Interview of:

JOHN R. WAHL

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Transcriber:

Maryanne Stinson

PENGAD INDY. MUNCIE, IN 47302

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MR. WAHL: My name is John R. Wahl, W-a-h-l, and today is the 31st of July, 1986.

Are you a journalist by originally or are you -- how do you come to --

INTERVIEWER: Well, I'm interested in the subject of the holocaust.

MR. WAHL: I see. Second World War was quite hectic.

Okay. I was born in 1913 in the German city of Bra-tal-Bra-men, which is close to Dusseldorf, to Ernst and Bertha Wahl.

My father was the owner of a group of department stores which has its origin in our town in 1821.

The City of Poo-bra-tal had a small Jewish community and my grandfather had built the synagogue and my father for a short time to my knowledge was the president of the Jewish community.

The family had acquired a certain wealth and the reputation of our firm was very good and very large. My father was able to support a great many cultural activities. Among others, very large contributions to our symphony and to the opera in our town.

We had very little Jewish life in our family, except going to the temple, or better said, synagogue, but except bar mitzvah, I had no Jewish education. I been through

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the regular course of schooling and only in the upper grades in high school did I find the first sign of anti-Semitism among my teachers, which made me transfer to the City of Aber-felt, which was a sister city of our own town.

INTERVIEREW: What year was that, John?

MR. WAHL: In high school. The exact year I couldn't give.

I graduated from high school in 1931 and entered my apprentice years in Dusseldorf in a very fine Jewish department store where I observed my apprenticeship, and I didn't live at home only the last year. The apprenticeship had been interrupted in '33 with the advent of Hitler and I went back to my parents whose stores had been dispossessed.

As I had a close friendship with a nonJewish girl—we were attacked once in our town by SA men and we had to take refuge in a home, but it became unthinkable that I stay in Germany because there was no future anymore, because I was bad now because coming from such a prominent family.

I had an uncle in Madrid who was representative of the Frankfurt (inaudible) and he agreed to accept me, and in August, 1933 I moved to Madrid. My father could accompany me as far as Paris because he had to arrange for the payment of the very large commitments we had in the French fashion industries with whom we had worked for so many years.

Coming to Madrid I stayed in a very nice

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neighborhood with my uncle and his relatively new wife, also a very capable journalist.

In order to learn Spanish my uncle had found me a job in a very elegant men's store where I worked as a volunteer and I got from my relatives a little spending money, and I took at the same time, Spanish lessons.

At the beginning of 1934 a international group started to form a large chain of bigfive and dime stores, and as our own company had been in steady contact with them, I made a very nice connection with them and a firm called Sep-poo, made unbelieveable progress. We had stores in Madrid, Saragossa, Barcelona and later on, branches.

All this went pretty peaceful until the year -oh, in 1935 I went once back to Germany to meet my former lady
friend. We met in Berlin in order not to be recognized, but
obviously we were recognized and my father was warned by the
Gestapo that they knew that I had been in Germany and that I
shouldn't come back to Germany under any circumstances.

In 1936 the beginning of upheavals became more and more obvious in Madrid, and the political situation in Spain became rather critical.

I had fallen sick and went to a country place about sixty miles outside of Madrid in a village called Guat-a-rama, which was on the main road north from Madrid. This was kind of a sanitorium, and when the civil war broke out we had no idea

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that any harm would come to us. But with the advance of Franco the village was heavily bombarded.

I was under the building and when we were dug out we were given up for more or less dead and received the last rites of the Catholic Church. We were loaded on stretchers to come back to Madrid into the double-decker buses of Madrid.

As my uncle had some very good international connections who were still in good contact with the German Embassy, I was able to stay for three days in the German Embassy and then he made it possible that I could be flown out of Madrid and out of Spain to Switzerland under the auspices of the International Red Cross.

When I arrived in Switzerland, landing in Geneva,
I was put on the train to the sanitorium town of Mont-ta-na,
which is about two hundred miles from Geneva, relatively high
in the mountains. I was to spend there about six or seven months,
mostly in bed in the open air like any lung patients.

After the snow melted in '37 I was permitted to go down from the mountains and I went from the sanitorium to the City of Loz-an, and stayed in a very nice rooming house, and to our great surprise my father was permitted to visit me in Lo-zan under the condition that my mother would go into protective custody.

In Lozan we had some friends in the department store trade whose son and I had been roommates for a long time.

My father came to see me and while we had coffee in a restaurant a lady got up and said, aren't you Mr. Wahl?

I said, yes.

She said, I'm Mrs. Frank. I used to be a singer at your operahouse and I have been many times in your home and I am married now to a Swiss hotel man whom I met and he said it would be possible for me to find a job in Italy. So, he gave me several addresses of good Italian hotels and I started to study Italian and wrote also to Italian hotels.

The first hotel that answered was on the Isle of Capri. As a volunteer against room and board.

I managed to say goodbye to my uncle and my aunt in Switzerland and then to Capri, which must have been at the end of '37.

On Capri I worked first in the Hotel La Parma, which was a nice hotel, first-class. Having a language ability I would boss. I would be in charge of the reception desk and continued my study of Italian and made many friends.

The chain that owned the Hotel La Parma owned also the one deluxe hotel on Capri, which is still in existence. I was transferred to that particular property and had a very pleasant job and met a great many interesting people. The only money that could come to me were from the tips I received at the hotel because I couldn't work for salary.

INTERVIEWER: Why was that?

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MR. WAHL: You can't get a work permit.

There at the hotel was offical guesthouse for foreign visitors on the island or even the official guesthouse of the Italian government. So, I met closely some of the leaders of European politics and also the leaders of Nazi Germany. Among others, Hermann Goering, Rudolf Hess with whom I spent quite some time. As he went shopping I accompanied him. And also Mr. Boven (phonetic) and all the high ranking Germans who stayed at the hotel. I also met some American people there. In general I kept quite good there. Nothing had happened to my parents, but my second brother who lives here in the bay area and who had come to Madrid had been taken prisoner by the Republican forces and has been jailed in Madrid for an extended time and I hardly heard from him. He and his wife live now in Daly City.

In May, 1938 the visit of Adolf Hitler to

Mussolini was announced and all German refugee Jews, they are

supposed to be arrested and incarcerated for the length of the

stay of Adolf Hitler. But I was fortunate that the police -
the management of the hotel asked the police on Capri not to

arrest me because I had to take care of all their international

trade and also receive. So, in May of '38 one day the German

Embassy in Rome called, that we would receive an important visitor

and that we should wait for an Italian destroyer to arrive in

the port of Capri and be at the portside to receive very important

visitor, and that twenty rooms had to be reserved of which two could not have a room above, below, to the left and the right occupied.

So, we went down in our mourning clothes to the pier and from the destroyer came a group of SS men guarding a small group of civilians, among others, two young women, a very heavset man and various ladies. We checked them in in their respective rooms and made arrangements for the twenty bodyquards.

In Italy you have to collect passports. I learned that one of the parties was a Mrs. Drazen.(phonetic) Mrs. Drazen, or better said, the Drazens ran a very fine hotel in Go-ses-berg which our firm in Poo-bra-tal or in Bar-en had furnished and we had a house on the other side of the Rhine under long friendship. So, I went up to Mrs. Drazen's room and identified myself and she was very nice and she said do you know who is with us.

I said, no.

She said one of the young ladies is Eva Braun.

At that time one had very little idea who Eva Braun was. She was rather plain looking German woman and you wouldn't have paid much attention to her if you had met her outside in civilian.

The SS men were posted in front of her room and on the floor where she lives and in the entrance and checked any

person who came into the hotel. The heaviset man was the infamous Dr. Morrell who gave HItler his injections, and his wife. So, that upset the running of the hotel because it's not a extremely large hotel like we know over here. They were assigned special dining facilities, and while being on duty in a tuxedo around ten o'clock the manager of our dining room asked me to come down, that I was supposed to meet somebody, and Mrs. Drazen introduced me to Eva Braum, and introduced me as an old friend of the family and she asked me to stay with them.

I danced with Eva Braun whose existence I never -nobody ever had heard about in Italy. She was quite pleasant
but not very interesting.

The next morning a sight-seeing trip was arranged around the islands where I also was asked to spend with Eva Braun and her sister and the rest of the entourage and also swimming we went together at the resort of Gracie Fields on the island.

Mussolini was a unbelieveable naval review where the very efficient Italian Navy showed or wanted to show Adolf Hitler how much navy power Italy had, and a very strange event was reported. Hitler was on board the battle cruiser Ka-boo-ah, which was the Italian flagship and was over hundred submarines crossing the Bay of Naples and the very fast Italian destroyers criss-crossing. The Gulf of Naples became rather choppy and

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Hitler was reported to have become seasick.

He was supposed to dine that evening at the Royal Palace in Naples as guest of the Crown Prince Umberto, later King Umberto, and this was reported that Hitler had become seasick. For that reason when Hitler reported to be received by the Italian Court in Naples he did not change his clothes and the chamberlain of the Court refused Hitler entrance and said you cannot come in because the Italian royal family is in full dress. You have to go back to your train and change clothes.

Hitler stormed out and went back to his train and we got called right away that all Germans who were in his entourage and stayed at our hotel had to leave the island and come back to the train immediately. As the entourage had made many purchases on Capri that had not been delivered, we had a very difficult time, also to collect the purchases of Evan Braun had made, and she said in my presence, Hitler will never come back to Italy.

Then they left on the special destroyer at their disposal, and that was the -- she said very nicely goodbye and also Mrs. Drazen, but the SS men somehow treated me with a odd-ballish curiosity.

Then really it became difficult. Obviously somebody became anxious to find out how come that they had somebody on their staff, on their hotel staff who spoke German so fluently or knew somebody, and so they obviously discovered

that I was Jewish, and the German Embassy asked the police on Capri that I should be arrested and turned over at the bren-naw, which is the -- and as the police and I were on very good terms, they notified me of the request and said they would try as much as they could to protect me.

On a small steamer that connects Naples and Capri I met a lady from New York who stayed at the hotel where I had worked and where I spent my weekends and we spent the evening together. She came to visit me in Naples before going back to the States.

Life in Naples was not very funny because Naples at that time was already showing the great decay in which is always (inaudible) but I was safe until one day in '38 about September. The police called me again and recommended -- they had a connection through one of the guests at the hotel, to go to Rome and talk to the Ministry of the Interior. But, the Germans at that time had become the rulers of Italy and they said they couldn't help me anymore and that I would have to see ways to leave Italy.

I was picked up and handcuffed in the hotel and taken by train between two detectives up the Italian boot. These two detectives were very friendly and told me that I had left so many friends on Capri. When we came to Milan, and you can imagine what fear I had to be turned over to the Nazis, I managed to called my father to say goodbye, and he said he couldn't help

me in any way.

Before we came to Milan the policemen said they didn't want to turn me over to the Germans and that we would go to the men's room and they would go out one door and I should go out the other door. For obvious reason I couldn't be hand-cuffed. They recommended me to go on the train to Switzerland.

When I left the Italian territory and the Italian pest control would come in to notify or identify myself to the Italian Immigration Police that I was leaving Italian territory so that they had done their duty.

They got with me to the train from Milan to Switzerland to Breeg, (phonetic) and that was the 28th of September, 1938, a day which was very important in history because it was the Conference of Munich. After the assassination of the Chancellor of Austria, Italy and Germany were at loggerheads.

So, after about two-and-a-half hours we came to the border the train was suddenly stopped because in view of the possibility of Italy going to war the Italians didn't want their train to be interned in Switzerland. The border is in the middle of the Sim-plun tunnel and we stayed almost three hours in the tunnel. When the train advanced it was with great relief that I got into Switzerland, and had given as reasons for entering Switzerland that I had lung trouble and that I would go back to the sanitorum in Mont-ta-na.

On the train I met a young lady who said how come you make or use Spanish words and you're Italian, and I said because I'm very nervous and I know Spanish better than Italian. She said she was the daughter of the manager of La Scala to meet her Jewish friend who was a conductor in Rome, to meet him in Luzerne.

I came to Luzerne -- no; I came to the sanitorium that same evening, which I used only as ruse to get into Switzerland. I couldn't stay up there for financial reasons and I went back to Luzerne and stayed in a pension there where I had worked for a short time before for room and board the first time I came to Luzerne, and when the police returned my passport it showed that I had only nine days resident permit in Switzerland, which was, of course, extremely short.

It worked out that our former general manager in Spain was in Geneva and he phoned me that he had heard that the Cuban Counsel in Geneva sold Cuban visas.

I went to Geneva and there was a tiny Cuban Consulate and hundreds of people were milling around because that rumor was not a complete secret, and I went to the Counsel and said that I would work for him for three days if he would give me a visa, because I spoke all the language and he, of couse, was a Cuban Counsel and he didn't speak any European language; Spanish, of course. And he assented to that.

The owner of the place in Luzerne helped me, and

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I wired to the lady in New York whom I had met on the boat from Capri that I was in serious difficulty and she wired, we'd love to have you in America, how much money do you need. I needed in 1938 \$5,500, which at that time was an unheard fortune.

INTERVIEWER: This was to get the Cuban visa?

MR. WAHL: No. I had to put the deposit in Cuba.

The visa I got for free. Only the transportation I had to get.

Three days later I had that money, which was certainly the greatest compliment anybody could have for one night.

INTERVIEWER: I should say.

MR. WAHL: Yes. And I was able to buy a ticket to Cuba by going through France and to go to a French port near Bordeaux, and I went by train to Paris where I visited my oldest brother who was living there with his wife and was secretary general of the international department stores. He lives now in Rochester, New York, and just today, of all things, has his fiftieth wedding anniversary.

The reunion with my brother with whom I never have been very close was not very warm, especially not with his wife, but I got on the ship and after a very jumpy crossing, got to Cuba. While still on board somebody called out Juan Wahl. I used the name of Juan because I used it in Spain. The man came and said, you are not Juan Wahl, I am Juan Wahl and I am a businessman here in town.

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When we came to Havanna harbor the Cuban police did not recognize the visas we had and the chief of police of Havanna wanted \$500 bribe money to let us off the ship. I didn't have \$500 because the money had been given to the Cuban government to guaranty my stay there. The same happened to all the people who were on board, and the ship was heavy overloaded.

After we had been put on a little immigration island I could talk Spanish to the guard and the officer of the guards told me that the chief of police had no authority to detain us. I collected \$300 from the passengers to be given to the sergeant of the guards who had carried us over. We slept in wire cages, but it was warm and it didn't (inaudible).

With me was a young doctor who had practiced in Milan and he and I went to a Austrian rooming house which catered mostly to refugees.

I started to give Spanish lessons to refugees, especially to those who had to stay in Cuba for a longer time as they fell into a different quota; me being on the German quota it wasn't quite that bad. I got \$.50 an hour for teaching lessons, languages, and I also became known among some Havanna Jewish families and tutored some of their children, among others a family by the name of Neizeg (phonetic) whose daughter I tutored in French and with whom I still am in contact who lives now in this country in New York.

The life in Havanna was a rather devil-may-care

life. Havanna was a beautiful city and I made extra money by tourist guiding, by all kinds of odd connections in the tourist trade.

My friend, Dr. Orbach, (phonetic) though he did not have a permit, worked as a doctor to many of the refugees.

Wahl, sometimes at a bar where most foreigners hang out and I knew he was selling permits to people on board. When my quota number came up I was ushered into the vice-counsel's office and he had my file. He took my file, looked at it and he said, Mr. Wahl, you will have to wait outside a while, called in the secretary of the consulate who was by sheer conincidence an acquaintance of my parents. Her brother had been stationed in our home town with the American Consulate. When I came back there were three counsels who said, Mr. Wahl, you're accused by about hundred Americans for having swindled about funds to go to Cuba and they hold you responsible for the money. That was, of course, other Juan Wahl, as they had only one Juan file. They moments I ever gone through.

I managed to clear that up because there were people in the waiting room who knew that I had given lessons and I had nothing to do, and the other Juan Wahl to whose address those letters had been sent was in the phone book and it was from which he ran his nefarious business. In addition, right

here in San Francisco there are still people who could testify for me.

So, about in August, '39 I could come to the States and the friends in Havanna helped me to get on the Pan American Clipper. Then I went by train to New York and I found myself a place to live with a family that also had moved from Havanna to New York and who had a boarding house with the same type of people.

I contacted the lady whom I had met between Capri and Naples and who had helped me so generously and I met her husband and her son. I had met her daughter when she was in Italy. I met her on Fifth Avenue and learned that she was a very influential person in Jewish affairs. The Jewish Welfare, whom I contacted for job referal, asked me one day, do you have a relationship with Mrs. such-and-such.

I said, whose business is it?

She says, we make it our business because -- did you meet the husband?

I said, yes.

She says, he is one of the well known racketeers in New York and if he finds out your connection with his wife he's going to bump you off, and we are willing to locate you anywhere you want.

In view of my Spanish and my French, I had heard of New Orleans and they shipped me to New Orleans. In New Orleans

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I found work in a shoe company and later on with Chandler's Shoe Store in New Orleans and I spoke quite often to Jewish luncheon meetings and so on.

I made a friendship of two Jewish men, one a very well known attorney and the other one a man in the coast guard, and they said that's a crazy idea, I should go in the U.S. Army, which I did. It took quite a while to get an FBI clearance, not leaving anything (inaudible).

So, I went through the basic camps, Beauregard,
Louisiana, Little Rock, Arkansas, then for an extensive stay
in Fort Custer, Michigan with the Provost Marshal General Schools,
Fort Ritchie for army intelligence and I went through the Army
Intelligence School and was shipped to England to a small -and had made master sergeant in the meantime, which was relatively
fast promotion.

From England, ten days -- in June of '44 to

Normandy and then the whole extent of the war into the fight

at Normandy and to Paris. In Paris there was a pool for

linguists at the Army Intelligence Headquarters. From there I

was, in the winter of '44 suddenly received orders to proceed

immediately to Luxemborg, in an open Jeep that was absolutely

unbearably cold, and to report to General Patton's headquarters

as a linguist.

Then, in December, early December of '44 I was assigned to the89th Infantry Division and got commissioned and

made the whole Battle of the Bulge and the whole advance into Germany, the crossing of the Rhine where we had great difficulties, into Germany and were attacked by the first German jets, or the first jets we ever had seen on the autobahn, and were quite heavily shot at. With me was a Captain Sturm, (phonetic) and I got then a so-called IPW, Interrogation of Prisoner of War, team interrogating prisioners. They kept us at the time extremely busy and very intersting.

We advanced under still heavy fighting and had many interesting events like when the Duke of Coburg (phonetic) wanted to come over to see the -- to be seen by the King of England.

We went to the eastern most part that Third Army took. That was in June, '45. This is now far inside the Russian zone.

I had learned that my parents were in

Theresienstadt and I got permission by my division staff to

proceed with one driver to Theresienstadt. We left the division

in Toringa (phonetic) and tried to get into Czechoslovakia.

At Carlsbad we were told by the point of the U.S. Army that the

Russians wouldn't let us get over the river. I went as far

south as Pilzen and left from Pilzen where I got a note from

Third Army that I was permitted to leave the U.S. lines and that

if I should be coming back should get in all the privileges to

which I was entitled.

We proceeded into Prague and were told by the tank commander who had the U.S. point that only very few people had come through to get into Prague, but that there was a military mission in Prague already. When we came to Prague Prague was plagued, and while we were driving through Prague I saluted right and left because nobody had seen an American.

We proceeded to Theresienstadt and on the highway to Theresienstadt we were stopped by Russian MPs and brought before Marshal Tsu-goff who was on his way to Prague, and we came to Theresienstadt which was quite different from the other concentration camps as we had seen. We had taken Buchenwald and we had been in Ohrdruf, which was the most gruesome of all camps and which was a side camp of Buchenwald.

INTERVIEWER: That was the most gruesome?

MR. WAHL: Yes; that was unbearable. It didn't

even show up on the map of concentration camps but in interrogation we heard about it.

Came to Theresienstadt and we had two metal U.S. flags on the fenders of the Jeep, and over Theresienstadt was flew the white flag with crossbones that that was a contagious disease.

We proceeded to the place where my parents were supposed to have been. Theresienstadt was not as gruesome as the other camps because it was an ex-Austrian fortress. I found the address and in a -- there was an administrator and there was

still 25,000 prisoners in Theresienstadt and thousands followed my Jeep because they had been liberated by the Russians and were all trying to get (inaudible).

The man took me to the room where my mother was -my father had died and his ashes had been shipped down the river.

My mother -- he showed me the room where my mother was to have
been and there were still eight old ladies, and they see me in
a steel helmet and with guns, they thought I came to execute
them. It was a very unpleasant, a very gruesome thing.

Then a Russian officer came and said the commander wanted to see me, and I took my driver, who, by the way was Jewish and (end of tape).

Then somebody told me that the mail carrier had seen my parents to the very last when they brought it up, but hundreds of people assembled in front of the place and the mail carrier was an extremely attractive woman and I took her for a ride, among others, and brought her later on even to America, and I brought twelve hundred letters of Theresienstadt, gave to the Jewish Welfare Board to go with them around, and we drove back to the American lines without any great difficulties and were sent to Toringa and I got the counter-intelligence for the 28th Cavalry Group.

This was basically at the end of the Turingian Woods (phonetic) where it -- when later on became the Russian Zone, the last city in the Russian Zone.

Strangely enough, in that area there was a resistance by the Germans that they would put wire rope across the highway and Jeeps that came down at night would run up the windshield the rope and cut the GI's heads off, which was very ugly. There I put a curfew on the area.

On the 31st of June the order had come to evacuate the zone, that it had to be turned over to the Russians, which became East Germany.

We were assigned to a group in southern Germany to Studtgart and in September I was assigned to the Nuremberg trials, to the War Crime Investigation Team, Nuremberg, which oversaw all the intelligence and counter-intelligence connected with war crimes. They had a very large region, up to the Czech border and down to the Danube River.

I left out; before I came to Nuremberg I go to intelligence staff of a very large prisoner, Nazi prisoner camp where former Nazi officials and so on were interned. With prisoner labor I had them build a cemetery because we had mass graves left and right, with a cross, a Jewish Star on the -- Greek Orthodox Star.

In Nuremberg we worked very closely with the court, with the counsel section of the court and we also entertained our counterpart of the Russian, French and English detachments, and as I spoke all the languages I made a great many acquaintance of influential people of the court.

Also in Nuremberg it had become known that I had that command and a man approached by lady friend one day and said he could turn over to me the commander of the most nefarious concentration camps in Bavaria called Flossenburg.

There had been a trial, or investigation, but the man who was given all the guilt was a commanding officer, like all the Germans used to do, and he couldn't be found. And really one day in Nuremberg the man joined me and south of Nurember, coming out of the woods we captured an old, grizzly man who was the commander of Flossenburg.

Flossenburg was especially important because -INTERVIEWER: What was the name of that commander?

MR. WAHL: Kogel. In Flossenburg they had the quarry where the prisoners had to quarry rocks and carry the rocks on their shoulders and then jump with those rocks from the top of the quarry and in that way they were smashed, which was extremely important because in the doors of Flossenburg were names of Americans with the serial numbers who had been prisoner. That was in the Bavarian Woods and was completely unknown to --.

So, this was quite a feather in my cap.

I arrested him. I jumped him and had only a German policeman with me because at that time only the Germans had power. Put him into a jail in the small town of Schwa-ba and called Dachau that I needed a military escort to transport him.

The next morning I came and the jail door was open

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and there he was laying. He had committed suicide by punching the flat doorknob under his eyeball and broken his brain out.

I promised the doctor ten cartons of cigarettes if he could keep him alive but it didn't work. He died. That was published in "Stars and Stripes" and so on and I got a commodation, but it didn't do much good.

Now, in contrast -- oh, yes, then at the end of the Nuremburg trials I was transferred down to Dachau to the counsel section, and in Dachau there's a subsequent procedures for Nuremburg. But that was much uglier because in Dachau you dealt with the people who really had actually committed a crime. In Nuremburg we dealt with the so-called big shots. LIke, I could tell Goering that during interrogation that we had met before in Capri under more pleasant circumstances. But there were the actual killers. I don't want to go into too much detail.

That became very, very difficult for me, and in '49, beginning of '49 I asked to be sent home.

In the meantime, I changed my status from army intelligence to judge advocates on a civilian basis that paid me immeasureably more money and gave me much more leeway. We wore, of course, uniform and wore decorations. I asked to be sent to San Francisco because I never had been on the west coast. I get to San Francisco to the Presidio to the judge advocates division and the work I did there was completely useless and I quit. Now I'm in San Francisco.

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1	That's my story.
2	INTERVIEWER: May I ask you a few questions?
3	MR. WAHL: Yes.
4	INTERVIEWER: You said that you escorted Hess
5	shopping?
6	MR. WAHL: Yes, and so on, because he was a guest
7	at our hotel.
8	INTERVIEWER: What was his first name again?
9	MR. WAHL: Rudolf. This is mine, too; John
10	Rudolf.
11	INTERVIEWER: What was he like?
12	What kind of person did he seem to be like at
13	that time?
14	MR. WAHL: Well, being the atmosphere where they
15	were, he was a very large man, rather taciturn man, but he was
16	polite. They all wanted to get a bargain.
17	I remember also the arrival of Field Marshal
18	Blumberg with his masseuse wife, and they staged a protest
19	meeting against their merits in front of our hotel and they had
20	to flee through the back door.
21	I also met quite intimately Mrs. Tur-boven,
22	whose husband was the German gauleichter (phonetic) in Norway,
23	who also was later on executed by the Norwegians.
24	INTERVIEWER: Another question I have is in

reading about the concentration camps and so forth and interviewing,

in some movies they indicate that some of these commandants had their families living there in real special areas.

MR. WAHL: Yes. After all, they had officers quarters. For instance, when I worked in Dachau we lived in the SS officers quarters and had the SS officers clubs as was converted.

Very funny; into this chronicle in the last few days is a story about a woman in Mon-ta-wa who complains about events on the beach in Mon-ta-wa, by the name of Ilsa Koch. Ilsa Koch was the bitch of Buchenwald who made lampshades out of human skins. I interrogated her, too.

INTERVIEWER: Did you?

MR. WAHL: Yes. She died --

INTERVIEWER: Do you think this is the same Ilsa?

MR. WAHL: No, not the one. The name is (Inaudible). Ilsa Koch could not be executed because she was made pregnant by a Polish guard in Dachau. You see, the U.S. Army, we came rather far strung and so we had Polish DP's as prisoner guards and according to American law a pregnant woman cannot be executed.

INTERVIEWER: What happened to her?

MR. WAHL: I guess maybe they turned -- I have no idea what happened to her.

INTERVIEWER: Even after what she did?

MR. WAHL: I mean, many of the people fled. I

have had little bit contact with some of the inmates, ex-Nazis. For instance, there was a man with whom I kept contact because was very interesting and whom I saw even in Germany who was the general manager of Frigidaire, and all these men had become high SS officials only to have a title and had to be interned. I have kept after the war and I came here very, very far removed from any army connections.

INTERVIEWER: You mean after you finished at the Presidio?

MR. WAHL: Yes.

INTERVIEWER: You had been in the army quite a while by then.

MR. WAHL: Yes. I enjoyed my stay in the army but in a peace-time army it becomes very difficult, very difficult.

INTERVIEWER: Is it boring then?

MR. WAHL: Useless; you don't know what to do.

I mean, I was put on Japanese intelligence reports. I hardly
knew where Japan was. When the Japanese intelligence after

Pearl Harbor I was overseas already almost. So that was -- and
I had never been a civilian.

I had a travel agency at 703 Market which was quite successful.

This is not recording right now?

INTERVIEWER: Do you want me to stop the recording?

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PENGAD/INDY.