HOLOCAUST ORAL HISTORY PROJECT SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

INTERVIEW OF

W. DIETER BERGMAN, M.D.

CONDUCTED BY:

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JANUARY 4, 1996

PRODUCER: JOHN GRANT

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Deposition services nationwide

MS ROSENBERG: My name is Julie Rosenberg and today I am interviewing Dr. Dieter Bergman.

Interviewing with me today is Nancy Magidson and our video operator is Sean Simplicio. Today is January 4, 1996. We are at the San Francisco Holocaust Oral History Project.

Dr. Bergman, I wonder if you can start off by telling us a little bit about your childhood.

A. My childhood was really very simple and I grew up in a very wealthy educated setting. Until my teens I didn't have the slightest problem. It was a good life, in a good segment of the upper level of German, upper level families. That had absolutely nothing to do with Jewish. In fact, until I was 15 or 16 I didn't even know there were any Jews in the family. I didn't realize that my mother was a Jew.

According to our definition, if you convert from Jewish to Protestant you are no longer Jew. The blood thing is either Nazi definition or it's old Jewish definition one is Jewish when the mother is Jewish.

But my mother wasn't Jewish anymore, because she converted to Christianity before she got married. So this problem never came up.

What do you want to know? What else do you want to know about my childhood?

I had a brother who was three years older. I recently had a bad cold and my ears are plugged and I am coughing a little bit.

We both were traveling a fair amount.

Leipzig, Leipzig was a sophisticated town, three quarter million people, and we had more culture than San Francisco ever had. The opera, the Library of Congress was in Leipzig. Top theatre, top music. Montage Orchestra was one of the top in the world. Since I was a musician this was important to me. We went to a fine high school, both of us.

In Germany there are three levels of education. Standard practice for every day people like Americanized schools up to age 14 or so and they have technical, mathematical, practical higher level up to 18 and then they have more sophisticated group of Germans. Thhat is called gymnasium, which implies foreign languages and history of art and all kinds of fancy subjects. That went on until 35 or so when all hell broke loose.

So should I just go on and talk about that?

The first sign that something went wrong was,
other than, of course, reading in the papers the racial
politics, but I didn't apply it to myself.

I did write in the book about an incident in

school when I was maybe 14 or so. We had a Jewish student, who to my thinking at the time, was a real extraordinary unpleasant character. Big, fat and noisy and he was beating up little guys.

One day I had a fight with him and knocked him cold and I was called to the director of the school. I am talking about 1935. That was two years into the Nazi government when everybody knew that the Jews were already second class citizens and most of them were on their way out.

The director said "Regardless of what you thought about this character, in our school the entire Jewish demonstrations and fights are not tolerated. If that ever happens again I will throw you out of the school," which was really an extraordinary event, because until that time nobody was likely to protect the Jews, no matter whether it was right or not.

The next thing of greater importance was that my grandfather was an attorney, sort of a judge in -- A large state appellate court would be the equivalent in this country. He was kicked out of his job. He was already close to retirement age anyway and was told that to please resign voluntarily in this small town where he was practicing. Small town of Nurenburg, about an hour away from Leipzig, only 40 Jews in the community of, I

don't know, twelve thousand or whatever it was. So nobody even thought about anybody being Jewish in this community. It was a rather big surprise, especially because my brother and I didn't know we had any Jewish relatives.

My grandparents and my mother had no signs of any Jewish cultural behaviors. I don't even know the words. You know the little thing on the door you have at the entrance? Do you know what I am mean? What is that called? Seven arm chandeliers, went to the Christmas service at the local church and never occurred to me they were anything other than average Protestant people.

My mother was singing in the big cathedral in Nuremburg singing Bach Christmas Oratorio. At any rate, this was a big shock. At that point we had to, my brother and I, we, my brother and I myself, my parents had been divorced, not because of antisemitism but for personal problems. We lived with our father. It was quite common in Germany that the courts would give the children to the father, sometimes if he had better resources or better background or money.

But we were in constant touch with my mother.

I guess the next thing that happened, dramatic thing, was the first chapter in my book has to

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do with Kristallnacht. All these terms I am sure you know about. The first big demonstration of the Nazis throwing rocks in the windows and putting out all Jewish shopkeepers in downtown Leipzig. Many of them were carted off to concentration camps. Many of the SA people, Stormtroopers, would help themselves to whatever they found in those shops, including very expensive jewelry and all that.

I was just flabbergasted to see this kind of catastrophic damage to stores and fires being set in a town that was very straight and liberal. We always had no crime in this town in those days.

From that time on things got worse. Of course, many people got arrested. It became clear to all of us the time had come to make some plans.

One of the deplorable problems was -- The average American has no concept, average people in the world had no concept of how assimilated the Jews were in Germany.

There were really two classes of Jews. My grandparents were high class Jews and they had nothing to do in the view of my grandfather with the bankers and money lenders and pawnshops.

Leipzig was a big city for fur trade. Furs came from Russia, Siberia. There was mainly one Jewish

street. These people were chewing garlic and smelled bad. My grandparents would have nothing to do with the Jewish rabble that was six stations in life below them. It was extraordinary when I think about it. It's still that way a little bit in Europe.

My point is the educated Jews, ever since the First War, ever since Bismarck at the turn of the century, were doing their best to blend in and disappear in standard German people behavior.

Everybody expected them to be just another good, well educated, usually wealthy German. That is usual to this day.

One of the things that startled me when I talk to people who had been reading my book is how little concept people have how many Jews there were in Germany when the Nazis took over. I asked everybody who has read the book how many Jews do you think were in Germany in 1938?

Everybody talks about six million Jews got killed in Auschwitz and out of the six million German Jews do you think -- Well, actually there were only six hundred thousand Jews in Germany. Half of them were wealthy and got out in time, with or without most of their possessions. That leaves only about -- I think the figures are there were two hundred seventy thousand

Jews in Germany. Only half of them were actually murdered in Auschwitz and Treblinka and other places.

Many of them, several hundred survived the war, hidden someplace.

Everybody knows some story about Swiss and
French places where courageous people would hide Jews in
the basement and garages and stables. So the Jewish
problem in Germany was relatively, as far as figures, in
a country of 85 million people, two hundred seventy
Jews, very small minority.

Most of the Jews killed in the camps were

Polish or Russian, some Czechloslavakia, some Hungarian,

Romanian. More of these countries had more Jews

exterminated than the Germans did. So what else shall I

talk about at this point?

What did you pickup in my book that you want to know more about?

- Q. What happened after Kristallnacht?
- A. Well, that's one thing I wanted to mention at this point. The title of the book is Between Two Benches. That's quite important clue to the whole situation.

In the year 1935 I think it was the Nazi government decreed that Jews could not use public transportation. In order to pick up their very meager

rations from one of six stores in the big city they sometimes had to walk an hour and-a-half to pick up a quarter pound of butter or something like that. Since many of them were very old they couldn't possibly walk that far. So the Nazis put out benches in the park and bragged how nice they were to the Jews. They even put special benches with big yellow star, which is in front of the book. It says "For Jews only." Here is a yellow star. Underneath it says "For Jews only." Nobody in their right mind, a Jew, would sit on the bench because you know darn well the next thing somebody would put them in a paddy wagon and cart them off.

On the other hand, there was a bench for local regular people who wanted to sit down and read the paper. I, as a third class citizen, because of fifty percent Jewish background, didn't belong on either bench. I wasn't a real German, I was not a real Jew, I was nothing. I was a little guy on the earth, on the soil between two benches. I didn't belong to either group of people. I never considered myself as Jewish.

What happened after the Kristallnacht that was just about eight months or so before the war broke out. All this time my formerly Jewish mother lived in Berlin. She was a music teacher and French teacher. She somehow managed to pack up and get out just a week

or so before the war started. She was lucky because somebody, through some connection, had given her the tentative offer of a job in England, which eventually she didn't get, but that's not the problem. It saved her life anyway.

I was going to say about my grandparents.

What was so sad is these people had a lot of money and they would travel to Switzerland and stayed in some of the best hotels and everybody said why don't you put a few thousand marks or few ten thousand marks in the Swiss back account so if something goes wrong your life is protected.

My grandfather wouldn't hear of it. He was just furious. "I am a German. I am not going to. This country of Goethe, Beethoven, Chopenhaur or whoever is not likely to ever persecute those Jews like me who have done a lot of good for Germany."

So they had nothing saved and everything went, disappeared eventually.

In 1938, when I was 17, as a matter of law I had to join the -- I guess it's the equivalent of the Peace Corps. I had to work for half a year. We worked in the fields digging potatoes. Everybody did in that age group. And I had to join the military. In those days the law about, quote, half Jews, unquote, we were

suppose to serve in the military. So I reported to an infantry regiment close by where I grew up and did my share of duties.

The training was just about as tough as the Marine Corps in this country.

Somewhere in August, 1939 we were shipped to the east, to the border area between Germany and Poland. On the 1st of September we marched into Poland and I got my first taste of being shot at and shooting at other people. I don't think I killed anybody. Because the war went so fast, the Nazi military troops went so fast into Poland, that after 24 hours the so-called enemy was all gone and disappeared. Most poles have run away and most of their homes had been put to the torch.

We just marched along the roads without much of a war, except for airplanes that were bombing Warsaw and other places.

After a while we were, when Poland was occupied by the Nazis, we were sent to the west to wait for whatever else happens. Everybody else knows that between Christmas 1939 and May, 1940 everything was quiet. It was kind of a pause between the Polish war and the Western war. So we were just sitting around.

As soldiers we got good ration cards and all that. We were very much appreciated by the local

population. It so happened my brother was nearby in boot camp. He was a physicist. He had been, what is the word, he had been excused for important wartime service in physics. So he didn't have to join, even though he was two years older.

So he had one of the more exciting stories about the last time we met up there in Christmas time 1939. At that time the government decided that they needed certain professions. They were planning to occupy the whole world, of course. In order to supply all the world with doctors, they needed a hundred eighty thousand new doctors. Dieter Bergman, you go into medicine. They kind of sent me home, which was nice. I was in uniform. I lived at home and I went to medical school for a while.

My brother was in the Army and he was killed in May. It was ten days after the Western offensive started. The funny story about my last meeting I was told, I forgot the dates, on the 19th of December I was told I would be discharged three days later and sent to medical school in my hometown in Leipzig. I went to see this character, but I couldn't get from my town to his town where he was. I had to hire a cab at exorbitant rates. It so happened, I don't know the right thing. The right military degree. I wasn't a private any

longer. I guess I was a sergeant, which was also strange, because I wasn't suppose to be such. Anyway, I had some stuff up in here (indicating his shoulder). In my pretty uniform I drove to the boot camp where my brother was working. I opened the door and all these guys were just brushing their boots or cleaning the house, and there was this uniform man with a hat standing at the door and somebody yelled attention and everybody looked straightforward and trying to figure out what disaster was going to happen now.

Suddenly my brother, who was back there someplace, he shouted real loud, "You asshole." And everybody was mad. We laughed because it was funny. As a younger boy, to have this young man stand up to me and salute me, others saluted me with their Heil Hitler thing.

Anyway we had a nice time, nice night on the town and that was the end of our relationship.

I went through medical school for a couple years. Year and-a-half. And then it turned out that the premedical examination -- This is different in Germany after the first two years in medical school. In this country you do much of your basic sciences, physics and chemistry, botany, zoology and all that you do in college before you enter medical school. In Germany

it's part of the first two years of medical school training. So I could do all that and then they have an examination and I wasn't permitted to take the examination. I was hanging around in there, still went to medical school. Suddenly I was kicked out of the Army and eventually out of medical school. There are a couple more funny stories.

But I guess you have to read them in the book. Funny stories. One of the more funny stories is just before I was discharged they sent me to a field hospital 20 minutes from our home, the house where we lived.

My father called me one day and said "You better come home tonight. It's very important."

Somehow I managed to get out. So I came home. I said "What is this all about"? He said "Just wait."

Suddenly the doorbell rang outside at the garden gate and there stood a huge black Mercedes and two adjutant types who ran around and opened the door of the car. Out came a big fat Nazi general, with big purple stuff here, walking up to my father and said "My boy, Ernst, how nice to see you" and gave him a big hug. It was two guys that were going to medical school.

First we had dinner and played a card game. The general wanted to know what I was doing there. We

told him I was a flunky out in the reserve hospital. I had to clean rooms and wipe behinds of patients and bandaged them and cleaned the floor and everybody was spitting at me.

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The general picked up the phone, had the adjutant pickup the phone and say this is General, I forget his name. I wish to inspect the hospital 1017 tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. With two thousand patients and nurses and doctors, all kinds of people. Poor bastards they spent all night scrubbing, painting, cleaning and everything. I was sitting there playing cards with the general. The next morning I was still back there cleaning toilets. The general drove up with his retinue. All the hospital staff was lined up, chief of services and the director, the boss of the hospital, and head nurse and 25 people. They all stood there and said "Heil Hitler, Herr General." He went down the line and shook everybody's hand. He said "Where is Bergman"? The chief hospital, said "Who"?

Where is Bergman"? He asked, ".

Who is Bergman." Nobody knew who I was. So they sent somebody to the office. They found out I was the flunky in ward 32. Somebody came running down "They want you up there."

So I walked up in my fatiques. All along

these 16 lined up officers and big shots that had been treating me like a four letter word for a few months. The general said "Dieter, my old buddy, it's good to see you." He said to the chief of the hospital. "Doctor so and so, can we use your office for a little while and exchange memories.

Would you have a bottle of this good brandy that you liberated in France."

"Of course, Herr General." We sat there for a little while and the General came out and said "Mighty fine hospital; dismissed." Everybody was fuming. I didn't clean anymore toilets after that date.

A few other things that happened. Eventually I was discharged and I was sent to the East, suppose to work in a factory of some sort. We made, they made large L-O-D-Z. At the time it was called -- It's mainly well known for the fact it was probably the first concentration camp in Poland. It was opened almost right after the Nazis marched in there. I had to, on the street car, go to the camp every day to go to work. This was a chemical, this was a rubber plant. They made rubber materials. Old tires -- Do you want to hear all that? Is it very important? The tires were chewed up and reduced to some kind of rubbery mash that was heated up so certain chemicals would be removed and leaked out

and steamed off. They would make artificial tires out of it.

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There was an old chemist who was working I had just come out of the physics and chemistry class where I was red hot on chemistry. I was reading all these books about rubber chemistry. I didn't know anything about it. I had nothing to do. I didn't know anybody. For three weeks I could read six hours a day on the rubber chemistry and came up with the fancy thing that containers for airplanes, gasoline containers, that were made out of three layers. Outer layer was very tough rubbery material that would withstand tremendous cold in Siberia and other places. Inner layer was against gasoline and impurities of wartime gasolines. There was a middle layer that was our pride and joy in this chemistry lab. If you would shoot a bullet through the container the hole from the bullet, the gasoline would leak out and make the median layer swell up so the hole was temporarily plugged by this thing swelling up.

So the plane could still maneuver a little longer and could land without crashing someplace.

At any rate, we did such a good job that pretty soon the war material big shots from Berlin came down and wanted to see what we had done. So the old man who didn't know very much about chemistry said "Here

this guy did it all. He is pretty smart." The next thing I know they offered me a fantastic job in another factory in Krakow, which I didn't get. I didn't have the right racial purity and signatures in my passport.

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At any rate, a couple weeks after that, a couple weeks -- I have to look in the book to find out the dates. The exact dates are not important. You can put that in later.

One day I got an official paper I had to report Saturday morning at five o'clock a certain place outside of town. When I got there we suddenly found ourselves behind barbed wire with Nazi guards, with dogs, and people were relatively friendly. Sorry we have to send you to the West. The Allied forces are trying to invade France and Holland and Belgium. going to build last minute fortifications. organization, Todt was the administer of material. tried his darnest to get all able body males -- females didn't count in those days -- they didn't count in To be used to build fortification. The able Germany. body healthy young males that were in uniform were people like me, who were politically unreliable and potentially dangerous. This was a semi-prison situation. We were shipped to the West Coast, to Bologna, and there we had to build fortifications, carry cement bags up the hill to make huge big bunkers for cannons and for rockets.

In the year 42 the Nazis had developed some pretty clever rockets which they called, which were ahead of anything the Allies had available. They were called the V-1 and V-2. They were originally designed in Pennemunde, the big research station that was run by the infamous Dr. Teller, who ended up in this country, and few other big shots that were cashiered by the American occupation.

They sent us V-1 and V-2 from right next door from where our forced labor camp was and made tremendous noise. It sounded like five thousand backfiring pickup trucks. In the middle of the night they would fly over. Once in a while they got to the top they kind of fell down and exploded, including falling into another camp where friends of ours were killed by these V-2. I think one out of four ever got to England and did some moderate damage. It didn't change the outcome of the war.

Eventually when the Americans and the British landed there we were commanded to go somewhere else, to march in the middle of the night to another place, and to build some other fortifications. At that point the buddy of mine and myself, we kind of escaped from the

marching column in the middle of the night and were hiding under a bridge someplace.

We were trying to get over to the partisan,
French partisan in Bologna, the northwest part of
France, pretty close to the channel. The channel Dover
on the British side, Calais on the French side. Bologna
is an hour by train below Calais. We marched somewhere
else south and we were lucky enough to hide, be hidden
by some of the Maquis, the French underground movement.
They took us to Albertville and that's where we
experienced the end of the war.

We heard the British troops marched in. We were in the cellar, hiding in the cellar, hidden by some Maquis who eventually went out in the street and were hollering and screaming and singing and enjoying the victory of this town. Of course, Germans, regardless of their political background, weren't much appreciated. We were in mortal fear that in the excitement of the end of the war they would do something.

At any rate, they marched us into the central prison in Albertville and we were lined up face to the wall, like maybe a hundred, 200 German nationals. Most of them former concentration camp inmates. Somebody back there behind us had a couple machine guns sitting there.

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It suddenly occurred to me that it might be the last two minutes of my life. Like an idiot I turned around and walked right up to the captain who was commanding the machine guns. I said "Wait a minute now. We are not Nazis. We have such and such a problem." I caught my friend to come here. Incredible thing They were ready to -- I can't say the British occupying forces were going to kill us all. Maybe they weren't. Maybe I was hysterical. But I didn't want to take a chance. Especially since the people in the British Army that were in charge of the prison were British had a rather large expeditionary Polish Poles. The ones that were refugees from Poland when the force. Nazi took over were put in British uniforms and everybody thought in England the poles had more motivation there to fight the Germans than the British had. Adolph Hitler use to tell everybody that British are really our friends.

At that point my buddy and I we got put in separate prison cell. We had to ask "Please lock us in." They left the door open. Everybody was walking around in the middle of the night with a machine gun.

At any rate, it turned out all this time my mother had been in England. Of course, I didn't want to go back to Germany. I didn't know anything about USA.

The only place I wanted to go was England.

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It turned out at that point in 43 only the most serious Nazis in uniform, SS people, there was a big contingent of SS that was in uniform, like the military. Very often they were the commandoes. They were the first -- When the Army marched into Western Russia the first people that were sent up front were some of these battalions of SS people. They were looking for Jews and gypsies and gays and other terribly dangerous people like that. Most of them were just killed on the spot. Bang, bang, bang. SS people in the military were just about the most brutal -- In a way it was better than being starved to death or beaten to They were sent to England. death in Auschwitz. had fabulous intelligence outfits. They knew more about Germany than the Americans did. The Americans didn't know a thing about all this Jew stuff.

If you read the story how President Roosevelt reacted to anti-semitic remarks, you are amazed that nobody knew what was going on in America. They were just going to help their British brothers and sisters in the war.

At any rate, so I was told by the intelligence officer in France if you want to go to England the only way you can get there is if we put you

in with those Nazi bastards and you keep your mouth shut. I didn't keep my mouth shut enough. I ended up in a prisoner of war camp that was run by Nazis.

They knew I was lying when I told them a sob story that wasn't true. This buddy of mine and I almost got killed there in a prisoner of war camp protected by the British Army.

I was under the impression, being naive and 22 years old, I thought I would walk into England, I would put a nickel in the telephone and say "Hi mom, I am here now." It took a year and-a-half or two before they told her I was in England.

One time I was in a camp maybe 50 minutes away in a car from where they lived. My mother when she arrived in England was not getting the teaching job she expected, but she got a cleaning job. She was a cleaning woman. She was a janitor type person, making barely enough to buy the meager rations they had in England at the time. Eventually she met this school mistress lady who gave her a place to sleep and to eat.

Eventually she got into teaching and barely survived.

One of the most dramatic moments in her life.

I have my mother's autobiography here, too. That's one
of the most dramatic things for her was sometime in May

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1940, we had relatives in Belgium and Sweden. they lived in Stockholm. My mother's cousin was the head of the school in Stockholm. They were rather close to the Landsbergs, my mother's family. In those days You could send a letter Sweden, of course, was neutral. from Germany to Sweden to England. My mother's friend was in Australia. We got letters from Australia and from Sweden you could manage to take communication. took forever. It like two and-a-half months to get a letter from here to there. The Swedish relatives wrote to my mother in maybe June, 1940. They had two letters in two weeks. One said "Dear Gertrude, we are sorry that your son was killed on May 18th. You probably know that from Anna Maria in Australia and that your mother was sent to Holland to a retention camp and is probably now on her way to the camp in Auschwitz. Your father died, you know, on the 10th of May. Your brother, who was underground in Holland, has been captured by the Gestapo and we don't know what happened to your younger son, Dieter. Everything else was all right. Merry Christmas."

This woman is sitting there. So she gets two letters in two weeks. Practically the whole family is wiped out. Father, mother, brother, and both children, everybody. It wasn't quite true. Her brother survived.

He was hiding in Holland. Obviously, I survived. Two of us are still here. At that time my grandmother had been killed in Auschwitz. My mother never got over that.

In this diary she has written, that I incorporated more or less in my book, she has talked a little bit about it. She never wanted to know about my grandfather, for instance.

Outfit that collected Jewish history. Turned out to be the forerunner of (inaudible) I forget what they are called. My mother refused to even talk about it. She was so burdened about this horrendous tragedy. It didn't exist. I wrote to this address. Back came this letter. It came from Israel. It turned out after six million Jews got killed in the war the Nazis had complete records.

This letter I have someplace. It says "Upon your request we have made proper inquiry and your grandmother Elle Landsberg was sent from Dresden to Theresienstadt on the 29th of March, 1943. Her personnel number was three four nine. From Theresienstadt to the east to Auschwitz she was sent on the 15th of May, 1944. Destination Auschwitz."

She was born on the 14th of August. The

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thing I found absolutely astonishing is they had millions of Jews being shipped, like twenty thousand to one freight car train to the East, even had complete I have books somplace where they have copies records. of gold teeth in one day. Auschwitz they collected, I don't know, twelve hundred gold teeth. They would show the teeth and there they would take the pliers just pull it out and put it in the box. They would put down Frederick Morganthau, 19th of April, gold tooth, molar. They shaved their heads. They didn't count the shoes. You have probably seen mountains of these shoes they Hair was cutoff and they made camelhair collected. jackets and all that to give to the Nazi armies when they marched into Russia.

At any rate, so we knew what happened to grandma. I still can't believe somebody has complete records. They have a picture of her on the wall, I think. I was there many years ago, fifteen years ago, and they already had started putting up little bit like Viet Nam Memorial. Huge wall with the names written down. One wall they had, they asked us to send photos of grandmother, which we did. I haven't been back there.

They took us, as I say, it took me two years almost to see my mother. Eventually some Swedish,

British officer, cut through all the bureaucratic nonsense and against orders and illegally came to my camp and interviewed me.

I had written a letter to the camp commandant one Christmas, a year or so after I got to England, saying, writing a letter to my mother in Birmingham, where I was a half hour away. I said "Merry Christmas, Mother. This Goddamn country is as bad as the Nazis. They wouldn't even let their son see their own mother. I don't want to stay in this Goddamn country anymore. I don't want to go to Germany. I just hate all the British."

That letter, of course, was picked up the sensors, camp commandant. He came to me. "You can't send a letter like that." I don't know if you have seen the kind of letters prisoners of war would write. I think I have one in here. It would take me a while to find it.

Maybe I have a postcard. This is a card.

It's three thicknesses of material. It's white stuff.

It's scratch resistant. Once you have written it, it has cut into the surface of the paper. One can not put in secret messages on this thing. This black sign here means they had wiped out something. I don't know what it was. It was a simple letter I wrote to my mother in

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March, 1945.

I was transferred again to another camp and preparing now to go back to my old beloved occupation.

I was in 16 different prisoner of war camps. The reason was they would transfer people, especially when they were popular, or when they were rabble rousers, you went to the commandant and complained and got buddies together who were political and I was a dangerous person. Made it difficult for British military to get off the chair and after they had finished tea and scones and had to do something about it. That was too much trouble. So they just sent you to another camp.

This is kind of a postcard that prisoners of war would write. It says addressed to "Chief Postal Censor, POW Department, 23 to 27 Brook Street, London, EC-1, Great Britain. Here it says Dieter Bergman, confirmed number prisoner 9960307C," and you are permitted write one of these cards every two weeks or something.

Anyway, after the camp commandant -- Also in here I had the last postcard I got from my grandmother, who was murdered in Auschwitz, dated, I don't know what the date is. In Germany --, When you write a postcard here you put the month first and the date. Except in Germany they do it the other way around. I don't know

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whether it's 3,4, or 4,3. This is December, 1943.

The prisoners in Auschwitz had just arrived and would write dear so and so and sign it. Many cards were presigned. In order to avoid people who had known this woman has been transported and killed they would have people sign six things. Every two months they would send a card, with wrong dates, and actually it says in order to camoflauge who I really was. would give me the name of a female. The sensor wouldn't think it was a military thing.

By the way, here's the 30 cent stamp with the Hitler's face on it. This was standard postage.

At any rate, somehow when I had this letter to the commandant, he said, I don't quite know how it happened. But two weeks later, Captain Rudolph, intelligence officer of Swedish background, came to interview me. He tried to figure out. Now, my mother was a German citizen. She was an enemy alien. Theoretically, between this strange so-called son of hers and her being an enemy alien, bright woman with Ph.D degree, it's quite possible we might have made a spy situation. British were super careful. I was caught in the trap.

But this Captain Rudolph, he would interview me and he came to the conclusion I probably didn't lie.

I use to tell them look I have a picture here of myself as a little boy, six years old. My mother in Birmingham has the same picture on her dresser. Why don't you send some flunky from the Birmingham over to 62 Sloan Street in Sutton Coal Street and ask "Are you Mrs. Landsberg? Do you have a picture of your son? Yes." That's the same picture. Isn't that some help where you guys can identify I am not a spy. I am now 20 years older than I was in the picture. No, it didn't impress anybody. I really hated the British in those days.

I went through Captain Rudolph and picked my mother up. Our camp was in Scotland that time. He took my mother all the way from Birmingham to Scotland. So we met after four or five years and exchanged news, such as there were.

Now my problem was I didn't want to stay in England. At first they started some kind of a medical school by the International Red Cross. They found out there were 150 people in those prisoner of war camps that interrupted their medical school. The British authorities thought it was probably a good idea to get these lazy guys that were sitting around and eating and loafing all day long -- Actually, you had better rations than the British had in prisoner of war camps. They were scrupulously careful under Geneva convention.

They thought we were less dangerous and less likely to do foolish things if we had something to study. The International Red Cross created a medical academy in one of the prisoner of war camps. I suddenly went to medical school as a prisoner of war. This was run by some high school teachers in physics and anatomy and that sort of thing. It was recognized by the German medical authorities when I eventually returned to Germany.

I didn't want to go back to Germany. That's the last place I wanted to live again. Under the Geneva Convention everybody must be returned to the country of birth.

I tried to stay in England. They said Yes.

By the time your mother is British citizen, next year,

two years, you could probably get permission to stay in

England and go to medical school. Except there are 80

thousand British soldiers coming back from the war who

have first pick at medical school. Also, your German

Nazi medical school, your first two years doesn't sound

very acceptable. You probably would have to start from

scratch again. I would have to wait four years because

the British Tommies have gotten into medical school.

Maybe in five, six years you can get in there. You have

to start from scratch. I figured out I would probably

be 39 by the time I became a doctor. It doesn't sound very attractive, especially since the English medical schools, except for some top schools like Edinburgh and London, most of the other medical schools were not quite up to German and American standards.

I tried to go to Israel. I didn't know anything about Jewish customs so they didn't want me in Israel.

I wanted to go to Australia, New Zealand to Iran, South Africa. You name it. I have a folder of applications I made to go someplace. I don't know why at that point I didn't attempt to go to the United States. It just occurs to me now. I never quite figured that out. Why didn't I apply to the United States at that time?

At any rate, much later than the rest of the people in that medical school I finally had to go back to Germany and I ended up in Braun, because I had a buddy there from POW Camp who put me up. I finished my medical school training with a little extra pressure.

The extra pressure had to do with the fact that I was a victim of Nazi persecution. So I had some special privileges, including getting a heating plate so I could warm some soup that I got through a Care package. I could actually make cold soup warm. We had no coal, no

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matches. No money. I lived in an apartment under the roof, with half the roof shot off. I had a carpet up there and a couple chamber pots because it rained in all the time. The people looked at the chamber pot. "Are you too lazy to walk two floors down to the bathroom"?

"No, it's the rain coming in." It was a pretty miserable time, except for some fabulous people in Illinois, Peoria. I forget where it was now. I never heard of. From the Lutheran Relief organization sent me Care package every two months. You know a Care package had a couple boxes, a couple cans of dried milk and dried egg, and a wonderful thing that was called a stick of cigarettes. Can you imagine 20 packages of cigarettes. How much are in a box? Ten or 20. In Germany, cigarettes were so valuable that for a pack of cigarettes, one pack of cigarettes, not a box, one pack, I could pay my rent and that rainy room for six months. With two or three cigarettes I could get some lady into bed easily. For six cigarettes I could buy myself a meal in a top restaurant, top meal, something called meat, m-e-a-t, that we hadn't seen for I was king of the crop because of the four or a month. five care packages I got.

When I came to this country I tried my best to find those people in Peoria, I think it was. I have

to read my book in order to say all the right words. I couldn't locate them.

At any rate, I finished medical school, I supported my income by having -- This has really nothing much to do with the Holocaust. Should I keep on talking about it?

I was home originally in Eastern Germany, which was really in central Germany, Leipzig. Now and then it was part of East Germany. I had two passports. East German passport by the Communists and a West German passport by the quote Democrats, unquote. I would at night sneak through the border between the two and carry some -- I would pickup some eggs in East Germany, because it was an agricultural community. In the West I would buy some watches and take them over there where they didn't have watches. I supported my income by crossing at night through the so-called green border.

Eventually I applied to the United States.

When I got to Germany I was a member of an outfit called VVN, Association of the Victims of Nazi Persecution.

For that I got some extra ration cards and some other privileges. For instance, I was entitled to gasoline if I had a car, which I didn't have.

After the currency reform in 1947 we didn't need that extra stuff anymore. I forgot to cancel it.

It turned out Communists, German Communists, took over
the organization and when the time for me came to
immigrate to the United States it turned out VVN
organization had been declared a Communist front
organization by the Attorney General of the United
States. So they wouldn't admit This was way before
McCarthy. I wasn't going to be admitted to the United
States because I was a Communist. That was one problem
that took me a couple months to solve.

Eventually I went -- This was resolved some how. I don't remember how. I went to the American consulate in Hamburg. He said "You were in the German Youth."

I said "No, I wasn't."

He said "Why not"?

I said "I was half Jewish."

He said "If you were Jewish you would have been shot, you would be dead."

I said "Well, I wasn't shot and I am not dead. I wasn't in the Hitler Youth."

He said "You are lying."

subtle, sarcastic humor.

I said "I am not lying. If I were dead would
I get your Goddamn Visa to go to the United States"?

He said "Heh"? He didn't understand my

Four pages from the end of the book there are pictures of our graduating class from high school. If you look at it close you see everybody is in uniform except little me and a buddy of mine, Dieter. Everybody else has a uniform, including some black uniforms of the cadets for the SS. Since neither of us has a uniform on how could we belong to the Hitler Youth? Everybody did, except for politically unreliable people like me. So I could prove I was not in Hitler Youth and finally I got visa.

When I came to the United States, at the end of the book is another fascinating story. It so happened we went on a liberty ship to New Orleans. Just before we landed there we were all called in the assembly room of the ship, the top deck, like two thousand immigrants. We were told our Nazi stuff is over now and we want you to be real democrats and we don't deal with this racial stuff. You guys better understand what democracy is all about. Go to class and learn something about it.

First of all, you have to sign here you will never again submit to any racial, religious and other discrimination against people. We are all created equal in this country. If you don't sign this thing we will send you back to your Goddamn country of Germany. So we

all signed the thing.

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The ship pulled in at the pier in New Orleans and the first thing we saw was three big fat white guys, I think they had whips in their hand, but I might be wrong about whips, standing with their arms on their hips, hands in the pockets, while 150 black guys were working loading the ship. Behind them there were four It said women, black, ladies white, male bathrooms. black, gentlemen white. You could only pee -- If you peed in the black male thing you could have been put in jail in New Orleans in those days. After we signed this thing, it was rather strange introduction to this wonderful society. Fortunately things have changed But it was a big shock. That is how the since then. book ends.

Now if you want me to fill in many of the details I left out, I just gave you a short summary of the book.

What is it you want me to talk especially about?

- Q. What happened after you arrived in New Orleans? Where did you go from there?
- A. Well, it's not in the book, but I had -- I was back in Germany between 47 and 51 going to medical school becoming a German doctor and taking specialty

training. My mother suggested I should write to some people she knew. We had a cousin in San Francisco, whose name is Otto Gutentak, who was a professor of medicine at U.C.. Very nice man. He died a couple years ago. We became great friends. At that time he said "My dear boy, I have seen your transcript and your grades and all that and I am sorry, but I have to tell you don't have a ghost of a chance to ever make it in this country. We need people of better accomplishment than you have. Let me know what happens to you in the future and best wishes. If we ever come to Germany we will look you up. Your Uncle Otto."

My mother also wrote to Ursulla in Chicago was a student of hers, Ursulla Mendelsohn, who was a student of hers in Berlin. After all the Jews were kicked out of regular schools so a school was founded for Jewish boys and girls, small private school. They hired my mother to teach there. One of her students was this Ursulla. She became a social worker. She worked with Jewish Social Services in Chicago. My mother wrote to her and said "Do you think Dieter has a chance to get a residency or something in the United States, anything"?

Two weeks later I got a letter from Ursulla.

I am mixing up the years now. She said I have talked to

Dr. Manheimer, I have talked to the people at -- What is the hospital in Chicago? They couldn't take you in the big hospital, but Dr. Manheimer at Mount Sinai in Chicago sent me a request. We will send him a green card and he can start January 1st. I never told Uncle Otto about that part of it.

Here I was a doctor and I practiced medicine for 35 years. I had met a young woman in Germany before I left and sat around for three months waiting for my visa. Eventually she came over here. We got married and had a couple kids in Chicago. I was in the Navy for two years in Bremerton, Washington, and then I decided San Francisco was my dream town. I had opportunity to practice and so I did. Just hung up my shingle in Castro Valley. There is a new doctor in town. He is from Vienna. Austrian, German, or whatever, they are fine doctors. So I carefully preserved my accent at the time because it seems to have helped get started.

Another bright boy wouldn't have made it. I did. At the time American Society, Medical Society, patients and doctors, thought it was something extra special to come from Germany. As you probably know, the first half of the century, German medicine was probably top in the world, together with English maybe. Second half of the century, American medicine is top of the

world. I made the move at the right time. The rest is just pleasant, successful life.

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I have two children, who are quite accomplished. My son is a bilingual editor of a large medical publisher in Stuttgard, Germany. He is married there. Makes a lot more money than I ever made when I was 35 or 40.

I have never met anybody like (inaudible). We are truly bilingual, to the point where afterwards we have no idea whether we were talking German or English together.

My stepmother visited us at one time. When she came to stay with us and children were little we decided, my wife and I, we were going to speak German while grandma was there. When grandma left two months later she said "It was very nice of you, but I wish you had talked German sometime."

I said "What do you mean sometime"? We found out when you practice everything is in English, you go shopping, you talk to your spouse in English. You don't translate it in German and everything is different. We had this problem of slipping into the other language.

I use to tell people how this works. You say in English a sentence and the word intellect, and (German to English) from supermarkets and suddenly you

speak English and you don't know you switched from A to B and back and forth. That was fascinating.

One time I made a presentation of double talk, people thought it was fascinating. But she lives in New York right now. For sometime even though she has only twenty-five percent Jewish blood, she was hell bent on living in kibbutz in Israel, which she never quite got around to it basically because life in the kibbutz was not as comfortable and wealthy as being a California doctor's daughter. "Dad, can I have a thousand dollars"? "Sure, Baby, here you are." They didn't have that in Israel.

I retired five years ago, spent three years writing this book. My main interest, other than translating into German, is music. I have been playing the violin all my life. I am a fairly good amateur violinist. Chamber music, we play string quartets, piano trios, and that sort of thing. I have been playing in the Redwood Symphony for six or seven years. We have now published two or three c.d.s. It's quite a fine orchestra. I was very pleased to do that. So next question.

Q. Thank you very much for your story. I want you to go back to your childhood and ask more questions about that.

First of all, were you very religious when you were young in your family?

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Not at all. Our religious interests came through the German type Protestant families, which we Limited religious exercise to major holidays. Everybody went to Christmas Eve service, of course. Easter time, Good Friday, you would go to church. schools that we went -- Most Americans are use to Sunday schedule of religious services -- In San Fransciso there are 62 churches. You can have everything you want. Germany you have two. You were Catholic or Protestant When I grew up and after I came back there or Jewish. were no Jews. You were Protestant or Catholic. Protestants were more like Unitarian church. Besides that my father was interested -- My father was professor of philosophy. His main interest was to fight the dogma of the powerful churches. He would hold forth on the fact the Catholic church had burned one third of the population of Spain at the stake at one time. Protestant church, Martin Luther was an antisemite and he was responsible for a couple hundred peasants being hanged in the peasant wars in 1518, or whenever that He was a real violent man. was.

My church you would say is nature. We had a vineyard, a very lovely place with place of wood and

growing wine and making our own wine. He would say "if there is a God up there he is in the beauty of the world, in the eyes of a child. We don't need all this dogma. I don't believe that we are all sinners. Our physical life, our sex life couldn't possibly be sinfull. What kind of God is that who makes part of us sinfull and part of us not, abstaining from something normal and natural, how could that possibly be a sin we have to be punished for in hell fire. What kind of nonsense is that"?

Anyway, Catholic church put him on the index of forbidden books. I have here one of the books about him in my satchel.

we? We didn't talk very much about religion. As a matter of fact, this man was writing books all the time. 32 altogether. I have 29 of them at home here. I must admit I haven't read them all because I am a little bored. He was a very intense Germanic type person who had all the answers. Some of this heathen stuff, Celtic gods play a big part. He was interested in this semi religion of the gods that fight up there in the sky and protect Seigfried from being killed by Haagen and all that sort of thing.

Q. After your parents got divorced did you see

your mom frequently?

In between we would sneak away.

A. We had a regular standard meeting situation. We had two weeks in the summer with her. One week or two weeks? We always had three days at Christmas time.

My grandparents happened to live in the same town where our summer house was. We would sneak over there quite often and see them. My father was relatively gentle in that respect. We never experienced any major outburst on either side. We didn't suffer very much from the divorce.

As a matter of fact, the main reason for the divorce was my mother was a lousy housekeeper. The famous story was I did some cooking one day when she came for dinner. In front of all the guests she said to me, "Can I please have your recipe for this delicious thing"? People never heard of a man cooking and his mother asking for a recipe. We left to take her home I was what? 50 at the time. When we were just walking out the front door she turned around and she said "Dieter you better go to the bathroom before we drive." The whole room full of people just cracked up. Once a son always a son.

I said "You better go to the bathroom. You are the one that seems to be leaking." She died about

five years ago at the ripe age of 93.

My father died in the last year of the war. That vineyard I am talking about, I have pictures of that in the book too somewhere. Does it help to show the pictures or is that not important? If I can find it -- I probably can't.

At any rate, -- Where was I? Why was I looking for the vineyard? My father retired from being a professor. He was actually asked to resign. He had been in the Nazi party for a while. Not because he was a real Nazi, but because his heathen religious philosophy in wartime fitted quite well with the Nazi semi religion in the beginning. He was a dreamer. He didn't know any better. He realized what happened to the Jews and his two sons that was the shock of his life.

Eventually he retired to the vineyard we had and he was sitting there writing his books, one after another. He was quite a remote person.

One reason I became a doctor, I guess, is my father had a couple big operations. Kidney stones, eye operation, and that sort of thing. Each time he was in the hospital I would go visit him. Big professor.

Between two professors, they treat each other like two cabinet ministers. A little guy sitting in the corner

and big guy in white gown. I was so impressed how powerful these people were. Gee, I would like to do that. Anyway, father had to take digitalis every day of his life.

At the end of the war our vineyard was this side of the valley and Nuremburg was on the other side. British here. Both bridges had been blown up by retreating Nazi military troops for no reason that made any strategic sense. They went in the wrong way, not the direction of the marching troops. You couldn't really get to the city to get pills. Besides, the only person who was there was my stepcousin, a woman, who took care of the cooking and all that. She wouldn't dream of walking to the city to get some pills or go to the doctor when there were Russians around and were well known to rape everybody in sight, especially a pretty young girl. He didn't have his medication and he died; practically the last day of the war in April 1945. Thinking all the time his last dream was he thought little Dieter would come up on a tank, American tank, rolling down the street and say "Hi dad, we are back." It didn't quite happen.

At that time I was sitting in some miserable POW Camp in England.

That's one fascinating story I have talking

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about my father that I haven't mentioned which is after this Captain Rudolph had established that I was probably politically correct, I was really truly an anti-Nazi, after he found out all the facts of my life from my mother and myself.

I was sent to an interrogation camp in Kensington Gardens in London. The idea was I was in front of a committee. They asked me if I was just a convinced anti-Nazi, do I want to do something to shorten the war. "Doing what"? "We could send you over to the Black Forest and drop you with a parachute and we have some Resistance friends in that particular village and we want you to blow up a bridge over the Rhine River together with two other guys and we pick you up two weeks later at the border of Switzerland and take you back home and you have done a real good deed.

We give you a guarantee that if something happens to you, if you die in the attack, your mother will get two thousand British pounds as compensation."

Before they offered that to me these people were sitting around and somebody said "Have you ever listened to the forbidden British radio"?

I said "Yes, I have in Poland and here."

"Do you recognize one of us here"?

It occurred to me this man over there had the

voice of somebody I had heard talking before. It so happened it was Hugh Corden Greene, the brother of the famous writer. In fact, Graham Greene's brother. Hugh Corden Greene died two years ago. He was sitting there and I said "I think you must be Hugh Corden Green" and everybody didn't respond. I had just established my credentials.

Listening to British radio in wartime was an immediate death warrant. If you had been caught it was standard for the Germans -- The Nazis had these local party hacks in each community. Ten blocks either way. One guy would be responsible to deal out ration cards in wartime and report when the sons had been killed in the war.

The first thing he did when he walked in the house, he would walk up to the radio and see whether it was set to the British broadcast or not.

At any rate, I knew who he was that gave me credentials. But I decided not to go over. I put a sentence in my book saying I would rather be a living coward and talk about the war to the Holocaust Project 50 years later, than be a dead hero. So I didn't go. I had no interest at all in being parachuted in Nazi country. It was too much. I had done enough hardship by that time. Maybe I am coward, but I know a few

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million people who wouldn't have done it either.

Next question.

- Q. When you were young before the war started what did you want to be?
- A. Funny thing is in my high school graduation we were asked what we want to be. It says in there, and I couldn't remember that I ever thought about it, it says "Dieter Bergman wants to be an engineer." I don't know where that came up.

At that age, which was 17, I didn't think about becoming a doctor.

I certainly didn't want to be a professor like my father. That just came about by circumstances.

So what else is missing in your picture?

- Q. Was there anything you can tell us more about the Jewish section of the town you remember? Any instances you walked down the street, or what it was like?
- A. There are two ways to report this: I grew up by my assimilated grandparents, I considered Leipzig had a whole street that was the place where the Jewish population of Leipzig went to bartering and selling jewels and furs and that sort of thing. I don't think there was anything disreputable about it. Much of it was actually Polish and Russian Jewish background. They

were all poorly dressed. They are all in dark clothes.

To me they were kind of forbidding. I carefully avoided walking down that street.

There was no danger of any kind, especially not after the Kristallnacht, when most people had disappeared by then, most Jews in Leipzig had disappeared.

We had three Jews in the class. I have only faint knowledge of what happened to one of them. He was a grandson of a very famous Orientalist by the name of Hamer. He has written some of the key books about the connection of the Oriental philosophies and arts compared to Greece, Rome and Celtic and a famous man. I understood Klaus, his grandson, was in our class managed to get away from Germany in time and changed his name. We have tried to locate him but nobody has found him so far.

I have gone through a couple reunions, two reunions of the old high school group. It was a very strange experience.

In the first place, like I gave you a clue when I showed you the picture of the people in uniform, I think 34 kids in this picture, including three girls. We met in the town right at the East German West German border. The East Germans had no money. They had no way

to travel in West Germany without special passports. So we met. Out of 32 people, as far as I know, only nine are still alive. Half of them have died. Everybody stood up and told their story a little bit. Most of their stories were humdrum. They were in the military and had leg wound, had a cast on and eventually they were discharged and had babies and were an accountant, teacher or something. I was the only one who had a rather explosive story. I didn't mince any words.

Certainly guys in the back looked at me like, how did this guy get in here? The worst people, three of them, refused to talk to me when they found out I was one of the people on the left wing. Four, five, six of the others said to me "Well, you just pack up and go to America and get rich and have a wonderful life and we have to clean up all the mess in Germany. Everything is bombed out and we have to build houses and sweep streets and try to survive and you just go away."

I said "Well, I had 25 bucks in my pocket.

You could have done the same thing with a little

effort." So I didn't particularly enjoy the scene. I

was treated by my comrades of my class, my buddies I

went to school with, like a traitor. I suppose I was,

because I didn't want to have anything to do with

Germany after the way Germany behaved and I still don't.

In the recent month I have thought about -- I 1 2 went to a wonderful retirement community in Frankfurt. 3 I have more close friends in Germany than I have here because obviously people you meet when you are in high 4 5 school or a student or military are more likely to 6 become friends forever. After 35 or 40 you don't make often close friends anymore. After going back to 7 8 Germany last year I came to the conclusion I really 9 don't want to live there, no matter what. I thought it would be nice to have lots of old buddies that would 10 come and give me some support if I find myself in a 11 retirement home. 12 13 14

Then it occurred me to I was in better health than most of the other guys and I would survive them all and what the hell am I doing in Frankfurt when I could be in this country? I have a big house and garden.

The other problem is Medicare, which as far as I can see, is a fantastic way of covering almost everything medical that can happen to you. I have had a couple operations.

If I set foot, I go to Vancouver and have appendix attack, Medicare won't pay. So all medical things are off. When you are 75 years old and you have to take out private health insurance in Germany it costs you something in the neighborhood of three or \$4,000.00

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a month. I don't know many people, including me, if I live another ten years, and I have four hundred thousand dollars medical costs just to get insurance, maybe I never use the insurance. In this country it's very generous actually. So I decided to stay where I am.

One of my favorite stories in the book is the story of the three girls. Do you remember reading that? I don't know how well I expressed myself. Every time I think about it -- I am in touch, I had been in touch with all of them. Shall I talk about that?

One of them, whose sister, the names have been changed. Iris, her father was a printer, union man, probably communist, in old Germany before the Nazis, very strict left wing liberals, and here was a quiet rebellious kind of person. Every time she talked you could tell all this nationalistic stuff in Germany, Prussian spirit, our Fatherland, didn't impress her. She thought we were all human beings, whether German, English, it doesn't matter. Eventually she escaped to the East.

The best information I have from her sister, who is a doctor in West Germany, is that she was a political commissar in reasonably large town in Western Russia. For a while and she got entangled with Mr. Guisy, who turned out to be the health minister of

the SED. Social Unity Party of Germany, a communist front organization in Germany.

She had a couple German kids with this character, who is now an old man. I don't know what happened to the kids. I have been trying to get in touch with Iris. I have her address, but she didn't respond. We tried to invite her to our reunion. She let it be known through her sister she didn't want to have anything to do with all these Nazi bastards so she didn't show up. She is still living in East Berlin.

Now it's all one Berlin. I would love to see her and talk to her and find out her mind and her political philosophy has changed over the years. That was Iris.

The other side of the spectrum, Gertrude was the daughter of the superintendent of schools in a big city of Leipzig. Blond. Brunhilda type. She was good athlete. She was always doing something, great fun, cheerleader kind of person. Eventually she became the head, female equivalent of Hitler Youth was the BDM, German girls. All girls were equivalent of Hitler Youth, like all boys. By that time many of the girls had been killed or were someplace else. Many of the -- I think the figure was 40 or fifty thousand girls under 16 were under her control. In the last few weeks when

the Russians were already marching into Leipzig she had ten, 12 year old girls man bazookas and try to shoot down Russian tanks with bazookas. Do I use the right word, bazooka? They had many crude things. Many of the girls were wiped out by machine gun. They were terribly proud of it.

The story is in the book one day we always use to go to the Thomas Kirscher, the mecca of all musicians, the church where Johan Sebastian Bach use to live and teach and conduct orchestra for 28 years or so. Every Saturday afternoon at one thirty there was a motet. All the people in Leipzig, all the professors, and the conductors and the judges from the German Central Courts, the equivalent of the Supreme Court was in Leipzig also. They would go to the motet. Stand around the steps afterwards and say hi to each other. I ran into Gertrude. She said "Good to see you." By that time I had been already discharged. I was in civilian clothes.

Here's a 22 year old, healthy, relatively good looking German man, who is not in Russia being shot at, is not in a concentration camp. "What the hell are you doing"?

Suddenly she realized she had forgotten about this half Jewish thing and she got furious.

She said "You should really, people like you should be exterminated" she said right to my face. "I know what your telephone number is." I know my home telephone to this day. 50576 was our home phone. She said "I know your telephone number. I give you 48 hours to disappear or I am going to see to it you are put in a concentration camp where you belong." And then she walked away.

That was one of the big shocks of my life.

An old buddy I had been sitting on the school bench for eight years, next to her, most of the time, some of the time, would have this incredible brutal attitude only because of Jewish grandparents.

She was captured by the communists, was sent to Siberia and ten years later she returned from Siberia, completely destroyed, mentally unbalanced and thin like beanstalk and she lived another five years.

Nobody knows what she really did to survive. Eventually she died, of what I don't know what. Possibly tuberculosis. That's number two.

Number three is Ursulla. Ursulla was out of town student. She had to take a train ride every morning and afternoon to go to school. Top school we went to. So she had to get up at 5:45 and momma would cook hot oats with milk and she would take the bike to

the railroad station and take the train for an hour. In town she would have to walk another half hour or so to get to the school. In the evening she got back and got back at six o'clock and had just about an hour to do some homework and momma would cook dinner and she would go to bed.

During wartime, when we were all in the military, Ursulla was drafted to work in the public library. She still went with the same train. After awhile, the main railroad station in Leipzig was bombed out. So she had to get up at 4:45, and she didn't have a bike anymore. She had to take a horse to the railroad station or somebody had to take her. The train didn't get all the way into town. She had to walk an hour and-a-half to get to the library.

Momma still was cooking hot oats in the morning. She still got a dinner at night. It was seven-thirty for dinner, I guess. Somehow she survived the war.

I went to see her, I think in 1963, and we had lunch at the main railroad station in Leipzig that was now restored to its old beauty. The story I was telling you I got out of her at that time. I was eager to find out whatever else happened in her life. "Are you married"? "No." "You don't have any children"?

"No." "Have you been traveling"?

to.

The teachers in East Germany had a teacher's home at one of the islands in the Baltic Sea. Every teacher had an assigned one week, second week in August or whatever it was, for peanuts or maybe free, and everybody went second week in August, free room and board or it was peanuts. Only place she had ever gone

I wanted to find out have you ever been in bed with a man or maybe with a woman?

In fact, I asked her that. She said "What"? So I thought better leave that alone. I came to the conclusion that there was -- At that time she had now become assistant head of the public library system of the City of Leipzig, which is a fabulous job. She probably got the equivalent of \$50,000 a year.

Now she had to get up at six-thirty. In Leipzig a chauffeur would pick her up and take her to the library. In the afternoon she could take off. Mama still cooked her hot oats. Now it was seven-thirty and still cooked her dinner. Turned out actually her mother had delivered her in the same bed where Ursulla was still sleeping. She was born in that bed in 1920 and, as far as I know, five years ago she still lived in the same house and slept in the same bed. In 1990, seventy

years later she slept in the same bed. Whole war, whole destruction, Holocaust and everything else completely went by her. She knew all about modern literature. She could hold forth n the Tin Drum, music, Germany and she had never heard anything about Holocaust or Jews. I found that extraordinary.

In fact, I am convinced that some great dramatist could write a play about the history of women.

I really felt sorry for Ursulla, what a life.

Mama died about six, seven years ago. She has to cook

her oatmeal herself.

- Q. Did any of your classmates who were in the Hitler Youth, did they ever describe to you what meetings were like? Were you ever able to attend?
- A. A good question. Sometimes they would have meetings connected with sports. We would have sports competition. Those boys in the Hitler Youth would have a meeting. It was pretty much like Boy Scouts, I guess. Except they had to sing patriotic songs and had to swear allegiance to the Fuhrer, Adolph Hitler, every time they burped. It was not much different than what the Boy Scouts would do in this country, except they had uniforms, real uniforms, including a little dagger here and so forth.

It was really premilitary training. They

were really brainwashed to become soldiers and officers.

Hitler Youth there was nothing wrong. They had some incredible meetings. I don't know whether you have seen any movie strips of the Federal Party meeting in Nurenburg where Adolph Hitler would address a group of children, young adults, adolescents. They would have sixty thousand boys doing gymnastics and girls doing ballet, wearing white dresses. It was a fabulous experience. I never heard of anybody having fifty thousand people doing in step proceedings.

So I guess they had a lot of fun. I was envious I was excluded from all that. I was in a similar outfit for Boy Scouts before the Nazis took over. I enjoyed that very much. I was an old Boy Scout type myself.

I have been a skier all my life. I took my kids camping a lot. I love to go through the forest and enjoy nature and look for birds and animals and go fishing and all that. But I couldn't have it anymore because I had the wrong racial mix.

- Q. How did you find out you were half Jewish?
- A. When my grandfather was kicked out from his job it became clear to us we must be half Jewish. We had to find records. My father tried very hard. He talked to my grandmother at one time. There was some

question whether my grandmother's father, one of her parents, was illegitimate. Possibly non-Jewish, which would have reduced my Jewish blood from 50 to 37 and-a-half percent or whatever it was. That would have removed me from the stigma of being partially Jewish.

After we found that out nothing much happened at the time. I have Jewish friends that were not persecuted in any great amount.

As a matter of fact, part of the Final Solution, I am also writing about that, in Berlin in 1943 they excluded half Jews from the Final Solution. People always thought if you are Jewish how come you are still alive? In the first place I am not Jewish. What is your definition of Jewish? It's a religious thing. No, it isn't. What is race? That's the word Adolph Hitler created. I don't like it. Ethnic? I have trouble defining it.

Any rate, I told everybody I was baptized
Christian, or whatever you want to call it, and
confirmed in the Lutheran Church. I wasn't circumcised.
I had nothing to do with Jews. My mother happened to be
a Jew before she got married. What does that have to do
with me? It was rather strange to explain to most
Americans who don't quite understand half Jewish stuff.

In the Final Solution it was decided in

Berlin when the transports started to Auschwitz somebody suggested that it should be made sure the half Jews wouldn't have any children.

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Since most of the half Jews -- To this day you may find that incredible. I have never heard of a half Jewish female. We have evidence there are something like sixty thousand half Jews in Germany or were or still are at this time, but all of them are males. I don't understand that.

At any rate, they decided in Berlin, the Final Solution, that the half Jewish males should be So they set up some phoney test situation. sterilized. You had to stand at a desk and sign some papers. standing at the desk they would direct Roentgen x-rays against your testicles, assuming this would make you sterile. It made several people sterile and several people, whatever was done, they would fall off after awhile because nobody knew how much radiation you need to sterilize a male. And then they gave it up after a while because too many of the people were severely injured. It was obviously illegal to radiate a person regardless of how undesirable he is, to radiate him to the point of severe physical damage.

Quite a few Jews didn't have any problem at all, really, except they couldn't marry other partially

Jewish people.

This is a copy of an organization book of the National Socialist Party that I spirited out of Germany. It was illegal to take it out. I made copies of it. All the laws about the federal citizens rights law identifies who is Jewish and quarter Jewish. There are all these tables in here saying who is half Jewish and who is full Jewish and it says there what you can do and what you can't do.

This young friend of mine, there is a young man, a student at Yale, who is partially Jewish himself. You might be interested in meeting this man if he ever shows up. He has been assigned by somebody to -- He is writing a thesis, sociology or whatever his field is, about half Jews in the military.

He has already interviewed a hundred twenty-six half Jewish people. Many of them are my friends that I gave him the name and I have given him my book and some of the details that he didn't have. He is trying to publish that eventually. It's amazing, almost nobody knows much about half Jewish. It's never been a problem. In the first place, as far as we know, almost no half Jews were murdered. Certainly no quarter Jews. Three quarter Jews were automatically considered Jews and were killed just like a hundred percent Jews.

This whole business about twenty-five percent is very distasteful to me. Whenever somebody says you are half Jewish. Are you full Irish? Or why me? Everybody has two parents. Two things that come together. I hate the term half Jewish anyway, half anything. Possibly I am because I am sitting between two benches.

- Q. Is there something you wanted to mention?
- A. The thing I wanted to mention is I went to medical school with a bunch of people in uniform in 1942 in Leipzig. It was a student battalion. Everybody was studying medicine. One fine day I was kicked out of the military. But I was in the middle of the semester. I had to go back to the classes at the institute or whatever it was. I mentioned that in the book. When I walked up there all these soldiers and captains and brass and stuff, there was this little measly looking civilian with wartime pants and jacket. Who is that coming there? How does that civilian get in here? Oh, it's Dieter.

That was one of the most obvious rebellions of students against Nazi government. They picked me up and lifted me up and carried me around the courtyard. The Captain in charge of it pretended he was busy. He didn't say anything for a while. He said get in order

you guys. Attention. So they dropped me. That was exciting.

After that I wasn't, I didn't feel so much a third rate person any longer. That is really the main problem that I had. I grew up being part of the German cultural elite. There is no question about it. First 15 years of my life or so I thought I was, together with my family, God's gift to mankind and suddenly I was a third rate citizen. We had no rights. It was pretty hard to tolerate. This demonstration of the students was important.

So what other questions do you have?

- Q. I was wondering if you can go through your family tree and tell us some names.
- A. I am not going back very far. My Jewish grandparents, Adolph, was born in 1861 in Landsberg. He married Elle Mockrauer in Posnan. Adolph was born in 61 and died in 1940. Fortunately he died before Jews were transported away. He was kind of out of it at the time. He was an old man. 79. He was 79. He didn't quite know what was happening. Thankfully he didn't. His wife Elle Mockrauer, M-o-c-k-r-a-u-e-r, Elle Mockrauer was born in 1837. In 1873. She died in Auschwitz in 1944.

They had two children. One was my mother

Gertrude, born in 1894. She died seven years ago here. The other one was Conrad, who was living underground in Holland. He survived the war. He was harassed by the Gestapo. He was an underground person who would write inflammatory letters and drop them in strategic locations in England and Holland. Somehow he was never quite caught, or at least not retained in prison. I saw him after the war once and met him at a railroad station in Holland.

When he was younger he use to make his parents angry because he had a motorcycle than he would just love to load my brother and me on his single seat motorcycle on the back and drive down between the trees, on the sidewalk at furious speed. All the citizens of the little town of Nuremburg were furious and ready to kill him. My grandparents thought he was going to kill one of their grandchildren one day.

At any rate, Gertrude had two children. My brother was killed in 1940 and me. I am still very much alive.

The other half of the family Bergman, originally two Ns. Turned out one of our forebears was Bergman with one N. I didn't know when I came to this country one N was terribly important. In this country, strangely enough, nobody said that in Europe, Bergman

with two Ns means they are not Jewish and one N is Jewish. That was strange to me.

I changed my name. I wanted to Americanize it. I dropped an N. That caused a little problem because in the Jewish hospital in Chicago where I worked for awhile as a resident the Jewish patients said to me, "What are you? Are you Jewish or German"? I said "Wait a minute. In the first place, there are lot of Jewish Germans and lot of non Jewish Germans and a lot of Jews that aren't Germans and a lot of Jews that are German. What kind of a stupid question is that? What do you care? I am a doctor. I have gone a good job."

"Never mind the good job. Are you Jewish or German"? I couldn't do anything about it.

There is one story in the book about that hospital. There was a big fat, rich Jewish woman who was admitted for surgery. She was three hours late or two hours late. The residents, like me and my buddies, we had to write up her medical history. Ten-thirty at night it's a little tough to interview somebody and write a history. It takes an hour to look at all the lab reports and talk to the doctor at home.

It so happened that a black resident was in charge of that doctor's schedule. He walked in there and said good evening, I am Dr. Lewis. She said --

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24 25 Mrs. Goldberg, very rich family, State Street, Chicago, she said "You are a doctor? I will not be touched by a nigger doctor."

The quy said "Excuse me." He walked out and said to the chief resident "She refused to see me."

So we concocted a little plan. One of my friends was from Lithuania. He walked in and said "my name is Dr. Runsinger" or whatever his name is. "I am sure you don't like Lithuanian doctors, excuse me. wish I could have done your physical."

I walked in and said "I am the worse person to do your physical, Mrs. Goldberg. I am a German."

She said "Wait a minute." I said "No wait a I won't insult you by laying hands on your beautiful fat thighs." I didn't say all that.

Anyway, all of us refused to examine this By this time it was eleven thirty. The chief resident called the professor, who was suppose to do surgery the next morning, and said the residents refuse to examine this woman and write up her history because she called a black doctor, one of the smartest people at this hospital, a nigger.

The doctor said "tell him to get his ass over there and examine this woman."

How about "Bergman? Bergman was here on a

green card."

The chief of hospital called me at midnight and said "if you don't examine this woman we will destroy your green card and you can go back to Germany where you belong."

At any rate, this was resolved. That's one of the anti-semitic thoughts that were impressed upon me by a very strange group of people in Chicago. At any rate this is neither here or there. I am talking about Bergman with one N.

My grandfather Albert Bergman was a minister in part of Saxony. Our name comes originally from Swedish ancestor, whose name is at the Auditorium Maximum at the University of -- in Sweden. I'll say that in a moment. He discovered platinum and zinc. His name was Tolmud Bergman. He would have won a Nobel Prize, if he lived a hundred years later.

At any rate one of the soldiers of Gustav

Adolph got stranded in Saxony and fell in love with a

little Saxonian wife and stayed in Saxony and became our

great, great, great grandfather and gave us the name

Bergman, with one N. Albin Bergman was a pastor. His

wife Louise was a Swiss lady, who took care of us when

our parents were divorced. They had four children. One

was my father Ernst, who died at the end of the war.

Second one was Tendavale, who has a special chapter in the book. One of the most horrible experiences in my life. The third one was Maria, who was also a pastor's wife. The fourth one was Gertrude, lovely lady who was a close friend of my mother.

My father got married again in 1927 to Louise Werner, our stepmother in other words. Very quiet woman. She really brought us up. She took care of the two of us. My mother wasn't there most of the year.

Louise had a little boy when she was already -- she was already 45. She delivered a baby who was a mongoloid and died after a year. Was one of the greater catastrophes in our family. These are the people I mention in the genealogy picture.

- Q. You mentioned the Nurenburg laws earlier and I wondered how much that affected your Mom's daily life.
- A. She was teaching at the musical academy in Berlin. She had a pretty good job. In 1937 all Jewish teachers were kicked out. 36 maybe. I mentioned earlier that they formed a school for Jewish children and she was hired by that school. She still had until recently about six, seven or eight of her old students were still writing to her every Christmas. We have an old stack of letters. She was very popular. Until she emigrated. One day somebody came to her and said, in

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Berlin, Mrs. Landsberg, you have to come to the all purpose hall. There is a young man playing the piano. It's incredible. He is eight years old. This was Andre Previn playing the piano. Do you know who Andre Previn is? Until recently he was the conductor of the Los Angeles Symphony and is a great jazz pianist. One of our best contemporary musicians in the old country. He can do anything and play anything.

My mother and I were in contact with him and he is a fabulous musician. He is a genius. You say Tea for Two and he will sit at the piano and play half hour jazz improvisation on Tea For Two. He knew George Gershwin and other people.

After that my mother had to quit. She had a close friend she lived with in Berlin. This friend of hers went to Australia because she had family there. I guess I should mention a comedian hominist you don't know. Why should you? They disbanded when the Nazis took power. It was a group of six males. In this country it would be like a barbershop quartet. people would pretend being an orchestra. One guy would be the base. Another guy would pretend to be the horn. They were so famous, they were the first musical group in the history of the record, what are these old round records we use to have before you guys were born.

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At any rate, the first one that sold a million copies. They were as famous as anybody in Germany.

The sister of one, the tenor, Eric was my mother's roommate in Berlin. Eric's widow lived in Los Angeles. He just died last year. We were very close friends and I went there many times.

After that my mother pretty soon immigrated to England. She was in good health until late in her life, excellent health. Lived in Berkley for years.

I should mention one other thing that impresses most people, might not realize it. My mother was teaching at age 38 or whatever it was. When was she born? 94. 44, that's 50 years. She was 50 years old. She was 43 years old when she was kicked out of school.

The German government paid her all the money she would have earned if she had worked to 65, plus a pension for the years after 65.

Until recently, she was 93 years old I think she got a check every month from the German government for 50 years. She got a general -- All her property was disowned and disappeared. She got \$50,000 restitution money.

Then she went to England and taught in England under the British school system and she drew

Social Security in England. When she was 62 she came to this country and studied nursing at Ferman Hospital in Oakland. For three years she would do some nursing. She would work with debilitated elderly men and women, feed them and exercise them and collect Social Security. Every month she had a stack of checks coming in. Three checks from Germany and two from England and one from She had so much money coming in I use to this country. tell the children "Be nice to grandmother. You will inherit." She spent a total of \$320.00 a month. is all she needed for room, board and occasional movie and trip to Carmel. There were a couple thousand dollars left over every month she didn't know what to do with that my children inherited.

I think that gives great credit to the German government, the way they decided to make good for all the bad things that happened before.

What else?

- Q. What were you doing on Kristallnacht?
- A. On the 9th of November in 1938 my stepmother, who had this mongoloid child I mentioned, was editor of a newspaper. I have a copy of it here someplace. This is a copy, which means Leipzig Bee Journal. She was editor of a newspaper magazine for beekeepers. Fifty thousand copies a year. That was the most famous

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specialty magazine for honey producers in Europe. She made a fortune. She earned five times as much as my father did as a professor. She supported all of us.

At any rate, I went to her office in Leipzig, on the 9th of November, to have lunch with her or whatever and I walked across the city square to get my street car, number eleven, to go home to where we lived.

The square is depicted in the book here, that was the city square. When I walked in there I saw this high building over here. There were flames shooting out of the top of the building. It was a Jewish department In this street here there was several Jewish store. stores, including a jewelry store, where my father use to buy rings and pearls and stuff for mother. They were just dragging out some of the Jews and beating them up and putting them in paddy wagons. I stood there and I couldn't believe what I saw. This guy came up to me. He was an 18 year old healthy and relatively good looking young man, standing there. Obviously terrified by what went on. He said "You, with your nose, you are one of them."

I said "I am not Jewish. Leave me alone."

"Oh, you are not Jewish"? "If you are not

Jewish you might have a little bit of skin down there by

your pecker." As I described in the middle of the big

square I had to take my pants off so I could prove I wasn't circumcised. That was pretty traumatic. I still think about it ever once in awhile. Every time I walk across there, that comes to mind. I could see the exact spot I stood.

To answer your question I walked home and I never told my parents what I had to do there. I told my stepmother 25 years or 35 years later.

- Q. How did your family react to that Kristallnacht event?
- A. Any decent citizen would have been horrified by this expression of barbaric inhumanity.

Nobody thought that the country, the tradition of Germany would have people tolerate this kind of rabble. Everybody I talked to said how come you guys didn't tell these SA men to go to hell and you beat them up? Well, they were the power of the state. If you were trying to beat up you would have ended up in jail right this afternoon. This was just a tremendous power of the state.

I described how my brother and I saw and met Adolph Hitler at one time. We were in the opera in Berlin. Before the curtain went up suddenly they played the national anthem. Everybody stood up and turned around and there was Adolph Hitler in the Emperors Loge

up there listening to the opera. One split second after the last note my brother and I ran like crazy up the steps and went to the anteroom, the Emperor's Loge. When we opened the curtain to look in there the man came out with two other people. Goebbels and a couple guards. Here we were as close to him as I am to you people. So I am one of the few people I know who has really seen this man face-to-face, including the fact, if I had a gun, and nobody asked me if I had a gun, I could have killed the bastard right there. I wish I had. I would have saved the world a lot of troubles if I had.

- Q. Do you remember the first time you noticed any antisemitism?
- A. Well, that was Kristallnacht, I guess. After that very soon most of the Jews disappeared anyway. They weren't carted away. A mass expulsion really didn't take place until 1942, which is four years later from Kristallnacht. I guess most of the Jews were hiding from that time on or went to other places. Many of them had family in England or Holland or Switzerland and just disappeared.

I didn't see much antisemitism at all.

Everybody said some of my best friends are Jews. That
was standard for all educated people saying that,

whether they believed that or not. Of course, when I

was a factory worker I would drive a street car through the ghetto. I have a picture of that in the book, too. When you see the street was enclosed by two high wire fences with barbed wire and occasionally there was a bridge crossing over. The ghetto was located in such a way that the streetcar had to go right through the ghetto. We saw a lot of terrible behavior, beating up Jews, almost killed a little boy that had stolen an apple or something.

Of course, when you were in the streetcar you took a newspaper and were reading the newspaper and nobody would think you were very interested in watching it. You were hiding behind the newspaper. We were all cowards. 85 million Germans. 84 of them were cowards like myself. I wanted to survive.

- Q. How did your family react to the fact you were half Jewish?
- A. My father knew all that and it didn't bother him. My stepmother was about as democratic and open minded a person as you can get. Her reaction was we have to make sure that these boys survive the war and don't get caught. Even though she hated my grandparents really. These matters were not really discussed in the family like that.

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I remember one time at my grandfather's house in Nuremburg. I got angry because he always denied everything. He said "It's all lies. It will be over next month, next year. The Germans don't tolerate this kind of behavior by the Nazi people."

I said to him, "Look, Bergen-Belzen is a concentration camp in Weimar. That's only an hour from here by car. If you live in Weimar you can smell the smoke from burned victims every night."

He got furious. He almost slapped my face.

"You are lying. You are just lying like everybody
else."

I said "What do you mean lying? It's a fact.

People in Weimar, you refuse to accept it."

Of course, most Germans, if you talk to people my age that lived in Germany during the war, they will all say we didn't know anything about it. That's very difficult to believe.

If I knew something about it when I was 16 -It's true I had some reason to believe it because I had
some contact with Jews. I was more likely to listen and
check it out. But there were hundreds of people in
these little towns who really didn't know what was
happening.

The Nazis were very clever in hiding the

evidence. They would pickup people in the dark of the night and cart them off and tell everybody they left to go to work to a labor camp in Poland to help the war effort so we won't lose the war.

Most people said "Well, I am glad I don't have to go. Poor bastards." I don't think the Germans at that time were particularly antisemitic as a country.

My guess is only one out of ten Germans was a real antisemite. Even for those people there was solid reason why they were antisemite. I didn't find out until recently something that amazed me. If I would check out the 200 most important organizations, commerce and trade groups and shops and buildings in Leipzig, Leipzig was a fair town. There was an industrial fair twice a year. It was very famous. It was a central place in Europe where goods from all over the world were exhibited and sold.

Where was I? I don't know what I am talking about just now.

What did I start saying just now before I talked about the fair in Leipzig? What was your question?

- Q. Antisemitism.
- A. Oh, I was saying only one out of ten was really an antisemite, I suppose. Leipzig was a very

sophisticated city, pretty much like San Francisco is nowadays.

There was a great deal of latitude for tolerance for minorities. Not anywhere as close as in this country. When some black American soldiers showed up in Germany after the war the Germans were horrified.

Most Germans had never seen a black person, except when Germany had colonies in Africa after the First World War.

The antisemitism didn't really show it's ugly head as much as it could have. I am convinced antisemitism, if you listen to somebody like Elie Weizel, he will say to you the Germans had great propensity to hate somebody, like Poles or the Czechs or the French. Including that they also hated the Jews, the French and Jews, the Czech and the Jews, the poles and the Jews. To this day I suppose they write nice friendly articles, but there are only a handful of Jews living in Germany and nobody wants to live there anymore.

Now I remember what I wanted to say. I have asked my friends what do you think of the 50 or 200 most important businesses and trade centers in Germany, in Leipzig, in the town of seven hundred thousand people were Jewish. What would you say? Most people would say

everybody knows Jews were good businessmen and they made a lot of money and they were sharp and sometimes a little borderline honest about it.

Jews constituted two percent of the population of Leipzig maybe. So they probably owned 12, 15 percent of the businesses. 85 percent, and that includes radio, newspapers and all the mass, what we call mass media nowadays. I considered some dumb redneck German would get really unhappy about the news controlling everything.

When Hitler said you go to Berlin, everything showed in the newspaper, movies, books, you name it, was controlled by Jews. I can see how the man in the street, who wasn't terribly well educated, felt threatened by the Jewish population. It was more powerful in Germany than in any other country before the war.

I could see Hitler could make many friends by telling everybody the Jews are the real problem and we have to get rid of them. Let's just evacuate them to Poland and Russia. He didn't tell people. I should have read Mein Kampf. I feel incompetent because I haven't read it. People tell me. You know Mein Kampf, Hitler wrote a book in 1923 or something when he was incarcerated in the fortress in Bavaria. I don't know

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if it says in there all the Jews have to be exterminated. I think he used the word removed.

Everybody said how come you guys didn't read the book and didn't know about it and stand up when there was still time to stand up? The Germans have been a race of cowards, and must have been slightly anti-semitic all along for the reasons I am trying to indicate.

Sometimes it's hard to blame them. When you see, if you were a dumbhead, middle class person in Leipzig you didn't have a chance to become a newspaper reporter because it was all run by a bunch of Jews. If you went to an exhibit in an industrial fair building you had to pay through the nose to get acknowledged by them.

So there is some solid evidence that the Jews did not make themselves very well beloved by the Germans.

My grandfather tried very hard to be a good German. He had been in the military in the First World War. He was about as good a nationalist as I have ever seen. He was more patriot than my father and me and anybody in the family. He was a real patriot. He didn't want the Nazis to win the war. He thought Adolph Hitler had done so far a pretty good job in getting

Germany out of the doldrums left over from the First
World War when the peace treaty of 1919, reparations
Germany had to pay were so massive and so intolerable,
Germany was destroyed and didn't hope to recuperate. So
he was against that. He didn't mean to imply that we
should build cannons, tanks and planes first.

- Q. Can you describe what your home was like?
- A. Our home in Leipzig?
- O. Yes.

A. We had a big two story house and I guess we had three bedrooms and a couple big dining room and veranda. It was a very wealthy house. There was a garden place. We had nice flowering trees. My father had in the middle of the apartment, an apartment I guess it is, had his study that was floor to ceiling covered by book shelves. He had incredible library. Like Dr. Faustis. He had padded doors, because he was forever reading and writing books. When the boys, my brother and me were running down the hall and playing ball or something, every once in a while the padded doors would open and it sounded like Moses or somebody stood in the door and he would shout at us. "Shut up, quiet. I have to work." He just terrified us.

He was a gentle man most of the time. Once in a while he was very sensitive about being disturbed.

Mother was working at her editor's job. She never got home before seven or eight o'clock at night.

We had a cook who did all the cooking. In Germany most people eat hot big meal of the day around two o'clock or so. Or at that time they did. School was out, I don't know, one fifteen, or twelve-forty-five. I forgot when. We went home on the bike. When I walked in the house, once in a while our cook had put a note on the kitchen door, "I have a terrible migraine and I can't finish dinner. Can you finish it? Most of it I have done. It's in the oven."

I would fix dinner and serve it to my father and my brother. Father didn't even notice that the cook wasn't there. I was terribly proud I could do that just as well.

We had an icebox. There is an icebox in the book. You had a box with empty metal lined space.

Every Monday and Thursday some guy would come in with a leather thing on the shoulder and unload some big bars of ice, frozen water. That was cutout of the frozen lakes in the park. You would slip it in the box.

One day, maybe 1931 or so, we had something fantastic. It was a refrigerator. It was a great event in our life. All our friends came and looked at the Bergman's refrigerator. Electric. Just plug it in. So

much about the home life.

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I must mention another part of that house where we grew up. When I was in the factory camp in Poland my girlfriend Annalee from Leipzig sent me a telegram. In December, 1943 there was a terrible air raid attack on Leipzig. She sent me a telegram and said It was a terrible "Dear boy, your house is destroyed. attack. Everything is gone. Love Annalee." That's what "everything" means. My parents are dead. I can't understand how that was possible, in the middle of the war I was punished by having to work in the factory. I was three days away by train. I got permission to travel. I came to Leipzig. After walking two hours from where the train stopped to the house where I had grown up, I came to a hunk of ruins. garden gate was still there. Everything was gone, except the basement. After two or three days without food and without sleep, I was sitting there, it was getting dark, and one of the people who lived in our house, an old lady who was a little (indicating) deprived of her normal senses. She came by and said "My poor boy, everybody is dead." I was sitting there. Everybody was dead? My brother had died. grandparents were dead. My mother was possibly in England. My parents had now been killed in the fire.

It was three days after the attack. The house was still hot. There was fire still in the basement. I sat there and thought what should I do now?

I could go back to the factory there? Can I go underground or kill myself or what? There is nothing to live for. I have no money, no food. I was absolutely -- It was probably the worst day of my life in some ways.

I was looking around there at the garden gate there was a mailbox. I opened the mailbox. They had delivered, two days after the bomb raid that killed a hundred thirty thousand people and burned almost half the city, they had delivered the mail. Utility bill and advertisement and private letter. That was all. The German Post Office was just on the ball right now. I looked at it. My God, how idiotic can you get? On the front there was a little piece of paper. I picked it up. It says here "Professor Bergman now at" (in German). I went to friend of ours two blocks away. I took my satchel and raced over there, rang the doorbell and there was father in the door with a gown on and electric lights going on. Electric lights three days after Leipzig was bombed to hell?

He said "Hello, my boy. Let's see you." and I fainted. It was too much. You have just decided you

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are an orphan and there is this bastard standing there with a bottle of champagne and silk gown and eating They had a lot of money to buy black market well. That was the end of our house. stuff.

Before the war, when I left, I said to my dad, it must have been about a hundred twenty air raid Every night you would hear the sirens, every other night or so. You had a satchel with important documents and one other thing that, or two other things you would take to the basement air raid shelter.

I said to my father "whatever you do when there is an air raid shelter there are two things I want you to save for me. One is my violin, old Hungarian violin that was very valuable and one other thing was my stamp collection."

During inflation, early twenties, my stepmother, her father had worked in the -- There was a sheet of German stamps. Does anyone know anything about stamps?

At any rate, every day the German mark went up in value and was 20 marks for a letter and then 200 marks and after six months before the crash you paid a million a hundred thousand for one lousy letter. other words, you had to buy a new set of stamps every other day. There was a cigar box with seven hundred

mark bluish stamp. Deutsch. There was in each sheet I think seven sheets with a hundred stamps each in the cigar box. The second stamp up there and last one down there was misspelled. Instead of an e it was f. We

looked it up and the stamps were worth a fortune.

Now I have checked it a few years ago, each one of these stamps could sell for twelve hundred dollars. We had seven times two. It would have been a fortune. Unfortunately the idiot, my father, one night he didn't take the stamps, or my violin to the basement. That's when the house burned. I never saw the stamps again. We were horrified. My brother was dead already by that time. I wanted to save it.

Next question.

- Q. How did your finding out you were Jewish affect your friendships, your relationships?
 - A. There or here?
 - Q. When you were a teenager.
- A. Oh, this never come up. Nobody had the slightest interest in talking about Dieter having a Jewish grandparent. Nobody knew that. If they knew it, my grandparents were not considered as Jewish. They didn't have any religious attachment to the Hebrew religion. They didn't speak Yiddish, Hebrew or anything. They knew nothing about it.

I didn't and nobody else knew we had anything to do with Jewish things. All our rivalries and friendships were related to behavior, to sports, to languages. Who was good in school and who wasn't. Who was willing to help somebody who wasn't good. I don't think most of my friends even when we went to a reunion years later, several of them in the famous picture there didn't realize I had some Jewish background.

At that time when this came up we were not in school anymore.

Nobody ever talked about it, unless somebody was -- They talked about jewelry. My father bought stuff. Being Jewish was like saying there is a Chinese store at the corner or Australian newspaper journalist living over there on that street.

All this Jewish business really was only focused during wartime. I am always a little surprised how people, how concerned they are in this country.

Except for the case I mentioned earlier of one Jewish student in our class, whom I had a fight with, and I knew he was Jewish and I am afraid to admit it, but I probably hated him a little more because he was fat and Jewish.

At that time I didn't think very well of the Jews. None of the 14 year old Germans ever did. But

Many of the biggest editors and biggest book

most of the time we didn't know anything about it.

stores and everybody knew they were run by Jews.

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didn't bother educated people like my family, either the Jewish or the non-Jewish.

I went to Theresienstadt a couple years ago with my children. It was my son and my Godson from East Germany. I still -- I have a photo at home. I didn't bring it. My grandmother was sent to Theresienstadt.

I don't know how much you know about

Theresienstadt. It was suppose to be a place for the more powerful and wealthy and artistic Jews. Presumably to have control over their financial power or their political power and lock then up.

Originally it wasn't planned, as far as I know, nobody was really exterminated in Theresienstadt but were sent off eventually to Auschwitz, like my grandmother. Several people died because of starvation, and disease. Typhoid. Theresienstadt, a little earlier I was looking at a floor plan of Theresienstadt. It was an old fortress. It was an ideal place for the Nazis to shelter people. It originally was a fortress that was housing seven thousand people. Eventually they had eighty thousand Jews there or so.

My grandmother lived in (inaudible). I have

a picture where she lived in the house upstairs for a year and-a-half. She spent most of her time teaching English. She spoke English pretty well. She had some young kids and would teach them English, hoping the kids would get away and leave Germany.

You must have heard about the famous movie the Nazis made that was called The Fuhrer Adolph Hitler gives the Jews a whole town. They made a movie of They had enough people there to put an Theresienstadt. orchestra together. They had enough intelligent people to act on the stage and put on a stage show by Swedish playwright. They would set up tables outside with table cloth and serve coffee and cake. When the Swedish, Swiss Red Cross came to investigate one of the famous concentration camps, they would see, and kids would play hop Scotch or hide and go seek. They got new shirts for They would whitewash the houses and hide all the day. the ugly stuff. The Swiss Red Cross thought the Jews in Theresienstadt were pretty good. They had an orchestra, played Beethoven, and had a floor show and composers later became famous. There is Leonard Bernstein recorded a c.d. with music from Theresienstadt where people had written songs and little opera by somebody. None of this is terribly memorable.

I listened to it and I was bored with it.

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The people didn't have a chance to work on that stuff.

The moment the Red Cross had departed all the cakes disappeared and all the shirts had to be turned back in and they went back to their miserable living style. But it was very fascinating to be there and drive there from Prague. It's only about an hour and-a-half from Prague.

It's funny when I think about what I have told you here. I told you when I first walked in that I am really in a way relatively little involved in the Holocaust. Only by secondhand somehow. I don't think I have suffered anything. Many of the people that read my book said you poor boy, you must have a terrible time. Being basically an optimist I have forgotten much of the real misery, like carrying iron doors, cement wall in the last year of the war and being bombed by the American bombers that were trying to hit the V-2 starting points.

Several of our buddies that worked in Bologna and France were killed by British or American bombs and tried to knock out the starting points of the V-2.

I guess this was one of my most horrible memories is there was an air raid shelter in Bologna.

They would send us into the shelter. It was a tunnel.

That was about eight feet high with boards in there,

enough for people could walk down there. They pushed all of us in this tunnel. The tunnel went down into the earth. If you were the first one to get in there then there were 300 people between you and the outside world. Everybody was scared to death. Everybody smelled bad. The bomb fell and the whole place would jump up and down.

To this day I would wake up almost screaming with claustrophobia. Eventually we got out of the tunnel and survived it.

There is the story about the commandant that I don't want to talk about right now. It's a little too, almost pornographic. That doesn't belong here, does it? A mass rape, a homosexual mass rape in a prisoner of war camp in England. It's in the book, but anybody that wants to know more about it they should read the book. What else?

- Q. What were your mother's political beliefs?
- A. I think my mother was a very unpolitical person really. I don't think she knew much. She was really cosmopolitan person. French, English, German, Russian was part of the high community of educated people. I don't think she had any knowledge about Communism. I don't even know how she voted. I don't think she could vote by the time I was old enough to

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understand about elections. Certainly she probably would have voted -- There was a liberal democratic party my grandfather belonged to, which was probably like the Perot party in this country, kind of an in between thing. None of these people were way on the right or way on the left in my family.

There was a German National Party, the old standard for Prussian officers and Prussian good solid patriotic Germans. On the left side there was Social Democrats. The same philosophy as French Social Democrats and German Social Democratic party now.

Chancellor Adenaur was a Catholic right wing None of my family was on the right or way on I don't think my mother knew much about it. the left. She wasn't interested. She was only interested in surviving and in music and reading literature, French. She was a great French reader and teacher. much of French literature. Very educated person. had a Ph.D when she was 21 years old, which was somewhat unusual around the turn of the century. There weren't many women in this country, the other countries, who had I have a thesis at home about a Ph.D. in those days. Ophelia and Hamlet that was the philosophy of Hamlet and Ophelia. And here, of course, in this country she voted democratic, obviously.

She thought Adlai Stevenson, who probably doesn't mean much to you young kids, he was an ideal person. But he was much too educated and too bright and too tolerant to become the president of this super politicized country. He wouldn't have made it very far.

I guess Harry Truman was the one she said she was surprised Truman became a real president. She voted for him. I couldn't vote in those days. Yes, I could. But I didn't. I wasn't a citizen at first.

I must tell you another story about citizenship. I was in the Navy for two years in Bremerton, Washington that was about my fourth year I had been in this country.

After half a year in the Navy, Chief of
Dependent Service was transferred and I became Acting
Chief of Dependent Service, because Bremerton was
responsible for all the dependents all the way to
Alaska, Hawaii and Washington, Oregon and so forth. We
had an obstetrical service. I was an obstretician. We
had as many as I think 200 babies a month, including
Wacs and Waves. Of course, all the soldiers, they
preferred to have babies when they were in uniform
because the taxpayer paid the medical expenses and
education of the kids in the beginning.

I think the Coral Sea, the aircraft carrier

sitting in Alameda right now, I forgot what year it was, 53 I think, the Coral Sea was sent to Bremerton to produce an angled deck.

In the olden times the carrier had a straight take off and landing. Many of them would run into the bridge and the whole carrier would almost explode. So they started an angled flight deck so the worse can happen a plane lands a little too fast it can fall in the water and the pilot might drown but at least the ship wasn't exploded. They took about eight months.

One fine day the Coral Sea came into Bremerton. Let's say March 15th or something. was May 15th. At any rate, there were two thousand four hundred sailors on board. The next three days and nights the five pay phones in Bremerton were busy day and night. Everybody called their wives, girlfriends, boyfriends as the case may be all over the country, to They had been gone for six months. Nobody please come. had seen their sweetheart for months and months. Maybe 15th of May. By the 20th of I have forgot. May there were sixteen hundred wives and girlfriends in town, in a town of, I don't know, twelve thousand people. They had to sleep in tents and sleep in the basement and on the lawn and sleeping bags.

Anyway, that was by now the 20th of May. You

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know what happened around the 27th of February the next 1 year? Dieter Bergman was in charge of Dependent 2 Service. The delivery room in a matter of three weeks 3 or so we had somewhere between nine hundred and one 4 thousand deliveries. Everybody got pregnant. That's 5 time to get pregnant and have babies.

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We hired -- I spent most of my time calling all over Washington, Oregon and begging all the doctors, nurses, please help us deliver these dozens and dozens of babies. It was really funny.

At any rate I did a good job. The commanding officer said to me, Captain Knolls -- he lives up here near Sacramento. He came and said "Bergman, come here. You have now been promoted to become a Lieutenant Commander. I filled out the forms, your mother's family name and where did you go to school and all that and nationality, American."

> I said "No. I am still a German." He said "What"?

"I am still a German. I have been here for four years."

He said "You can't be an officer in the Navy and be a German."

We don't have a peace treaty yet. In 1954, actually to this day no peace treaty has been signed

between Germany and America. It's just an armistice.

Until recently the Russians were involved and the tripartite in Germany. Under German law if I wear the uniform of an American officer I could be hanged as a spy. Vice versa, by American law I could have been put at hard labor in jail for 20 years.

Commanding officer, Good Lord, three days later he talked to the Pentagon. He said "Sign here."

I said "What do I sign"?

He said "You are voluntarily relinquishing your commission and get discharged from the Navy."

I said "Why should I be discharged"?

He said "Because you are a German. You can't be an officer in the Navy."

Well, everybody knew I was German. I filled out all these forms in six duplicates. I spent weeks filling out forms and sending them to Washington. I haven't hidden anything. I haven't lied about anything.

"Last week you told me I was a fabulous obstretician, you had to deliver nine hundred babies by yourself without sleeping and eating. Now you want to kick me out. I refuse to sign this."

He was just in agony. Three months later I got another letter from Washington asking me to voluntarily cut down my time from two years and they

would not dishonorably discharge me but honorably 1 2 discharge me and pay me \$2,000.00. I said "I refuse to do that, too. I haven't 3 done anything wrong. You can not punish me. I want to 4 5 be an officer in the U.S. Navy. I did a good job." Eventually they came up with an offer from 6 Washington that I would be, that I would get full pay to 7 the two year date of my discharge if I would sign here 8 and leave the service right now. They would give me a 9 10 total sum of whatever it was. \$7,300.00 salary for the next nine months. 11 12 I said "Why should I do that"? 13 He said "Because you are German." 14 I said "No, I am not." 15 He said "What"? I said "No, I am not." 16 "You are not a German? You said you were a 17 18 German." I said "I went to the District Court in 19 20 Seattle last week and I am now an American citizen." Captain Knolls just about collapsed after all 21 22 He spent one third of his time just writing about 23 Bergman back and forth. Eventually I didn't have to leave the Navy. 24 As a matter of fact, I delivered a couple 25

grandchildren for him. His son was an attorney in Hayward. We became great friends.

This has really nothing to do with the Holocaust.

I don't think anybody in the Navy or this country people knew anything about my partial Jewish background, except some idiot pediatrician in Castro Valley, whose name shall not be mentioned, even though he has departed recently with his wife. After a month in practice he came to me and said to me "Look, Bergman, sooner or later you have to tell us who you are, what you do. Are you Jewish or are you German"?

I said "I have had all that back in Chicago."

I am not Jewish. I am not German. I am an American."

He said "Well, if you don't admit you are Jewish none of the Jewish doctors will refer any patients to you. Since everybody assumes you are Jewish with that name none of the non-Jewish doctors will send any patients to you and you will starve to death, and that will serve you right because you are a coward. Tell us what you are."

I said "I will take a chance on that." As a matter of fact, the story got out people stopped sending patients to that pediatrician. So did I.

I was going strong. I had a good practice

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after a year or so. There was no real problem. I thought it was really strange how terribly concerned this man was. I tried to tell him that delivering babies, you can't tell a baby that its Jewish. You look at a baby. Does that baby look Jewish? You can tell if they have a black father, but you can't tell if they have a Jewish mother for God's sake.

What else can I tell you?

- Q. Can you talk about how your political beliefs developed?
 - A. In this country?
 - Q. No, in Germany.
- A. In Germany? Well, I wasn't really long enough in Germany. Don't forget that when I left Germany I was 30. Prior to that there wasn't much of any political discussion. It was a matter of surviving. Of course, there was the equivalent of the Democratic Party in this country and as years went by I became a little more conservative. I am sitting between two benches in some ways as a doctor and having a good income. I was really conservative.

My basic beliefs, because of my history and so forth, obviously were democratic. In Germany, I don't think I ever voted. Yes, I did vote. There was a social democrat by the name of Shumacher, wonderful man.

That was a Social Democratic Party and I voted for him.

I don't know how to compare Social Democratic Party to

American parties. I guess it's a little left of center.

A lot of equalitarian ideas without any exaggerated

nationalism.

- Q. You mentioned a time when you were in the German Army and you were conscripted in the Army. I wonder if you can describe what a typical day was like in the Army.
- A. Pretty much like -- I have a few stories on that, too. I was drafted and I was in an infantry regiment, which you get up at five o'clock and have about 20 minutes to wash your face and brush your teeth and you eat a pretty good meal and you march and exercise and parade march and all that and stuff and have lectures all the time about wartime and what to do.

After a while the sergeant major of our battalion, he got a hold of me when he realized I was a relatively educated man. He said "Are you pretty good at math"?

I said "No, not particularly." But this man had to be promoted. Before he got promoted in the Army to the next higher grade, whatever it was, he needed to pass some tests. He hired me as a tutor. So every night when everybody else went to sleep I had to go over

to his place and do math or geography or some damn thing with him and it was a disaster because everybody else barely slept and I had an hour less than everybody else, plus everybody assumed that the sergeant major was really sweet after me. He was really a hidden homosexual. I was doing something unspeakable with this guy. He treated me worse than anybody else because he didn't want rumors to spread that I was his buddy. That was pretty rough in the Army.

We had exercise marching, field exercise, pontoons over rivers.

I was picked out to be a communications person. I had a little radio around my neck and I. As a matter of fact, when we marched into Poland right after the war started I was assigned by the company chief to go to a certain restaurant in the town that was occupied by the German Army and listen to the British radio. That's the only way we could get decent news. With official sanction I would listen to British radio and I got some information I couldn't have gotten any other way.

Amongst my buddies in the military we had no problems at all. Nobody discussed anything about Jews. I didn't volunteer any stuff.

As a matter of fact, at the time I didn't

even think about it. It was of no concern. I thought everybody is in uniform and what is the difference what church you go to. None of my buddies thought less of me for that reason.

As a matter of fact, everybody knows military people are soldiers are very often entirely apolitical and the German military people were apolitical. They didn't follow the Nazi doctrine.

Some of the best entire Nazi jokes were told at night when lights were out in the barracks, about Goebbels and Goering and all these people.

- Q. How did your parents feel about your being drafted?
- A. Oh, everybody knew you got drafted. As a matter of fact, most of us -- I am still convinced at this point and many of my friends here think less of me, I think, it's a damn good thing an 18 year old has to be in a society and get some discipline forced on him for a couple years.

Most of the young men I know that spent two years in the military turned out to be in many ways better citizen, better organized and weren't hippies and weren't selling coke. I think it's probably a good thing.

I certainly don't feel I am militaristic in

any way. But serving in the service was most of the time really quite pleasurable. Especially the buddy system. I think that's probably what made it tolerable and interesting.

I still have three or four people that I served in the same unit 50 years ago and still write Christmas cards to them.

That part of it was all right. I don't know whether Americans feel that way about it. Somehow it's considered undesirable to have to serve in the military.

I remember when my son, just before or during Viet Nam war my son, one evening he said to me, "Dad, if they are going to draft me I am going to hop on a train or a plane to Canada. What would you say if I do that"?

I said "Well, I think that is your decision.

It's all right with me. If you feel you don't want to carry arms and shoot at people and kill them I am all in favor of that."

"Personally I feel enough allegiance to my new country that accepted me that I served my two years in the Navy voluntarily and I was happy about it." I thought it's the least I can do for the United States I do my share in that.

"But you are different person. You are American. If you don't want to serve that's fine with

me."

Q. Would you be willing to come back for a follow-up interview at some point in the near future?

- A. Would I have a chance to look at some of the stuff I have said?
- Q. We will give you a copy of the tape before you leave today. There is the matter of the pictures we don't have time to go through today and there is other stuff we should probe more deeply. If that would be okay with you.
- A. I will probably tonight and tomorrow think about half dozen things I should have said today that didn't come up, some basic philosophical things.

I find I am more likely to tell cute little stories of the general and so forth, than what is really important. Funny how I seem to trivialize things, how I color them in relatively optimistic colors. I keep saying that didn't seem very serious. I have friends that read the book, my God, how could you have gone through that and be normal, you are not insane. It wasn't all that bad.

In fact, it made me grow up a little faster.

By follow-up you mean enlarge a few points?

Q. Right. You can come back and we will continue. I don't think we have done enough justice to

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you today, to have you come back for another session I think we can close it up.

- A. Are you going to edit it?
- Q. No, the tapes aren't edited unless they are broadcast or published and we haven't done that for a little while.
 - A. Okay.
- Q. Do you have any last thoughts for today? I don't want to get into another issue.
- A. The experience of writing a book is rather strange. I told you how my memory, I read a book about memory. Do you know the movie Roshamon, the Japanese movie that deals with memory? What happens to a person's memory? Why do we change facts around?

I told you I started writing my autobiography a long time ago. Some things that happened. When my mother died a few years ago it turned out at the end of the war in Germany I was living alone in strange surrounding, didn't have any friends and lovers and people that mattered. Every night I would sit down and write a handwritten letter from two to eight pages to my mother in England and she would collect all that stuff. When she died she gave me a suitcase full of letters, my old letters. Here I had the stuff I had written out of memory over here in the year 1943 and here, I had, 1947

and here I had letters I had written that same evening about the same event and I couldn't believe how these two things didn't match half the time, how the memories tried to turn it around. Not necessarily make you feel Altogether this whole book writing process is a good. fantastic experience because it's like auto psycho analysis. You suddenly start investigate your own mind. It's a catharist. You get something out of your system. You haven't given much thought. It was an active life until four, five years ago when I retired. I didn't think much about this stuff. It wasn't important. Now when you head for the final golden years you want to figure out what happened.

I have taken a lot of trouble writing and connecting with all my friends and buddies from before and talking to them. I find out I made a better adjustment in life than most of them.

I find writing a book, especially since it's not my mother tongue it's a moment I am trying to translate it into German. Many of my old friends in Germany, they couldn't read this stuff, hi-falooting English. "Your English is so complex. We don't understand English. We know English how to find the bathroom and order food in a restaurant in San Francisco. But this emotional stuff we don't

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I am trying to translate it. I find while I can speak German fluently with anybody on the street in Germany I have a hell of a time translating it into German, because German is no longer a living language to me. I never speak German, except to my son when I am in Germany for a couple weeks every year. So it's a new job I am translating into German.

My main interest is at the moment to find out whether anybody is interested, including Rabbi Sheffta, I think his name is, wrote me a long handwritten letter last year saying he is trying to figure out whether my book can be published at their expense by a large publisher and be available for general interest.

I am not so sure that is likely to be a best seller because it's 50 years ago and people got tired of listening to 50 years, United Nations and everything.

That's not my real concern. I am glad I have written it and I am pleased it was printed at all.

It wasn't too expensive. It's a self publishing job. It was fun while I did it. Now I will go on to other things instead of harping on my past.

- Q. Thank you very much.
- A. Thank you for inviting me to do it.