unscathed luckily. And two hours later, she came back as well. They had staunched the bleeding, but the place had taken several direct hits, including where they were operating on people. So she escaped from there. But she at least been-- blood had been staunched, but she was quite weak.

[PHONE RINGING]

In any event, after the house girl came back into the dugout and the shelling then stopped, there was a lull. And we climbed out, and we saw our lean-to had received a direct hit. Everything was destroyed. Everything was in shreds, the mattresses. Later on, we had some-- my t-shirts folded, and shrapnel had gone through the folded t-shirts. And then later on, when I put one on, it was a fresh one, it had this sort of interesting pattern of holes in it.

But the teakettle that my parents had received at their wedding, a pewter one, was sitting there somewhere, and its top was all bashed in. Shrapnel had gone through the thing and snipped off at the snout of the teakettle. I still have it today as a memento.

That was about the only thing-- and a picture of her that we saved from that area and from the house. I just want to go back a little bit in time, because I forgot something. Our temple, Temple Emil, in the latter part of 1944, the Japanese took the building over. And there were no more services. Services were held in different parts by different people. It was now scattered. Again, bombing had started and everything.

They took it over and stored torpedoes in it. It was a munitions dump at that point. And in the course of the Battle of Manila, it was blown up, these torpedoes burned out. So the only thing left standing of Temple Emil was the outer walls. That was it.

But the temple was not used, and the rabbi who had lived next to it also had to leave his apartments, and that whole building was taken over by the Japanese. I'm not sure whether they did it because it was a temple, or they did that to many buildings. They were beginning to be very desperate. It's hard to say. They may have. It's possible.

But in any event, there it was. That's what they did. And just to mention the fact that it was the only synagogue under American-- the American flag that was destroyed in the Second World War. When I say American flag, it was in the Philippines, an American Commonwealth is basically what the area was.

But getting back to that February the 13th incident, whereby now people are being shredded and killed and wounded badly in that area, the man with all these horses, he had to evacuate the horses, bring them through that gap in the wall. They, too, were standing. And you know what happens when there's artillery fire and the horses are in the way. They were all killed.

So there were dead horses lying around. But he then asked anyone who wanted to, they were essentially slaughtered, who wanted to help themselves to the horse meat, then they certainly were free to do so. And people did, because they had nothing to eat.

So by that time, that's February the 13th, roughly. We should still-- we had to leave. The lean-to was gone. Everything was gone. We were out in the open. Artillery fire was going on. Things were very desperate. I mean, the death rate was horrendous. And we were burying people, and lots of people wounded, and there was very little attention to the wounds.

So at one point, a man was kind of bloodied. There were some people gathering near the street, that San Andreas street.

And this was a man, he had a Red Cross flag, which was kind of bloodied. And he was standing there, talking to a Japanese officer.

And there were people gathering near this. There was some rumor that they were trying to lead civilians in some direction of where the Americans presumably were coming from. We didn't know how close they were, nothing. The street was littered with bodies. There were overturned cars. It looked like a scene from *Gone With the Wind*, the battle scene.

And the hundreds of people are beginning to gather around this guy with the Red Cross flag. And then there was some overhead shelling, but there was a lull. And suddenly people were beginning to move in the western direction. That's toward where we presumed the American forces were.

And there were people of all kinds. There was my mother and my father, myself. We had a cooking pot with us. We had one little shopping bag thing. And there was a little child all bloodied, and she was alone, I was about four-year-old girl. I mean, things were sort of in a chaos. People were dazed. After all, we'd been a week or so under heavy artillery fire. And with all that scene, and the food-- no food. I weighed 75 pounds. I was 14 years old.

And it was sort of like a nightmare. Unreal. Anyway, we started heading in that direction. And suddenly we heard machine gunfire open up, and everyone went flat. That came from the back of us. So that came from the Japanese.

Then pretty soon we got we crossed Dakota Street, which was-- now we were at that intersection, Dakota-San Andreas heading east, away from the Bay. OK. We crossed Dakota Street, and ran across it, actually. Because we weren't sure, and then sort of had to crouch like an infantryman does on the attack.

We got to the other side, and then later a little further on, we knew there were some tennis courts with these high types of fences, you know, what are these wire fences. And of course, they were not being used. But we got to that next block, and there we stopped because everybody laid down flat real quick. There was no fire or anything like that, but what we saw across the street first of all, us Germans-- ex-German or German Jews froze, because what we saw was three soldiers who were wearing helmets that looked very much-- we thought were German helmets. They looked like these German army helmets.

And you know, and they were white. They were Caucasian. And so being so dazed and everything, we said, gee, what's happened here? I mean a German paratroop crew has come to join the Japanese to help them out? What's going on? Because we didn't know that the American helmet design had changed. We actually expected them to come in with these flat tops like the British wore, like they had worn before the war. And you know, that's what we had expected to see.

But we saw instead these German-looking troops, three of them. So as we approached closer, we looked closer and they were just like across the street. And they saw us. And I'll describe it in this way. There was one lying on the ground behind a 30 caliber air-cooled machine gun. I found it out later that was the model.

A guy behind him kneeling. He was with a carbine. And a guy behind him standing, and he was on the telephone. Because they ran telephone lines. It was the so-called point that the military uses. That's the first unit up front. That is the very first. That's called the point. And there was three guys on the point.

Now, and then suddenly they saw as soon, this whole group of civilians with their hands up, some of them and stuff. And then we heard them speak English. Yeah, very emotional moment, you know, even today.

Anyway, these people, these three soldiers beckoned us to come across and said, oh, you can put your hands down. You know, we're Americans and so on. [INAUDIBLE] And the first thing we did was ask for water. Because we had none. It was completely dry. We had no water. It was very hot there. And they said, yeah, just come over. Come back as fast you can. Move as fast as you can, and get in behind us, and please don't step on the phone lines, because that's the only thing connecting us to our headquarters. And just keep calm, and keep going, and you can put your hands down now. Weird.

Anyway, so we kept moving, and pretty soon we met more of these soldiers and larger groups, platoon 4, 6, 7, 8, and So on, asking them for more water, because we were thirsty and have a lot of people. And then we also saw what was the so-called Philippine Guerrillas. They were now dressed in sort of [? khaki ?] uniforms, and they wore-- some of them wore the old helmets, and they had some red bands on their armbands, and that showed on the armband what rank they were. Captain or lieutenant or private, whatever.

Anyway, so they began to direct us back behind. And soon we got to larger formations in the back. And pretty soon, here we are, walking and trooping along, and with all the other people. And soon it was an American unit, two or three guys came up, and they saw us, and they began to ask for papers. You know, like who are you guys? I mean, we weren't Filipinos and so on.

So we said who we were. Again, we used those passports, Jews, German Jews, and so on, stateless. I see, all right. And found out these were people that were with the so-called G2, the intelligence section of the army. And they'll do screening behind the lines of combat.

And they directed us to a sort of clearing there and says, oh, you wait here. And the next thing we know, we met the rabbi. There he was, unshaven, carrying his kid on his shoulders, and his wife, and a couple others, and his parents. No, it was her parents in the group. And so we were all gathering there, and must have eventually gathered about 20 people, all whites. In fact, all Jews. I think, except for-- well, yeah.

And then he decided, well, what we're going to do with you is we're going to ship you down to this camp because we're supposed to gather you up and stuff. They put us on a truck. And the next thing you know, we were heading down across the Pasig River. We rode over a pontoon bridge.

But before we did that, walking through that section, I mean, there was just again bodies lying around. It was totally destroyed. Everything was burnt down. So they drove us by truck to-- in fact, our house girl who was wounded sort of was along with us. But then they separated her out because she wanted to go back to her family in that one part of town, and she wasn't really subject to being taken anywhere, and so we let her-- made her go her own way back to her family. Her family was hopefully still alive, and they were.

But anyway, they took us across the river. And by the way, the date of liberation was February the 15th, my father's birthday. So 1945.

And this is the date that you're referring to that this happened?

Yes, this was the date of liberation. Yes. Yeah. Yeah, that day. Well, they took us by truck across the river, across the pontoon bridge to a section north of the Pasig River. And it was a wide street, and they took us to a place, the Convent of the Holy Ghost, a Catholic nunnery-- it had also been a school-- and deposited us there, where other-- we met other Jewish families.

And there was this huge hall which had bunks in it, and they put us up there. And in fact, the nuns prepared a meal. They were serving-- about the only thing they had was flour, so they made these dumplings out of flour, and that's what we ate. And then we found out very quickly that in another wing of the Holy Ghost, the whole place had really been taken over by the American army, and was used as an internment camp for the Germans in the Philippines.

So there the Germans were, and they were being given very good food because the Geneva Convention requires that the prisoners and internees be fed properly. And they were given these so-called 10-in-1 rations that the army disperses. It comes in a big box, and in it there's vegetables, dried beans, and whatever, a sort of ersatzbutter, which would not rot in the tropics that they had developed, and some chocolate and things like that.

And they were getting fed well, and we had to get our water from a well we had to dig. And so I began to carry water because many people after liberation, eating some rich food like corned beef hash, were going to get dysentery like crazy. And so-- and this thing was four floors up. And so we carried water from this well up to the fourth floor until one fine day, oh, the second morning, second day we were there, there appeared a man that we knew. I mentioned his name



before, Ackerman, who was a butcher.

And Ackerman appeared alone. He was in great pain. He was a big guy. He was a pretty strong fella. And he had a wife and kid, but they weren't with him. And he was-- his eyes were wild, and he was obviously in tremendous pain. Well, it turned out that he had been hit-- close to being hit by a white phosphorous grenade, and one side of his leg was all burned. He was obviously in bad, bad shape.

So we got him in. And luckily I had made contact with what is now called a MASH unit down the street. This was what is called a cleaning station made up of doctors and medical people, American military. Because I'd had a big wound on my leg, and it had gotten infected. So I went in there and asked them whether they could dress it, and they did. And I got to know some of the people in there.

So it was that night we laid Ackerman down, and he had indeed bad white phosphorous burn along his whole leg. And I managed to go what's now called the MASH unit, the clearing station-- [AUDIO OUT]

This is a continuation of a taped interview with Frank Ephraim being made on behalf of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum the date is April the 7th, 1997. The interviewer is Nancy Alper. This is the second side, side B of tape number six.

Frank, when we stopped the interview several days ago, you were talking about the immediate post-war period, and you and your family's relationship with the United States military, the occupying force. And you're making friends with those who were members of a so-called MASH unit in Manila.

Yes, we were at that time at the Holy Ghost convent, which was a temporary collection center. And there were about 30 or 40 or maybe even as many as 50 Jewish people there, families, individuals, children, everything, including a rabbi, who we had, as I mentioned before, met on the way. The Holy Ghost was also used as an internment camp for the so-called real Germans. And there must have been about 300 or 400 of them, who were being taken care of by the United States Army, fed well, according to the Geneva Convention.

And we of course, didn't have that kind of food. We had to scrounge. But they also eventually gave us some army rations. And we were in, of course, a different wing, all in one large hall and some smaller rooms. However, as I mentioned before, one morning, oh, about two or three days after we'd been there perhaps only two days, and we're putting that around 17, 18 of February 1945, this man by the name of Ackerman, who was essentially a butcher, a member the Jewish community, stumbled-- sort of hobbled into the compound.

He was apparently in great pain. He was a big fellow, very strong. And I could see that his leg, pants leg had been ripped, and it looked awful. And I don't know, it'd been bandaged badly. And he was crazed with pain, essentially. So we sort of brought him in and laid him down on a mattress. And since I had been to this so-called MASH unit, which is what we would call it today. At that time it was called a clearing station. It was used for triage of people that were picked up by first aid stations in the battlefield itself, which at that time was Intramuros, the walled city within Manila.

And they would bring the wounded, and they would be looked at, and then they would be either sent off to a general hospital, field hospital, treated there, and then possibly returned to duty. Anyway, I may had made contact there because I had a wound on my knee. And they were treating that. So I ran down there. It was about a block away. And they of course, could not come to the Holy Ghost Convent, the compound.

They did come later that night, two army captains, medical men, doctors, and managed to come in and look at Ackerman. Ackerman, of course, was a phosphorous grenade was what hit him. And his leg down the side was all burnt. And they put ointment on it, and they prescribed a whole large dose of, in those days sulfa drugs, these large horse pills, and gave him some sedative as well.

So then they left after about an hour, and gave us instructions on what we might do with him after a while. And he went to sleep. And I won't make this a long story, but eventually the next day or so, his wife and son found him. They came to the compound, because they had been separated during the battle. And that was a reunion.

And then more people kept coming in to this compound, including a man by the name of [? Moser. ?] He was a bachelor, and he was a type of guy who was very, very meticulous. Everything had to be just right. I'm not sure, I believe he was an accountant. And he would be the guy who called the Berliner Tageblatt, which is, if you translate into English, would it be the daily newspaper. He was a man who knew everything, where it was, how it was done, who did what to whom.

And so he was a very useful person to have around, because he knew where everybody ended up, and he was always full of that kind of information, just as an aside. And there were many other people from the Jewish community. As I said, probably as many as 40 or 50. And at that time, it was like a three story wing where we were located. And there was no water, no running water.

So we had to fetch water out of a hand-dug well with buckets. And that was quite a strain. We had to haul it up to the fourth or third floor to flush the toilets, and things were kind of rough, because people were having dysentery as they were eating some of the food that they hadn't eaten for so long, like corned beef hash, all the army rations, which they had difficulty in digesting.

This is the Holy Ghost Convent that we're still talking about, and it was completely run by the US military?

Well, yes and no. It was actually run by nuns, who were of the Order of the Holy Ghost. And it was a Catholic convent. And it was also a school. Like many schools in the Philippines were run by either Jesuits or nuns, Philippines was a fully Catholic country. The archbishops and a cardinal later on, you might say, were part of government. And that's how the Philippines and I'm sure many other countries are indeed run.

So this was nothing unusual. And this convent was simply taken over because it had space. The classrooms now became rooms for the internees and so forth. And the public rooms were used to house us in one of the wings. And the nuns helped out. They helped the cook. They helped feed. And they helped wash. And then of course, went about their own business of daily prayers and church. They had a chapel right on this small campus.

So that was the Holy Ghost. Now, one fine day we were in the middle of hauling water from the wells, and somebody called me and says, come on down. There is a whole unit. They're doing something. They're putting up a water tank. So some of us younger guys went down there, and what we saw was I suppose a platoon of about 20, 30 soldiers.

And they were all Black. Which of course, we would call as Negroes in those days. And we had never seen that many Black Negro people in one place at any one time before. After all, of course we'd been around the Philippines, where there were Filipinos. But Negroes, we only knew of one who was there before the war, he was an American. That's where he came from.

But here was this whole platoon. And of course, we were immediately reminded of the Gurkhas who served with the British army, and even the Jewish brigade was part of the British army, as this was some sort of a very special unit. The notion of segregation never even crossed our minds, because we were totally unaware of that.

So we went up to them and talked to them, and they seemed to be very shy. But they were also led by what appeared to be a white sergeant or officer. And then they proceeded to put up a very heavy, thick canvas water tank. Oh, it must have been about 20 feet across, enormous thing. And that was-- and then to that they pumped water from a trailer and put chlorine in there. And that was the first good water supply we had seen in months. And we no longer had to haul the water from the well.

So that was a very interesting experience, just as a sort of a contrast. Even at the end of all that, it never occurred to us that this was as a result of segregation policies in the United States Army. We just simply thought that this was a so-called special unit, and therefore it was composed of all in this case Black soldiers.

The convent was used as a facility for those-- exclusively for those who had immigrated to the Philippines because of the war? Or were there Filipinos there as well?

There were a few people who were of mestizo or mixed origin. But of course, the main reason we were there is because we were picked up en route from the battle area. And we of course stood out, being white, and as a result were being questioned by army G2. Filipinos and other mestizos were never stopped, because obviously these peoples belong to the country. And they were not taken anywhere. They were simply left alone, and they did what they did.

In fact, most of the Jewish community were in the same boat. They were not picked up. They either stayed in their homes, if those homes were still intact, or went somewhere else, or lived with other people. Because not everyone was picked up. It just so happened that maybe 40, 50 at most of the Jewish community happened to go through areas where there was a unit of the Army Intelligence, and they screened you, and then as a result, picked you up and took you across the river, to this area where the Holy Ghost Convent was.

Were you personally screened, or was it only your parents? And either way, what do you remember about that? What kinds of things were they asking you?

Well, they didn't really do any great screening. They simply met us on the battlefield, and asked us who we were, and we gave them whatever ID we had. And then they said, well, we're going to take you to a place across the river. And we didn't know where they were taking us. Maybe we thought it was a refugee center, which in a sense it was.

Because it was about a week or two after we'd been to the Holy-- in fact, they never asked us any detailed Questions they just simply packed us up on a truck and took us over. Which, as far as we were concerned, was great. Since otherwise, we would have been roving around there with nothing to eat, since we had nothing at all. We had essentially what you'd call the clothes on our back-- period.

So that was actually a good thing for us, and many people even envied us, who did not get that treatment and were left to their own devices, which was difficult. There was no food even then. It was just during the battle.

Anyway, after two weeks, there was a man who was a lieutenant colonel, and he was with the Counterintelligence Corps, the CIC, and they sort of ran this internment camp. And they said to us, well, folks, we want to get you out of here. You don't belong here. You know, you're not German nationals. You are Jews, or you're whatever-- of course, they were not all Jews there-- and we're going to have to get you out of here. And of course, the place was under guard. And as I said, you're not supposed to be in this place.

So after a while, the rabbi got together with people who, of course, were on the outside, began to get together again the elders of the community, so to speak. And what they did was, they rented a house, a very large house in an area called Santa Mesa, one of the suburbs of Manila.

And I want to also give back to that community house which we had during the war. That place apparently also survived and remained intact, because it was not in the middle of Manila. And so it was there, but it was essentially full. And those people that were in the Holy Ghost, about 30 or 40 or 50, and there were some others outside, needed a place to stay, because they had no place at all.

So they rented this huge house on a street called Padre Pellaez. And it's named after a clergyman, a Catholic clergyman in the Philippines. But there they shipped us-- oh, wait a minute. I'm sorry. Before we were actually removed from this place, the Holy Ghost, because they definitely wanted us out of there, and he says, well, since you all have no place to go, we'll have to take you to some other camp.

So they loaded us on trucks again, and we ended up in what is called Bilibid Prison, which was a regular prison with like the spokes of a wheel type of wings. We were prisoners in there. We were housed. Couldn't get in or out. And the rabbi was with us, again, of course, with the family. But that was like the only place they could think of where they could put us. Because there was really-- Manila had burned down, had been destroyed.

There was a horrendous lack of any place. So they gave us that option, and we took it. And we spent about a week or so there. And then it was we went to this house that was rented for the Jewish community on Padre Pellaez. And there we

stayed about, oh-- and that was a house of all Jewish people there, members of the Jewish community. And we stayed there approximately two weeks or so.

And at that time, my father-- the man that had lived in the house across from us on Dakota street, among those six houses, whose house boy we had inherited, and some whose stuff that we took care of, looked up my father, because he'd been released from Santa Tomas internment camp. And he in the meantime had been put in charge of a lumber mill in Santa Mesa right by the Pasig River.

And this lumber mill took logs that were brought in, and they sawed them up. It was all run for the army at that time. And he offered my father space in a house where he lived with his wife. They were like upstairs. They had a large apartment upstairs. It was fairly simple. And he would offer us half a section of the house downstairs, which had a bathroom.

So my father said that's fine. I want to get out of this house with all these people in it. It's kind of a mess. So we packed up whatever we had, which was really next to nothing, and moved into this house and the lumber mill. And it's called the Findlay Miller lumber mill.

And you entered it. There was a sort of a gate. It was under guard. The whole place had Filipino soldiers or constabulary or some kind of people walking around with carbines, and they were guarding the place. But we of course could go in and out. And these huge lumber trucks with trunks of trees would come roaring in there and through the mill. And the mill would saw it into boards.

But they also had a huge workshop, wood workshop on the second floor of the lumber mill up in the loft, where they made little boxes out of wood. And eventually they made a whole suite of furniture for this friend of my father's in the Chippendale style out of the Philippine mahogany. The wood is called nara, Philippine mahogany.

And it was unfinished. And eventually when he left for the United States, which was about six months later, he took with him loads of furniture made there for him back to the US-- chairs, tables, the works. And so we were in this lumber mill.

And by that time, the community had gotten itself together somewhat. There were also, of course, many soldiers, Jewish soldiers. We had our first seder. This was now April of 1945. And it was going to be held at the Hippodrome, which was the horse race-- the horse race-- hippodrome was called. And the rabbi and the cantor were there. And there must have been over thousand American soldiers, Jewish soldiers, some having just been released for the day from the front up north nearby Baguio in the mountain province, where they were still fighting remnants of the Japanese army.

And they were there with weapons and all. We were in the bleachers, and they were there. And then most of the Jewish community showed up, of course. And we had a seder service, a Passover service right there in the open. It was quite interesting. And there were navy people and army, whatever. Yeah.

And they offered us food, and they had these little K rations and stuff and cigarettes and everything like that. So it was one of the first times the Jewish community again got together. Because it had been a bit dispersed, obviously, during the fighting period. But then that was the first seder.

And then we were back-- went back to our home at Findlay Miller lumber yard. And then one day, a huge-- an army unit moved in sort of like next door. You have to remember that we were at the Pasig River. It was the 11th-- 13th Marine Maintenance Company. And their job was to repair all the kinds of riverboats that they brought with them, and barges. And they were-- all the guys there were mechanics or trades types of people. All military, it was a military unit.

And I went over there because they had a big mess hall. And that was food, and food was scarce. And I got myself in there, and I helped out, and as a result was able to eat and also bring home a lot of food that was left over. So that-- for a while, that was a very great source of nourishment. Yeah.

Did your father actually work for the lumber mill in return for your being able to stay at this facility? And another thing

I was going to ask you was, did you see any Japanese being rounded up at any point from the US occupation on through the period that you're talking about?

No, he did not work for the lumber mill. He actually worked for the US army somewhere else. And he would be going to a place where a truck would come and pick him up and take him there. It was some sort of clerical type of temporary work, which they needed people to do things, and that's what he did for a short period of time.

As far as the Japanese were concerned, there were two incidents. One is when we were still at the Holy Ghost. One fine day, some people are looking out the window out of the second or third floor, I believe. And there was a big, grassy open space. And they apparently saw two guys crawling through that area with rifles.

And they alerted the authorities, the guards in our compound. And sure enough, two Japanese soldiers were trying to crawl out of some area, and to get water. I don't know what they were doing. But they were apprehended. You know, they jumped them, and shots were fired, but that was it.

The second one was when we were at the Findlay Miller Lumber Company, in that house. One soldier comes running in, because there were lots of soldiers around who were part of the trucking groups that brought the trees in and others who did some minor management work.

And they said they got hold of a Japanese that they had somehow flushed out of somewhere in that area. And they wanted someone to ask him some questions, and they thought perhaps that I could do that, since I did speak a bit of Japanese, since I had taken Japanese for two years during the war. It was a requirement.

So yeah, I went with them to this little building, like a hut. And there was this Japanese guy. And he apparently was a very low ranking individual, and they had-- so I simply asked him whether he was Japanese or not. Because very often you could find a Korean or a Taiwanese. But no, indeed he was Japanese. And he was a plain soldier that just had been hidden. And there he was, coming out.

He was-- he gave me his name, and they also wanted me to ask him if he had other comrades around the area. So he said yes, there were some, but he didn't know where they were at this moment. And they were all-- since they were running out of food and water and they had to go out into the open, and try to-- that's how he was caught.

That was all. It was a very short thing. They just took him away and put him into a prison camp, and that was that. We did not see that many Japanese prisoners, because many of them or most Japanese committed suicide. One of the last units when we were still in the battle area on Dakota Street before we even escaped, they had retreated, or begun their retreat backwards to Manila Bay.

And I understand from people who went all the way to-- soldiers later who were there, that the last Japanese went into the water and appeared to be drowning themselves, a small unit that was left at that time. Which was relatively believable, because they did indeed-- were ordered to fight the last. And they did that.

The ones that were captured were mostly the Koreans or the Taiwanese. They, of course, were not very friendly to the Japanese anyway. So they gave up, and that was that.

We-- we're back here now at Findlay Miller. We've gone through the marine unit next door. Then the word came that there were some American soldiers, Jewish soldiers, who had volunteered to rebuild the youth group or whatever it might be of a youth group in Manila. And sure enough, they had-- one of the things that they had going, there was a Jewish community center now that's a house that was taken over, that was given over to the Jewish community.

Again, much of this was engineered by the rabbi and by some of the leaders of the community. And of course, the Americans, who had Jews, who had been liberated from Santo Tomas, they were back in force, of course, and very friendly with the army. And the army was very cooperative and supplied whatever was needed in most cases.

And in this case-- and the chaplains, American Jewish chaplains were there. It was a three or four of them, you see. So

they began a lot of focus on the community. And what happened was, they would hold sort of socials, even dances. And they would pick people up with trucks and ambulances to take them there from all over.

We left this-- one day, this ambulance came up by the house. And in it, in the front was a woman. She was a lieutenant. And there was a driver. And the rest of us, you know, my parents and other people, Jewish people who had gathered from the area, went in there. They drove us all the way to that Jewish Community Center. They had some sort of a dance, some social. And us guys, we were out there drinking Cokes. We hadn't had a Coke in so long, so we drank 10 ice cold Cokes, one after the other. And that's kind of interesting.

But strangely enough, this woman in the front was indeed-- we didn't know that until much later-- had also been born in Germany, had come to the United States and became a nurse, and was in the army. And she later on married one of the members of the Jewish community, a bachelor. And then they lived later on in San Francisco.

But in any event, either this ambulance or a truck would come and pick people up and take to these social things, which were going on. And of course that brought the community together. After so many years, after all this turmoil, much of the community had lost most everything. Some people were lucky and remained in their homes, but nonetheless, things were rough but slowly getting back. They were either getting some work done, or they were beginning to build up businesses again, things of that kind.

Well, amongst these American volunteers were two or three people who were then known as chaplain's assistants. They were like private first class or corporals. And there were two of them who began to form a Jewish youth group. Actually, two youth groups. One they called [NON-ENGLISH SPEECH] And that was sort of like for teenagers, older teenagers, ages bar mitzvah and up. And the others were the younger group called the Stars of David. And they were, as I said, the younger people.

And they had-- every Sunday, they had to get-together. And we would-- I remember going with Eva Miedzinski. That is the younger sister of a woman who gave some oral history here not too long ago. And also another girl, Ruth [? Osterreicher ?] was her name. Lived not far from there.

And we had to take three different modes of transportation to get this Jewish community center, but we made it. Took us about an hour and a half each way. But we went there. And it was great, because as it turned out, of course, these Jewish soldiers were indeed Zionists. They inculcated the notion of Zionism, which took good root amongst the Jewish teenagers, because here was the notion of a Jewish nation, which at that time of course, was an important thing, something for the future.

And of course, the basis there was at that time called Palestine, and to be known as Israel two years later in 1948. This was 1946. So we would have these sessions, all kinds of activities. There would be descriptions of the Jewish immigration to Palestine, the Aliyah, the development of the nation there, the hope for the future, the problem of the British blockade.

We were getting into some of those issues and learning about them. And then of course we had refreshments and all other goodies. But the man who led this, the American soldier's name was Norman [? Shanin, ?] and he was an American. And there was also a man by the name of [? Arnie ?] [? Pins, ?] who later on married one of the people, one of the women that was a member of this group.

And both of these went to Israel to settle, after some time, oh, in 1948, '49, '50, somewhere in that neighborhood. And [? Arnie ?] [? Pins ?] died there early on, but Norman [? Shanin ?] lives there today. This is 1997. In fact, he sent some greetings to the reunion we had of the Manila group here in Washington on October 21, 1996.

But he certainly was the major leader of that group. And so as I say, we went there every Sunday. And this continued on, and we even published a small newsletter, copies of which I still have. We also had a competition of art or works or handicraft.

And one of the girls won. She was an art student that did a nice painting. And I won second place with a model of a

cruiser, which is here on a shelf in the room that we're sitting in. It's a gray ship about a foot and a half long. And I made that all out of cardboard, and then painted it with real paint, and that hardened it, of course. And that won second prize. I was 15 years old at the time, 1946.

So this was a very-- a group which really brought us together, I think maybe for the first time with some direction, with fresh direction from people that had certainly a Zionist or nationalistic viewpoint, different from a religious one, although that was not absent, but nonetheless it was different. And I think that was welcome and refreshing, and I think it served the younger generation at that time and even into the future.

There was a tragic incident, as we were members of the group. There was one fellow by the name of Ernst Fuld, F-U-L-D. And he was always interested in radio and electronic things. And one day, apparently, he was called upon to fool around with a radio that apparently had been working, and it was in some store downtown Manila. And there was an explosion. It had been booby trapped by the Japanese, and he was killed in the process. So yeah, that was--

I forgot to ask you earlier about the fate of any Jews either as helping interned POW or in any kind of counter-military resistance, or in any other way, what you knew personally of members of the Jewish community who might have been hurt or killed, either during or in the aftermath of the fighting?

Yes, the Jewish community lost 60 people killed, roughly in proportion to the killing ratio that was in the Philippines. I did mention 100,000 people in Manila were killed, a very, very large number of casualties, plus of course, many others wounded. We lost 60 killed, and we had 200 with wounds that were of substantive nature, from serious to medium. Mine I don't count.

But yes, and some younger people were killed. In fact the man that married the woman who was in the ambulance, the nurse, he had gone through a period where he had to play dead. He was actually bayoneted by Japanese and did not move. He played dead, so he survived. But the other man, also a bachelor, was in that same shelter, was not so lucky. He was killed.

And the killing was in several ways. We lost, of course, many friends that we knew for example, a man that we knew very well, and he was [? Broniatowski. ?] He was killed. It was not certain whether he was shot or machine gunned or he came into crossfire. Many people were simply killed by artillery.

And then there were the atrocities. And there was one example like [? Seit. ?] And that is a man who had come to the Philippines, who had escaped from Germany in the '30s, early '30s, had gone to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, had to leave there when Mussolini invaded. Of course, we know that era. And came to the Philippines.

He was a chemist, a research chemist, and did very well. I mean, he did excellent work. He knew what he was doing. And he lived. My parents knew them well. I knew them well. They had a young daughter. She must have been about eight or nine at that time.

And they, during the battle, were in their home. And for some reason, the Japanese of course had been burning everything in the area. They also went into that home, gathered other people, forced them all into that one home, piled furniture about them, and then poured gasoline into the area, and then threw a hand grenade in there, which of course ignited everything. It killed his wife and daughter. It burned him terribly.

He was rescued by Filipinos, who carried him out in a chair. He was himself or course a doctor, and not a medical doctor but a doctor chemistry, and did know a little bit about how you might want to help himself. But he had third degree burns over about 30% of his body. He did survive. We did visit him in the hospital right after and in the home, but he was a very courageous guy, and was able mentally and otherwise to survive the ordeal, both his own wounds and that of the loss of the family.

You may have been referring to this indirectly a few minutes ago, but I recollect there were a group of German Jewish refugees who were in some sort of Red Cross facility that was bombed. I may be getting that wrong.

There was the-- it's not a Red Cross facility. There was the Philippine General Hospital, which was in Ermita, was part of Manila, residential Manila, and who were hiding there among others. And there was a battle in and around that hospital. And as a result, of course, they were all trapped there with many others.

But there may have been some casualties there as well. The only other reference to the Red Cross was when we were ready to escape from those open lots, where we'd been under artillery shelling. A man, Filipino, was carrying a bloody Red Cross flag. Had nothing to do with the, quote, Red Cross per se. It simply was a symbol, and that was all.

We did not run into the Red Cross at all. They may well have been there serving the army and so on. We eventually-- the first aid the Jewish community saw was from the American Joint Distribution Committee. That of course was also limited. After all, the Philippines were very far away. Their needs were in Europe, and certainly although they did what they could. They eventually sent batches of clothes.

However, not realizing this was the Philippines, there were a lot of winter clothes. So what we did was-- not their fault. After all, it's one of these happenstances. However, what we did, the community did was to have those clothes available for anyone that was leaving the Philippines to go to the United States or Australia. Could select one or two pieces for winter in the US. And in fact, I did that. I got a jacket, which was sort of a camel hair or some kind of a jacket. And my mother got a sort of overcoat, with sort of big fake fur on it. And that's how we eventually would arrive in San Francisco. But that was about the limit.

The military, the army chaplains, there was a great deal of help given. They used their authority or whatever and offices to bring food in, to help out. As I mentioned, they built up the youth group. They help to re-- And then of course, there was this major event. The temple had been destroyed. The walls remained standing. So they decided that--

It was really done by soldiers of the army, Jewish soldiers. On November the 9th, 1945, a very eventful day, this was Crystal Night seven years hence, they decided to have a big get-together in the ruins of the temple. And the Jewish community was there. And it was crammed with GIs and sailors, Jewish ones. And what they did there was, they ran a sort of collection thing, where they took bids, like anyone who's ready to for \$1,000--

Now, we were kind of a bit shocked at that, because we'd never used a temple for money in any way, shape or form. Being sort of German conservatives, as I mentioned, this was not a thing that we did. But this was done to rebuild the temple.

So there must have been, oh, 300 or 400 people in there. I have pictures of it, of that event. Where they had a service, and then subsequently went out and there were some among these GIs was two or three who knew how to do that, expert from the States. And they raised a lot of money, or enough certainly to help begin the fund of rebuilding. And so that was another major event.

The other event I remember, besides all the youth group-- and of course people were beginning to take steps to leave the Philippines, since for many it had been an interim place, certainly in our case. And my father ran again into a man who looked him up, who was our neighbor on Taft Avenue, when we lived in a bungalow. That's the man who he took to the hospital one night, who had a seizure.

And presumably this man claimed that he saved his life. And he looked us up, because he was back with the army. He was then also in the Counterintelligence Corps. That background of his served him well there. And he also managed to get us through the-- there was a sort of a-- there was bureaucracy, of course, to get your papers cleared to the American authorities and to the Philippine authorities to immigrate.

And I think he helped us there in one fashion or another. But we were also making ready to leave, because our relatives in the United States were not in every case able to offer affidavits. My uncle had just come out of the army. He was with Stilwell in China and Burma theater. He was a captain, was a doctor. So he really didn't have much wealth. He could not sponsor us.

But I had my so-called godfather, whom I also called Uncle. He was also a physician. He delivered me. He lived in



Maine at the time, in Gardiner, Maine, where he was practicing as a country doctor. And he had not been drafted. Although he was eager to go into the army, they wouldn't have him for two reasons-- age and the other fact, there was no other doctor within 200 miles. And so they decided that he would stay. Which got him very angry. He wanted to get into the reserves and all that. He loved that sort of thing. He didn't have children, so he was really free.