

Mr. Fulda reel three--

In the spring of 1940-- or it may have-- it may already have been in the late autumn of 1939-- tribunals were set up to screen people, refugees, as to their allegiances, and if you were clear, then all was well.

And all the people I know, the Guildford refugees and myself, were cleared by this tribunal. As I say, I can't remember exactly whether it was late 1939 or early 1940, but these tribunals were set up, and I believe they were set up throughout the country. And then--

What do you remember about going before a tribunal yourself?

Very little. It was in a-- I think the tribunal was held in a village hall, and presumably there was a magistrate who asked various questions, which one answered. And I suppose he asked the sort of questions-- are you a refugee from Nazi oppression, or, why are you here, what are you doing here, and so forth.

And I suppose it became very clear in a short space of time that we were genuine refugees who had to leave Germany because of Nazi persecution. And so, naturally, we thought all was well, and as refugees in this country, having been given this very generous, I would say, refuge, we felt very strongly pro-British, and we felt very strongly that we would do anything to help with the war effort.

In fact, I volunteered for the RAF. That was a special branch of the RAF for young people who wanted to be involved in meteorology, and I was always interested in meteorology. So I applied to the Air Ministry. But I wasn't accepted, but I wanted to join somehow after the war started.

And I remember my father also volunteering to join the army. In his case, it was his age that did not allow him to join because he was over 50 then. But we all felt very strongly-- patriotic, I suppose you could call it-- and wanted to do what we could to help the war effort.

And so it came as a very unpleasant surprise when, after the fall of France, there was a sudden very strong current of public opinion in this country to round up the refugees because it was felt that there might be, perhaps, many fifth columnists amongst them because, after all, just a few months earlier, in almost all the countries, starting with Quisling in Norway and then going on to Holland and to France, these fifth columnists turned out in large-- turned up in large numbers.

And it was felt that, perhaps as the invasion-- it was felt that the invasion was becoming fairly imminent. No chances ought to be taken, and therefore a general opinion came through that probably-- particularly by the media, that the refugees should be interned. And the saying, of course, was of-- general say was, "Intern the lot." it didn't matter. Just lock them up so that we don't take the risk of having fifth columnists amongst us.

Did you personally come into contact with anti-German feeling at that time?

anti-German feeling very much but not anti-refugee feeling. The people I worked with knew that I had escaped from Nazi Germany, and they knew that I loathed them more so than they did. But of course, the people at my workplace were very strongly anti-German in the sense of being anti-Nazi?

But did you come across any unpleasantness towards yourself?

No, not at all, not at all. They knew precisely what my background was. It was a smallish firm, and I suppose that had something to do with it. Everybody knew everybody else. And I had been working there from September '39 until early July 1940. That's enough time, many months, for them to get to know me, and they knew exactly what my feelings were. So there was no doubt at all as to where I stood.

And incidentally, the same apply to the police. Officially, we were enemy aliens, but the aliens officer in Guildford,

who was a very nice young man, knew precisely why we were here and what sort of people we were. I was on very friendly terms, as was my father, as were our friends in Guildford who were refugees, and there was never any complaint.

There was a very almost comradely feeling between the police and ourselves because, although I can't remember it exactly, I do think we had to report perhaps once a month or so just to make sure everything was under control. And it was always a very friendly encounter, very different to the encounters we had a few months earlier in Germany, I can assure you.

So how did you come to be interned?

Well, a few days before the actual date when we were rounded up, the aliens officer called at our residences and told us that he was extremely sorry but he had instructions to take us to an internment camp. He didn't really know where the internment camp was, but we were going to be interned. And maybe he saw us on a Tuesday, and he'd say, well, on Thursday morning at about 10:00 I'll come along in a car. And I'm very sorry, but you'll have to join me, and you will be interned.

And that is exactly what happened. In the case of Father and myself, we arranged to be at the same address. We didn't live at the same address then, but we arranged to be at the same address at that time. And so when the aliens officer appeared on that particular day, the two of us went in his car, and he took us to the Stoughton Barracks. That is the home of the Queen's regiment in Guildford.

And when we arrived in Stoughton Barracks, we met quite a lot of other people we knew from Guildford who had been taken there at the same time, and we were then handed over to the army. There were one or two officers there. They were perfectly polite and quite friendly, in fact, and they told us that we would be taken to Lingfield Racecourse in Sussex. But they couldn't tell us what would happen after that. They just said that we would be going there in army trucks that afternoon.

When was this?

That was, I think, on the 5th of July, 1940. I remember the date because my sister happens to have a birthday on the 4th of July, and we knew already then that we were going to be interned. That is to say, the men. They did not intern the women in Guildford. And so we celebrated as much as we could her birthday on the evening before. And so I think it was the 5th of July, 1940.

And we were then taken to Lingfield Racecourse, and at Lingfield we stopped for about a week, five days, perhaps, or a week. And we were accommodated on the stalls where the-- spectators covered area. And that was not wooden. It was concrete. I remember it well. It was very hard.

And we had a straw-- each one of us had a straw mattress, and it was really out in the open. Fortunately, it was summer, so it wasn't cold. But we spent several nights there. I think it was perhaps five to seven nights at Lingfield.

And in Lingfield we met many, many others. I'm not sure how many we were there, but I'd guess between 1,000 and 2,000 people. And they almost all were refugees either from Germany or Austria, one or two Czechs, but the majority came from Austria or Germany.

Now, there was some hiccups, as far as I was concerned, because towards the end of our time in Lingfield I was asked or I was told, rather, not asked, that I would be separated from my father. I was to go somewhere else, and Father was going in another direction.

And I didn't like that at all, and I vigorously protested that I was under no circumstances going to be separated from my father. And there was a lot of argument, and it was taken to one of the officers, this argument, and eventually said, all right, you'll stay together then. And as far as I'm concerned, that was a godsend, as it turned out later.

So after we had left-- then we left Lingfield, and we went-- we weren't told where we were going, but we were going somewhere else. We were then going to Kempton Park, another racecourse, where we just had one night.

Going back to Lingfield, that was probably, so far as I'm concerned, my worst experience because not only was there this problem of being separated from my father but also in Lingfield where the only military who were very unpleasant. They happened to be Irish Guards, I have to regret to say. They were the only guards that were unpleasant during the whole of the internment.

In what way were they unpleasant?

They were never talking quietly. They were shouting at people, and they were pushing people around. And they were generally very unpleasant. You had the distinct feeling that what they would love to do next is to really kick you physically as well as just verbally. And the language used by the men was pretty poor.

Swear words?

Yes, pretty poor and rough. But that was the only time when we came across a batch of the army that was unpleasant.

Do you think this was anti-German or antisemitic feeling?

No, I think it was anti-German. They did not know. They were told, presumably, here come some Germans. I don't think-- no, it wasn't antisemitic, no, certainly not.

No, they were anti-German, and they probably were pleased that they've managed to at least-- after all these dreadful reverses on the continent, they were able at least to get the hands on somebody from Germany that didn't-- they didn't know anything as far as background is concerned, and they could perhaps teach them a lesson or two. So they were very hostile.

Was anybody hurt?

Not that I remember. I don't think so. No, it didn't get as far as that. No, I don't think so.

Did anybody respond in kind?

No, no. No. But there was a kind of feeling of depression amongst the inmates, as it were, because we felt, well, if things go on like that, it's going to be pretty tough. In the event, so far as I'm personally concerned, it wasn't at all tough.

Did you feel bitter about being interned?

I felt-- I felt-- "bitter," I think, in my case, is too strong a word. I felt annoyed I felt that the people coming through that decision-- that's how I felt at the time-- didn't really know what they're talking about. I felt they got the wrong people, and they ought to be concentrating their efforts on the real enemy and not on people like ourselves.

So in that sense, I was perhaps slightly bitter, but not very much so. I could also understand that, in that particular climate, which was almost, in certain areas, I think, panicky, as far as the general population is concerned, it was an understandable reaction, which didn't mean that I approved of it. But I could understand it. And I remember my father, too, could understand it, but I think we thought that it was pretty idiotic, nevertheless.

Were there other people who were with you who felt differently Do you think?

I think, perhaps, Father and I were within a group of people, which was perhaps a minority, who felt annoyed more than bitter, whereas perhaps the majority, I would think, felt stronger than we did, quite bitter.

And of course, people, older people that had been to concentration camp, and people that were married and had to leave

their wives behind, and so on felt the whole situation to be really grim, which it was, whereas as far as I'm personally concerned, I was young, unattached, and it was again a continuation of my adventure. So It didn't bother me a great deal. I could cope with that. I just thought it was stupid more than anything else.

Did There appear to be any National Socialist Germans amongst you?

I don't think so. I don't think so. I remember there was talk amongst the people who were at Lingfield that there are one or two doubtful characters that could not be associated with ourselves somehow, that they weren't refugees, that they've been living as Germans in this country for many, many years. And the question was raised, why are they here? Are they here to cause trouble or perhaps for some other reason?

Whereas the, I suppose, 99% or more of all the people at Lingfield and later on in the Isle of Man were refugees from Nazi oppression. We knew precisely who the people were, we amongst ourselves. We did know also, when we were on the Isle of Man, eventually, that there were one or two that we hadn't anything in common with. And we viewed them, perhaps, with a certain amount of suspicion.

But perhaps I ought to come back to that later. I'm just thinking of one particular instance now on the Isle of Man, just making the jump, and that was there was a man who, I guess, was, perhaps, in his 40s or 50s, and he was a fisherman from Aberdeen.

And if you saw him and if you spoke to him, he was as British as anybody, much more so than we would have been, and he'd been living, I think, in Aberdeen since before the First World War. He was German. He was a rather, obviously, not-well-off person, as a fisherman, and my guess is-- and I think that is what he said. He could never be bothered to get naturalized.

Why he came to Aberdeen in the first place I don't know. He was a very nice fella. But he said, I just kept my German nationality. But he knew very little of Germany, very little. He must have come over as a child, and just stayed on, and looked after his fishing. And so he could possibly have been one of the people that were suspect.

But I'm quite sure that particular man was certainly not, I would have said, anti-British. At no time did he say anything to that effect. But there were a few, a very small number of people like that, who had lived in this country for many years and who were German and didn't take the chance to become naturalized. We were all German, or Austrian, or Czech, but then we'd only arrived a few months earlier or a year earlier and therefore didn't have the possibility of becoming naturalized at that time.

You said that you were taken to Kempton Park after that?

Yes, we went to Kempton Park just for one night, and that was en route to the Isle of Man. We were one night there. We were picked up the next morning and went by train to Liverpool. And I'm quite sure that by the time we were in Liverpool we had an idea where we were going. There were all kinds of rumors flying about as to what our destination would be, but we weren't certain, not until we were actually on the boat.

Because I believe that there was a camp near Liverpool or Manchester, too. I think the name of the camp was [? Haighton. ?] And we weren't, perhaps, quite sure whether we would go to [? Haighton ?] or elsewhere. But once we were on the boat, there was no doubt, and probably we were told then where we were going. I can't remember that, but I should think that's how it was. It didn't really matter a great deal then

So we arrived a few hours later on the Isle of Man. We went to Douglas. There were several camps on the Isle of Man, both for men and women. But we went to Douglas, and we went to a camp which was called the Promenade Camp in Douglas, which was literally along the promenade.

What did it look like?

Well, that camp, if you can call it that, really was an area of residential homes, I suppose boarding houses, really, three

or four-storey-high. And these boarding houses-- there were two or three streets of them-- were surrounded by barbed wire, and there may have been, perhaps, 20 or 30 houses in that camp.

And we were accommodated. I guess there were, perhaps, 30 people per house, and we each had a room or had a room to share. I was very fortunate in being able to share a room with my father on the fourth floor of a particular boarding house.

We had reasonable beds there. We even had a hand basin there, so we felt that we had very good accommodation there. And it's soon-- soon that the whole-- organization soon developed in that one or two people were responsible for cooking, and usually these were Viennese. They're pretty good cooks.

They were given their rations. Say we were 30 people in the house. They were given rations for 30 people, and they had to make the best of it. And they certainly did. I quite enjoyed the food. It was plentiful, and it was well-prepared. We had vegetable as well as meat.

And for breakfast we had porridge. I don't think we had cornflakes. I can't remember that. But I certainly remember it was porridge, which wasn't to everybody's taste. And--

But what did you do all day?

It didn't take very long before we got ourselves organized. Now, I don't remember how many people we were. I said that I thought there were about 30 houses with about 30 people, yes. I would have-- I would have guessed that we were between, perhaps, 1,000 and 2,000 people in this camp, something like that.

And amongst the people were some extremely well-known people, refugees, who were well-qualified to teach different subjects, and it was felt that classes should be started within the camp so that people could be occupied and particularly so the younger people-- some of the older people preferred not to go to lectures, which were arranged in different houses, but they decided it would be, perhaps, more to their liking if they played cards or amused themselves in some other way. But I remember going to one or two classes there which were keep-fit classes.

Who were these well-known people?

I don't remember many names, but I do remember one of them who was a well-known composer whose name was Hans Carl. And the reason I remember that so well is because about two months after we arrived on the Island we staged a Revue, a Camp Revue.

Next to us was a theater. It was, after all-- Douglas was a holiday resort. And so it was decided that we should have some jollification. And again, the military administration and the guards were very helpful. We had a good relationship with them. And so two nights of this revue was staged at the-- I think it was called the Palace Theater.

Were you in it?

I wasn't in it. I was a--

Back room boy?

No, I was just in the audience. So I could sit back, and look at it, and have a really good laugh because it was very amusing.

Did it depict the plight you were in in any way?

Yes, it did. In fact, I have still a program-- it's one sheet of paper-- of that particular occasion. And I took a few copies of it recently, so one of those copies is available. And you will see from it that various songs were sung, and all kinds of performances were given during that evening, which was really mainly to depict camp life and to try and look at the

amusing side of things.

And it was a change for us, and I think it was a change for the officers and men as well because they all were there as well. So they took part in this.

Was the perimeter guarded?

It was a barbed wire enclosure with one gate, and every day we were taken out through this gate for a walk to the countryside behind the town, which was very pleasant. Yes, the perimeter was guarded, but there were very few guards there.

The ones that there were all there were with their fixed bayonets, which didn't affect us very much. They were never used. But it was amusing. I mentioned we were taken out for walks nearly every day. When we were taken out for a walk, that might have been the officer in charge who was leading the people that wanted to go for a walk, perhaps 50, or 60, or a hundred of them, and there were three or four guards walking alongside us.

But we walked past shops, and they didn't stop people from dashing into the shops for a few minutes and buying some sweets, chocolate, or oranges, or whatever, and then falling back in line again. It was very, very lax. My father referred to the place as a holiday camp, particularly having experienced Dachau concentration camp. So we didn't feel-- we didn't feel too bad there at all.

What was the demeanor of the guards?

Friendly at the Promenade Camp. We never had any problems. The only slight problems were the evening when the blackout was supposed to be implemented and didn't always work too well.

Mr. Fulda reel four--

The somewhat ridiculous thing that also occurred was that, apart from being taken on walks, we had the chance to go for a dip in the sea because it was just across the road. And we had armed guards with us, and where the breakers occurred they lined up and went down to the beach, perhaps three or four on each side. And that was the area between two breakers that we could go and swim.

And it seemed so ridiculous to us because we were just wondering what they thought, whether we were good swimmers, that we could make for the mainland or whatever. There was a constant joke about these men standing there with their bayonets, making sure that we were going to return.

Well, we did return because a very sharp whistle went after about 10 minutes or a quarter of an hour calling us back. Again, for the younger people this was a very nice sort of deviation from everyday life, and I took full advantage of it, as I tried to of all the other positive things that were going on within the camp.

I went to several classes. I learned shorthand. I learned unarmed combat and all sorts of things. And you could learn languages as well, English, French, and a number of other classes, art appreciation, music, and so forth.

And as I mentioned before, there were several very well-known people whose names, apart from Hans Carl, I don't seem to remember. Yes, perhaps one. I think his name was something like [? Helmholtz, ?] but I'm not too sure about that. And he was a-- I think he was a Viennese, and he was a commercial artist.

And he, in fact, prepared that program for the camp revue, but he was also the person that had a cartoon in the national-- in one of the national papers after the evacuation from Dunkirk. And I remember that picture very well. It was John Bull walking across the channel from Dunkirk to Britain in his gumboots, pulling behind him all the little ships.

And it was the most impressive cartoon, one of the best of the time depicting the evacuation from Dunkirk. It was the same artist. Well, he prepared that, but nevertheless, he was also interned. I don't know what paper it was, but it must be

available still somewhere.

Did you get any reaction from the Manx people?

Very little. We didn't really get in touch with the Manx people. Some of them, of course, walked past the camp, and some young people talked to each other. But there wasn't any relationship between them. It was completely neutral, I would think. I don't remember any incident of any kind in that respect.

Did the fact that you were interned affect your pro-British feeling at all?

It did not in any way affect the pro-British feeling. Basically that was as strong as ever. But as I mentioned before, I felt annoyed that it should happen. And it was obviously a great waste of time because, in my own case, I was working and doing useful work back in Guildford at the ironmonger's, and here I was in a camp doing nothing. Although I didn't have a bad time there, it was, nevertheless, an awful waste of time.

What did annoy me particularly was that one day an officer came along and said that, for the younger people, they had a chance to be released from the internment camp if they joined the Pioneer Corps. And to that effect, those that were interested would be taken out of the camp and shown and told a little bit as to what the Pioneer-- the work of the Pioneer Corps was all about.

And it was to be one Sunday morning. All those that want to come can come. It didn't mean that they would have to join the Pioneer Corps, and since they said-- the officer concerned said they wouldn't have to join-- it didn't follow-- I decided I would go because I was interested, although I had, even at that time, not the slightest intention to join.

In fact, I thought it was morally quite wrong to, on the one hand, intern people and, on the other hand, expect the same people to be suddenly loyal and serve the country in the army. And no way would I be persuaded to do that.

But I did go on this outing. It was just another day out as far as I was concerned, and needless to say, I didn't join. I had no intention, and I didn't want to, particularly as I had volunteered earlier in the war. And I wasn't accepted. I felt I had done my duty, and I also felt, of course, that it was quite wrong to ask people or to give people a chance to be released if they join the British army.

Now, I find that-- found that that was the one thing that really-- I thought it was quite wrong. But apart from that, I never had any ill feelings as far as internment is concerned. I think it was different, perhaps, with many of the older people, although my father wasn't bitter, and he was interned much longer than I was.

There was a lot of-- there was a tremendous muddle at the time, which delayed his release to about-- I think he was interned for about nine months because his papers were lost at the home office, whereas I was released after about five months.

So you were released at Christmastime?

In November, November, November 1940, and I was released because the director of the firm I was working in made an application to the home office saying that he needed my services. By that time, things had crystallized a little more. . The Battle of Britain had been fought and won, and the whole climate by then had improved. So presumably it was thought that that was the time to release people in general, and they were gradually released.

After a certain time, I think, after the middle of October or so, each week a number of people left the camp. So the population in the camp diminished, and I went in November.

Did this chap genuinely need your services, or had you put him up to it?

No, I hadn't been in touch at all with him, but I think probably my mother had been in touch. She was still in Guildford. And he was a very friendly man, and they did need people services. They wanted people for the war effort quite badly.

And as I mentioned to you, I was able to weld, so I was released. But that was still before I was 18 years old, so I was one of the youngest inmates in the camp, actually, because the general age of internment was 18 years-plus, with a few exceptions.

Any other incidents that happened to you in the camp that you can recount?

Not really, no. I don't think so. I can't really remember any.

Had you been-- had you expected to be released quickly?

I was hoping to be released, but as I said to you earlier, I didn't feel very-- I certainly didn't feel insecure at the camp or badly-treated. I just felt that it was an awful waste of time, and I felt, the sooner I can get back to normal life, the better.

After your release, did you have to do any reporting? Or were there any checks made on you?

Yes, I crossed over to Liverpool in November. I think it was about the middle of November. And then I was taken by train-- I must have had some kind of travel papers which were issued at the camp to enable me to get back to Guildford. I had a ticket.

And when we arrived in the evening, 7:00 or 8:00, in London, there was an air raid on, and the train didn't actually get into the station. It had to stop outside the station for at least half an hour, if not more, all blacked-out. And that was really my first experience of the Blitz. Although the actual Battle of Britain had already been finished-- that was in mid-September. This was two months later-- they were there night raids. And this was one of the night raids we got into.

And there was an anti-aircraft battery next to us between the rails, and it certainly shook the train. We were all lying on the floor, eventually managed to get into the station. And I then had to cross from-- it may have been Houston-- I can't be sure. I think it was Houston-- to Waterloo.

And I remember getting on to the underground and then getting to Charing Cross Station. Because there was an air raid in progress, the two floodgates on either side of the Thames, on the Waterloo side and on the Charing Cross side, were closed, which meant that I had to leave the train at Charing Cross.

And this is where I saw a lot of the Londoners bedded down for the night on the station platform, which was quite a sight. There were hundreds of people down there at Charing Cross Station.

Well, I wanted to get back to Guildford, and I didn't seem to care very much whether there was an air raid on or not. I surfaced and then walked across Hungerford Bridge, watching the anti-aircraft fire. Instead of being really in a shelter, I walked across to get to Waterloo.

Anyhow, I did. I'm sure it was a foolish thing to do, but I was fortunate in that nothing happened. And I managed to get a train, one of the last trains it must have been-- it was after 11:00 at Waterloo-- and arrived at Guildford the same night, same evening. So it was quite an eventful journey back. I reported, probably, the next day to the police in Guildford and immediately started work again at the old firm.

Did you have to report periodically to the police?

I don't quite remember, possibly once a month. This is something I don't remember. I remember going to the police from time to time, but I don't remember the intervals. They were quite long intervals. I believe there were monthly intervals. And the same aliens officer was still there, and it was always a very friendly sort of encounter.

Could I go back to Germany? Because you were telling me earlier about the differences between the support for the National Socialists in Bavaria as compared with what you'd heard was happening in Northern and Eastern Germany from your relatives. I wonder if you could repeat what you were telling me earlier on.



Well, I had two grandmothers, and they always came to visit us in Munich. One came from Breslau in Silesia, and the other one came from Darmstadt in the Rhineland. And apart from seeing us, they always enjoyed their stay in Munich during the '30s, in other words, after Hitler came to power.

And the reason both of them-- and particularly the one who came from Silesia said this, that the climate in Munich was so much better-- I don't mean the weather-- but the general climate so far as politics was concerned in that people were not so fanatical with their Nazism as they found it to be in their own hometowns.

And this is perfectly true, and we knew quite a number of people who were extremely friendly and, after the Kristallnacht, extremely helpful to us in Munich, which in other towns in Northern Germany was practically not known. The population in general in Prussia and other parts of Northern Germany was hostile to the Jewish population, whereas in Munich, whilst there were lots of hostile people, there were also others that were quite friendly and helpful.

And even to this day, we are still in touch with one or two of them. Now, for instance, I had a piano teacher, and she said to me immediately after the Kristallnacht, if I wanted to stay the night there, I could certainly do that.

I don't think I did. It never came to it. Very nearly it did one night, but in the end I went home again. But she was extremely helpful. She would do anything she could. She was absolutely shocked and ashamed of the goings-on under the Nazis in Munich.

Then we had, for instance-- we lived in a flat, and we had a lady who came once a week to clean the flat, and she was an ardent anti-Nazi. And I was in touch with that particular person after the war as well.

Our house-- what is the name. I'm just trying to think-- caretaker of the flat was an extremely nice man, he and his wife. In fact, it was due to him, I suppose, that my parents in the end were able to get away from Munich. It was a matter of-- a very, very close thing because the Gestapo, after Father was released from Dachau, kept coming back to the house under various pretexts.

And on the day they were leaving-- and they were leaving by air. They were leaving-- they were flying from Munich to London. They told the caretaker, who knew that they would be leaving that day, that they would be back after lunch as usual when they went out shopping.

And we heard after the war that the Gestapo called again on that very day when the parents had already left the flat but they were still in Munich-- this might have been midday, and the plane didn't leave Munich until 2:00. And the Gestapo asked where they were, and in the usual sort of way he said, oh, well, they are out shopping. Well, when do they come back? Oh, well, they usually come back 3:00 or 4:00 in the afternoon.

But the caretaker knew very well that the plane was leaving at 2:00, so by the time the Gestapo returned again, which was just 4:00, we heard, by that time they were already over the border, and they had left Germany. So that was again a tremendous help because it's quite possible that Father would have been re-arrested. This happened on several occasions with different people. So it was a very nasty time indeed.

One other thing just comes to mind so far as the local population is concerned. Immediately opposite from our flats was a small police station, just-- not the head office, just a small, little local police station. And when Father was taken that night to the concentration camp, I went the following morning over to the police station and told the police that Father had been taken away, we don't know where to.

I should think the police had a pretty good idea where he was taken to, but they couldn't tell me where he was taken to. But the officer I spoke to was decent enough to say to me, if there's any more trouble, don't hesitate, and come across, and let us know. We'll do for you what we can.

Now, that was a certain particular police station in Munich who were trying to uphold the law because what happened the previous night was completely lawless. And it so happened that perhaps a week or two after father had been taken to

the concentration camp I saw a car tore up. We lived on the fourth floor. I saw a car tore up, and out came two or three people in civilian clothes. I knew immediately what sort of people they were.

And mother and I were in the flat, and I said quickly to her that I'd go across to the police station and tell them. Now, we had a lift in those flats that we lived in, and I got the lift up to the fourth floor where we lived and kept the door open. And I got Mother to tell me when the police were entering the house. They had to ring the bell, and then we had to press the button in our flat to let them come in.

And I could hear them, actually, coming in, and when I guess they were roughly on the second floor or so, coming up to the fourth floor, I pressed the button and went down, shot across the road to the police station, told them that they were here again, the Gestapo, and they immediately-- two of the police officers immediately came across and back to the flat where they met the Gestapo, told the Gestapo to get out, told them that they had no business there.

And the Gestapo told them they had only come to seal all the rooms in the flat so that we couldn't use the telephone but simply leave the kitchen door and the doors to the bedrooms unsealed. And the police did tell them that, as far as they were concerned, that was not in accordance with the law and they must leave, but beyond that they couldn't help. But at least they were very helpful.

We didn't know why they came. I thought, of course, the worst, that they would probably want to take me away. In the event that didn't happen, but you could never be certain. They did come for the express purpose of sealing some of the rooms, particularly so that we could not use the telephone. It didn't stop us using public telephones. It was just yet another instance of making life as difficult as possible.

Which streets did you live on?

We lived in the west end of Munich, a street called Nibelungenstrasse near the Red Cross Square in Munich.

So when the Gestapo came for your father, was there any pretense as a charge?

Oh, no, none at all, not at all. You just come with us. And that was the end of it, and he had to dress and go with them.

And he never had a trial?

No, certainly not.

There was another story you told me off the tape. Perhaps if you can put on the tape about the English teacher who performed a courageous act at your school, if you could repeat that story, please.

Yes. Well, this was at the grammar school, and the feeling in the class on the whole at that time-- this was perhaps in 19-- I guess 1936, perhaps 1937-- was getting, from my point of view, more unpleasant all the time.

And we had a new pupil arriving who came from the northern part of Germany, and he was a real Nazi, bully type of boy. And we were leaving class after lesson, and just outside and on the landing he shouted some antisemitic abuse at me. He called me a bloody Jew and a number of other things as well, which incensed me.

And I decided to quite instinctively hit out, which I did, and I hit him very hard, I think under his chin. And that resulted in his falling down the stairs. He rolled, more or less, down the stairs, and when he came to at the bottom of the stairs, at that moment our English master just came through the door and wondered what all the commotion was about.

And the English master called me down-- I was still up on the landing-- and asked me what's all this about. And I just repeated to him what had happened, whereupon he slapped the face of this boy and told him never to do that again. And I think that in the circumstances this was a tremendously courageous thing to do, particularly as everybody knew-- and undoubtedly the teacher knew-- that the father of this boy was an SS Sturmbannführer, one of the top SS captains.

And I can only assume that the boy did not tell the story at home-- that is my guess--

Because--

--because had he done so, then there is no doubt that the teacher would have been taken to Dachau, no doubt at all.

Why do you think it was that there was this different atmosphere towards National Socialism in Bavaria?

Well, I think the reason for that is that the general mentality of the Bavarians in the South is rather different to the Prussian mentality. In the past, in the last century, there have been frictions and wars between Prussia and Bavaria.

Bavaria never did like the Prussians, and they are far too militaristic for their liking. The Bavarians like to take life easy. They have a sense of humor, and that's something else which the average Prussian doesn't have or not very much. It's much more common in Bavaria. Life is more easygoing there.

The interesting thing is-- but I don't think it has anything to do with it but it is nevertheless a fact is that the population in Bavaria is almost entirely or was at that time 90% Roman Catholic, whereas the majority of the population in Northern Germany is Protestant. And yet by and large, I think it's true to say that in Germany the worst Nazis occurred amongst the Protestant group in Northern Germany and far less, by and large, amongst the Catholic population in the South.

Or shall we put it another way? There were far more decent people who weren't afraid to speak out in the South amongst the Bavarians than there were in Northern Germany. The fact that the South is Catholic and the North is Protestant is incidental, but it is interesting, I think.

I think if we could also recall the story you told me about the comedian who stood out against the regime--

Yes. There was a comedian whose name was Weisfeld and he was a true Bavarian, the equivalent, I suppose, of a cockney. And he gave shows at a theater in Munich nightly, and people went there because, A, they liked him-- he was very good as a comedian-- and, B, he made, occasionally, political jokes.

And a stage was reached perhaps 1937-- it may have been early 1938-- that the Nazis in Munich felt enough was enough. He made various derogatory remarks about the Nazis in a funny, amusing sort of way which, of course, made the audience roar with laughter that the authorities decided, we can't have that going on anymore.

And they took him to Dachau. And somehow or other, the people knew. I don't remember whether it was in the newspaper or not. I should very much doubt it. That sort of thing.