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--seconds. And I'd say any time.

When you moved to your grandmother's apartment back in Vienna, it was permitted for your family to live in her apartment because it was in a special district that was--

No, no. It was in the same general district, the second district. I think it was a question more of consolidating people, and I guess somebody decided there was no need for us to have two apartments. So I don't think it was a matter of segregating us into a particular area because there were non-Jews living in the apartment house where my paternal grandmother lived, so it wasn't just a apartment house full of Jews.

So no, I don't think it had anything to do with that. I think they just decided that we had two apartments, and my grandmother's was less desirable and smaller. And so they decided, well, we had to live somewhere. So I moved there.

And the summer place that the mayor took, for which there was no mock compensation, was there any effort made to rectify that?

You mean later on? No, we really didn't do anything about that. In fact, my mother was very loathe to do anything. She really wanted to forget the whole place, and as I say, she, in all this time, even though I offered to take her back, always said no, she didn't want to go back, didn't want to see the place again.

And even in-- we haven't touched on that yet, but in terms of artwork that was stolen, it was, I think, about 1970, about late 60s, or '69, or '70, that someone, in a New York paper-- it may have been the Aufbau, one of those papers-- had seen a story about a law having been passed in Austria about restitution of stolen art treasures and knew that we had lost a number of things.

And so she wrote to my mother and I think even sent her the newspaper clipping. It had originally been published only in the official gazette in Vienna, and then I guess it had been-- Wiesenthal was involved in stirring the whole thing up, and it finally got reprinted. And she urged my mother to do something about it, and even then my mother wasn't going to do anything.

And I finally decided, well, why not? So I got her to tell me approximately-- I remembered almost nothing-- what sort of things were stolen, the stamp collection, the coin collection, and then a number of paintings, some which she could describe.

And I finally made the claim, 1970 or '71. There was a period of only two years that you could make the claim. I got it in in time through the Austrian consulate here in San Francisco, and that process went through seven or eight years of hearings in Vienna.

As long as we are on that, what happened was that after I made my claim, nothing happened for a number of months, and then suddenly I got a registered letter saying there will be a hearing in your case on Thursday at 2:00 in the district court in Vienna, and it was Tuesday. And so obviously there wasn't time to go to Vienna to present the case, and so I called the consul here the next day.

And he said, well, it just so happens that I have a lawyer in Vienna that I sometimes work with. The consul here was a lawyer himself. His name was [? Seidler, ?] Hans [? Seidler. ?] And he said, I'd be happy to call him and see whether he would like to go to court on Thursday and ask for a postponement. And he got him at 2:00 in the morning out of bed, and he did go to court and got us a postponement. And then he handled the case from then on.

But it went through four judges, and in the end, there were two paintings involved, one by Steen, the other one by Ruisdael. And there had been 12 or 13 claimants for each one to begin with, including governments. The German government claimed the paintings, saying that it's true that they were stolen by the Nazis, but they were the follow-on government, and so the paintings should be turned over to them. And the Italian government claimed some, and anyway, there were private claimants and so on.

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And I think by 1979 the judge, who was the fourth judge by that time, had whittled it down to two possible claimants for one painting and three for the other. We were, in one case, one of the two, in the other case, one of the three. And there was some debate about--

I finally did go to Vienna. In fact, two of my cousins, Martha and Kay, were on a trip in Europe and agreed to-- somewhere during that trip, interrupted and come as witnesses for that hearing. And I flew to Vienna and appeared in court, gave my description of what I remembered and my mother's, which was different but correct. It turned out mine was wrong because eventually they showed me the paintings after they had taken the testimony.

And one of the claimants in both cases for this and other paintings was a very wealthy Dutch family who, in fact, had an inventory, on which these two paintings as well as others were listed signed by their attorney in 1942 and in July or August of 1942 in Amsterdam with reasonable descriptions and so on.

The only thing that was bothersome-- and later on other things became bothersome-- is that the receipts-- and there were extant receipts for both paintings in the file when the Germans got them-- predated the taking of that inventory. In one case, in the Ruisdael case, the painting was actually acquired by Martin Bormann, and there is a receipt, of which I have a photocopy, signed by Martin Bormann for the Ruisdael with the exact description, and measurements, and everything else.

And one of the people who was involved in this case and also had claims was a lady from Vienna, also a refugee, who had fled to Great Britain whose uncle had been a famous painter by the name of Hermann Herzog, who had, in fact, emigrated to the United States in the mid-19th century and became an American painter and was one of the better-known American landscape painters of the 19th century. He got to be 100 years old and died in Florida in-- I don't know-- 1938 or something like that.

And she changed the name from Herzog to Duke, which is the British noun for Herzog, and then went to medical school and married a doctor by the name of MacFarlane. And we became, even though we were counter-claimants for the same painting, namely the Ruisdael, we became fairly good friends. And in fact, she was at my house last year with her husband.

And she'd been in British intelligence after the war and had actually broke into the interior ministry in Vienna to look through the files with the connivance of her intelligence unit and got this receipt. So she has the original. She gave me a copy and wrote a book later on-- she's also an authoress-- called The Bormann Receipt.

And so this receipt's dated, I think, February '42, so it's very hard to believe that the inventory was taken in July or August of '42. Well, it turned out that the-- I can't prove any of this, but it turned out-- and it's described somewhat in the article, in ARTnews-- that the Austrian government, when they were finally forced into passing this restitution law and doing something about it after almost 20 years of silence--

All this was turned over to the Austrians by the Americans when the state treaty was signed in the early 50s and Austria became independent again with the understanding that they would make every effort to return these art treasures to their legitimate owners, but they immediately squirreled them away.

Even though there was this discrepancy, another thing that happened, as I said, was that the Austrian government, being so proud now of being so magnanimous, made a propaganda film for television which was shown on most of the European television stations, including the ones in Holland, and in Great Britain, and so on.

And the two paintings in question were, in fact, shown and described on this tape, this television tape, and it turns out that the one that was really shown and described extremely well was the more valuable one, namely the Jan Steen. And this Dutch family, in their inventory, had given a very good description of this painting, including the colors and everything. This was, of course, a color video.

And they gave a very bad description of the Ruisdael, which was only shown fleetingly, in fact, an incorrect description.

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And then later on, one of the witnesses, an old aunt, appeared in court in Vienna and blurted out, oh, yes, I saw that one on television. And the lawyer immediately told her to be quiet. She wasn't asked about that.

So there was some doubt, at least, about this inventory and the dates involved, and even the Austrian ministry witnesses, the experts from the Ministry of Fine Arts, pointed this out to the judge and said that they would recommend that no judgment be made until this is cleared up. Well, within a week he made a Solomonic judgment, namely that he would give these paintings to the three remaining claimants in the Steen case and to the two remaining ones in the Ruisdael case, and they could do whatever they wanted with them, cut it up, or sell it jointly, or whatever.

It made life very difficult because the Dutch family never, being, I think, still extremely wealthy, had their attorneys handle everything and never communicated with the rest of us, never agreed to anything and simply made their own arrangements for the disposition that somehow got physically a hold of these paintings and decided they were going to be auctioned off with Christie's in London, whereas we had already made arrangements that they were going to be auctioned off at Sotheby's.

In fact, the chairman of Sotheby's, Llewellyn, had taken us to a magnificent lunch in London because one of these paintings was valued at a half a million, and they would have made a handsome profit on it. And so they were very nice to us. Well, they were completely insistent that they have them, and they're going to be sold by Christie's. And Christie's screwed it up completely, but that's another story.

So there was even-- this is really the bottom line. There were very strong attempt by the Austrians, the victims of all this, to really take advantage of these things, even after they became independent, because the paintings that had not been returned through the efforts of the US Army, who had found many of these in the salt mines and other places-- they had given these paintings back to the Austrians when Austria became independent in the early 50s with a clear understanding that they would try to do justice.

And it wasn't until the late 60s that somehow Wiesenthal got a hold of this and needled them long enough so that they passed a law that people could make claims. But then they published it only in their official gazette that nobody reads.

Well, after I was interviewed for this ARTnews article in '84 and then appeared on 2020 and so on. Some of the deputies in the Austrian parliament got a hold of this and made a big stink, particularly some of the socialist deputies, and they had to reopen the whole thing. They passed a new law, which was much more specific in that it, first of all, said that this had to be widely publicized, this new claims period-- it was a six months claims period, I think in '85, early '86-- that whatever was not returned to rightful owners had to be auctioned off, and the proceeds would go to various organizations that had suffered at the hand of the Nazis, not just Jewish organizations but--

And this process isn't completed. Indeed, I sat down with my mother and said, in this export document that we have there are other paintings mentioned that we didn't claim, and it seems to me-- there was, of course, a list published, a very long list, some 8,000 objects, not all paintings but sculptures and books.

And I said, let's go through this list, and if there is anything in there that seems reasonable, let's claim it. We have to prove it, but at least let's claim it. So there were seven more paintings that we claimed in '85, or '86, or whenever the second claim period was.

The new judge turned out to be one of the people who was involved in parliament. He's a member of parliament in reopening this case, and he's a fairly reasonable guy. He was, however, completely overburdened. He was the only judge for those 8,000 objects, and this could take 10 years easily. And of course, everybody would be dead by then. Now, it wouldn't help the Austrians because they would have to auction the stuff off.

Now, the Austrian Minister of Finance-- this is all handled by the Ministry of Finance-- still in '85, when this all got reopened again, said, of course, this new law that they're trying to pass in parliament speaks about things being auctioned off at the end, but of course, that refers only to objects of art that are not of national value. Those who have really national value or heritage, Austrian heritage, are excluded from this, so he was trying to weasel out of this.

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And this is mentioned in the article, and they interviewed him also on the 2020 program, the same one I was on, and he repeated this. You'll see it on the tape. He said, my understanding of this law is that, in fact, if it's something of really national importance, that this does is not-- we could keep it if no proper owner is found.

After the case dragged on then for another couple of years-- it was '87 by then-- I wrote to the judge a very polite letter and said I was wondering what was happening. I never got an answer. Then when I got news that I was going to get this honorary degree in '88 the dean-- he was very familiar with my case-- said, why don't we send the judge an invitation to the ceremony and see what happens?

Well, what happened was that I immediately got a letter from the court saying, we understand that you are coming to Vienna in March, and the court would be very happy to hold a special hearing just for you. You may appear just by yourself before the court, and tell us your story, and testify on these seven claims, which is what happened.

I came to Vienna for my degree. They had set a hearing within either just before or just after the-- he didn't come to the ceremony, by the way. I think it would have been improper for him to do that. And they held a hearing for me. It was just three of us, well, four of us, actually.

The judge sat on this raised platform and the court recorder next to him. And then facing me on the other side was the Deputy Minister of Finance, who represented the Republic of Austria as being the defendant because they were in possession of these paintings and I on the other side.

Now, they were very nice before the court hearing. We spent about half an hour just shooting the breeze informally, but then the judge arrived in his purple robes and a crucifix probably as high as this microphone on his bench and went through a completely formal hearing. He accepted the documentation I found in my mother's file and so on.

And within six months, he did hand over to us two paintings. None of these are very valuable paintings. They're in the $10,000 range. Both of those are sitting over at the Montgomery gallery at the moment because they thought they might be interested, but I will probably give them as a present to the University Art Museum because I'm getting sick and tired of the whole thing.

Then out of the other remaining five, he turned everyone down on three. That leaves two. He gave one to another claimant, which is fine, and there's still one in contention. Interestingly enough, a claimant on all artworks, all 8,000 objects, is the former chief rabbi of Romania. Actually, his son is claiming it for him. The chief rabbi is dead.

And the basis of the claim is very interesting the basis of the claim is that this was a holy man who had suffered greatly, of course, at the hands of the Nazis. He wasn't executed or anything. He died after the war, but nonetheless, he was persecuted. And by dint of being a holy man, he really owns all the stuff that was taken from Jews.

And the judge has to be very circumspect in these cases. He writes 15-page, single-spaced opinions on all these cases. I should have brought one along. And it was extremely polite and bending over backwards, particularly with the chief rabbi, spending pages on agreeing with his holiness, and his piety, and how much he, in principle, deserves all this but that he was bound by Austrian law and that he would have to turn him down, but an interesting little side.

The paintings that were ordered shared by the three claimants and the two claimants-- what happened with them?

They were eventually sold. They went up for auction at Christie's. It didn't sell the first time because it was very badly handled. The people in Holland were in a tremendous rush. They wanted them sold right away. And so Christie's had promised, particularly in this case of the Steen, to give it worldwide publicity, contact museum directors and so on.

And the first auction that they could have come up on was, I think, in December '79, and all this happened like in August. There really wasn't enough time to do anything. And my notion was, let's wait till the following auction and get this -- and the Dutch family insisted, no, it had to go into the first possible auction. So it was bought in.

Then it hung around for about a year, and ironically, both of the paintings, both the Ruisdael and the Steen were bought

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by a German dealer in Munich privately from Christie's by private arrangements at a fraction of what it was originally valued. What is ironic is that the Steen actually hung in the Brown House in Munich because it was acquired for Hitler personally-- it was a very important painting-- and he admired the Dutch masters, and so it actually went right back to Munich.

And the Ruisdael, which had been acquired by Martin Bormann of course, essentially went right back also to Munich. So this German dealer in Munich bought them at a very small fraction of their value, and I don't know what happened to him subsequently. It was all shared after expenses.

The only other thing to tell is that, even though there was no contract signed, the Austrian attorney, who every year for a seven or almost eight-year period got his own expenses paid by me because he would submit bills to me for so many hours in court and all this kind of stuff, then when the paintings were turned over, took the appraisal value, divided it by three, and sent us a bill.

And I will probably never forget the day this bill arrived, and my wife opened the mail, and the bill came for $156,000, his share of the proceeds. Now, these paintings hadn't been sold. We only had a third even of the-- be he took one third of the appraised value.

And my son's advice was, screw him. Just forget it. Don't even answer. You've paid him every bill. And I can't do that, so I compromised. I wrote to him. We had even, by the way, sent him to London with his girlfriend so he could go to the auction. We had sent him a silver service when he got married to this young lady because we got pretty friendly over the seven, eight-year period.

I finally said-- we were on a first name basis. I wrote him. I said, dear Hans. I said, number one, these paintings haven't been sold yet. Number two, for years there have been expenses. The Austrian government charged us each 8,000 schillings storage fee for the painting.

I said what I propose is, once they're sold and I subtract all the expenses that I had from the profit to me, then you get a third. And that's what happened. And he never demurred. That was probably more than he expected.

Do you remember the name of the Dutch family?

Goudsmit.

And how do you suppose-- do you suppose that the painting which left your family in 1940 and they claimed to have gotten it in 1942-- do you suppose they actually did get it in 1942 from whoever stole it from your family in 1940?

Well, there was a pro forma auction house in Berlin-- it's mentioned in the article. I've forgotten the name. Since the Germans were sticklers for legalities, whenever they acquired by whatever means, stealing or whatever, they would officially auction them off, and the buyers would always be Goering, or Bormann, or Hitler, or somebody. And both of these were auctioned off sometime in late '41, but the receipt stated that-- I think that, at least for the Ruisdael, it stated, I think, February '42.

What happened in the interim I have no idea, between '40, and, say, '42, or late '41 who had them. I suspect what happened was that these things, once they were stolen by private individuals, once those people find out that, in fact, these things were valuable, they tried to sell them. And they found-- and then there were scouts going around, trying to acquire good things for the collectors, particularly Goering, who was probably the prime collector of art.

And these things, within that period, probably wended their way through the system, eventually ended up in this fake auction house in Berlin. Knabe, I think was the name of the auction house.

Tell us why you were in Vienna receiving an honorary degree.

Oh, well, getting honorary degrees is sort of a sign of old age in my profession. Actually, the dean of engineering at the

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Technical University had been a visiting scholar here at the University of California at Berkeley some 10 years before that, and I became fairly friendly with him. I think he nominated me some time before that.

I think that it happened to be granted, actually, in the 50th year of the-- 50th anniversary of the Anschluss. I don't think it was on purpose. There were two of us who actually received honorary degrees at the same time, one man who got his the year before but they combined the ceremony who was actually born in Germany.

He was a British physicist, very tragic because he came to the ceremony clearly a dying man, and when I wrote to his wife in London the next month after coming back to the States to tell her how much I enjoyed meeting him, she wrote back and said, well, he just passed away last week. He worked on magnetic theory.

I think these things just happened after a period. I then got an honorary degree from the University of Paris and in the following year from the University of Darmstadt in Germany. I think these are sort of self-excited processes. But they're just another honor that people hand out. It's no big deal.

In this case, it meant a little bit more simply because it had been my favorite uncle's school. That's why I dedicated the thing to him. He had got his degree there before the First World War, same school.

And-- I'm almost through with this-- what did your mother think when you joined the army, safe here in the United States, and went back?

Well, I think that everyone recognized that hadn't I joined I probably would have been drafted anyway, so I think that wasn't such a big deal. Well, she never said anything to me. She was clearly not happy with I going away. After all, I was an only child, and the war was still going pretty heavily in the beginning of '44.

I think she understood that's something I wanted to do, needed to do, and besides, chances that I would have to go were there anyway. So I think she was resigned to it. We never really discussed it any great length, and this is one of the reasons I tried to write to her as often as I could. Once I was overseas, that was, of course, much more difficult to do.

And once you got there, at the point where you were part of the search parties for the Werewolves, what did you find? Did you find that there were such groups forming in the mountains?

We didn't find anything in the mountains. There were little groups of people-- we raided a couple of them-- who were getting together, probably old Nazis or even young ones. But we really never found anything that smacked of a national organization. I think the commendation overstated the case because I think it was sort of a self-fulfilling kind of thing. We raided a few meetings, and there were certainly people who were still hoping to stir things up. They got interned and probably let go pretty quickly.

It was, what, late '45, early '46 by then, so the war had been over six months. And by that time, the Cold War had started, and all these things had-- speaking of that, one of the assignments-- you asked me about an assignment. In late '45, one of the assignments we had was a Russian delegation had come to Wiesbaden. I don't know for what purpose, trade delegation or something. And they were staying at one of the fancy hotels in town. They were all in bad shape, but at least it had been a fancy hotel.

And so they were put into a bugged room, and we spent, in shifts the whole time they were there, two or three days, recording everything they said, in those days still on actual records. By that time, wire recorders were out, but we didn't have a wire recorder, so we actually did it on the recordings and then threw it all away because nobody spoke Russian in that unit. So that's the intelligence game.

You mentioned that while you were doing this you went to the movies to see how it was done. And then --

Yeah, well, there were all these spy movies made at the time with catching Nazi spies, and in fact, there was one call, what, The House on 92nd Street. It was one of the big famous ones. Then we'd go to the GI movies and particularly pick out the ones that could give us clues, and then we'd try to emulate them.

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Can you give an example?

Well, I remember one of the raids-- we had seen them come in through a skylight when they raided the place, and it turned out that one of these places had a skylight. And one was in an old-- not a castle but a mansion that was surrounded by a wall, and in Europe, particularly, people try to keep other people out. So there was a lot of glass on top of the wall, and we were very careful to scout that out.

But what we hadn't noticed is that on the inside of the wall, at a slant, maybe 45-degree-- and the owners had stretched barbed wire. And some of us almost killed ourselves because we got on this wall, carefully avoided all the glass-- and this was in the dark, like 2:00 in the morning-- then we jumped down and got hung up in this barbed wire.

But we had seen them come in through the skylight, so in one of those raids we very carefully made use of this technique of getting up on the roof, and then smashing the skylight, and jumping in with our submachine guns. It scared the hell out of everybody. I think all this was vastly overdone, but it's cops and robbers.

Can you take us through, just out of curiosity, a case by case-- on Case [? Poupette, ?] for instance, you went to Paris.

Well, we had been told by the French liaison officer that the French-- this was in the American zone-- wanted to extradite-- her name was Madeleine, Madeleine [? Dumont-- ?] for collaboration with the Germans. And in preparation for authorizing the extradition, we were asked to go to Paris and to look at her complete dossier which was with the Deuxieme Bureau in Paris. The assignment was primarily to do that.

But then she had a younger sister, [? Poupette, ?] who still lived in Paris, and we had to go and interrogate her. I suspect that she was actually a witness for the French, as I recall it this is why it was called "Case [? Poupette," ?] and it consisted primarily of gathering information from the files. It wasn't a terribly glamorous thing, except it was nice to go to Paris, even in 1945, compared to the Germany.

So that was a case that maybe had a little bit more visibility in the sense that these were people who were fairly famous. After all, the Mumm Champagne house is a big outfit even to this day. They even have an operation in the Napa Valley now, probably not the same family anymore. Or it could be. I don't know. I wouldn't be surprised.

As I say, she was extradited, and she stood trial. I don't know exactly what happened to her, probably not very much. She was German, of course, or at least partly German, and so to make-- even though the family-- it was a jointly owned champagne house. I think probably it was difficult to make a case for treason. If she had been 100% French, she probably would have been, at that time, shot. The French were still shooting people in those days for collaboration.

What were the conditions like at the POW camp?

Well, in late '45, the conditions in POW camps were still pretty bad. There was a food shortage, and people got enough to live on. But they were certainly not magnificent rations, and they were overcrowded. They lived in tents.

But I think within a very short period of time most of these people were, in fact, let go. I think the only people who stayed in detention camps for another half a year or a year were fairly high-ranking people in the automatic arrest categories. I think most of the small-fry they let go very quickly.

The war trial, sort of the aftermath of the Nuremberg trials, actually went on for another year or so. There were still trials in '46 and maybe even early '47 but not for very long. I think most of the stuff-- once the Cold War became serious, all this took on secondary importance. Russians really became the villains. By '47, '48, the Russians were the villains.

Tell us about the field marshal that you interrogated at the--

Well, Field Marshal Guderian was the head of the German armed forces. He was the ranking marshal. But he had

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surrendered to the Russians, and so Hitler actually condemned him to death, in absentia of course. So he had been-- he surrendered. Probably-- I'm not sure. It may have been at the Battle of Stalingrad, or it may have been later. But anyway, he surrendered to the Russians.

And by that time, the Germans were beginning to lose the war in Russia, and so any kind of surrender or retreat was very harshly treated. Hitler was constantly changing generals, and the ones that surrendered he would condemn to death. So Guderian actually was one of those that surrendered and got condemned to death.

And I don't remember details of what I interrogated. I had a list of questions that the court wanted to know about. He was never tried as a war criminal or anything like that, so he was-- probably one of the things that helped him was the fact that he had surrendered.

What did he look like?

He was sort of a ascetic-looking person, rather thin and very stern. He was in uniform, of course. Military prisoners were allowed to stay in uniform, so he had his field marshal's uniform on without decorations or fancy doodads, but he was clearly in the field marshal's uniform. He Didn't have his baton anymore.

As I say, he really didn't talk to me the first day because just from looking at me he could tell that I wasn't terribly high-ranking, and he certainly wouldn't talk to anybody who wasn't an officer. Then he made that very clear to me. So I had to be an officer the next day, sufficient rank so he would talk to me.

So he answered the questions that I had. There were other technical questions that the court wanted to know. It wasn't anything that pertained to high war crimes or anything like that.

And with Mrs. Himmler and her daughter, it was really a lost cause because they didn't want to talk about anything except how terrible either the husband or the father was. He was never around. He had other women. There was nothing that was of any substance. They were really completely involved in the family aspects of this thing. I believe that.

All they saw was he was a man who had outgrown them, really, become number three man in Germany. And of course, he killed himself. He was captured by a British intelligence unit in northern Germany and took a cyanide pill soon as he got taken into custody. So he you never really stood trial or anything.

What did Mrs. Himmler look like? What was she wearing?

Well, she had a plain dress on, sort of a dowdy-looking person. In those days, everybody was dowdy in Germany, so she didn't really stand out. She was probably better fed than the average person out on the street because she got US rations in jail.

The daughter was a teenager, as I remember, a pimply teenager, and they were both rather pathetic people. Of course, like all Germans, they didn't know anything about the terrible things that went on. That was the standard answer. Nobody-- except those women concentration camp guards. They didn't deny anything. They were very non-cooperative. They essentially refused to answer any questions, but they also didn't deny anything.

What did they look like?

I really don't remember, I have to be careful because the only woman concentration camp guard that sticks in my mind is the one in the Lisa Wertmuller film. I don't know if you remember that, but it dealt with an Italian prisoner of war who tried to survive under the Nazis. Did you see it?

And she was monstrous. She was sort of the stereotype of Ilse Koch, that kind of thing. He make love to her, as I remember, and he was this little mousy Italian guy. And I have to be very careful not to transfer this image to these people because I really don't remember them.

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I do I remember that I had a very hard time not to attack them physically. I was really tempted in this case, and I really had to sort of grasp myself and say, you're here for a purpose, and this isn't going to do any good, because they were clearly non-cooperative. I think they knew that we had them. And I don't know what happened to them, but they were neither pathetic nor did they try to answer my questions. They were just--

Were they all German?

Mm-hm. Well, there may have been some Austrians and I don't remember, but they were all German-speaking. They were not from other occupied countries because there were concentration camp guards who were Polish ones, Romanian ones. No, these were Germans, maybe Austrians.

Can remember their ages?

They were middle-aged. They were women in probably their late 30s, middle 40s. They were in that age group. Yeah.

And they would have been well-fed?

Oh, yeah. Yeah, they were not as well-fed as they were to begin with, but they were still pretty well-fed. They certainly weren't emaciated or thin or anything.

At this time, did you know what happened to your father?

No, no. The letter from the embassy came after I had been discharged from the army, sometime in '46. There's a date. Well, I didn't been bring that particular letter but just the one before that. No, no. I still had some notion that he would show up maybe in a DP camp or something like that. I was beginning to have doubts, but at least there was still that hope.

What information were you to elicit from these women? What background did you have on what they were accused of?

Well, as I say the court had very definite questions. They gave me a list of things to ask, and I don't remember what they were in this particular case. There were certain basic things that were always to be established, what camp did they serve in, what was their rank, that kind of thing.

But there were specific questions in each case that differed from person to person beyond that kind of basic information, and I really don't remember what it was. I had no notion in those days that I would ever have to reconstruct it, so I didn't take any notes or anything.

You interviewed them individually?

Yes, yes.

Where did the interviews take place?

In facilities of the court. There's a very large complex in Nuremberg. I suppose they probably had been court buildings originally because much of Nuremberg had been destroyed. And it was somewhere in that complex that there were interrogation rooms.

Going back to the paintings, when, as a boy, is the last time you saw the Steen painting?

Well, before Kristallnacht. That's when it disappeared. There was one that presumably was taken that night, and my recollection was extremely vague. I wasn't a connoisseur of Dutch paintings in those days. In fact, one of the things that I seemed to remember is that there were dancing peasants in it, and I seemed to recall that the women had pants on, sort of pantaloons.

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And I mentioned to the court at the time-- this was my description, and this is my mother's description. They don't jive, but all I can give you is both descriptions. And it turns out that my mother's description actually was quite accurate, including-- one of the things that I think cinched it and kept us in contention as one of the possible true claimants was the fact that I think I described the instrument quite well. It's actually a sort of a hurdy-gurdy type of guitar. It's a guitar that you actually turn a crank on.

And the other thing is there was a young couple standing in a window looking down on the courtyard scene, and my mother had remembered that. And if you look at the painting, you'll see that there is, in fact, that couple. I also mentioned that there was a dog somewhere in there, and there is a dog lying down somewhere in the scene.

But the Goudsmit description is better than ours, no question about it. They had the colors pretty right, and so their description was certainly better than ours. And I don't remember who the third party was, frankly. I could look it up because I have a file yay thick on all the court cases.

So it was taken--

No, no. But that's right. The Steen there were only the two of us. The Ruisdael there were three people, the Goudsmits Madeleine MacFarlane, and we. So in the Ruisdael there were three final claimants, and it was divided into three portions. And the Steen there were just the Goudsmit, and my mother, and I. My mother was the main claimant.

Both of these were taken in Kristallnacht?

No, no. The Ruisdael was packed in these crates and didn't arrive. So it was taken out somewhere in transit.

But the Steen painting was taken on Kristallnacht?

Yeah.

OK. And the next record of it anywhere is where?

There's a receipt from the auction house somewhere in early '42, so just exactly what its history was between the fall of '38 and, say, the end of '41 I have no idea.

Then it made its way to this Berlin auction--

Both of these were auctioned off at this auction house in Berlin, right, and one was acquired for Hitler. The Steen was acquired for Hitler. It was actually hung in the Brown House, his headquarters in Munich, but it was to be exhibited or included in the collection of the art museum in Linz because Hitler was going to make Linz-- I guess it's the nearest large town to his birthplace-- as one of the major cities in Europe after he had won the war. And so there was going to be a magnificent art museum in Linz, and this one is actually destined to go into that collection.

And the Ruisdael was acquired by Martin Bormann, presumably for Hitler, but he signed the receipt. And I should have brought that receipt along. There were a number of other receipts he signed. There's one in the ARTnews article over 10 years that had belonged to Madeleine Duke MacFarlane. It was one of the receipts that she absconded with when she broke into the ministry in whenever it was, 1945, something, early '46. And that's reprinted in the article. It's also, I think, signed by Bormann.

What was the size of the Steen painting?

The Steen painting-- if I recall, it was maybe yay by yay. It was fairly good size but not a huge painting.

[INAUDIBLE]

No, smaller than that, probably something like maybe 2 and 1/2 by 2 feet, something like that, right. The Ruisdael was

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bigger because it was a landscape, and it had hung it-- and it's the one that I seem to remember better. I had hung in my grandfather's apartment, in fact, behind the sofa. It was a landscape, a very dark landscape of cows traversing, fording a little stream, sort of a typical kind of landscape.

On the Steen painting, you know when it was taken, and you know when it was sold in Berlin and where it hung. Where does the Dutch family come into this? Where do they allege that it belonged to them? Or how did they allege--

Well, they claimed that it had been part of their collection. They were extremely wealthy. They had a very large collection, presumably, of all kinds of artworks. They were Dutch. This was a Dutch painting. They had an inventory, as I say, compiled by their attorney in the late summer of '42.

By that time, it was clear-- I don't think they-- I'm not sure that they ever left Holland. They somehow survived in Holland.

Were they a Jewish family?

Yes. They owned large department stores. It was a lot easier to survive in Holland, I think, than probably anywhere else in Europe. Lots of people were deported from Holland, but there were more survivors, I think, per capita of the Jewish population than in most other parts of Europe.

So the Dutch did help their Jewish population more than others did, so I suppose that-- I have no idea whether this applies in this case, but I'm sure it never helped to have a lot of-- never hurt to have a lot of money. Even if they didn't want to do it for charity's sake, you could probably get people to do things for you if you had a lot of money.

So I'm not sure what the Goudsmits' history is because they were very secretive. I wrote to them a number of times and said, in everyone's interest, why don't we get together and decide what the best thing is in disposing since we have to do it jointly? They never replied.

How do you suppose such a complete description showed up in the summer of '42 on--

Well, that was a question that arose, of course, and at least there is the presumption that they saw it on TV much later and that perhaps this inventory isn't genuine. But I can't prove that, and I'm not going to allege that. But that's something that comes to mind since their own witness blurted out that she had-- it was an old aunt, and they just said she was senile. That's the one we saw on television, she said.

And as I say, the description of the Ruisdael, which was shown very fleetingly, even though they were still included in the final list, was really incomplete. For example, they claimed that it was badly damaged, the painting, and it wasn't damaged at all because there it is. The court had the painting in its possession. There was nothing. It wasn't repaired. It wasn't damaged or anything. Part of the description was that it was damaged.

No, people very often see a painting by a painter-- the descriptions in the newspaper that the Austrian government printed, the list, were purposefully vague, of course, and I think that that's appropriate because they said, if you owned a painting of approximately this size on this general theme, then go ahead and make a claim. And if you can describe it well, then you have a good case. So that makes sense.

And so a lot of people claimed things, including us, that didn't belong to us because the general description fit. And then if you can't prove it, if you can't really describe it well, then it gets thrown out.

Did it include-- did the [? suggestion ?] include the name of the painter?

Oh, yes. It gives the painter. It gives the size. But then it would say "a landscape by," and they would give the size. Or it would say "a portrait of a lady," that kind of thing. But it would give the painter and the size of the painting, right, but it would give a very succinct kind of description like that, portrait of a lady, a hunting scene, that kind of thing.

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How much do you estimate the Steen was worth?

Well, the initial estimate that Christie's gave when they finally acquired it because the Goudsmits had it-- in fact, their attorney went to Vienna, and somehow they turned it over to him as one of the three claimants. I don't know how that happened.

So they picked Christie's, and Christie's gave it an initial estimate of, I think, 180,000 pounds when the pound was about $3. So that's in excess of half a million dollars. This is what the attorney then used to basis his 33% on. And the Ruisdael was considerably less. I think it was estimated to be worth something like 40,000 or 50,000 pounds.

$40,000, $50,000?

Pounds, pounds. That was the original estimate, pounds, which was maybe $150,000. I think they eventually sold to that dealer in Munich for something like-- well, of course, Christie's took their 10%-- something around 50,000 or 60,000 pounds instead of 180,000. And in the Ruisdael case I think that sold for 12,000 pounds, so something between a third and a fifth of the original estimated value is what they sold for.

And then they were split, of course, in two and three, and there were lots of expenses. And then the attorneys took a third. Well, it turns out that Madeleine MacFarlane was a lot smarter and tougher than I was. She didn't give her attorney a penny after she got her paintings.

She also got a Teniers she did get the Teniers, which she donated to the British-- the Tate Gallery. And she got a Herzog, her uncle's painting, and she got a third of the Ruisdael, but she didn't give her-- she told me that she just told her attorney, go sue her. And of course, he was in Austria, and she was in England and couldn't do a thing.

What about the other items on this list of 8,000 that was put out by the Austrian government? Was there anything else that you thought might--

Well, we did claim-- there were a number of coin collections, and my father had had a very large coin collection which was stolen on Kristallnacht. And we claimed it. Again, it was a very general inscription. It said, a coin collection, essentially, of so many pieces. That's what it said.

So we claimed it, and then when I went for the first hearing in Vienna, which must have been 1977, something like that, the court said, well, we don't believe this is yours. We believe that it belongs to a monastery-- I don't know-- in Moravia or something like that. Could you give us a better description?

I said, no, I can tell you what my mother told me, namely that there were Roman coins. There were Greek coins. There were Maria Theresa thalers. That's all I can tell you. So they told me, well, that's not it. This collection has other types of coins in it. So I said, well, in that case, it's not ours, and then they showed it to me. And it was true. It did not have those types of coins, and so we immediately said, well, it's clearly not what my mother remembers. So it's clearly not ours, and we just waived the claim right away.

So they showed you things after you testified, so they, in fact, took me in and let me see the Ruisdael and the Steen once my testimony was taken.

Did you recognize them?

Not really, vaguely. The landscape seemed vaguely familiar, but I didn't really pay a lot of attention to that.

The two paintings that you received outright-- what were they of?

You mean more recently?

Yes.

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One is a portrait of a woman, in fact, the wife of the inventor of the gyrocompass, a German industrialist, painted by a well-known mid-19th century-- a late 19th century German portrait painter by the name of Friedrich von Kaulbach. There were two Kaulbachs. This is the less important one, unfortunately. But he was a well-known portrait painter.

And it's a very large painting. It's one that really none of us saw, my mother didn't see, I didn't see. My mother says she may have seen it once because my father kept the number of the more unwieldy paintings-- he was an inveterate auction-goer-- in his storehouse at his business, and this one was one of the paintings he kept there.

It's probably-- I don't know-- 4 by 6 feet. It's huge, 3 and 1/2 by 6 feet. It's a big painting, without the frame. It didn't have a frame. The frame had been lost, or taken out, or whatever. It was in very good shape, and just from what my mother seemed to remember, we gave a description, and it was-- of all the people who claimed it, we gave the best description, and it was close enough so that the judge said, well, that's yours.

And the other one is a small landscape by Jakob Emil Schindler, who was, in fact, the father of Mrs. Mahler, Gustav Mahler's widow, Mahler Werfel Gropius. I think she was everybody, you know -- mistress of Kokoschka. She died in New York. She was married only to Jews and was a big antisemite. She said, my lovers were blond, and my husbands were small and dark.

Anyway, so this was a painting by her father, who was a landscape painter, mid-19th century landscape painter, and we have one of his. One of his made it, and I have it in my house. It hangs on my wall. And this was sort of a companion piece, but I think possibly on an earlier period. And it's in reasonable shape. It's not in perfect shape. And as I say, they're both standing right up here up the street at the Montgomery Gallery.

They thought that they might find a buyer, but it's a period which is not in terrible demand, 19th century paintings. If he's been an impressionist or either an old master or an impressionist, I think we would have had it made.

What do you assume the value is?

Well, Sotheby's looked at them and gave me auction estimates. They have an office in Vienna, and I asked them to go out. These paintings were stored by the Austrian government in the cloister right outside of Vienna called [INAUDIBLE]. And once they were judged to be ours, then the Austrian government allowed people that I authorized to look at them either for possible sale or for estimation.

And Sotheby's said they were interested and they would give me-- they usually give you a range. They say it's in this range, and that's what they would put in the catalog. And they were going to sell them in Munich.

And in fact, they did take the Kaulbach to Munich and exhibited it there to get some notion of whether people were interested or not, and then we finally decided it wasn't really worth it. Both of them were judged to be between $10,000 and $15,000, and so that's what value I would put on them if I gave them to the University Art Museum. They're going to go and look at them next week, see if they're interested.

They will probably be interested in the Kaulbach as a present because he's fairly rare, and they certainly don't have one. And it's a beautiful painting, a beautiful woman, redhead. She was Turkish. And it's a listed painting. It's shown in the catalog raisonne of the painter on page whatever, so it's a painting with provenance.

And with the Schindler you don't know. He painted all kinds of landscapes, so you don't know what the-- this Kaulbach is a known painting, and it's listed in the catalog of the painter and so on. So they would probably be interested in that.

And I sat down the other day and said, if I give it to the university and I take a tax write off on it, which is what I would do, I don't know what. I get out of it a third of its value, approximately, with taxes. So we're talking about $5,000 a piece. If I sell them for that price, then-- if I sell them at auction, the auction house gets 10%. If I sell them through a gallery, they get 40%. And then I have to pay tax on it.

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it comes out of the same thing. I might as well be a good guy and give them to the university and don't go through all that hassle, within $1,000 probably the same thing. And since I've given them lots of things over the years, why [? not? ?] Anyway, they're not really of the same class as the other two paintings, certainly not the Steen.

And where are the other paintings now? Do you know?

Do you mean the two? Those two?

The Steen.

They were bought by a dealer in Munich for a fraction of their value from Christie's because once they don't sell, then the auction house says, well, if you'd like us to negotiate privately for a sale, we'll do that, and then collect their 10%. And it took them another year or so. This is a dealer, apparently, who does that all the time with Christie's, and so ironically, they went right back to where they had been taken to when they were stolen.

Do you know if they're still there?

Oh, I don't know. He probably sold them. I would imagine so. I'm sure he probably had a buyer already when he bought them.

Tell a little bit about your academic history once you came back after the army.

OK. I was eligible for the GI Bill through my master's degree, even though my actual time in service would have only taken me through a bachelor's degree. But because of combat service and disability, they had some leeway, and they said, well, your job goal is a master's degree.

So I applied to a number of schools, and I wanted to stay in New York because I wanted to live at home. I couldn't really afford to go anywhere else, so Columbia was prime candidate. And I got in.

I went through rather fast. GIs were-- they applied themselves and wanted to go out and make some money. And so I started in the fall of '46 as a freshman. By that time, I was 20 years old, well, 21. And I got my bachelor's degree in June of '49, so it took me three years.

And then that summer I went to Fort Holabird because I had mentioned earlier-- I didn't finish that story-- that I was in the US Army Reserve in military intelligence and they recalled one officer from each army district back into intelligence for retraining that summer. So there were a whole bunch of us at the Holabird that summer. And I was just between going to graduate school and having got my bachelor's degree, so that was an opportune time.

So I spent the summer at Holabird, which is in Baltimore, not a terribly good place to spend the summer-- but it was interesting-- and then started graduate school in the fall of '49, and went for two semesters, and got my master's degree in physics, and then started looking for a job, and got a job at what was then called the US Naval Ordnance Test Station at China Lake, California.

I moved to California and worked there. Well, I was employed there seven years, from '50 to '57, but in early '54, the Navy established fellowships for graduate work, and I applied for one of these fellowships to do my doctorate and got one-- it was the second one the Navy granted-- and wanted to do it in exterior ballistics. There was a very famous person in that field at the ETH in Zurich, the main technical university in Switzerland, by the name of Raymond Sanger.

And the way you could get in is you would have to apply and outline what research you wanted to do, and then if the professor there accepted you, then you could go to graduate school. It's a little bit different from here. And he accepted me, and I was all ready to go when I was stopped in August of '54 by-- excuse me-- Naval intelligence who said you can't go to Switzerland because it's a nest of spies.

I had essentially given up my domicile and everything in the States, and I was ready to go. And it was August, and

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schools usually start in September, October. So I said, where will I go? And they said, well, you can go anywhere you want to in Western Europe but not in Switzerland.

And as I mentioned to you during the break, I complained to a young professor, who was a consultant at the test station, about this terrible thing that was happening to me. I was ready to go to school. I had a fellowship, and obviously I wasn't admitted anywhere else, too late to apply.

And he said to me, well, you come work with me, and I'm sure I can get you into Berkeley. And that's what happened. So I started graduate work in the fall of '54 at Berkeley on full pay. This was a wonderful fellowship. It wasn't a fellowship, really. You stayed on your regular pay while you went to school, so I made more money than my professor-- in those days academic pay was really miserable-- and spent two semesters on campus.

At the end of the second semester, I took my qualifying exams and passed, and I already had started working on my dissertation. In fact, I had a pretty good idea before I even started what I wanted to work on. So then I went back to China Lake in '57, in fact, in June of-- not '57, in June of '55. So '54 I started, June of '55 I finished my first year at Berkeley.

And I had to stay registered as a student because the minimum requirement is two years in residence. But I went back to work, then, in '54-- well, '55, '56, actually-- and finished my dissertation on the job. They were very nice to me. They let me use the computer, which was not too busy at 1:00 in the morning, so my wife would-- by that time, I was married. My wife would wake me up and say, it's time to go to the computer center, and I would trundle off and do whatever calculations I had to do. This professor was a bear on doing calculations, not just theory.

And I finished-- it was a very manic depressive period. One day I had the answers, the next day I didn't. But anyway, I finished my dissertation that year, and I got my degree in '56, June of '56 or May-- I think it was June-- stayed another year at China Lake. And then in the fall of '57, they asked me to come back and join the faculty at Berkeley, and that's what I did. I took the 50% pay cut and went to work there, and I don't regret a minute of it.

So I've been there since '57. I came in as an assistant professor. I was promoted to associate professor two years afterwards and got tenure, and then I became a full professor in '63 and retired in '91 from teaching on June 30, and on August 1, I got recalled as research dean. And that's what I've been doing since then, but I still had graduate students anyway, and I had postdocs.

And in fact, one of the students in another department just finished the dissertation with me and the professor in civil engineering. We cochaired this thesis committee. And I just agreed to stay on for next year at a 33% pay cut because the university is broke. But I'd be doing the same thing anyway, so it doesn't matter.

And professor and dean of --

Well, I was appointed when I originally came as assistant, and associate, then full professor of engineering science. But my home department is mechanical engineering, which was closest to the area I worked. There are a number of professors of engineering science. They're usually people they don't quite know what to do with. But since my degree had been in engineering science, that at least fit.

I'm sort of in an area that spans a number of departments, so it's a little bit difficult to pin me down. And I had a number of visits at other universities. I taught one semester at the University of Buenos Aires in Argentina. I've taught summer courses in France. I gave some lectures in Guatemala years ago at the University in Guatemala City.

Generally, they've been very good to me, and I really-- there are frustrating days, but you average it out over the years, that's what I wanted to do. And I was able to do it, so I'm very happy about it. And I started, actually, first being involved in the academic senate when, in the 60s, I was the first university ombudsman at a prime time.

So even though that wasn't intended, I spent the whole two years almost doing, essentially, police work, standing between the rioters and the police. I got tear gassed and shot at, and it was an exciting time. The university eventually

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issued me my own gas mask, which was very nice of them.

I was the chairman of the Committee on Privilege and Tenure, which is the committee that deals with complaints by and against the faculty, the only engineer who ever served in that capacity. I served on the Committee a Committee which appoints all other committees that's elected by the faculty as a whole. Then I served almost three years on the Budget Committee, which is the committee that deals with appointments and promotions of the faculty. They make, essentially, the final decision. It's just a committee of 8 for the whole campus. That's probably the most powerful committee on campus.

And so all these were senate assignments. And then in 1980, the incoming dean of engineering, who was a professor of civil engineering and was now the chancellor of the University of California at Santa Cruz, Carl [Personal name] asked me to join his administration as dean for graduate studies. And I did that but continued teaching half time till '85. And then-- deans usually serve five years, but they can be reappointed. And he was reappointed.

He asked me to stay on, but he enlarged my charge to include all personnel actions for the faculty, and so I became what was called Dean for Academic Affairs and stayed on until the end of his 10th year, the second five-year term, which was in 1990. And then the incoming dean, for that now five-year period, asked me to stay on but take on the job of Dean for Research, and that's what I've been doing ever since.

But then in '91, when they came up with their first golden handshake to get rid of the old people, I couldn't resist that. It was just an opportune time. So I took that and particularly since they indicated they would probably ask me to come back into the dean's office. So that's what I've been doing.

Had the war never happened and you remained in Austria, what do you suppose you would have become?

Something lesser, something lesser, I think. Now, it's very interesting because I mentioned to you, when I got my honorary degree in Vienna, the dean gave this wonderful speech, very political and very forthright and honest and really beat his countrymen on the head. And he ended his speech by saying, dear George, we're highly honored to be able to confer this degree on you, and hadn't it been for this terrible experience that you and the other Jews were put through, no doubt you would be a member of our faculty anyway.

But I think he's wrong. I really don't think so. I might have got into my father's business or who knows? Who knows?

What is your wife's name?

Nancy. Her maiden name is Lloyd. She did her graduate work in romance languages, primarily French, but she also speaks Italian and some Spanish. But her major was really French.

And she did teach one year after getting her master's degree in France at a lycee and found out very quickly that teaching was not for her because her method of teaching is, when someone asks a question, she repeats what she has said before but louder. And that doesn't work too well, and so she decided teaching was not for her.

When did you get married?

In January '54 while I was a graduate student at Berkeley, and--

Your childrens' names --

No, in '55. I'm sorry. I started graduate school in the fall '54. We were married in January of '55. My wife had a miscarriage about six, seven weeks after we were married. She then became pregnant again in-- well, let's see. Our son was born in April '57. Let me count backwards. It took us a while. His name is Josef after my father, not with a PH but with an F. So it's Josef Lloyd Leitmann.

He is a great kid, had a daughter. He went to Berkeley for his undergraduate degrees. He got two degrees, a double

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major, in political science and in development studies which deal with the economics of the Third World.

He was always interested in politics, and in fact, he wanted to become president. But then he got involved in student politics, and it turned him off. He, in fact, became first the student senator and then academic vise president of the HUC and ran into all kinds of dirty tricks, and he said if the tricks are this dirty at this low level then I don't even want to go into politics.

But he still wanted to do good, so he did his graduate-- well his initial graduate work. He did a two-year master's degree program in public policy at the Kennedy School at Harvard after his undergraduate degree in Berkeley and then joined the Peace Corps. He'd been fairly familiar with the Peace Corps because he was an intern at Peace Corps headquarters while he was a student and, in fact, set up the Peace Corps Foundation and got Sargent Shriver to head it.

And so he was first going to go to Africa. Then that particular program got cut, and he ended up being in the first contingent of Peace Corps volunteers in the Cook Islands, which is really a great assignment. The Cook Islands are between Tahiti and Fiji. They're actually a mirror image of Hawaii across the equator, so they have very much the same climate in Hawaii, but they don't have any surf because they're surrounded by coral reefs.

It's a great place. Both Nancy and I went there on separate occasions, always at Christmas and New Year's. He was there almost two and a half, years and he became the Assistant to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries. He became a great expert on tropical agriculture, banana plantations and things like that. He had his own radio program. He learned Maori and conducted a radio program in Maori every week.

And he had a newsletter that he put out once a week, teaching the native population more modern methods of agriculture. They were still cooking on open fires. He introduced clay stoves, taught them how to do modern drying of fruit, and there's an abundance of tropical fruit there.

Then when he came back from-- traveled a while after the Peace Corps and then got a job at the World Bank in Washington. It must have been around 1983 or '84, something like that. And he's been with the World Bank ever since, except that he took a hint from his father, who bugged them all these years and said, you've got to get a PhD, and did exactly what I did.

He came back to Berkeley, decided to get it in city and regional planning because he had, by that time, transferred to the urban division of the World Bank, and did exactly what I did. He spent two semesters in residence at Berkeley, passed his qualifying, went back to the Bank, and did his dissertation the following year but with a lot of help from the Bank because he essentially used part of his regular work for the bank for his dissertation.

He worked on, essentially, the problems of pollution in the Third World, particularly in large cities in the Third World. And in fact, he was quoted in Time magazine last month when they had an article on megalopolises, and he has seven cities in his portfolio ranging from cities in Africa through Katowice in Poland-- because Poland is now a member of the World Bank-- through a big industrial city, largest city after Beijing in China, and Jakarta in Indonesia. And he picked four of those seven cities that was dissertation on.

And he got his degree last year at Berkeley, PhD in city and regional planning, and got married the same month to a young lady that he met while he was a graduate student at Berkeley who did her graduate work in public health and who was then working for UNICEF but who also works for the World Bank now.

And so they live-- when they're in town in Washington, DC, they have a house in Georgetown. He also managed, at the age of 17, to produce a son. That's another story, but at least we have a wonderful grandson. A visiting young lady from Guatemala, who was the daughter of an old Guatemalan girlfriend of mine who used to work at the United Nations in the late 40s-- and when I went to lecture in Guatemala City, her mother said to me, we'd like to send Rosalinda up to see you some time for vacation.

And I said, great, and so she came to see us. And she was four years older than Josef. He was 17, and she was 21. And he didn't speak Spanish. She didn't speak English, but they managed.

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So she got pregnant, and they called us up. And after a year of trauma, my wife being brought up as a good Protestant who almost committed suicide over this terrible tragedy, finally persuaded our son that-- he said, I'm not getting married. I'm not in love. But I will certainly acknowledge this and take care of the child.

Well, it was the best thing that ever happened. This is an absolutely wonderful kid. He now lives with them in Washington. He's finishing high school this year. He's just exactly as old as his father was when his father produced him now, extremely bright, very handsome kid.

His name?

His name is Josef after his father and grandfather, middle name is Rafael after his favorite uncle, Josef Rafael Leitmann. And he wants to go into international law. He also wants to do good. So when he finishes high school-- he goes to high school up on Cathedral Hill in Washington. It's a lot of diplomats. It's a public high school but a lot of diplomats, and foreign people send their kids there. And they have a wonderful record. 88% of the graduates go to college.

But my old girlfriend, his grandmother, died two weeks ago, and so he went back to the funeral. He was very attached to her, and he just came back this Sunday from Guatemala. So he missed two weeks of school, but he said he'd make it all up.

Our daughter, Elaine Michelle-- and she's named after my wife's best friend, Elaine-- was born two years later in March of '59 and went to get her university work at Davis. She's an outdoor horse-type person, although at that time she only weighed 85 pounds.

But she met and married another student at Davis was who was doing his degree in nutritional science there, and they were married 11 years ago. And they first, after they both graduated, moved down to Southern California, where he managed a large restaurant.

And they both hated Southern California, so in '82, '83, I said, if I buy a house in the Napa Valley and you live in part of it, will you move back? And I said, I'll do that and you can live there rent-free provided you both get jobs, which they did right away.

And they're peasants. Well, my son-in-law works at a winery at Inglenook. He's worked there since he moved up there, so he's worked there over 10 years. And my daughter started working as the head gardener at Vintage whatever-it-is, 87 or 97, whatever, in the Yountville and then decided, well, I've been trained in animal science. I'll work with a vet for a while. And she hated that, A, because it was indoors, and, B, because the animals were sick.

And since mid-80s she's been a groundskeeper at the Silverado Country Club. She's a member of the laborers and Hod Carriers' Union. She was a marathon runner, ran marathons until three years ago. The last one was Honolulu marathon.

But then her knees gave out, and she's now, what, 34, so she stopped running marathons. They have no children, but they have a horse, a dog, and three cats. And it's very nice. They're only 40 minutes away, so that's great.

George, [INAUDIBLE] do you have photographs?

Yes. Just want to --

Yeah, OK.

Full, rich, wonderful life.

Yeah, except for its beginnings, everything else worked out fine, absolutely.

So except for the--

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Except for that one period.

[INAUDIBLE].

Right.

OK. we're going to do the pictures now.

OK. I think I have some. He made copies of the ones he wanted. I don't know which--

You made copies of the--

The ones you--

The ones-- the papers. The documents don't--

--show up otherwise.

[? Transfer that ?] [INAUDIBLE]. But the others do.

The photographs do, so I can, in the meantime, maybe dig up some photographs.

Why don't you to tell us about this photo, please?

Well, this is a photograph of my paternal grandparents and their children and my father. Well, my grandfather, is, of course, in back of the photograph. His name was Alexander. He was an officer in the Austrian army. The picture was probably taken about the turn of the century, I would think, just judging from my father's apparent age. He was born in '94, and he was probably around six years old when this was taken. He's the second one, well, from the right looking at the picture, well, from the left looking at the picture, from the right looking out of the picture, the only boy. He had--

So this would be him?

That's he, right. And then he had four sisters. The infant died I think very soon after this picture was taken. The other three surviving sisters are around him. Two of those married cousins in California a few years later, a very early age-- they were both teenagers, so probably about 10, 12 years after that was taken, before the First World War-- married into the family, I mentioned before, their cousins who had come to-- whose families, anyway, had come to California in the 1850s.

And the smallest one, the one down below, is the one that stayed back in Vienna. My aunt, Rose--

You're talking about the baby?

No, no. The baby died. This one stayed. The other two are the ones that married into California branch of the family. My grandmother holding the baby, Cecilia, is on the right, of course, looking at the photograph. And that's about it.

Can you tell us about this, please?

Right. This is the same family, minus the two aunts of mine, the sisters of my father that moved to California, and the baby that had died in the interim, probably taken some 12 years later, something like that, still prior to the First World War, my father on the right, of course.

Then one of the two sisters that survived-- now, I'm somewhat confused now because I think that it probably wasn't the baby who died, but it was-- no, I guess it was. And then this one I don't remember. She must have also died unless it's

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Gizelle, who moved to California later, probably, and died long before I knew the family.

So I'm pretty sure Aunt Rose, the one that stayed in Vienna, is the one on the left, the heavyset one. She emigrated in 1938 with her family, and lived in New York, and died about 10 years ago there, then my grandmother in the magnificent hat, and my grandfather, who had risen in rank, in the middle.

Then I'm pretty sure that that was probably my aunt, Gizelle, who married another cousin. In other words, the two that moved to California didn't move at the same time. The older one married a cousin first, and then Gizelle married Uncle Manny. And she died very shortly after she moved to California during the First World War, so probably two or three years later. So she must have got married at a very early age, probably at 17 or something like that, and then died very shortly thereafter.

My Uncle Manny carried her picture around until he died in the middle '60s and showed it to me very often, but it was in a little medallion and very hard to tell and then my father, as I say, on the right. So this must have been very shortly before World War I, when he joined the Austrian army as a lieutenant.

The picture was taken in--

In Vienna, probably, because by that time, my grandfather, who had been with the military government in Poland, in Krakow, had moved back to Vienna, so this one was certainly taken in Vienna.

Probably --

Here we go. OK, any time.

Yeah, we just noticed on the previous picture of the family, two of the aunts, my father, and my grandparents, that the photo studio is called [? Kamera, ?] and it's labeled "Krakow," so it's quite possible that that picture was still taken in Krakow when my grandfather was with the staff of the military government there prior to World War I. I know that by the beginning of the war he had come back to Vienna, so it's an amendment.

This is a picture of my mother's brother, Uncle Paul. He became my favorite uncle, but I met him very late in life, not till 1937, or at least I don't remember meeting him before that. He was an officer in the Austrian army in the anti-aircraft artillery, and he was captured by the Russians in 1915 on the Eastern Front, and given up for dead, and returned, as I mentioned earlier, in 1920 from Siberia after everyone had given him up for dead and then returned to the Soviet Union in the late 20s as an engineer. And I didn't see him till 1937, when he came back from there. And that's about it.

Tell us about this, please.

Well, this was probably one of the early pictures of my father in the army in World War I. You remember him in the group photo. He obviously matured somewhat and grew a mustache in the interim. He's the one on the left looking at the picture. And at that time, he was a cadet, I guess, and became a lieutenant, and I don't know who the other people are, just comrades of his, I guess.

Tell us about this, please.

Well, this is my parents' wedding picture or a wedding picture, anyway, probably after the wedding, ready to go off on their honeymoon. And my father obviously had shaved off his mustache that he acquired in the army. By the time I knew him he had a mustache again.

They went off to Italy on their honeymoon, and by counting backwards, I figured out that I was conceived during their honeymoon and in Venice. So I'm really a Venetian by conception, and all my Italian colleagues always introduced me that way. They insisted that I'm really an Italian. At the Hotel Bauer Grunwald.

There is no plaque there, but that's presumably where I was conceived, although about three years ago I talked about this

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with my mother, and she looked at me. And she said, maybe it happened in Trieste. And I said, no, Venice is much more romantic. We're going to stick with Venice, so it's Venice as far as I'm concerned. I was conceived in Venice.

OK, tell about this, please.

Well, that's a picture of me at the age of-- I don't know-- three, four, something like that. I told you that I was known as Little Lord Fauntleroy by my-- at least my cousins called me that because I always insisted on being well-dressed. I didn't insist on it, but my mother did. And this was probably taken in the Prater, which is the big park in Vienna. And there is another picture of me, probably in the same suit, with my mother, which we'll see in a minute. So anyway, that's me.

OK.

Well, that's, I think, probably taken at the same time that the earlier picture was taken but with my mother, in the same suit, obviously. And I look very haughty, probably because I was very proud of the suit. So this must have been taken around 1928 or somewhere around there, late 20s, as you can see, also, by the style.

I think my mother had boas of that kind, with animals biting their tails, for a long time, but this is no longer in style. And my daughter would kill me if I had one of those in the house.

But no hat?

No, there's a hat in the later picture, probably the same period, maybe a little bit earlier, actually. So in the next picture, you'll-- no fur hat.

OK.

Well this is another picture of my mother and me, probably about the same time as the two early ones, maybe even a little bit earlier, less formal-- you can tell the period by my mother's hat, I guess, the latter part of the 20s-- somewhere in the amusement park in Vienna. I think there's either a merry-go-round or some kind of amusement behind us. That's it.

All right.

OK, that's me and a number of friends, probably out in the country on vacation. I told you about a little girl that I tried to drown because she was always bugging me, and it's one of these two little girls-- I don't remember which one-- a great admirer of mine. I'm the one on the left and in black face, I guess. I tan very rapidly. So I'm the one on the left, not the one on the right. And I think it was the little girl that sits next to me who adored me, and as I say, I tried to drown her one day but didn't succeed, fortunately.

OK, go ahead.

OK. This is my grandmother, my paternal grandmother, the officer's widow at that time, I think, and I'm with two of my cousins, Cousin Kay in the middle and Cousin Martha, the tomboy on the right next to her grandmother. And I'm there again with my fancy suits and a hoop.

And hat.

And hat, right, this time, and this is outside the house that belonged to the father of these two little girls where they also had a candy store in the amusement park, a very favorite place to go to for many reasons. And I must have been, again, what, four years old, five years old, maybe something like that, so 1929, '30.

Did you ever come home very dirty and mussed up?

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No, they always managed to clean me up before they sent me home because that was the understanding, that I could let go while I was there, but then I had to return in pristine condition when I got home. So that was all understood. Anyway, it was a great place to go to to escape, the same place my father escaped to on Yom Kippur to drink schnapps with his brother-in-law.

My mother, by the way, [INAUDIBLE].

OK.

Well, this was my father's business, the electro-whatever business, lots of radios and electrical equipment. It was part of a firm that the antitrust division had broken up-- when he was first employed by the Austrian government, he worked for the antitrust division, and they gave people who were involved and maybe other people too in breaking up this trust the opportunity to buy pieces of it. And he bought this electrical business, probably about 1933, '34 and owned it until the Anschluss in '38.

And it was called Planer AG Limited or corporation, which probably was the original name of the company, P-L-A-N-E-R, and they kept the name because it was probably known. But all the different things they sold are in these circular pictures at the bottom of the ad along the side of the building.

Do you remember the address?

Well, it was on-- it was in the second district, and it was-- I can look it up, but that was either-- I think it was on something called Praterstrasse, which-- anyway, the avenue that went past this building goes to a square in front of this big park and amusement park called the Prater in Vienna. And I think it was, in fact, on-- the street was actually-- it is called Praterstrasser, and it's very close to the First District. Just about one block from there is a bridge across the Danube canal that leads into the First District. And the building is still there, but the business isn't any longer.

All right.

My father and mother were great on taking long hikes in the mountains, and that was one such occasion, a rest period on one of these hikes, probably in the Vienna Woods, but I'm not sure. And again, I must have been maybe, what, five, six years old, so around 1930. I think we have another picture on a more rugged occasion.

OK.

Another excursion, as I say, in somewhat more of a climb, but notice that my father climbed in a suit. It seems very strange now. And you see he's reacquired his mustache. I suspect he didn't shed it for very long. As I say, I never knew him without a mustache.

And it was probably-- I was for sure in kindergarten by that time. I went to a French kindergarten, a small one. In fact, I almost died as a consequence because they used to take us to lunch at home in taxis, and I fell out of a taxi. I was standing up with another kid who opened the door as we rounded a corner, and I fell onto a streetcar track just about that time and got scooped up by the cow catcher and broke my nose. And this was probably before that but not long before it, so mountain climbing was a minor hazard.

OK. Tell us about this.

Well, this was our house on the lake near Vienna, my father in the middle there and looking at the bird cage. We had 30 or 40 budgies that we transported carefully every year from the city apartment to the country, and they had their own little bird house. So that's what you see on the left of the picture.

My two grandmothers, both of them widows by then, lived upstairs off the deck in the sort of a Bauhaus-type little building. And it was about two blocks from the lake, a large plot of land. We had fruit trees, and in the back of this house, in fact, is where the vegetable garden was. And then it was quite a large lawn with a small swimming pool and a

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little pond in the part of the picture that doesn't show.

But it was a nice place, and we had it for about five years. And it was eventually taken over by the Nazi mayor of Vienna, who took a fancy to it, in 1938, so 1937-- summer of '37 was the last summer I spent there, so this was somewhere around that time.

OK.

Well, that was my father in one of our boats. I guess I told you he was an ardent fisherman, and this is one of the boats he made me row to take him fishing. But that was on the lake near our summer home, and I don't know whether he's going fishing, or coming home, or whatever. But anyway, that's where it is.

OK.

Well, this is a picture of both of us, my father and me, on that same lake in that same boat, and we're sitting in the stern. As you can see, it's a rather large lake. This is, of course, just a small portion of it, and it was great to swim in.

The lake, even though it's a lake, is called the Old Danube because it is probably part of the former tributary of the Danube that got silted up and became a lake. But it's within commute distance of Vienna. In fact, those buildings on the other side of the lake are a suburb of Vienna. The streetcar used to go right there, and then you could take a boat across the lake. So it was a great place, convenient.

Do you know when this picture was taken?

I would judge probably around 1933, something like that, '33, '34. That's my guess.

OK.

Well, this was my badge, not when I was a sheriff but when I was a Special Agent in the Counterintelligence Corps. And as you see, it says "War Department, Military Intelligence." There are no more War Departments. They're now called Defense Departments, but there is still military intelligence. And it was quite a thing to have for a 19-year-old that you could flash. I really enjoyed that.

And then the thing that comes with it is in the next picture. It's the credentials. They come in a little leather case that you could flash, either the badge or the credentials.

OK.

Well, these were my credentials, and you see, it says "Military Intelligence Division, War Department." And it certifies that I am a special agent in the Counterintelligence Corps. And all organizations of this type have credentials. The FBI has a little book they flash and the CIA. And this outfit was really a successor to the OSS. It still exists. The CIC is still the counterintelligence arm of the US army, so there are still special agents out there. And they, unlike the CIA, are authorized to operate both overseas and in the United States. The CIA is not supposed to operate in the United States, but the CIC can. So this was in 1945.

Go ahead.

Well, this is a photograph of a painting which we allege belonged to our family, a third of which was awarded to us by the Austrian government in 1979. It's a painting by Jan Steen, a Dutch master, and shows a typical kind of peasant scene, country scene that you see in periods of paintings of that type, Rembrandt and others of that period, same period as Rembrandt.

It was taken during Kristallnacht from our apartment and eventually, in 1942, acquired by Adolf Hitler for his to-be collection in the to-be erected museum in Linz after the victory of the Third Reich. And it returned to Germany finally.

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It was bought by a German dealer in Munich in 1980, I think, and I don't know where it is now.

Is there a name to the painting?

No, not that I know of. It's, of course, a musician. I think it was called something, of course.

It's called "Hurdy-Gurdy Player in the Courtyard."

Right, so that's what it was called because that's what it is, but I'm not sure what Steen called it. It's what Christie's called it when they listed it in their catalog, and it was a very fine painting. Of course, it's too bad that we don't have it in color here, but it's magnificent colors in the painting and originally very valuable.

Somebody will resell it one of these days for a million dollars or more, and it's one of the two paintings that parts of which were awarded to us in '79. The other one was a landscape by Ruisdael, Jacob van Ruisdael, but this was the more important painting of the two by far.

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