

Chapter Three

The Cuban Cause

In January 1939 my younger brother, Hajo, then fourteen, came home one day with the news that a transport of Jewish children was about to go to the Netherlands to be trained as farmers in preparation for emigration to Palestine. "I am going with them," he announced, and our parents gave their consent. In June, our older brother left for England, where the government allowed young people to enter if they obliged themselves to do menial labor for a specified period. In the nineteenth century, that was called indentured labor. Our brother found a job as a gas station attendant in Manchester, which he accepted.

About the time of my graduation from the *Gymnasium*, my parents had remembered the Rosen siblings in California. These were an elderly brother and sister pair who had appeared at our door in 1930, introducing themselves as distant relatives of ours. They had originally been the youngest children of a large family that had immigrated to the United States. Their mother had died in Bielefeld along the way, and was buried there in the Jewish cemetery. They had just visited their uncle in Dusseldorf and wanted to see their mother's grave. This Uncle Paul, who was very fond of my mother, had urged them to visit us. My parents, always hospitable, and interested in getting acquainted with far-away relatives of whom they had never heard, invited them in, fed them, showed them the way to the cemetery, and in general received them with kindness and generosity.

Now my parents had written them to ask whether they would be willing to sponsor the immigration of one of their boys. The answer came promptly from Pauline Rosen: Her brother had died recently; she was lonely, and she would be glad to welcome one of us as a relative. Why I was picked by my parents to benefit from this I do not know. In any event, the bureaucratic machinery of immigration into the United States was put into motion on my behalf.

In order to obtain the immigration visa and the green card, I needed to provide an affidavit of support from my California 'relatives' in which they assured the government that I would never become a public charge. To back up this pledge, Pauline had to place a substantial amount of cash in escrow. Really poor people had no chance to rescue their relatives. Nonetheless hundreds or thousands of people were able to secure sponsors of this kind, and the immigration quota set by law was filled for months. I waited for my visa for more than a year before, at last, my turn came. Pauline's nephew, Seymour, who was a prominent attorney and very active in the California Republican party, had his friend, Senator Hiram Johnson send a letter of inquiry to the U. S. Consulate in Stuttgart. But I don't know whether that speeded up the procedure at all. In any event, sometime in July 1939, I was able to travel to Stuttgart, where a United States Consul stamped an immigration visa into my passport.

Around August 20, 1939, I traveled to Bremen and reported to the purser of the MS "Donau," North German Lloyd, which was to depart for Los Angeles the next day. A few days before, my travel trunks had been packed. Every item I wanted to take along had to be registered. Some things had to be left behind, including my stamp collection. However, the customs officials who supervised the packing closed an eye or two, and my parents managed to pack a couple of small Persian rugs (I don't remember under what harmless category they had been listed) and one or two small pieces of Meissen china. Also included were six bottles of choice vintages of Rhine and Moselle wine, which were to be my present to Aunt Pauline. The amount of cash I was allowed to take with me was 10 Mark, the equivalent of about \$235.

To make sure that I would weather any and all eventualities, my parents dressed me as if I were going on some outdoor safari, in a heavy wool suit with knickerbockers and solid hiking boots. I must have looked grotesque, and a pretty fellow passenger, also fleeing to America, but with her parents, laughed openly when she saw me. But within a few hours after the ship's departure we were good friends.

The captain of the "Donau" treated his Jewish passengers like dirt. Some men of the crew were friendlier. We steamed through the night and were near the port of Antwerp when the captain received word that the treaty of friendship between Germany and the Soviet Union had been signed, that war was imminent, and that all German ships on the high seas should return to Germany immediately. He turned around, and the next day we were back in the 'Fatherland.'

To my surprise, my parents met me at the dock. A kind acquaintance had driven them all the way from Bielefeld to Bremerhaven, once the shipping line had informed them of my return. They were frantic with despair, since they knew that a Jew who had left Germany and then came back was routinely sent off to a concentration camp. Although people who had been confined in concentration camps were warned not to reveal how they had been mistreated there, enough was known to us about these hell holes to be extremely scared at the very thought of them.

To be sure, a Gestapo officer who was at the dock when I landed assured them that in my case this would not be done, since I had not returned of my own will. Nonetheless, my parents were desperate to get me out of the country. The next few days were filled with intense efforts to accomplish this. They phoned friends in the Netherlands who owed us a small sum of money. With that money they booked passage for me on a Dutch ship that was to leave Antwerp for New York in early September. But would I be allowed to enter Belgium to board that ship? The parents and I rushed to Cologne to see the Belgian Consul. Despite their tearful pleas, he refused to give me the needed transit visa because I did not yet have the steamship ticket in hand. We even appealed to the U. S. Consul for help in obtaining a Belgian transit visa, and my father, desperate and enraged, tried to shout some sense into the official, but in vain. With a sinking feeling, my parents took me back to Bielefeld to wait for the mailman who would bring the ticket. A day or two later it arrived. But I still did not have a transit visa; and whether the Belgian border police would allow me to travel to Antwerp in time remained doubtful.

Meanwhile, German troops began to invade Poland. World War II had begun. We heard a disturbing rumor: In retaliation for England's having declared war on Germany, the Nazis were

planning another pogrom, and all Jews could expect to be massacred during the night. My poor father decided to spend that night on a cot in the back yard behind some shrubs. I myself slept on a mattress by the coal bin in the basement. Sirens wailed an air raid alarm during the night. British reconnaissance planes had been spotted overhead.

The next day I said good-bye to my parents. Mother was in bed with some infection. She smiled bravely although her heart must have been heavy. Within nine months her three sons had departed and the hope that she might ever see them again must have been dim. As for my own feelings: It was marvelous to get out of a country in which I had no future, and to move to fabled California was an exciting prospect. There was a tinge of sadness in having to leave the land and the town that had been my home and it was terrible to leave my parents to an uncertain fate. That they would be subjected to ever increasing humiliations, restrictions, and hardships, and that ultimately they would be exterminated like vermin, none of us could imagine.

Father accompanied me to the railroad station. A train took me to Aachen, from where another train was to take me to Brussels and Antwerp. In between trains I was walking up and down on the platform, when an SS man sternly asked me what I was doing. He then confined me to a small room and told me to stay there until I could board my train. Once I had boarded the train, the Belgian border police, seeing my U. S. visa and steamship ticket allowed me to enter their country. As the train chugged on toward Brussels, I was torn between sadness and elation and, in my confusion, hummed a stupidly sentimental German folk song: "Now adieu, my beloved homeland." In Brussels I spent a night with the cousin who had been my host three years earlier and also paid a visit to the Catholic convent in a suburb where my grandmother was living as a paying guest. I am the last relative the old lady ever saw. In January 1945, on a three-day pass from my combat division then fighting near Aachen, I visited the convent again, and the Mother Superior led me to her grave.

The journey to New York was uneventful, except for the stopover at Southampton, where British soldiers seemed very reluctant to let me, with my German passport, continue the trip. We

docked in Hoboken, New Jersey and were carried to Manhattan on the 23rd Street ferry. Several people met me, and someone handed me a hundred dollars that the Rosen family had wired, with instructions that I should buy a rail ticket to Los Angeles with it. I, on the other hand, wanted to take my time and spend as little money as possible, and therefore decided to go by Greyhound instead. Nor did it occur to me to spend any part of that money for a cable to my parents to tell them that I had arrived safely. They had to wait for another two weeks before someone reminded me to do that.

I was nineteen years old, a thoughtless teenager, numbed by all the new impressions rushing in on me. All I remember about the four days I spent with some friends in New York is that I walked and walked and walked, from Times Square down Broadway to Battery Park and back again along Fifth Avenue to Central Park. I gawked at the skyscrapers, rode an express elevator up to the top of the RCA Building, and I visited the boy whom I had met in Switzerland in his home in Brooklyn. The friend with whose family I was staying claims he took me to Minsky's to introduce me to burlesque theater; but if that is correct, I have totally repressed the memory. I had arrived in New York on the eve of Rosh Hashana, the beginning of the New Year in the Jewish calendar. That evening my host took me to his synagogue, where a number of old acquaintances—former schoolmates and tennis partners—greeted me, utterly astonished that I had managed to escape.

In Grand Central Station one day I felt urgent pressure in my bladder and, wishing to relieve myself, looked for the appropriate facility. There were no doors, however, marked Toilet or WC, nor with the number 00, which in Europe often indicated these conveniences. Several times I passed doors that invited me to take a "rest"; but I did not want a rest, I wanted to empty my bladder. I still had lots of American English to learn.

Then it was time for me to head West, to Chicago for a visit with relatives, and on to California. Riding on the Greyhound bus through the New Jersey suburbs of New York on the first lap of my 90-hour ride to Los Angeles, I noted with astonishment that America was not all

made of skyscrapers. Most of the dwellings were of wood, a building material I had never seen so generally used, not even in the European countryside. A few days later, during a twelve-hour stopover in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I was equally astonished to see residential streets without sidewalks—my first glimpse of a culture in which the private car is a necessity rather than a luxury. Between New York and Albuquerque, I spent a week with relatives who had left Germany a year before me and were struggling hard to survive.

During the bus ride, over US highways that predated today's interstate roads, I marveled at the vastness and variety of the subcontinent we were crossing and at the emptiness of the arid Southwest. At the bus station in Los Angeles, where we arrived many hours behind schedule, Seymour Rosen and his daughter, aged about ten, were waiting for me and drove me to Aunt Pauline's home in Santa Ana.

Her father had settled there in the 1870s with his older children. A few of them were still alive. One of them, Seymour's father, had married a San Francisco beauty of the Levi-Strauss family. Now widowed, this elegant and warmhearted lady lived in her spacious home in the center of Santa Ana, attended by her Mexican maid. She had lived through the famous San Francisco earthquake and loved to talk about it. Pauline and Julius, the twins who had visited us in Bielefeld, had rejoined the family in their teens. The millinery store they had run had been sold after the death of Julius, and Pauline, plagued by loneliness as well as painful arthritis and other symptoms of aging welcomed me like a long-lost son.

In her stucco bungalow I was given the room formerly occupied by her brother. The room overlooked the back yard in which orange, lemon, and avocado trees grew. Guava shrubs lined the driveway. In front of the house a palm tree shaded the sidewalk. In a nearby village (which since then has grown into a densely settled suburb) she owned some citrus and walnut groves. Orange County was quite rural before the war. Smog apparently had not yet been invented. On clear days—and there were lots of them—the Santa Ana Mountains loomed in the

East. During the brief rainy season, the Santa Ana, usually a dry riverbed, became a mighty torrent, awesome to see.

Pauline loved to show me the countryside and nearby towns: Laguna Beach and San Juan Capistrano, her favorite nursery in Ontario, Lake Elsinore and Lake Arrowhead. Her nephew owned a spacious beach home at Balboa Beach. He was in his fifties, a member of the local establishment, prominent lawyer, high-degree mason, active in the American Legion, having seen front line duty as a regimental clerk in World War I. He was a senior partner in Santa Ana's most prominent law firm, whose clients included the First National Bank and Santa Ana's leading industry, Towner Manufacturing Company.

Seymour was active also in the Republican Party. Senator Hiram Johnson was a friend, and Earl Warren had been his roommate at Berkeley. He took charge of my life, sent me to a business school to acquire more clerical skills and improve my English, then got me a job as an unskilled helper at Towner Manufacturing Co., a farm implement factory owned by Howard Rapp, formerly of Kokomo, Indiana. Having no sense of direction myself, I endured all these favors. Under the provisions of the escrow account that Pauline had established, I was to be paid a monthly allowance of \$70 after my arrival, the payments to continue until the principal was exhausted. I dutifully placed this regular pocket money into a savings account; but, after I had joined the Army, the payments stopped coming.

Seymour and Stella Rosen treated me generously. I was invited to holiday meals at their fancy home and to weekends at the beach house. They were well assimilated American Jews of German ancestry, proud of their success and of their wealthy and influential acquaintances. Religion played no role in their lives. The only holidays they celebrated were Christmas and Thanksgiving. They were intelligent consumers; the advantages of acquiring a Pontiac or a Buick were carefully discussed. I remember the enormous satisfaction, with which Seymour informed me of an important discovery he had made. If I were to buy a certain brand of tuna, I would be getting Albacore instead of tuna. With the same self-satisfied smirk, he bragged about his clever

answer to a stupid question during his bar exam. Beyond this, I learned nothing about them, their background, their interests or thoughts. They did not open up to me.

To Seymour and Stella, I was a charity case, an unknown teenager from Germany whom they were rescuing from the Nazis. I was no relative of theirs, and they did this on behalf of Aunt Pauline who, in her old age, needed a companion. In fact, their relationship to me was ice cold. Not once did they ask me about myself or my earlier life, interests, talents, and plans for the future. They never suggested to me that I should think about the future, prepare myself for it, and develop whatever potentials for it I might have. Nor did they introduce me to life in the United States. While they helped me survive, they allowed me to drift. And I drifted aimlessly without knowing it. To their two bratty children, I was an exotic intruder who did not know the score. "Why does Alfred have no table manners?" asked the ten-year old Margaret when I had dinner with them for the first time. She had noticed that I handled my fork and knife in a manner that is customary in Europe.

Nor did I receive any guidance from a young lawyer friend I had acquired. He had, indeed, suggested that I should go to college. The suggestion meant nothing to me because I did not know how one applied, what one studied, or how one would pay for it. Aunt Pauline was no help in rescuing me from drifting either. Her horizon was limited, her commitment to me superficial. We shared no interests, her conversation revolved around food and her arthritis. Her language, an ugly mix of half-forgotten German and half-acquired English, grated on my ears. Her favorite entertainment was listening to Amos 'n' Andy or Fibber McGee and Molly. Whenever I listened to classical music she would ask me to shut off "that awful noise." To her attempts to express her affection for me by hugging me, I reacted with coldness so obvious that she must have been offended. Since she was unable to give me a sense of direction or purpose, all I wanted to do was to flee from her.

A local physician, Dr. Walter Saul, took some fatherly interest in me, although his sense of irony made him unsuitable to be an effective mentor to a bewildered teenager. He was a

Hungarian Jew, his wife, a German. They had been members of the German Communist Party and fled to the Soviet Union once Hitler had assumed power. In the USSR they worked, he as a radiologist-physician, and she as a nurse. But their stay in Moscow coincided with the peak of Stalinist terror in what is now known as the Great Purge. This political whirlstorm, together with the squalor of life in the Soviet Union, spurred them to leave for the United States as quickly as possible.

They talked about their experiences in the Soviet Union with great bitterness, but refused to reveal details of what they had witnessed. In contrast, my young lawyer friend and his pianist wife were knee-jerk Liberals who admired the New Deal and thought that the Soviet Union was in the vanguard of progress. Shostakovich, just because he was Russian, was their favorite composer. My friend was a book lover, and I became acquainted with the contents of his library and was free to borrow any books that interested me. After the war I visited him in the big city where, after hard struggles to succeed, he established himself as a major corporate tax lawyer, and when I studied his shelves, I noted that since the beginning of the war he had not bought another book.

A couple of local Jewish boys my age took some interest in me. One of them, a shy and mousy young man, invited me to my first football game: Santa Ana Junior College vs. Fullerton Junior College. Football was a mystery to me, but I marveled at his transformation into a wildly cheering sports fan.

I took a drawing class taught evenings at the local high school and shocked Aunt Pauline when once I brought home a charcoal sketch of a female nude. The teacher had invited a few of his students to continue the class at his home with a nude model, whom he could not have hired on school premises.

Someone introduced me to the local chapter of B'nei B'rith. I went once and met the above-mentioned young lawyer. He and his pianist wife became my friends. In their home, I could enjoy chamber music, political discussion, and lots of books. The first American novel I

read was USA by Dos Passos, which impressed me so greatly that I persuaded the Irish cop living across the street from us, with whom I had become friendly, to read it also. He handed it back to me a few days later, scowling, and said, "This is a DIRTY book!" I also obtained a card from the public library and started to borrow more books. Not having a sense of direction even in this area, I took out a large edition of Plato's Dialogues. They are difficult to read without some guidance; and I soon discarded them. Plato spent all his energies as a philosopher in a systematic attempt to discredit democracy. That did not make him congenial to me.

My lawyer friend also lent me his car when I wanted to go out on a date. Aunt Pauline would not have permitted me to take her car for such a purpose. She had very Puritan views and did not think female company was good for me. When the young woman who had been my fellow passenger on the "Donau" for one day wrote me from San Francisco (she and her family obviously had succeeded to get out also), Pauline forbade me to correspond with her. When I, therefore, suggested to this young woman that she write to me at a cover address, she quite rightly wrote, "If your aunt thinks I am not good enough for you, then you can stop corresponding with me right away." That ended my relationship with her.

LIFE Magazine one day had an article about the youth organization of the CPUSA (Communist Party of the USA). The article told the reader that, in their eagerness to recruit young Americans, the Communists engaged pretty young women whom they aided to offer their sexual services to potential recruits. The idea appealed to me. I was lonely, eager for female companionship, and politically uninformed. Communism was a meaningless word to me. So I wrote to LIFE magazine, asking how I might get in touch with the youth organization of the CPUSA. I never received a reply; and for years later I wondered whether, perhaps, some vigilant patriot on the staff of LIFE had forwarded my letter to the FBI.

I was convinced that the Rosen family considered me an ingrate because I was not very nice to Aunt Pauline, who, after all, saved my life and gave me a comfortable start in a strange land. But although she wished to treat me like a son, I felt more like a prisoner. We shared no

interests whatever. I was a budding intellectual while her intellectual horizon was limited, and her taste was old-fashioned, conventional, and well set beyond any discussion.

As I mentioned, the strange mix of German and English that she spoke grated on my ears. Many of her stock phrases were predictable as they often are in the case of older people. I am making myself sound like an intellectual snob, but that is what I was, and she must have been as disappointed in me as I was in her. To her shows of affection I responded with a coldness that must have hurt her deeply; but it only indicated my secret desire somehow to flee from her.

As I said, Seymour Rosen sent me to a business school, presumably to prepare me for some future clerical job. Attending the school was a waste of my time and his money. I already knew the few things they taught—speed typing and shorthand. My fellow students were an uninteresting group, and I made no contact with them. Some of the female students were very attractive and dressed a bit provocatively; but I was shy and green and knew nothing about the American rituals of dating. Besides, I had no car, and Aunt Pauline jealously guarded me from female contacts.

Seymour had also obtained employment for me in the farm implement factory owned by one of his clients. For a meager wage of thirty-seven and a half cents an hour I worked as an unskilled laborer in the shop and as a clerk in the office, brought home about \$17 a week, and learned little if anything of use to me later. The workers in the shop, sensing or believing that I was not of their class, did not relate to me in any way.

Orange County, of which Santa Ana was the capital, was one of the most conservative counties in the United States. The local newspaper was editorially on the far right, and the major paper of the region, *The Los Angeles Times*, was barely less reactionary. Among those people whose political views I learned, most loathed Franklin Roosevelt, sneeringly referring to him as "that man in the White House." The State of California at the time also sported a number of movements or parties that were on the far right politically or religiously. On the basis of what I had experienced when the far right in Germany destroyed the democratic republic, I disliked

these trends and, in some conversations with acquaintances, defended the New Deal without knowing enough about the history of U. S. politics.

When my younger brother Hajo, then in the Netherlands, asked me what political label I would attach to myself, I recall writing to him that I was not sure, but thought I ought to call myself a socialist. I have long ceased to define my political views by this term. Why I did so in 1940 is not clear to me. I had little understanding of U. S. politics at the time, and there were many problems of which I was not aware. For instance, it did not occur to me to wonder about the fact that in Santa Ana all people of Japanese descent worked as gardeners and all Mexicans were laborers or cleaning women; I did not detect the racism behind this division of labor.

Years later, I obtained access through the Freedom of Information Act to my FBI file. From it I have learned that, as soon as I arrived in Santa Ana, the FBI descended on the town to investigate me. At the Johnston Business and Secretarial School, where Seymour Rosen had enrolled me a few days after my arrival, Mrs. Johnston, my teacher, told them that I was quiet and withdrawn and did not socialize with fellow students. She also noted that, since I already knew shorthand and speed typing, I openly showed my disdain of having to learn them all over again. If Seymour Rosen ever inquired about my progress there, he may have received the same reply, which may explain why he told the FBI sleuths that I was arrogant.

Seymour also seemed annoyed that I had not consulted him on how to bank my meager savings or some money that a friend of my father had sent to me for safekeeping, pending his hoped- for coming to the U.S. I had placed the money into an escrow account. When the FBI asked him about it, he told them this transaction had a bad smell to it. I later regretted that, by not consulting him beforehand, I bruised his ego. He also told the FBI that I did not appreciate the blessings of freedom I had acquired by coming to the United States. He had once asked me to tell him about my life under the Nazis. But, unwilling to dwell on that unpleasant subject, I had replied evasively, much to his annoyance.

I very much wanted to obtain a driver's license, but was very slow learning how to drive. At last, a young man who had befriended me offered to teach me, and I made some progress. My new friend turned out to be a high-pressure insurance salesman, and it did not take him long to sell me a small life insurance policy that named my brother Rolf as the beneficiary. Soon afterwards, the hotshot salesman found himself in court, whether in a civil or criminal suit, I do not know. Apparently, he had sold some defective policies. When I was subpoenaed to testify against him, Seymour Rosen was horrified that someone connected to his family would be shown to have been a sucker in insurance fraud. So he pulled some strings and had me removed from the list of witnesses. "Why didn't you consult me beforehand?" he snarled at me.

When interviewed by the FBI, Mr. Howard Rapp, owner of Towner Manufacturing Co., said nice things about me, as did Miss Fiene, his chief secretary, whose father had immigrated into Orange County from Germany in the 1920s. The FBI sleuths noted twice that I commuted to and from work on bicycle. They seem to have considered that rather un-American. They also noted that I did not attend church on Sundays, did not own a car, and had no girl friend

Sometime in 1940, an amateur acting group rehearsed for a performance of a silly little play by Clare Booth, "The Watch on the Rhine," set in Nazi Germany. In order to find out more about life in Nazi Germany and to get help with their pronunciation of German names, the players asked for my advice, reporting this big news to the local newspaper, The Santa Ana Register. When the FBI flatfeet descended upon the Santa Ana District Attorney to ask about me, he showed them the newspaper article about this.

The FBI also talked to a fellow worker of mine, George F. Stolte, of Santa Ana, who worked for the Towner factory as a blacksmith. Born in Germany in 1897, George had come to the U. S. in 1922. He was a registered Republican.

Stolte told the FBI I was a "doubtful alien and a Communist who subscribed to the Daily Worker. Nothing in the record suggests that the FBI made any attempt to confirm or disconfirm this nonsense. They merely put it in my file.

George Stolte had a friend in the Santa Ana post office that systematically read mail addressed to me from abroad and passed the contents of the letters on to George, who relayed it to the FBI. When I found out about this late in my life, I wished that I had known sooner, to have been able to wring the bastard's neck.

In summary, the investigative work done on me by J. Edgar Hoover's boys was sloppy, irresponsible, and incompetent. These guys accepted stupid gossip without checking its veracity. They got names and dates wrong. Bielefeld was rendered as Bifield. My birthday was placed in November rather than February. They abetted the illegal violation of the privacy of my mail by a volunteer informer. Whether they had a right to examine my bank account, I don't know. Surely, the bungling of these flatfeet did not enhance the security of the United States.

In the early summer of 1944, I participated in a 48-hour exercise at Camp Ritchie, MD, which was supposed to be the culmination of a three-month training course for Military Intelligence NCOs and officers. I had served in the U. S. Army for almost three years when the Army discovered that I spoke German, and decided to train me as a prisoner-of-war interrogator. Now the War Department had apparently decided that they needed officers who had this training. While the 48-hour exercise was still in progress, a number of us enlisted men were called back to camp and told that we would, within the next few days, be commissioned as Second Lieutenants. I remember the date, which was June 6—Day in Normandy, also my father's birthday. What I did not know at the time was that my father was no longer alive.

We were given one day of instruction on how to be officers. The instruction in the morning tried to teach us how to shout commands at long distances, which is ludicrous beyond belief: In combat you must not shout loud enough for the enemy to hear, and you don't distance yourself from your men. In the afternoon, we were told that we were about to be initiated into a higher caste and should henceforth keep a social distance from the lower mortals: "If your brother is an enlisted man, you should no longer go to the restaurant with him." That too was ludicrous.

After I got my commission and took my first meal at the officers' mess, I quickly learned that a Second Lieutenant is not a demigod at all.

Before I could pin the gold bars of my new rank on my shoulder straps, I was given a day's leave so I could go to a large PX in Philadelphia to buy myself officer's uniforms, including some fancy parachute boots. I was also called into camp headquarters for an interrogation. A middle-aged man in uniform without insignia of rank—probably a Major or Lieutenant Colonel in Counterintelligence—asked me lots of questions about my background. He made me tell him all the addresses at which I had ever lived, all my nicknames, all relatives I had abroad, and many other things.

I left out my old nickname, Acke, not on purpose, but because I disliked it and therefore had repressed it. I also left out a distant cousin in Argentina, whom I had never met personally. The man across the desk asked his questions over and over again, and after a while I said, "Listen, buddy, you are after something; but I don't know what it is, and we are getting nowhere. Why don't you level with me about what you are after?" He then pulled a document out of his briefcase: the photocopy of a letter that my relative in Chicago had written to his brother in Buenos Aires, in late 1939 or early 1940. The letter was written by hand in German. It mentioned me, using that hated nickname: Acke, and reported that "the business with Cuba" looks promising. The "business with Cuba" had been mistranslated as "the Cuban cause," and my interrogator wanted to know with what revolutionary conspiracy in Cuba I had been connected. I explained the matter. We both laughed, and next day I was commissioned.

I found it remarkable that they had a copy of that letter, written long before the United States was involved in the war, and that they were able to identify me as the person named by this nickname, which nobody but my Chicago relative ever used. It was even more remarkable that when I was to be investigated as a prospective Army officer, they were able to retrieve this document, decades before computers and similar state-of-the-art data storage methods.

Another remarkable incident occurred when I was still living in Santa Ana; it must have been around 1940, when I received an airmail letter from my uncle in Rio de Janeiro. On the back there was a sticker with the swastika emblem and the words, "Opened by the German Armed Forces." How did the German censor get hold of a letter airmailed from Brazil to California? Did they intercept an airplane? Did they have their moles in the Brazilian postal service? I wish I knew.

What was the Cuban business that had alarmed the FBI or military counterintelligence? That is easy to explain. As soon as I had arrived in the States I made strenuous efforts to get my parents out of Germany. They were now desperate to leave Germany, as well. But where could they go? Hardly any country was still receiving immigrants. To apply for entry to the United States was costly because so much money had to be set aside. The people in Santa Ana, as well as the uncles in Spain and Turkey and the friends in England, encouraged me in my efforts, but nobody I approached—and I did not hesitate to approach lots of people—was willing or able to come up with the required sums. In any event, the waiting list was so long that my parents' turn would not have come in time.

I still have many of the letters I wrote at that time that remind me of the ceaseless and frantic efforts I made to get them out. In line with these attempts, I had been told that if one bribed a Cuban consular official he would grant entry to a refugee from Germany. I explored that—I don't remember how—and found out that this might indeed be possible; and so I had written to my relative in Chicago. That was the infamous "Cuban cause." In fact, my parents' efforts to get out and my attempts to help them came much too late. In mid-October, 1941, the Gestapo had received instructions to prevent the emigration of all Jews remaining in the Reich. The death trap had been closed.

Those left in Germany, including my parents, could not get out. Their existence in Germany was increasingly hemmed in by demeaning and humiliating restrictions, systematic impoverishment through special taxation, and a process of growing isolation. More and more of

their relatives, friends, and neighbors were shipped off to extermination camps, until at last they themselves were robbed of their last possessions, loaded into cattle cars, and transported off to a miserable death in the infamous Theresienstadt ghetto.

I had no inkling of the increasingly harsh and humiliating conditions under which my parents lived. Up to December 1941, I could still receive occasional letters from them. Once Germany and the United States were at war with each other, that communication link broke. In their letters they did not dare to complain about the harshness of their conditions. I learned that the Gestapo had placed another family in with them in their small apartment. I was also told that in the winter of 1941/42 Father had become gravely ill, but that his ailment was tuberculosis I learned only decades later. My parents seemed concerned about my apparent lack of plans for my future, but were much more worried about my brother Hajo, then still in hiding in the Netherlands.

They told me nothing about the terrible hardships of life, including always having to display the yellow star, which forced all German citizens to avoid all contact with them. They could not tell me about the restrictions that prevented them from buying food or about the wave of deportations that made all their friends and acquaintances disappear to places unknown. Eventually they themselves were ordered to report for transportation to the prison-city of Theresienstadt.

Before being deported, they had to turn all their remaining assets over to the government and the few material possessions they still had they sold to a kind German acquaintance--some furniture and Oriental rugs, household articles, linen, and works of art, including my grandfather's meticulously executed flower pieces. The purchaser gave them an IOU for all these possessions, which someone preserved for us boys. When some years after the German currency reform of 1948 the purchaser redeemed them, they had become almost worthless. May 12, 1943 was the date of their deportation to the dark and filthy dungeons of Theresienstadt. Exactly one

year and one week later my father died from tuberculosis, starvation, and medical neglect. Not long afterwards, my mother was shipped off to the Auschwitz extermination camp.

Prior to reporting for deportation, our parents wrote farewell letters to their sons, which were handed to us later. In these letters, they thanked each other for 27 years of married life enriched by love and loyalty, tender care and valiant joint struggle. They alluded clearly to the deprivations, humiliations and insults they had to suffer since the beginnings of the Nazi regime, and assured their readers that they had no reason to think that they had deserved such suffering. Going off into exile, they told us that they were proud of us and confident in our ability to make our way in life. In a desperate attempt to face their fate with some courage, they expressed hope to see their children again one day. I cannot read these letters without weeping, and whenever I do so, I burn with deep anger at the crimes of the German nation and the Hitler regime. The brutality and mean-spiritedness of the way they treated their Jewish citizens, administering one poison needle prick after another, makes them appear in retrospect as people of truly satanic evilness. To know that my poor parents had to go through this hell is hard for me to bear.

Shortly before my father died, a man whom the Germans had caught in Amsterdam and then shipped to Theresienstadt called on my parents there. He had known Hajo in Amsterdam and brought greetings from him. Although he knew already that the Gestapo had arrested him, he lied to our parents and told them their youngest son was alive and well in his underground hiding place. I am convinced that this pious lie helped my father die in peace; and I am immensely grateful to this unknown man from Amsterdam. He too survived the Holocaust, and some years ago told Hajo about his conversation with my father in Theresienstadt.

In February 1941 I turned 21 and became eligible for the draft. Many young men at that stage were eager to escape the draft for as long as possible, but I wanted to be taken. The United States was not yet in the war, but I was convinced that sooner or later we would participate, and I wanted to be in on it. I dreamt of heroism and envied those who were already fighting against the Germans in Europe. I also thought of military service as an effective way of becoming

Americanized. Moreover, I wished to get away from Santa Ana in a manner that was decent and patriotic and could not be criticized. So I went to the draft board and told them to take me the next time they had a quota to fill; that was called 'volunteering in the draft.' I got my call in July 1941, reported to the draft board a few days later, and was given a cursory medical exam, during which the physician seemed interested foremost in determining that I was not a homosexual.

A sergeant asked me some routine questions concerning my name, date and of birth, previous residence, and citizenship. Since he asked for first name and middle initial, I told him my name was G. Alfred Meyer. But he told me that the initial goes in the middle. "What does the G. stand for?" he asked, and I told him it stood for George. "O.K., George," said, "I will write your name down as George A. Meyer. All right?"

"Oh no, you don't," I told him. "Let my first name and middle initial be Alfred G., if that's what this printed form demands." It was done, and ever since then, that has been my name. When I became a citizen fifteen months later, this name change was recorded on my naturalization certificate.

I took the soldier's oath at Fort MacArthur, California, on August 4th. We were issued uniforms, got our first taste of close-order drill, watched the customary gory film about the perils of venereal diseases, and listened to a lecture by the post chaplain who told us to stay away from women. Then it was off to the Gulf coast of Texas. Some shrewd realtor had sold the Army a vast tract of wasteland in the middle of nowhere northeast of Galveston. That was now an anti-aircraft artillery basic training center. I was assigned to a Signal battery and trained to be a telephone lineman. I learned how to splice wires, but never made it up to the top of the telephone pole because of my fear of heights. I also learned close-order drill and received rather desultory training in marksmanship and the handling of the then standard firearm, the Springfield 03 rifle. My four and a half years of service also enriched my English vocabulary with lots of curse words that are not usually taught when one is taking English lessons.

The United States Army was then just in the process of transformation from a small professional force into a huge citizens army. Our noncoms were Regular Army soldiers, who probably had been promoted very recently. Most of them seemed to be poor Whites from the South who had found a home in the Army and led simple lives, the high points of which were drinking, gambling, and womanizing. The Army in the summer of 1941 seemed ill prepared for the sudden influx of so many citizen soldiers. For the first few weeks we practiced marching and rifle drill in woolen winter uniforms because the camp quartermaster had not received a sufficient amount of summer garb.

Readers familiar with the moist August heat along the Texas Gulf coast will understand why many of us suffered heat rashes or passed out on the parade ground. The three square meals we were fed in the mess hall were not yet served in cafeteria style. Instead, some of those on KP duty functioned as waiters. If anyone at the table asked for the last piece of meat, fruit, or vegetable in the bowl, any other soldier who dared put it on his own plate was guilty of 'short-stopping,' and that could lead to a brawl. On weekend passes we would go to Galveston or, more rarely, to Houston, both of which had USO clubs where one could dance with friendly female natives, listen to classical records or borrow some book. The only book I remember reading during basic training is Spengler's *Decline of the West*, which had been recommended by my young attorney friend in Santa Ana.

Since I had not managed to climb to the top of a telephone pole, I was considered unfit to become a lineman and was sent instead to a camp near Riverside, California, where I was assigned to Military Police, considered the lowest of the low. The camp police chief (Provost Marshal) immediately discovered that I possessed secretarial skills, which at that time were rare in the Army, and I became the clerk of the camp stockade. On weekend passes I would visit the Rosen family in Santa Ana, or at their beach home in Balboa.

I remember a Sunday morning in early December. In mid-morning I was sunning myself on the beach listening to some symphony concert on my portable radio, when a news special

came on: Pearl Harbor had been bombed, we were at war with Japan, and all service personnel should report to their camps immediately. Right then and there I made the strategic judgment that the war would probably not be lost even if I stayed at the beach until evening; and so I did.

I remained in Camp Haan for only a few weeks. Sometime in December 1941 I was transferred to a very beautiful old Army post, the Presidio of Monterey. The post housed a number of units, among them a recruit reception center; and to this center I was assigned.

My duties were to shepherd newly drafted young men to the various places they had to go on their first few days in the Army: medical inspection, issue of uniforms and equipment, various orientation lectures and aptitude tests. I did this kind of 'work' for ten months—the ten most boring months of my life. Weekend passes were the only relief from this boredom. Friends who had cars took me to Carmel, then still quite unspoiled.

One of these friends was a young pianist who seemed to be in love with me. In her piano teacher's gorgeous home in the Carmel Highlands, I listened to her playing or to records of classical music. Once a buddy who had a car took me for a spin in that same neighborhood. On a mailbox he saw the name Ed Westin and wondered whether this was THE Ed Westin. I had never heard of the man. We rang the bell, were invited in; it was indeed the famous photographer, and for two hours he and his young wife showed us many of the beautiful pictures he had taken. Once or twice I hitchhiked to San Francisco for a date with a young woman whom I had met through a mutual friend. Because of the gasoline shortage, there was very little traffic then, but I managed to get to the city and back in time for taps.

On December 16th, a Japanese submarine shelled some oil derricks on the shore near Santa Barbara, and in reaction to this threat the entire West Coast of the United States was placed under some sort of martial law. Citizens of Japanese descent were rounded up and sent to prison camps. All enemy aliens were asked to report to the FBI to obtain special enemy alien IDs and to submit to various restrictions in their movements.

I had arrived in the country only two years before and was still, technically, a German national even though by emigrating I had forfeited German citizenship. I still see myself standing in line, in my uniform, with a number of Italian and Japanese fishermen, in front of some FBI post that had hastily been set up, to get my enemy alien ID. It stated that I could not travel more than six miles without police permission and that I was barred from entering Army posts. The FBI agent seemed embarrassed when I asked him whether these provisions applied to me, and said, "Of course not."

A few months later, in a simplified procedure enacted by Congress for the benefit of aliens serving honorably in the armed forces, I became a citizen of the United States. I had to bring two witnesses with me to the Federal Court in San Francisco, who had to vouch for me. The two friends I took along were a Regular Army sergeant—a typical redneck—and another sergeant who before joining the service had been a student at the University of Chicago. To celebrate my naturalization, I treated them to a steak dinner and then took them to a performance at the President Follies, a burlesque house.

Still, despite the diversions offered me in and around Monterey, I was bored stiff. Several times I petitioned my superiors to transfer me to a combat unit because I was impatient to fight the Germans, but was turned down with the remark, "The Army will decide where and how to use you." But fate intervened. The staff of the VIIth Corps, then stationed in nearby San Jose, was looking for soldiers with clerical skills, and Major Smith, of the Corps Adjutant General's office, must have discovered me while going through the post's personnel files. He asked for me, and I was duly transferred to the AG office, where I became stenographer-typist for Colonel Norris A. Wimberly, Adjutant General of the Corps. The shorthand I used was the system I had learned in Germany. It was easily adapted to English, but only the enemy could have read my notes.

Colonel Wimberly, born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, was a gentleman of the old school. He respected my clerical skill, my quickness, intelligence, and courtesy that expressed itself in

my use of the third person when I addressed him: "Does the Colonel wish me to type this in triplicate?" He treated me as a member of his team rather than a mere enlisted man, and if anything went wrong he would say, "We must have made a mistake."

The AG office is the bureaucratic center of any large unit, and to work in it was interesting. I learned a good deal about the functioning of large bureaucratic organizations, about the strange mix of rigidity and flexibility they possess, about the informal networks within the formal organization and about the need to break rules if something must really get done. On some occasions I also noticed the professional Army's ambivalence to the civilian world outside. Every once in a while, our Commanding General received a letter from some Congressman or Senator asking that one of his constituents be transferred from a combat unit to some service unit closer to his home. I remember the relish with which I was asked to type a letter for the General's signature reminding the politician that there was a war on, and therefore denying the request.

The Corps headquarters was in an office building in San Jose. My quarters were in an old hotel nearby. In late fall of 1942, however, the entire outfit moved to Jacksonville, Florida. The troop train that took us there required an entire week for that purpose. In Jacksonville, the headquarters once again installed itself in a downtown office building, while our quarters were a tent city not far away. Jacksonville also had a beach, but after a WAC training center was opened in Daytona Beach, that place became our destination on weekend passes. I managed to go there only once before being transferred again.

In 1943, the War Department initiated a program that would enlist various colleges and universities in specialized training for qualified enlisted personnel. Subjects to be taught were a variety of languages—Turkish at Indiana University, Chinese at Berkeley, Japanese at the University of Michigan, Russian and German at Harvard—and a range of other subjects such as engineering and psychology. To be eligible for this program an enlisted man had to have had two

years of college and to have passed the aptitude test taking upon entry into the Army with a certain minimal score.

My test scores were more than sufficient, but I had never attended college. Nonetheless I persuaded Col. Wimberly to certify that, with my *Gymnasium* education, I had the equivalent of two years of college, and I was transferred to the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP). That meant moving to the Citadel, a military college in Charleston, South Carolina, where I took a number of tests and waited to be assigned. After six weeks of waiting I received orders to report to the ASTP language program at Harvard University. After a train ride to South Station in Boston, a truck picked me and a few fellow travelers up and dumped us in the court of McKinlock Hall, Leverett House, one of the Harvard dormitories that for the next nine months would be our barracks. I was informed that I had the choice of studying either German or Russian and decided to study Russian.

That language was taught in intensive fashion: two hours of class every day, and lots of homework. One hour was devoted to grammar, the other to conversation. Our teachers were called informants, and were an interesting lot. They included a former *Gymnasium* teacher from Kiev and a former Major General of the Tsarist army who came from a family of Russianized Caucasian princes. There was a former lady-in-waiting at the Tsarist court, a famous musicologist born in Poland, and a Russian-Polish gentleman of dandyish manners, provocatively conservative views, and pronounced aristocratic pretensions. Besides Russian, we studied the history, geography, politics, economics, and culture of Germany, not of the USSR. The idea behind this mixed curriculum seems to have been that we would become occupation personnel administering a defeated Germany jointly with our Soviet allies. I would be surprised if the War Department ever explicitly spelled out such a goal. My impression is only that this is how the people at in the Harvard School for Overseas Administration—the name given to the bureaucracy that administered the ASTP—interpreted their mission.

The college scene was new to me, and in the first test I ever took, I received the humiliating grade of D-plus. Eventually I caught on and graduated with an all-A record--one of only five or six who managed to perform that well. By that time, many had flunked out, and from 150 students initially, our ranks had dwindled down to about 65. Of those no longer with us, one had been sent to Camp Ritchie for training as an intelligence NCO, a few had been discharged for medical reasons, but most had been sent back to their original service branch for academic reasons.

While we were doing our course work, those who received grades of A were given privileges, while those who did less well were kept in the dormitory evenings to do their homework. The entire curriculum was tough and stimulating. We had no contact with Harvard students, whether uniformed or in civilian clothing, as our classes were tailored to the needs of our program. We would march to class at 8 am in formation and would march back in the afternoon. Saturday mornings we would be marched out to the banks of the Charles River for a few hours of close-order drill, just to remind us that we still were enlisted men. The faculty of the School for Overseas Administration obviously thought of us as students, however. On the first day of the term we all were assembled for an orientation talk. A young Assistant Dean, Edward W. Fox, mounted the podium in Room 1 of Harvard Hall and began: "Gentlemen!" Not used to such politeness, we broke into spontaneous applause.

The students in this ASTP unit were a motley crew, some highly intelligent and obviously headed for professional or academic careers, others much less promising. A number of them seemed to be in the unit primarily because, as children of Russian immigrants, they already knew Russian. For them, the ASTP seemed to be a marvelous opportunity to goof off, and goof off they did, although they too could have learned a lot, including spelling and grammar of a language they spoke and therefore THOUGHT they knew. Intellectually ambitious as I was, I resented their laid-back attitude and finally complained to our professors that they were an undesirable element in the program. The complaint, and the fact that I had referred to them as

'peasants,' made them very angry. They demanded that I apologize, and if memory serves me right, I did apologize to the chairman of the Slavic Department. But he obviously agreed with my judgment of these students and told me that no apology was required.

I don't know of any graduates of this course who ever used their Russian in an official assignment. Once we were in the field in Germany, we met Russian slave workers and occasional members of the Russian auxiliary forces trained to fight for Germany. If there is anyone who during the occupation, after the end of hostilities, served in Berlin or in Austria, where there was some collaboration between American and Soviet troops, he may have had occasions to speak Russian. I myself encountered some slave workers and some members of the "Russian Army of Liberation," and in mid-April, when my Division reached the left bank of the Elbe River, had two occasions to practice my Russian.

The first occasion came when we captured an entire battalion of Cossack Waffen-SS, with whose officers I had some conversations. Then, a few days later, Soviet troops arrived on the opposite shore of the river. It was the 6th Cossack Guards Cavalry Division under Major General Chapurkin. Our meeting meant that for them and for us the war was over. In an abandoned noble palace on our side of the river our Division command gave a big party to which the Soviet general came with forty officers of his staff, all of them in dress uniform. While everybody got roaring drunk, I tried valiantly to interpret between the top officers; and when the party was over, our general with his aide and myself crossed over to the other side for an intimate little party in the Soviet general's modest quarters.

My knowledge of Russian was not flawless. In particular, I remember two mistakes I made at this meeting of American and Soviet troops. A Soviet officer, pointing at a ribbon I wore on my uniform jacket, asked what kind of medal it stood for. I wanted to say, "a Bronze Star," but mistakenly used the wrong Russian word, so that it came out as "Brass Star." The Soviet officer made a face indicating that he thought this to be a contemptibly cheap medal. I also committed a *faux pas* in addressing General Chapurkin as "Comrade General." Quite properly he

should have corrected me by saying, "I am no comrade of yours," for the word 'comrade' connotes a fellow member of the Communist Party. But he did not say anything, and by the end of the evening was calling me "Comrade Lieutenant."

While walking to the Harvard Library one day during my assignment to the ASTP, I noticed a lady's bike parked in the bicycle rack. I recognized the brand, Durkopp, which told me that the bike had been manufactured in my hometown. I saw it several times on later days and wondered its owner might be. One nice summer day in 1943 I was sitting on the steps of the library studying Russian vocabulary, when I saw a pretty girl walking past with that bike; I went up to her to ask, in German, where she had obtained it. She told me that she had brought it with her from Germany. When people used to ask me how my wife and I met, I could say in all honesty that I picked her up in Harvard Yard.

I was shy and awkward. Once in a while I would see her studying in the library or walking through the Yard. More often than not she would be in the company of some young men; I noted two in particular with whom she seemed to be in intimate conversation. I envied those two guys. One day I saw an announcement for a chamber music concert that was to be given at the Fogg Art Museum. I screwed up sufficient courage to ask the young woman whether she liked music; and when she said yes, I invited her to come to the concert with me. The tickets were 50 cents each.

The Fogg Museum houses Harvard's art collection, and is a graceful and impressive building. The chamber group was in the middle of the downstairs atrium. Some of the audience were seated around them, others, including my date and I, sat in the gallery on the second floor. This was my introduction to the Harvard community, and I looked at the scene with some fascination—so much so, that my date asked me whether I always looked at other people when I was on a date with someone. Caught short by her question, I managed only to reply with what I thought was a joke: "Only when I am bored with my company." My date, however, considered it an insult, rather than a joke.

Eva was used to being courted. She had a number of suitors and an even larger number of friends. They all had been polite to her, perhaps even fawning. Nobody had ever insulted her. Instead of making her angry, however, my reply aroused her curiosity: "What kind of man is this soldier who, on his first date with me, has the gall to insult me?" I am not sure whether she ever fully figured that out. We saw each other a few more times, and on at least one occasion, I met her parents. Shortly after that, my course at Harvard was over, and I was transferred to Camp Ritchie, Maryland. We continued our relationship by correspondence, which, once I was overseas, took the form of V-mail.

Situated in the Blue Ridge mountains, between Gettysburg, PA and Hagerstown, MD, a stone's throw away from Camp David which was then known as Shangri-La, Camp Ritchie was a military intelligence training center. It was supposedly very hush-hush, but our dance partners at the Hagerstown USO could not help noticing that most soldiers from Ritchie spoke English with foreign accents, and they put two and two together.

One slogan at Ritchie was "I spick six langwitches, English da best." At Ritchie, officers and enlisted men sat in class together, in non-segregated, fashion, and the instructors included both officers and enlisted men. In one of my classes, the instructor was a Private First Class, and among the students there was a Marine Lieutenant Colonel. Very unorthodox! At Ritchie I also saw the first Black officer I had ever met. The students were, on the whole, highly intelligent. They either had been born abroad or had learned foreign languages in their Ivy League schools. KP duty in the mess hall was performed by Italian prisoners of war that grinningly referred to the WAC soldiers as "*le vacche*."

As one entered the camp and walked down the main street toward headquarters, one noted that the street was lined with captured enemy weaponry--artillery and armor--with which we were supposed to become familiar. To the surprise of visitors, men in German battle uniform could be found walking around freely, singly or marching together. On close inspection, these enemy troops did not look like Germans at all, but more like Native Americans, which, indeed,

they were. In Camp Ritchie their task was to demonstrate German uniforms and German battle tactics to us. Since we were being trained to be prisoner-of-war interrogators, they also served as our guinea pigs when we practiced interrogation techniques.

The story I was told about how these Native Americans came to be our 'Germans' was as follows. In battle situations, friendly units must be able to communicate with each other—Company A with Company B, White Battalion with Blue Battalion, the regiment on the right flank with the one on the left flank, and so on. Communications must be quick, but there is a catch: The faster the communication between friendly units, the more open it is to the enemy. In order to prevent the enemy from listening in, one must encode and then decode communications. In short, one must complicate communications and slow them down.

In order to overcome the resultant dilemma, some genius in the War Department had the idea of using Native Americans to be telephone operators. They could talk openly, and if the enemy were tapping the telephone lines, he would hear only 'Indian language.' Alas, this brilliant scheme, tried in North Africa, did not work out because the genius in the War Department had not been aware that Sioux, Apache, Cherokee, and other Native American tribes speak different languages. I understood that at the time of the Normandy invasion and in the Japanese theatre of operations, Native Americans from one single nation (Navajo) were used quite successfully as communications personnel. The 'Germans' at Camp Ritchie, however, were veterans of the failed experiment in North Africa.

One of the first slogans I was told after entering the Army was "There are two ways of doing anything—the right way and the way the Army does it," a primitive early version of Murphy's Law. At Camp Ritchie things worked very smoothly and efficiently, but once in a while one was reminded of the slogan. In the camp PX one day I asked the sergeant who had served me a beer why he was at Camp Ritchie. "Because I was born in Berlin," he said.

"So why are you now a bar keeper in the PX?" I asked him.

“Because they discovered that it was Berlin, New Hampshire,” he replied. Perhaps he was pulling my leg; perhaps it was true.

Our training was demanding, physically as well as intellectually. We had to study the German order of battle, become familiar with German uniforms, were trained in the art of interpreting aerial photos, in Morse code, in reading German military maps, and in interrogation techniques. We received training in marksmanship, weapons maintenance, and scouting skills, such as finding our way through unknown rough terrain alone. The combination of challenges to the body and the mind was a marvelous experience. The week was a ten-day week. We worked or studied for nine days and had the tenth day off. That day was called Ban-Day, after the camp commandant, General Banfield.

In early June, my course was completed; I was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and few days later was a passenger on a troop ship bound for Liverpool. The ship, a former Swedish passenger liner, was part of a huge convoy around which small naval craft--I assume they were destroyers--circulated like sheep dogs around a flock. As officers, we had the use of the sun deck. The weather was beautiful. All I remember about the journey is sitting for many hours on the deck in bathing trunks, together with two other recent graduates of Camp Ritchie who had been commissioned—Lt. Cohn and Lt. Vogelstein. We played *Skat*, a German card game in which the bidding and other transactions are done in German. None of our fellow officers seemed to mind.

Incidentally, one among the group of the enlisted men slated for promotion did not receive it. He was an American-born man who, while a college student, had been associated with left-of-center organizations. McCarthyism, as it later came to be called, was ingrained in United States policy even then.