

HOLOCAUST TESTIMONY

OF

WERNER GLASS

Transcript of Audiotaped Interview

Interviewer: Marian Salkin
Date: April 7, 1992

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WG - Werner Glass [interviewee]

MS - Marian Salkin [interviewer]

Date: April 7, 1992

Tape one, side one:

MS: Mr. Glass, could you tell me something about your life in Germany before the Nazi era, including your birth date and place, residence, name, of course, education, religious affiliation, occupation or that of the family, experience, and any experience with the non-Jewish community?

WG: I was born in Berlin in 1927, and I lived there with my parents, Dr. George Glass, G-L-A-S-S, and his wife Anna. Her maiden name was Wolff, W-O-L-F-F. My father had been born in West Prussia and, after World War I, moved to Berlin. My mother had been born in the Rhineland and during the French occupation after World War I moved to Berlin. And this is where they met and got married. I had an older sister, Helga, H-E-L-G-A, who was born in 1924. We lived in Berlin where my father practiced as a pediatrician, and we lived there till 1933. We left very early right after Hitler came to power and the reason for this was that in the apartment house where we lived, the next door apartment was occupied by one of the Nazi leaders in that part of Berlin, Ignor Koern. And he hadn't paid his rent for quite a while, back in 1932, so the landlord had him evicted. And, as the apartment next to ours was empty, my father decided to move his office to that apartment and thus have it more convenient to him. And while it was being remodeled into an office, the Nazi leader--who was unhappy at having been dispossessed--broke in one night, with his boys, and smeared paint and swastikas all over the place, and hung, hanged a banner outside the window saying, "This Jewish swine has stolen my apartment." Of course, my father--being a good, law abiding citizen--said, "He can't do this to me," and promptly instituted a suit against him. When Hitler came to power in '33, the suit was still awaiting court appearance, and, of course, it was not a great idea to have a suit in against the local Nazi leader. So my father tried to get the suit dismissed, but German law being what it is, once you have filed a complaint, the complaint has to be carried forward. And at that point we thought it might be a good idea to get out, because the Nazi that was making all kinds of threats as what he would do to this Jewish doctor who had dared to sue him. So we decided to get out. At first my father wanted to go just to Holland, and said, "You know, how long can this last? After all, you know, it's just a phase." But my mother said, "We have to go as far away as possible. It's just gonna get worse." And as far away as possible, we decided on China because, for several reasons. One, it was one of the few places in the world where you did not need a visa or anything, and where you could practice medicine as soon as you got there. We found out about this because my father was the pediatrician to the children of the Chinese Ambassador in Berlin. And he said, "Why don't you go to Shanghai? There are many, many children, and many of them are sick, so you'll

have no problem getting patients." Well, Shanghai seemed far enough away, even for my mother, so we took off--my parents, my sister and myself and my governess, who we took along. She was not Jewish, but her brother was a well-known Communist, and she thought it also better for her to get out. Her brother had been arrested already, and so she thought she had better leave. So, we left by, we left in the summer of 1933, and at that time you could still take your property with you. And we took all kinds of things with us--furniture, a car, an x-ray machine, and God knows what else--by boat. Well, first by train to Genoa, and then by boat through the Suez Canal, around India, Malaya, the Philippines, and to Shanghai. The boat trip took 37 days.

MS: Do you remember the name of the ship that you took?

WG: The name was the motor ship *Fulda*, F-U-L-D-A, of the North German Lloyd Line. It was a, most of the passengers were missionaries on the way to save the heathen in Asia. And it stopped just about at every port you can imagine, which is why it took so long. But I remember very little of my life in Germany prior to that. I was six years old when we left. I went to school for a grand total of four months or so, and then we had the ocean voyage, of which I also remember very little, except for the fact that most people seemed to get sea sick except my sister and I. We were the only children on board, and we thought it strange nobody wanted to eat. Nobody wanted to do anything. And apparently children were pretty immune to this sort of stuff, and so we finally got to Shanghai. And again, we got off the boat, and there was no expectation of refugees coming or not coming. There was no interest particularly on anybody's part. People got off the boat, fine, they were off the boat. And, you know, they were on their own. There was, at the time, a sizable--actually two sizable Jewish communities--one, a Sephardic one, of Jews from Baghdad and Basra primarily, and one an Ashkenazic one of primarily Russian Jews. Neither side, neither one of these communities, expressed any particular interest in refugees from Europe. Of course, there were very few. Within the next six months or so there were a grand total of nine families that arrived, all for one reason or another. Of those, eight were doctors. So they formed a new Shanghai Doctors Association...

MS: That's great!

WG: ...and they could all practice medicine, of course, as soon as they got there, as there were no licensing requirements. In fact, you could also practice medicine if you didn't have an MD degree. If you just hung out a shingle, that was, it was a very free enterprise kind of town. You did what you wanted to do and nobody cared much one way or the other.

MS: Mr. Glass, since you arrived so early, you could live wherever you wanted to, right?

WG: Oh yes.

MS: Could you tell us where your family settled within Shanghai?

WG: Yes. In Shanghai we lived in what was known as the International Settlement at first. This was an area governed not by the Chinese, but governed by elected

council, consisting of nine members--five British, two American, and one usually Dutch or Swedish or Spanish or something else, and one, again, from some other country. These, the only people who could vote for this council were people who had what was known as extrality. That is, they were not subject to Chinese law. As part of the "unequal treaties" that obtained by gunboat diplomacy, various countries had effectively obtained diplomatic immunity for all their citizens. This included initially England, France, the U.S., Spain, Switzerland, and many other European countries, along with Russia and Germany. After WWI, Germany was deprived of extra territoriality, or extrality, so people with German passports, which we had at the time, went, did not have extrality and could not vote. Russians, the Soviet Union had given it up voluntarily at a time when Chiang Kai-shek was still a Communist, back in the early '20's. So Russians did not have extrality. But most other, what were known as foreigners, or whites, had extra terri--eh, extrality. And the Japanese had the same rights. So the only ones who could vote for the council were a very small group of people. Most, the Chinese, could not vote. And most of the whites, most of the foreigners who were German or Russian, primarily Russian, could not vote. But this International Settlement was run by what was known as the Shanghai Municipal Council, and not at all subject to Chinese law, except for people who had no extrality, who were naturally subject to Chinese law. We lived in an apartment house, which most people lived in who were not very wealthy. The very wealthy lived in individual homes, but these were few and far between. But most people lived in apartment houses, either in small two story houses, which were sort of row houses, or they lived in high rises. We lived in a high rise. And we lived there from 1933 till 1937, when we moved--this first high rise known as Dennis Apartments--we then moved into a newly opened high rise, which was nicer, the Metost [phonetic] Apartments. Both of these were on the street called Bubbling Well Road, which was a mix of residential and light commercial shopping activity. We lived in this apartment, and my father had his office in the apartment, so it was not as spacious as it had been in Berlin, but it was a very nice apartment, and we lived there. In addition we had, there were, it was a five-room apartment plus two servants' rooms. The servants, because everyone had servants, they were very cheap and reasonable, and, in fact, if you didn't have servants you found you couldn't get any delivery of anything, because, of course, the servants got a cut of everything. The way it worked was that you hired one servant, called the Number One Boy. And he was in charge, and he hired as many of his relatives as he could afford to feed, because the more people he had working for him, the bigger his face was.

MS: Was he responsible, you say, like, for feeding?

WG: He did, he was responsible for maintaining the household. He himself would do as little as possible, because it was beneath his dignity to do very much. He would wait on table, and that was about it, and sometimes cook. But his wife would do the cleaning, and his, he, every Chinese Number One Boy had an infinite number of nephews, nieces, and assorted relatives who would do other things. And so we had anywhere from

three to six servants, depending on his own needs. These servants lived in the servants' quarters. Each apartment house, major apartment house, had a separate wing for servants, with their own elevator, their own toilet facilities, and the like. Our Number One Boy was very entrepreneurial, and his family did not live in the servants' quarters. Instead he ran a gambling casino out of his quarters. As I said, Shanghai was a free enterprise zone. If you wanted to run a gambling casino, fine. We occasionally got complaints from the management because it got too noisy. We had to tell them to stop this nonsense and calm it down a bit. In fact, almost none of the servants lived in the servants' quarters.

MS: Within your family apartment. Within...

WG: With, any of the apartments...

MS: Oh, I see.

WG: Because, the quarters were--they considered them too luxurious, and they would rent them out. Most of them would rent them out to others for pay, and they themselves would sleep in the kitchen, or wherever, or in the garage. The apartment also came with a garage, and one of the servants was a chauffeur, because no foreigner would dare drive in Shanghai, because if you hit someone, you were responsible for all that, not only their injuries, but their family, and God forbid you should kill them, then you were responsible for their family for life. And, whereas, if you had a chauffeur and he hit someone, they'd never bother suing him, because what could they collect from him anyway? So, we had the car and the garage and the chauffeur. The house servants worked full-time, which meant they were on call 24 hours a day. The chauffeur worked only half-time, from 7 in the morning till 7 at night, seven days a week. [tape off then on] The whole mess of servants, which was paid in one lump sum to the Number One Boy, came to maybe the equivalent of three or four dollars U.S. a month, but, of course, he got commissions on things that were bought. He got all kinds of things. God knows how much he stole from the kitchen, from the food supply, but it still did not amount to very much. And, the life in general, once my father's practice was established, was pretty good. When I first got there, my parents, of course, were worried that here I'd been out of school for three or four months, and so they put me in what was the Kaiser Wilhelm Schule, which was run by the German community, and was at that time a hotbed of anti-Nazi activity. These were old-line Germans who had been there for many years, and felt it was terrible that this Austrian paperhanger had taken over Germany. This didn't last very long.

MS: Did their sentiments change?

WG: I don't know if their sentiments changed, but the German Consulate changed, and the message was soon out, and when they introduced a *Heil* Hitler salute in the morning, I left, because that's not what we had come to Shanghai for. And by--this happened after we'd been in town for almost six months, which was very fortunate, because I could, once we'd been there for six months, I could go to the, a school run by the Shanghai Municipal Council, which was an English language school run along English lines. It was not a public school in the British sense of being a boarding school, nor was it a public

school in the American sense of being a free school. It was a school that was open to "residents of Shanghai", where residents meant you had been there for six months, and if you were willing to pay, too, a sizable tuition. So my sister and I both went to the local "municipal school." Of course, they had separate schools for boys and for girls, which were next to each other, but separate and far from equal. The only people who were eligible to go to this school, whether they paid tuition or not, were non-Chinese. Chinese were not admitted. There were municipal schools for Chinese, also non-compulsory, also charging tuition, where the language of instruction was Chinese. In the other municipal schools, the language of instruction was English. So, I went through this school, and picked up English, which, of course, up to this point I hadn't known, but when you are six years old, you learn it very rapidly, and I went through the municipal school, both grade and high school, as did my sister. Life was very uneventful until 1937. In 1937 war broke out. The Japanese attacked the Chinese, surrounding the International Settlement, and in part of the International Settlement--that part north of the Soochow Creek known as Hongkew. There was fighting for, from August 13, '37, till about December 1st, during which time we had no school, and we watched the bombing and the fires and the casualties. Most of the casualties south of the Creek were caused by anti-aircraft shells falling back onto the town, and by bombs that the Chinese air force missed when they tried to hit the Japanese battleship in the harbor. They managed to hit a Chinese refugee camp, because the town was crowded with Chinese refugees from the surrounding countryside, and they hit several hotels and a bank, but they never did hit the Japanese battleship. But after December, the Chinese forces withdrew to the interior. The Japanese occupied the surrounding territory of the settlement, and the settlement north of the Creek, that is Hongkew. The rest of the town within the Settlement, and the French Concession, which was next door to the Settlement, suffered very little, really, during this 1937 incident, as it was called. School started up again and everything went along much as usual for us, till early in 1938 when our passport was up for renewal. My father applied to the German Consulate to get his passport renewed. It had been a five-year passport. And they told him that before they could renew it, he had to pay back taxes that were due in Germany. And he said, "That's impossible. You know you can't leave Germany owing taxes." And they said, "Well, we have a record here that you owe taxes." And my father asked, "How much?" Because he realized this was just a shakedown. And they said, "Well, we don't know the amount, just sign here that you'll pay the back taxes, whatever they are, and then you can have your passport." My father says there's no way he could sign a blank check, so from that time on we were stateless. We did not have a passport, which again, initially was not much of a drag.

MS: I was going to ask how did that affect your standing, your dad's standing?

WG: Nobody really cared. It only meant that travel out of Shanghai became practically impossible, not totally, but practically impossible. But then again, where would we have gone anyway? My father was well-established by this time. He had a thriving

practice. My sister and I were going to school. Everything was just fine. Our governess had finally left us to get married and remained in Shanghai. And oddly enough, she married the official photographer for the Nazi party in Shanghai, and their wedding took place at the German Evangelical Church, and it was paid for and the reception was paid for by my parents [chuckles] *in loco parentis*, which was the one and only time I was in the German Evangelical Church, which had, amongst other things, Nazi banners displayed and the like.

MS: That had to have been rather uncomfortable for your family, I would think, at that time.

WG: It was uncomfortable, but, eh...

MS: But...

WG: This gal had been with us for quite a few years and she had no one else and she was getting married, and, so...

MS: So be it.

WG: So be it. So, and then, that was early in '38. Meanwhile in Europe, of course, things had been getting worse. My father had written to his brothers and his sister and our mother's parents, "Come on out. Get out of there. Come to Shanghai. You can have a life here. You can make a living." But, of course, they said, "Well, it's just a phase. It's not gonna get any worse." By 1938, they were beginning to think maybe it would get worse, and my father's sister and her husband and my mother's parents both decided to come to Shanghai, whereas my father's brothers and my mother's sister and their spouses decided not to come, that they would wait it out. My uncle and aunt and my grandparents arrived in Shanghai late in '38, but both of them missed *Kristallnacht*. By the time they came, significant numbers of other German and Austrian Jews started to arrive in Shanghai, and housing was very tight, so what we did is we threw our number one boy and his gambling casino out of the servants' quarters, and put up my grandparents and my aunt and uncle in the rooms there instead, which was not the greatest of things, but there simply was no housing available. Gradually, housing became available in what had been Hongkew, which had been largely bombed out during the 1937 war. It was now being reconstructed and by 193--eh, by 1940, early in 1940, my aunt and uncle and my grandparents moved to Hongkew to their own quarters there. And in 1940 I was Bar Mitzvah. Let me talk a little bit about religious upbringing in Shanghai.

MS: Very good. I wanted to ask you that question. I'm glad you got to it. That's great.

WG: When we first got to Shanghai, as I said, there were two Jewish communities, the Sephardic one and the Russian one. The Russian community was quite, not only unaccepting of German Jews, but significantly opposed to them, antipathic, I suppose. Whether this was in revenge for the treatment of Russian Jews by German Jews in Germany earlier on, I don't know, but there was no particular desire to integrate with the German Jews. The Sephardic community, on the other hand, was far more accepting, although naturally customs were very different. But the social contacts were much more

with the Sephardic than the Russian community. And my parents said, well, it's time I went to Hebrew school. And I lasted exactly two weeks, because, of course, in the Sephardic community--when I went there I was six-and-a-half years old, almost seven--and the other seven-year-old boys naturally knew the daily prayers by heart, could read Hebrew fluently, and were busy discussing special prayers for the holidays and so on. I sat there like a good German Jewish boy. I knew the *Shema* and that was about it. And I could probably make the *Motzi*, and the teacher, the *Hacham*, thought that I was a disruptive influence, which I probably was, as I didn't know anything and was not very good at sitting quietly and absorbing nothing. So my parents took me out of there. And my religious education became very spotty until about 1939. By then I was 12 years old. My Bar Mitzvah was approaching, but, of course, by this time there was a very significant number of German and Austrian Jews in Shanghai who had come there from '38 on. And in fact my father was the first President of the *Jüdische Gemeinde* [Jewish community].

Tape one, side two:

MS: We will continue at this point.

WG: By 1939, as I've said, there was a sizable number of German and Austrian Jews in Shanghai who had formed the *Jüdische Gemeinde*, a community of central European Jews. My father was the first president. His main function was to make up the deficit, as he was not really an organizational type. But it was actually founded, the organizing part was by Jacob Steinhart, and this community was, had been set up, and a lot of activity occurred in the housing, feeding, and medical, and other care for the large number of refugees that were beginning to come to Shanghai and who, at that time, were allowed to leave Germany with only ten marks in their pocket. So that a lot had to be done, and a lot was done.

MS: Finish your statement.

WG: Yes. And also, of course, by this time, the Joint, that is the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, had become active in Shanghai. The Sephardic community was very forthcoming and, as they included very many very wealthy people, they soon came and took over the deficit reduction function from my father, and in fact they provided an enormous amount of help. They founded a school. They set up a hospital. It was known as the Kadoorie School, for the Kadoorie family. They set up a hospital. They provided a lot of the funds for the soup kitchens, for the meals, for--they provided--they bought the houses that were converted into *Heime*, the homes, where many of the refugees were put up. And in general the Sephardic community, along with the Joint, with some minor contributions by the Russian Jewish community, eh...

MS: The Russian Jewish community was not that forthcoming?

WG: Not nearly as much as the Sephardic. The Sephardic community was very forthcoming. The Russian community was somewhat forthcoming. They were more forthcoming when Polish Jews started to come in. And then they started to open the purse strings a little wider, because apparently they felt more at ease helping the Polish community. And this *Jüdische Gemeinde* was organized on very Germanic lines. It covered all kinds of governmental activity, from housing allocations to food allocations, to a polyclinic, to schools, and also what was called, *Kultus*, that is the religious life. There was a *Kultus Dezernat* [Religious Department] along with other commissioners, if you will. The rabbis and cantors were all employed by the community and were rotated between congregations. There were many prayer areas set up. The one we went to was within the Sephardic synagogue, the Sephardim--being sensible people and living in a subtropic area like Shanghai--had their Shabbat services usually from 7:00-9:00 in the morning, when it wasn't too hot. And, of course, we had services from 9:30 to 12:00, when it was hot as the dickens. But the Sephardim made their synagogue available for High Holy Days and the like. What was usually done was, movie theaters were rented and the services were held in them, because the congregations were much larger, obviously, at those times. And the

Jüdische Gemeinde held services in various degrees of Orthodoxy or Conservatism and the like. They, the rabbis, were rotated around and in good Germanic fashion, of course they had ranks. There was *Rabbiner*. There were *Oberrabbiner* [Chief Rabbis]. There were *Gemeinderabbiner* [Congregational Rabbis]. There were Cantors. There were *Obercantors* [Chief Cantors]. There were *Gemeinde* Cantors [Congregational Cantors]. And it became very important that not one of these praying locations got only the top level ones, not the low level ones. It was a bureaucracy hard to imagine--but it worked. And the, one of the cantors, not an *Obercantor* but just a plain cantor, was engaged to tutor me. As I am totally tone deaf and cannot carry a tune for the life of me, he was very worried that, God forbid, I should display my lack of talent in public and people would know he had tutored it. And so I managed, I was told that I had to, and I did. I read my *Haftorah*. I read my *Maftir*. No lightning struck, and we--I had my Bar Mitzvah, of course, in the Sephardic synagogue--at, but not at a Sephardic service. It was a good German Jewish service. Naturally, in the Sephardic synagogue, the women sat upstairs and the men downstairs, but that didn't strike me as strange, or anyone else, because that was the way it was. After the service, everybody came back to our apartment and we had sandwiches and sponge cake, and the whole thing lasted maybe an hour or so, and that was that. And I got my usual set of fountain pens and books and other good things as presents.

MS: And, Mr. Glass, can I ask you about your family's associations with other peoples in the community? Obviously they had a large circle of friends by this time.

WG: Well...

MS: Jews and non-Jews.

WG: Actually, there was extremely limited social contact out--with non-Jews. There was very limited social contact outside of German Jews. Some Sephardic Jews. Most of their contacts were with other German Jews, most of them ones not living in Hongkew, but living in the International Settlement or in the French Concession. So, by this time there were maybe 20 families or so living outside of Hongkew--German Jews--but there was social, significant amount of social interaction with. Plus, of course, we had relatives. In addition to my aunt and uncle and my grandparents, some cousins of my father and cousins of my mother had come to Shanghai, all of whom lived in Hongkew and whom we saw once or twice a month. But, as far as more frequent social contact, this was usually primarily with the other doctors of the New Shanghai Doctors Association, and with a few families who had also come more or less at the time we had come and were very well established. The, as far as the kids were concerned, there was relatively little socializing outside of school. The only socializing was in the Boy Scouts or Girl Guides that my sister was in, or the Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts, that I was in. And there wasn't this continual socializing of the children. Children were seen and not heard. They came home from school, school lasted till 4:00. If you came home, it was 4:30, you had tea, then you did your homework, then you had your supper, and then you went to bed. And that was your life, and it went on like that. So, I don't say that, the socializing that I did was in school or

in the Scouts, and very little outside of that. The Scouts, I belonged to a Jewish Troop, the Fifth Jewish Troop of Boy Scouts. I had first belonged to the Third Pack of Wolf Cubs, or Cub Scouts, which was not affiliated with anybody or anything. But then I went to the Fifth Troop, which was a Jewish Troop. And the main difference between the Jewish Troop and the other Troops was that we did not meet on Saturday, we met on Sunday. But, and we had the usual things that a city Scout Troop does, there was great difficulty finding places to hike. So we would hike around the town. And we, there was a campground that was run by the Boy Scouts Association, which was slightly out of town. It was almost a mile away, and in the midst of rice paddies and the like. And we would camp out there, cheek by jowl, usually with lots of other tents and other Boy Scouts. The, all these Boy Scouts of course were non-Chinese. The Chinese had their own scouting association, and there was zero interaction among them, between the two.

MS: I was going to ask if any...

WG: And socially, the only Chinese that we socialized with were Chinese who the Chinese would not socialize with, i.e., mixed marriages. There was a Dr. Whong, who had married a German gal, when he was in med school in Germany. And they were fairly well ostracized by the Chinese community. And so they were more, they were accepted by this small group of German Jewish doctors. Although Mrs. Whong was not Jewish, she fit in very nicely, as she had had a rather miserable life as a white wife of a Chinese...

MS: I would imagine.

WG: ...which was looked down upon both by the whites and by the Chinese. And her children, of course, being what were known as half-cast, had an even tougher time. Mixed bloods were looked on with disfavor, and this was part, of course, of the English heritage of Shanghai. That it simply wasn't done. And there were many things that weren't done--one of them was marrying a Chinese. Of course, people did it, but then they found life very difficult in most circles. The main focus of our social activity in Shanghai were--of the whites, the non-refugees, the ones who were in the International Settlement, and not in Hongkew--was usually centered around clubs. And, as a matter of professional necessity, my father was a member of many clubs. He was a member of the International Recreation Club which ran the race track, and of the Shanghai Jewish Club, and of the Club Lutzitano, which was a Portuguese Club, and of the *Sepals Port* [phonetic] *Français*, which was the French Club. A club that he couldn't--two clubs he could not join--one was the Shanghai American Club, which did not admit Jews, which was known as the Country Club, and the Shanghai Club, which admitted only English--not British--if you were Scottish or Welsh or Irish, or Canadian, or, God help us, Australian--you could not join the Shanghai Club. It was for English only. So, the Shanghai Club was out, and the Country Club was out, but all the other clubs that were around, my father joined, and the activities centered around those clubs, and, oh, he also joined the Russian Club, which was run by the Soviet community. And we had a pretty good time. Everything went very well until Pearl Harbor.

MS: Yes. This is interesting. How did life change for you then?

WG: And Pearl Harbor, let me go back a bit just before Pearl Harbor. Everybody in Shanghai knew war was coming. That was absolutely self-evident from the actions of the Japanese and their statements. It was so well-known that the major banks, the Chase Bank, the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank, the Chartered Bank, asked, in November of 1941, asked their depositors kindly to remove their deposits, because, they sent a note around saying, "In the event of hostilities, we cannot be responsible for the safety of the deposit." And, when banks ask you to withdraw your money, you know it is for real.

MS: I see [chuckles].

WG: And, also it was known, we thought, by all the governments concerned. The U.S. pulled out their 4th Marines which had been stationed in Shanghai. The British pulled out their Seaport Highlanders, and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. So that we--the 4th Marines--withdrew to the safety of Corregidor, the Seaport Highlanders and the Welsh Fusiliers to the safety of Singapore. Everybody knew war was coming. We all thought it would be over in about a week or two, because here were the Japanese--they couldn't even take out the Chinese Nationalist Army which was considered a joke and totally incompetent. They'd been fighting them for four years without winning, and we felt, "If they can't take out the Chinese Nationalists, my God, they're crazy, they're gonna attack the U.S. and Britain? And, they'll last just about a week." Well, came Pearl Harbor, and, of course, on our side of the date line in Shanghai it was December 8th, not December 7th. It was a Monday morning. And we heard on the radio what was happening. And Japanese troops occupied the rest of the Settlement. They had already occupied, of course, all the surrounding areas. They did this not at all the way it was shown in *Empire of the Sun*, which is a completely incorrect version. They did it by the simple expedient of making a phone call to the Shanghai Municipal Council and saying, "We are taking over." And the Municipal Council said, "Go ahead. What can we do about it?" So, they just walked in. I went to school. School was on as normal. And we had classes, and we all thought, "Well, it will be over in a day or in a week or so." Then the Japanese broadcast the results of their attack on Pearl Harbor and we said, "They are absolutely lying. There's no way in the world they could have sunk the entire U.S. fleet. There is no way in the world the U.S. fleet would have been there, because the U.S. knew, obviously, that war was coming. Why else did they withdraw their Marines from Shanghai? Obviously the British knew war was coming. Why else did they remove their troops and ask us to remove bank deposits? The Japanese are just lying. It'll be over in a week or two." Well, in a week or two, we found out that the Japanese had been telling the truth. They had sunk the U.S. fleet. They had sunk the British fleet. They had occupied all kinds of places and we thought, "My gosh! This is very odd." The Japanese, of course, also thought the war would be over very quickly. They had no intention of occupying the United States or Britain or Holland or anything like that. They thought it was just a colonial war, like all the other colonial wars, like World War I, where, at the end of the war the colonies changed hands. They thought

they would take over British and American colonies in Asia. They'd take over the Philippines and Malaysia and Hong Kong, and the Dutch colonies, Indonesia, and then they'd sign a peace treaty and everything would be fine. They would have the colonies instead of the, eh, what they called the ABC power, ABCD powers--America, Britain, China, and the Dutch. They, because they felt the war would be over very shortly, they did absolutely nothing about the British and American nationals in Shanghai, or the Dutch or other so-called enemies. After a few weeks, they said, "Well, they had better turn in their short-wave radios." In fact, they collected short-wave radios from everyone. You were not allowed to listen to short-wave radio anymore. Then they had all the, what they called, major enemies, that is, the British, the Americans, and the Dutch, had to wear red armbands to show they were enemies. Their minor enemies, counter--nationals of countries that had declared war on Japan but that Japan didn't take seriously, some South American countries and various minor European countries, they had to wear pink armbands. But that was it.

MS: How were you affected, being a stateless person at that time?

WG: Totally unaffected, at that time. They did absolutely nothing about anybody, other than provide red and pink armbands. Life went on exactly as usual. The teachers in the school now wore red armbands, and some of the students wore red armbands, or pink armbands, and nobody paid much attention to any of it. In fact, it would take them almost a year before they realized that the war was not over, that America and Britain would continue to fight. And then they interned the British and the Americans. All the people with red armbands were interned, unless you had enough money to stay out, which some did.

MS: You could buy your way out?

WG: You could if you were very well to do. You bought your way out by becoming sick and being interned in a hospital. Like, one of the major Sephardic big wheels, Sir Ellis Kadoorie, spent the entire war wearing his arm in a sling at the Country Hospital in a private suite. But, nobody knew exactly how much that cost him, but it was assumed that it cost him plenty. The others, who were not that fortunate or wealthy, were interned. Americans were quickly exchanged for Japanese interned in the U.S., and very few Americans remained interned. They were exchanged at Lorenz Market as they were taken out on a Portuguese ship, shipped to Portuguese Africa, where they were exchanged for Japanese. The British had no one to trade. They had very few Japanese interned in England, so they stayed interned and suffered considerably over time. They were allowed to receive food packages, and my parents did send food packages to some of my teachers from high school who had been interned.

MS: What did internment mean, actually?

WG: They were in a camp, under miserable conditions. It was basically a prisoner of war camp. It was not an extermination camp. It was not a hard labor camp. It was a prisoner of war camp.

MS: Within the Shanghai area?

WG: Within the Shanghai, well, on the outskirts of Shanghai, near the airport, not in the actual citified part, but just outside, in barracks, barrack-type environment. And miserable rations, miserable medical care. It was a standard prisoner of war camp. The food was usually no better or no worse than Japanese troops rations, which were not very good. Medical care was no better, and probably worse. And they stayed there. It was unpleasant and difficult, but not terribly life-threatening, unless you got sick, in which case medical care was minimal, and you, they did not have a high survival rate once you got sick. But, if you didn't get sick, you were O.K.

MS: Were they aided by any organizations, like Red Cross?

WG: They had, they got some supplies in from the Red Cross, through the Swiss Consulate, and they, I don't know the exact survival rate, but it was put very high, compared to--there were no death marches, there were no--it was just very unpleasant. Especially as most of the English and American citizens who were there had been used to a rather charmed life, with diplomatic immunity effectively, were well-to-do, lots of servants, and here they were reduced to a very miserable, mass existence. But there was not, it wasn't a matter of basic, you know, "Will we make it or not?" Everyone expected that they would make it, and most of them made it. It wasn't--now, as far as the Jews were concerned, the German government started to put pressure on the Japanese to do something about the roughly 20,000 Jews in Shanghai. And the Japanese were in a bind because of these different kinds of Jews that were there. The Jews that had Iraqi passports, they did not want to do anything to. The Iraqis had Swiss Consulate protection. They were enemies. Some of them were interned, some of them were not. But they received supplies through the Swiss Consulate, and the Japanese did not want to irritate the Swiss, because the Swiss were a source of hard currency for them, and so they did nothing about, they did not want to do anything about Iraqi Jews. The Russian Jews were a different problem. Many of them had Soviet papers, and the Japanese were scared to death of the Soviets, because they knew the Soviet army could march into Manchuria any time, Mannish--or, what they called Manchoukuo. And Manchoukuo was the main basis of their heavy industry--all their iron production, steel production, coal production came from Manchoukuo. So they bent over backwards being nice to the Soviets. So they certainly weren't going to do anything to Soviet Jews. Many of the Russian Jews had no papers, were stateless, but so were some 10,000 non-Jewish Russians, White Russians, in Shanghai, Czarist Russians who were avidly pro-Axis, because they were anti-Soviet, they were pro-German and pro-Japanese. In fact, the Japanese used the Russian regiment, a regiment of White Russians, that had been part of the Shanghai Volunteer Corp which were, had been part of the military force, so-called, of the Shanghai Municipal Council. And the Russian regiment was used by the Japanese as part of the police force to maintain order and discipline. And they certainly weren't going to do anything against stateless Russians, or, of Russian origin. So here they had stateless people who they were in cahoots with, the White Russians. They had Soviet Jews that they didn't want to irritate. Then they had a whole bunch of Jews living in

Hongkew who were stateless, and who were primarily of German and Austrian origin, or of Polish origin. And they were fair game. Now, they did not, when they set--when the Japanese set up a ghetto in Hongkew, in a very small part of Hongkew actually, they did not set it up for Jews. They set it up for what they called, "stateless refugees." And the difference between being a stateless immigrant and a stateless refugee was the day you showed up, the date at which you showed up in Shanghai. If you showed up before 1937, that is, before the Japanese invasion of the outskirts of Shanghai, you were an immigrant. Thus, all the White Russians, all the Russian regiment, and all the Russian Jews who were stateless, and those ten families or so--of which my parents were one--who were stateless, they were stateless immigrants and they were not subject to the ghetto. Anyone who was stateless who arrived after 1937 had to move into the ghetto, whether you were Jewish or not. So there were quite a few non-Jewish stateless people, who had arrived in Shanghai after 1937, who had to move into the ghetto. So it, officially, it was not based on being Jewish, but being a stateless refugee. And, of course, 98 or 99% of the people who were forced to move into the ghetto were Jewish. Now my grandparents and my aunt and uncle had already lived in the area that was designated as a ghetto, so they didn't have to move. However, other Jewish refugees had to move in to this ghetto, which was a small, small area. And housing being what, was very tight, space was allocated by the *Jüdische Gemeinde*, and they had to share facilities and have people move in with them, and...

Tape two, side one:

WG: Life in the ghetto was very difficult, especially from an economic point of view. Not only was it very crowded there, but you can't live by taking in each other's washing. You have to have some commercial activity. There was a lot of cultural activity, which is not very productive of export oriented goods, export from the ghetto. But, and it was very difficult to receive a pass to leave the ghetto, either for a few hours, or for a week or so. It could be done at the whim of the Japanese, who ran the ghetto, but it was difficult. So, in fact, in all of Shanghai, during the war, after Pearl Harbor, there was a major depression because Shanghai is a trading town. It depends on stuff coming in and going out, and there wasn't anything coming in or going out, because there was no shipping. U.S. submarines would torpedo shipping trying to get to Shanghai, and so there wasn't anything coming in, and of course if nothing came in, nothing went out. There was fighting in the interior, so there was nothing coming in or out of the hinterland. And it was a rather messy time economically, for everyone, but especially in the ghetto. And even outside the ghetto it was pretty bad economically. My father was very busy because people were sick, as always, but no one had any money to pay. So, it was sort of tough, but not that bad. Now, gradually, as the war went on, things got tougher and tougher economically. Food supplies got scarcer and scarcer. Meat supply effectively dried up, except for the day, or the week after the Japanese closed the Canadrome, which was a dog racing establishment, and suddenly hamburger was for sale, which very few people chose to buy, because one could figure why suddenly there was hamburger for sale. Chickens could be had on occasion. Eggs were available from surrounding farms. Beef, of course, was non-existent. What was passed for beef was usually water buffalo that had died of old age and hard work, and even that was hard to come by. Rice was usually available and bread was usually available. Prices were high, but you could live. Milk, nobody drank anyway, because the cows all had T.B. So, you were used to that anyway. So dairy foods were sort of out, and you lived basically on veggies and pasta of various kinds and you could make it, more or less. It was not the healthiest of diets, but people, very few whites, if any, died of malnutrition. The Chinese, of course, many of them died of malnutrition. There is no such thing, or was no such thing as any organized charity for the Chinese, other than what was known as the Blue Cross Society. The Blue Cross Society was the group that picked up dead bodies off the streets and buried them. And whether this was in honor of the dead or to protect the living, I think it was more of the latter. But certainly there were no such thing as social services for the Chinese community. The Chinese situation was that a family took care of its own, and if you didn't have any family, that was your tough luck. And of course as Shanghai was very crowded with refugees from the fighting in the countryside, a lot of them had no family, and that was their misfortune. The--so, depending on the weather, when it got cold more people died. When it got warm, fewer people died, until there was an outbreak of cholera or small pox and the like, and then more people died. But they would publish the

Blue Cross number in the papers every day, and it usually was a three digit number, anywhere from 100 to 600, and when times got bad, really bad in an epidemic, it would go up to maybe 2,000 or so. And this was the number of corpses that the Blue Cross had picked up that day. Now, out of six million, you'll hardly miss them. If you walked along the street and there happened to be a corpse there, you just stepped over it and ignored it, and kept walking, trying, being very careful not to step on it, because not out of respect for the dead so much as fear of being infected.

MS: I was going to ask, was there a probability or scare of epidemics?

WG: Oh yeah, yeah, you were, you know, you took precautions, but you always did in China. I mean, no one in his right mind would eat anything that had not been washed in potassium permanganate solution. And you certainly didn't eat raw vegetables. You certainly peeled your tomatoes and peeled your apples. You boiled everything. You wouldn't drink the water. You boiled, I mean, that was just normal life there before the war, after the war, at all times in China. The water supply was contaminated. There were some 200,000 Chinese living on Sampans, on little boats in the river, using the river, which was also the water supply, as toilet...

MS: Toilet.

WG: ...and bathroom, and laundry facilities, or, eh, but that was normal. That was China, and people--that didn't bother anybody. I mean, it might bother you the first week you were there, the first month, but it certainly never bothered me because I grew up with it. In fact, as an aside, my wife and I went to China on a visit in 1981, and she and I were, I think, the only ones on our tour who did not get the runs. But that's because I told my wife how one should eat in China, whether it's in 1938 or in 1981. One doesn't drink the water. One doesn't eat raw vegetables, even if the salads look inviting, because most of the fertilizer is night soil [human waste]. And you don't do that. You boil and you disinfect everything in sight. So, if you took these precautions, you were O.K. Of course, the people living on the river, the people living in the streets--there were a large number of street people--they couldn't take these precautions and they got sick and a lot of them died. But again, nobody really gave a darn. It just was not anybody's concern. It was their family's concern. If their family didn't take care of them, tough. Communal responsibility simply did not exist as a concept amongst the Chinese in Shanghai. Whether it existed in a village somewhere in the interior, I don't know. But in the cities it did not exist, and there were no formal organizations to take care of it.

MS: It's almost unbelievable.

WG: It's free enterprise. Very low taxes that way. [chuckles]

MS: Another way of looking at it, yes.

WG: You know, that's what you want, that's what you get, you know. The, and life for us outside the ghetto got to be difficult economically until 1942. In 1942, the, after the ghetto was established, about three months thereafter, Japanese Vice Admiral decided he liked the apartment we lived in and gave us three days to get out--which was very nice

of him, he could have given us three hours. But he told us in three days he would occupy the apartment. So we had to move. My father moved his practice in with another doctor in another apartment in a different building, and we looked for a place to live. Now, times were, there just were no places to live that one might want, so you had to take what you could get. What we got was a room in what was officially a licensed private hotel, which was a polite way of saying a brothel.

MS: [chuckles]

WG: One of the girls hadn't paid her rent, and the landlord had her evicted, and we took over her room. So the four of us moved into this room in the Beverly House, and like all the rooms in the Beverly House, it had its own bathroom, which the girls wanted, but of course no kitchen. So you cooked on a little pot bellied stove, or on a hibachi. And we moved into that. And, it was a very strange private hotel, because most of these brothels were either full of white girls or Chinese girls. This one had both. It was segregated. It was a three-story building. The top floor, all the rooms were occupied by white girls, primarily White Russians. The bottom floor was all occupied by Chinese girls, and the middle floor turned out to become "the respectable floor", all occupied by people who'd been thrown out of their apartments by various Japanese officials.

MS: So that was your status.

WG: Our status. We lived on the middle floor, and along there there was a professor from the University, and a, an official Belgian, French official of the customs service, and people who had been thrown out of their apartments. And also living there was a semi-respectable couple, who was one of the Sephardic gals, who was also in the business, but she was a really good looking, so oddly enough she got married, and they lived there too. Her sisters were still in the business, but in different houses. The--and we lived in this one room till I left Shanghai many years later. During the war the Japanese collected all the radiators, all the hot water pipes for scrap metal, so nobody had any heat, except what you could burn, so we burned.

MS: Sure.

WG: Well, we burned furniture. We burned whatever there was. You got coal balls. Coal balls were local inventions. Over the years coal had been shipped into Shanghai for the power plant and, in being shipped in, some of the coal dust and so on would settle on the bottom of the river, at the, there's a, where they unloaded the coal barges. And now divers would go down and dig up this mud, which had coal dust in it, and make brickettes out of it. And they were about 50% mud, 50% coal dust. And that's what you would burn and cook with and heat with. If you ran out of furniture or if you couldn't buy fuel, which, you could also buy rice straw, but that didn't burn very long. So, mostly what was done during the war--of course Shanghai doesn't get very cold, it's about like Savannah, Georgia--it gets down to freezing or a little below for maybe a week or so, but even 40 degrees can be very cold when you have no heat. So what was used a lot was what was known as internal heating, i.e., vodka. It was very popular, and you wore lots of clothes. You wore

as much clothing as you could stand in the winter, and as little as you could stand in the summer. And you'd be surprised how well that system works. And we lived in the Beverly House and, during the war of course everywhere, including outside the ghetto, power was scarce, because the power company, which was owned by Sephardic Jews, which had been taken over by the Japanese, they didn't have much fuel, and so electricity was on for only a few hours a day and you were rationed to roughly ten kilowatt hours a month or less, which meant that you didn't--even if the electricity was on, you couldn't run very much. The hot water was non-existent, because all the hot water pipes had been taken away, so you bought your hot water at a hot water shop.

MS: Oh, dear.

WG: And a coolie would bring up a bucket or two. It was usually, if you could afford it, four buckets at a time. And then, you would take a bath, all of you, one after the other, and there was, it's usually in the family some squabbling about who got the bath water first. And you were afforded this luxury once every two or three weeks.

MS: Oh, dear.

WG: Which, it turns out, is quite ample.

MS: [chuckles]

WG: [laughing] Nobody died. Perfume was available.

MS: [laughing]

WG: And, it works. It works. And whether you did it every two or three weeks or every four weeks, and sometimes maybe every week if it was your birthday, but, you managed. And in general life went on, with constraints. I had graduated from high school. I had gone to college.

MS: In...

WG: In Shanghai. I first went to the Lester Institute of Technical Education, where, which was closed down when they interned all the British professors. I then went to East Asia Technical College, which was housed in the same building, and, but was officially run by the Japanese. But all the professors--the language of instruction was English--and all the professors were so-called neutral: Swiss, Swedish, Portuguese, Turkish, whatever they could, and also of course some Jewish refugees who were hired to teach there. It was located within the ghetto area, so there was no problem in that respect. That went on till 1942, in June, no, till 1942--till 1944, till 19--in June of '44, the Japanese expelled all non-Asiatics from the East Asia Technical College and fired all the non-Asiatic staff. I then went to a French university, which was run by Jesuit fathers, Aurora University, and they were allowed to operate because, of course, all the French in Shanghai had become very pro-Vichy, and were pro-Axis and pro-Japanese. And so the Jesuit College, University, was allowed to operate. And I went to that from 1944 till I left Shanghai in '47. The French Vichy thing had an odd effect on us. When the war first broke out in Europe, in 1939, my father received a letter asking him not to appear at the French Club, saying Germans were unwelcome until the end of the war. My father wrote them a

letter saying that he was not German. He had no German nationality. And he was certainly as opposed to the German government--the Nazi government--as any of the French. They then rescinded the letter and said, "Oh, we're sorry. Please be very welcome." Until the Vichy government took over in 1940 and they sent a letter asking all Jews to stay away. This one, we lived with, and no Jews went there--at least we didn't--until the war was over. When the war was over, we rejoined the French Club, and of course the administration changed from being pro-Vichy to being very pro-deGaullist. The French troops--which had not been withdrawn from Shanghai prior to Pearl Harbor because of course they had already become pro-Vichy--were now stuck, and it was very embarrassing. Because here they were all collaborationists. So the Colonel in charge, and the two Majors of the regiment--they had a French regiment there--all committed suicide.

MS: Oh!

WG: But they did it the correct French military manner. That is, they shot themselves and missed slightly, so they lived long enough to get absolution, and so they could have full military funerals when they died half an hour later. The priests were, I understand, were standing by while they shot themselves. And they all lived long enough to be granted absolution and thus could be buried in a Catholic cemetery with full military honors. They had a big parade and everything was very nice. And in the meantime they got a new Colonel and two Majors were sent over from France who had somewhat better credentials than being collaborationists. They did nothing about the other officers or men who had been part of the command, who had really very little choice in the matter of what they did or didn't do. They never really did anything during the war. They were perfectly happy to be sitting out the war in Shanghai doing nothing. The war itself had, the fighting, had relatively little effect. We were bombed by B-29's, who were pretty good in their aim. They aimed mainly for air fields, military installations, and the like. They did make an occasional mistake. They managed to send one bomb onto one of the Jewish refugee homes, killing quite a number of people.

MS: This was in the Hongkew area?

WG: In the Hongkew area, yes, it was a home that was right next to the Japanese naval radio station. They missed the radio station and hit the home. But in general, it was pretty good. As far as knowing what went on in the world at this time, or during this time, the Japanese had censored all news regarding fighting in Asia. No one was allowed to have a short-wave radio. The Japanese broadcast news about the fighting in Asia, which no one believed. And I'll get into why that was a little later. About Europe, militarily, we knew everything that was going on, because the Japanese did not dare censor the Russians, the Soviets. They had their own radio station, XRBN, that would broadcast there, but only allowed to broadcast in Russian. But everybody learned enough Russian to understand it. They were allowed to publish a Soviet newspaper, which you quickly learned to read, to find out what was going on. And they were allowed to show newsreels at the Soviet Club. So, our first view of General Eisenhower and Marshall Tedder [Royal Air Force deputy to

Eisenhower] and all the other commanders in Europe was at the Soviet Club. They would have open air movies, and--at a slight fee--and I would go, and watch the newsreels about fighting in Europe. We knew, every time of course they showed a B-17 being loaded up to bomb Germany, everybody would applaud furiously, and the Japanese would stalk out. They'd usually have somebody there at the invitation of the Soviet Consulate. And the Soviet Consulate liked to tweak their nose a little bit by showing Germans and the Japanese--eh, German and Russian activity. And, so we knew all about the war, where the war was, what was happening in, on the ground. We heard rumors about Jews being moved around Europe. We, I don't think anyone heard of extermination camps as such. We did not know that. We knew that people were being evacuated, being sent here, being sent there.

MS: You didn't know what was happening to Jews in, in...

WG: In Europe.

MS: The European countries though.

WG: We knew that they were being moved around, but that was it. We certainly had no news of my relatives. We had no, nobody had.

MS: No correspondence, then?

WG: There was no correspondence whatsoever and there was no knowledge of the death camps and the like, none. We knew things were bad. We knew what the situation was when the second front opened. We knew the fighting in Stalingrad. We knew all that from the Soviet news agency, but we did not know about the horrors of the Holocaust in detail at all, or in even in broad outline. We just didn't know. I don't know if anybody knew. Certainly I never heard it and none of my family ever heard it until the war was over. But we did know that the, what the Japanese were saying about the war in Asia made no sense, because the B-29's that would come and bomb us would fly higher than their Japanese aircraft could climb, or that their anti-aircraft could reach. So there was never any opposition to them. Yet every time that one or two or three B-29's came and bombed Shanghai, the Japanese would announce that 200 planes attempted to raid Shanghai, and 197 were shot down on the way, and three managed to get through and were shot down on the way out. And we knew this was a bunch of bull, and if you couldn't believe that, you couldn't believe anything. So we never really knew what was going on, except for the fact that we knew what had happened initially, and every now and again the Japanese would announce that they had trapped the American forces into landing on some island or other where they were then going to be annihilated. And they had carefully removed all atlases from the public libraries, and so unless you happened to have an atlas that showed these islands no one had ever heard of, you didn't have the faintest idea where or what. Until they trapped the Americans into landing on the Philippines, and we knew where the Philippines were. And we knew--some of us at least knew--where Okinawa was, so then we said, "Ah ha, it's getting close." And the closer it got, the nastier the Japanese got, of course.

MS: In their treatment to...

WG: In their treatment of everybody. In general, they did not do anything to you if you obeyed their rules. That--rules included if you pass a Japanese sentry, you had to take your hat off and bow down. If you didn't, if he was in a good mood, he'd smack you with the butt end of his rifle. If he was in a bad mood, he'd use the bayonet end. So, you didn't disobey rules. A, one of the German Jewish doctors there, a dentist, Dr. Gandazi, made the mistake of questioning a Japanese sentry. He happened to have a patient in the hospital, and the hospital, it was announced, was closed. What that meant was that the Japanese had some casualties in there. And when they had ca--as they officially never had casualties, people always died in battle. There were no such thing as wounded not fighting to the death. They never admitted to having casualties. So whenever they did have casualties in the hospital, they just closed the hospital, and no non-Japanese doctor was allowed in. Well, this German Jewish dentist had a patient in there for oral surgery. He went to the gate and said, "I want in." And the sentry said, "No." And he says, "Oh yes, let me talk to your commanding officer," which of course was an insult to the Japanese sentry, so he smacked him with his rifle butt and took out an eye.

MS: Oh!

WG: But, everybody felt sorry for the dentist, but they said, "How could you be so stupid as to question a Japanese sentry?" A sentry represents the emperor, and it's like insulting the emperor. So you didn't do that. You stood at attention when a Japanese flag went by. You did thing--we had blackouts. You did not have any light showing. If you did, they would not knock on your door, they would just shoot it out. And if they missed the light and hit somebody, that was their bad luck. But, you didn't have light showing. You made sure you didn't. You didn't break any law. If you didn't break of any of their laws, or any of their rules, they would leave you alone. If they felt, in the slightest, that you were doing something you shouldn't, the punishment was usually very severe. And they got more and more rambunctious as time went on, and as, even with their lying reports, they themselves started to feel things weren't going all that well. So, they got meaner and nastier as time went on. But they were very disciplined, and what everyone was really scared of was, "What happens when the war is over, and the Japanese are no longer under, the Japanese military are no longer under control, and the population--a good deal of which were street people by now--Chinese, starving--what would they do when there was no law and order?" So we were worried about that. We were worried about anti-white feeling, which had always been there, present, and controlled by whatever government there was. Of course, there was no anti-white feeling from the Japanese initially, because the Germans were their allies. The Briti--the Italians were their allies. The Soviets they were scared of. The White Russians were their allies. So there wasn't any. But we said, "What if that changes?" The first scare we got was when Italy surrendered, and the Italians took the surrender seriously. They went and scuttled a, an Italian liner that ha-

Tape two, side two:

MS: ...We'll continue at this point.

WG: They, the Italians, scuttled an Italian liner in the harbor and blocked all traffic as a result. It took the Japanese about a month or so to right the ship up again and float it out. The anti--so, they then interned the Savoy Grenadiers, which was an Italian regiment that had been there, and treated them very badly as prisoners of war and traitors, and all that. But, after the Germans surrendered, after May, '45, we started to get worried, because now those were no longer there to protect us in the sense of being whites that were allies of the Germans. So, it was down to the Soviets, who they were scared of. When the Soviet Union declared war on Japan, we really got scared, because the Japanese put out an immediate edict saying, "All Soviet citizens have to register," and there was talk of interning them and we thought, "Now there's no one left to protect us." But, luckily, the war ended within a week. So, it didn't matter any more. And part of this agreement of the ceasefire was that the Japanese military maintain control until Allied troops could take over. And the Japanese were very disciplined and they maintained control. But now that the Emperor had lost face, people would go up to a Japanese sentry and spit in his face, and he would just stand there and do nothing. They did maintain public order, but they did it in a very efficient manner, until U.S. and Chinese nationalist troops came in about three or four weeks after the war was over.

MS: Weren't they afraid for their lives at that point?

WG: Ehhhhh, they still had guns. You know, there's one thing about going and spitting in someone's face. There's another thing in going and attacking them, when they still were armed. And they had their arms with them, so, you know, you take it easy. The, some people, of course, particularly obnoxious ones, disappeared--voluntarily or otherwise, I don't know. They just were gone. One of those was a fellow who lived in the Beverly House where we lived, up on the top floor with a White Russian gal. He was a Korean, who had been very active in the Japanese Secret Police. Everybody knew. In fact, in the house he was known as "Our Savior." Because he lived there, we got more water pressure and a bigger electricity ration than other people did, because he wanted it that way. So, we always considered him...

MS: So you benefited.

WG: We benefited from having him there. We all knew who he was, and were very polite to him, but, it's an aside story. Way back when during the war, a child of the German Consul General got sick, the Nazi Consul General. And their local house doctor had a problem with it and he called my father in as a consultant. And my father treated the child and it got well, and the Consul General asked him for a bill, and my father said he wouldn't take any money--any Nazi money. So, the Consul General sent over two bottles of very good Rhine wine as payment. And my father took them, and he said, I remember distinctly when he got them, he said, "We'll drink the first bottle when the first Allied troops

step on German soil. And we'll drink the second bottle when the war is over." And when the first troops landed on German soil--we knew about it from the Russian news agency--and we ceremoniously drank the bottle. And when the war was ending, my father was a pediatrician for the kids of the Swiss Consul, and so he would sometimes get some information that wasn't readily available because the Swiss Consul, of course, had a short-wave radio. And he came, my father came back and he says, "You know, the war is over. It's really over!" You know, rumors had been flying around, but we said, "Yes?" And he said, "Yes." The Swiss Consul told him not to tell anyone. But, the war was over, so he got out the bottle of, the second bottle of Rhine wine, and we were sitting in our room in this brothel, drinking our bottle of Rhine wine, when there was a knock at the door. And who was there but "Our Savior," this Korean Secret Policeman. And he said, "Ah, you know, war is over." And we just said--you know, we were scared, because, is this a trap, or--so we said, "Oh, war is over? Ah, we know nothing." And he said, "Yes, the war is over. Japanese have lost." And we said, "Oh? Japanese have lost?" And he says, "Yes, please remember, I am Korean. I am very happy Japanese are lost. Are you happy Japanese are lost?" And we said, "Oh, eh, we are always, you know, we're, eh, eh--" "What do you answer, you know. So we stood there, sat there rather, and he said, "Remember, I am Korean." We said, "Yes, yes, you are Korean. We know you are Korean. Yes." "Koreans do not like Japanese." We said, "Oh, we did not know that, but thank you for telling us." And he says, "Yes, you remember that." And he went away. And he was obviously building...

MS: Good will.

WG: Good will. We never saw him again. I don't know whether he moved out, whether somebody got to him. Because he certainly, being in the *Kampatai* [phonetic], in the Secret Police, nobody, he must have had plenty of enemies.

MS: Do you have any idea what happened to his wife?

WG: His wife?

MS: Oh, oh, he...

WG: It wasn't a wife, it was just a, he was shackled up with this Russian gal.

MS: Oh, I see. Oh, all right.

WG: And that was Verichke. And Verichke stayed in the business. Other people moved in, moved out. After the American forces came, she made out very well, and she had a side line. She would also roll the guys. You know, give them a Mickey Finn and roll them. And sometimes she overdid it, and we'd get a knock on the door, and Verichke would come and say, "Doctor, doctor, my friend, I think he is dead!" And my father would go upstairs and give him a shot of something and call the shore patrol and say, "Get this guy out," you know, all right. Because she'd overdid it a bit and she couldn't wake him.

MS: [laughing]

WG: [laughing] But that's part of the problem.

MS: Added a lot of color to your life.

WG: Oh yes. And, actually, it was very helpful living in this place. I didn't know it until quite well after the war. After the war, my sister had gotten a job for the U.S. forces as a secretary, and before you know it she met a nice Jewish boy from Baltimore there, and they got engaged, and they got married, and she left as a war bride to the U.S. And once she was there, of course, she sent an affidavit for me to come over too. And I was going to go to the States. And, of course, I needed a passport of some kind. And I didn't, I had no nationality. I was stateless. So I had to have something to have a visa put in. So I went to the U.N. By this time, this was after the war, the U.N. office was open, and I went in to apply for document identification in lieu of passport--which usually took months to get because, the U.N. being a bureaucracy, you had to go through this and this and this and this. It so happened that I walked into this office and who sits there behind a desk but the fellow who is shackled up with Rachel Manasseh in the Beverly House? Now Rachel Manasseh was a Sephardic girl who had gotten married, lived on the polite floor--in the middle floor--with her husband, who was an Austrian Jew, Ernest J. Schwartz. But Ernest J. Schwartz was a little cuckoo and he decided to become a Buddhist monk. So he left her and became a Buddhist monk. And Rachel went back into the business. And she had friends who would come and stay for a month, or two, or three. And after the war this very nice looking English gentleman moved in with Rachel. And I didn't know who he was. I knew, you know, he was the one who is living with Rachel right now. And here I come to the U.N. office, and there is this guy who I found out was Thomas Pincopé. And Thomas Pincopé was in charge of issuing these identification documents that you needed in order to come. And behind his desk was his credenza, and on his credenza was a picture of his wife and his kiddies, in England. And so he looks at me. I look at him. We both look down at the floor. You know, I try very hard not to burst out laughing. He, God knows what he says. All I know is, he wanted me out of there so fast. [laughing]

MS: [laughing]

WG: And he said, "Yes? The name? And what do you want? You want an, oh, yes, of course. Yeah, right here. We have the form. And your address?" And I felt like saying, "The address! You know the address!" But I told him the address, and he wrote the address down. And he stamped it, and he walked it through the thing, and I was out of there in about 20 minutes with my vis--with everything, well, not my visa, but, all the U.N. documents perfectly in order.

MS: Fantastic.

WG: And I was never so happy about Rachel Manasseh and her friends as I was at that point.

MS: [laughing]

WG: But, it was nice. And that's how I found out what his name was, because, you know, I had ignored him. You know, he was just the guy shackled up with Rachel. What do I care? But it was Thomas Pincopé, a name that I will never forget. And there he

was, nice and proper with his wife and kiddies behind him, and Rachel waiting for him in the Beverly House. But, I got my papers, and I left, in 1947.

MS: Well let me ask you...

WG: Sure.

MS: Two questions. How about your college education...

WG: Yes.

MS: ... when you went to Aurora? Did you complete a year, or two years, or...

WG: Well, I started out, as I said, collegewise, at the Lester Institute--did one year there. And that was closed down, wiped out. And then I went to East Asia Tech. I went there for a year and got expelled. Now, officially, I had flunked out. Why did I flunk out? Well, there was a course in Japanese that was made compulsory when the Japanese took over and made it the East Asia Technical Institute. And all the students in the course decided to boycott learning Japanese, as a resistance measure. So we would sit there, never take a note, sit--the whole class--but sit with their arms folded, and whenever we were asked a question, we would say, "*Mi no wi so ti mash ta*" [phonetic], "I have forgotten everything." And the teacher, the professor, was irked, but didn't quite know what to do about it. And then he announced that we would have an exam at the end of the year, and the exam would be to write an essay, in Japanese, on the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperities Field, which was the big Japanese dream of owning all of Eastern Asia. And we all sat around, all the students sat around and we said, "What do we do? If we refuse to write this, that's a political offense." And none of us had guts enough to do that, because a political offense, you were in deep trouble. So we decided we'd write the essay, but we wouldn't write it in Japanese. We'd write it in whatever, English, French, Chinese, whatever. But, three-quarters of the class were Chinese. They would write in Chinese and the rest of us would write in whatever language we felt most comfortable in. So we did. Well, the exam came, the blue books were handed out, we wrote our essays, we handed them in. As it turned out, every--all the Chinese got a passing grade. All the non-Chinese got a failing grade. And the school was such that if you failed a course, you were out. So all the whites were out. Of course simultaneously they also sacked all the white faculty. And here I got my report card and it said, you know, "Expelled, Academic Insufficiency," which does not look good on one's record. So we went to the Vice Principal, or Vice Dean or whatever you call him, a Portuguese, and we said--who had just gotten fired--"These look terrible. Can't you do something?" He said, "Sure. He gave us new report cards, with the official stamp, with the course "Japanese" just not on as a course. And of course all the other grades were O.K. And then, instead of "Expelled, Academic Insufficiency," he put down, "Withdrew." And that was a nicer looking record. So with that I went to Aurora University and wanted to transfer. And they said they don't accept transfer students, but I, if I could pass the entrance exam, they'd be happy to take me as a freshman again. Having had two years, I thought, eh, but, what else could you do? The only other university was one that had, was one that was run by missionaries--had been run by missionaries--was run along

"American College Lines," which everyone felt was academically horrendously inferior. And you didn't go there unless you couldn't get into the Aurora. It was St. John's University, where people who couldn't get in, like W. Michael Blumenthal, he went to St. John's because he couldn't make it into Aurora. But--and other such people. Aurora was far superior academically--it was at least considered such. So, I thought, "Well, I'll try for the Aurora." I studied French like crazy for a summer, took the entrance exam, passed, and started in as a freshman again. That was in '44. I went through three years and then I had this opportunity because in '47, my sister had gotten married in '46, and I had the opportunity to get to the States, so I wanted to go. And I went to the Father Chancellor and I said I wanted a transcript, I wanted to transfer to--and he said, "Where are you going? Are you going to France?" And I said, "No, I'm going to the U.S." He said, "Oh, you'll never get into a college in the U.S. with these grades that you have here at the Aurora. Let me see what I can do, because," he said, "Americans like high grades." I thought I had pretty good grades. I was second in my class in the freshman year and first in the sophomore and junior years. You know, I thought I was pretty hot stuff. He says, "Yes, but the numbers look bad to Americans." And he took a blank report transcript form and he took my actual transcript form. He says, "Look at this here. Chemistry. You had a 73. Ooh, that's good. Let's make that a 93."

MS: [laughing]

WG: And here he said, "Here you had a 68. Oh, we'll make that an 86." You know, and he went through, and, because their grading system was very tough. And despite the fact that I had the highest grade in the class, my average was something like maybe 69 or 70. So, he changed all that. And he says, "Now, don't you dare apply to a French University with this! Because they would think you were a second Einstein."

MS: [laughing]

WG: No one in a French University gets grades like that. He says, "But only for American colleges." I said, "Yes, only American colleges." "If you apply to French college, use this one," you know?

MS: Use the original. [laughing]

WG: [laughing] So I have two transcripts, quite different. But, he knew what the score was, and he didn't see why I should be hamstrung because Americans like high numbers. So, I then applied to 27 universities in the U.S., and got admitted at two of them, because this was right when the G.I. Bill was in. And they all said, "Thank you very much, but, try again in three or four years." They just would not accept foreign students. The only two that were willing to accept were Syracuse and the University of Tennessee. And I'd read enough to know that Syracuse was a better choice. So I went to Syracuse. But, there I was shocked at the low standard of American university education relative to the Jesuit university.

MS: Interesting.

WG: Very, very different. It, unfortunately, they looked at my transcript and said, "Oh yes, we can give you transfer credit. They'll give you credit for your courses in Philosophy and French Literature, in Metaphysics, in Ethics, in Mathematics, all this, yes. But, what is this Industrial Chemistry? Well, you'd better take Chemical Engineering from scratch." So, effectively, I got a lot of transfer credits and I had to take three more years at Syracuse before I got a Bachelors. So I ended up with a grand total of eight undergraduate years, which, if someone had told me that when I graduated high school, I probably would have committed suicide on the spot--that I'd have to go to undergraduate school for eight years. But, what the heck, you know. As it was, I was lucky, because very few people of my age got through the war without military service, without any real physical danger, certainly I'm tremendously lucky relative to my cohort that stayed in Europe, or, even in the U.S.

MS: Can I just ask you a few questions?

WG: Sure.

MS: About your relatives...

WG: Yes.

MS: That were living in Europe.

WG: Yes. Well, aside from numerous cousins of my parents, more direct relatives, my mother's sister and her husband were sent to Auschwitz, where my uncle had been a linguist. He was a teacher of Slavic languages. And so the Germans put him in the office at Auschwitz to maintain records and the like and keep books--where he wrote himself and his wife off as dead. And he and his wife lived underground in Auschwitz, as illegal. They couldn't get out, but they officially weren't there. Until the Russians approached and the Germans evacuated everybody--put all the men on the train, my uncle was on a train going to Czechoslovakia; my aunt was put on the train to Bergen-Belsen. She went to Bergen-Belsen, was liberated by the British and sent to Sweden. And in fact still lives in Stockholm. And we're going over to visit her again this August for her 90th birthday.

MS: Ah! Wonderful.

WG: I just talked to her last week on the phone, and she said, "Yes, be sure you bring your wife and children." "Well, my children, I, you know, they're grown men. I don't know if they have vacation or if they can make it, but my wife and I will come." My uncle was sent to Czechoslovakia. His train was stuck on a siding. It got stuck there. It was found by U.S. troops on the day after VE-Day. They opened it up. There were still some people alive in it, but my uncle was not among them, and he is buried in Czechoslovakia, where this train was stuck. My father's oldest brother and his wife were sent to Auschwitz. Their daughter got out on a children's transport to England, where the British naturally interned her as an enemy alien. But she got out and joined the British army and survived the war, and she has since passed away, but she survived. Her parents did not. My father's middle brother, he had, he had been married to a convert. He married

a Christian gal that converted to Judaism, and when they were told that--she was told that she must file for divorce so that this marriage could be broken up, she refused. And both of them were arrested, but not sent to a concentration camp. They were arrested before that, they had concentra--eh, an extermination camp. They were both sent to *Organisation Todt*, which was the labor bureau, forced labor.

MS: What is that name again?

WG: *Organisation Todt*. It was run by this gentleman by the name of Todt, and they were sent to separate labor camps. And all through the war, Himmler, who ran, through the S.S., ran the extermination camps, never had access to Jews who were in a forced labor camp. So, my uncle and my aunt both survived the war, and got together again after the war, in Berlin, where they have since both passed away. But, they, my uncle spent the war years building railroads and my aunt spent the war years loading artillery shells.

MS: And they remained in Berlin after the war?

WG: They remained in Berlin after the war and they passed away in the late '50's. But, other than that, cousins, numerous cousins just disappeared.

MS: Perished.

WG: Perished. Some that had gotten out, some to Israel, some to Shanghai, they survived of course. Several that went to Holland did not. They did not get to Israel and they did not survive.

MS: Tell me about your parents. How, what happened to them? Did they come to the United States as well?

WG: They eventually came. See, I was born in Berlin, so I was German quota. And right after the war German quota was quite available because Germans were not admitted. If you had a German passport you could not come to the U.S. because you were still an enemy until the peace treaty was signed many years later. So that there was a window of opportunity, I came in as a German quota, non-German. The part of Germany where my father was born was given to Poland after WWI, and when the U.S. immigration laws were set, they were set so that he became Polish quota, because it depended on where, what nationality--not what nationality you were, but what country owned the place where you were born. And as, when the U.S. law came in, that was part of Poland, he was Polish quota. And Polish quota was not worked after WWII, because Poland was considered Communist. So no one from the Polish quota could come in. So my parents couldn't come to the U.S. when I came. However, my sister was a war bride, and when she became a citizen in 1949--it took just three years for a war bride to become a citizen--then, they could come as parents' preference, because they were parents of an American citizen. And they came in '49, when my sister became a citizen. My aunt and grandmother remained in Shanghai till after the Communists took over Shanghai. Then they expelled all the whites--the Chinese Communists did--and they didn't have a visa to get to the States. They couldn't come, so the U.N. sent them back to a refugee camp, a D.P. camp in Europe, until my father could bring them over and could send for them. He got a job here in a hospital in Maryland.

He got a job and brought my aunt and my grandmother over. My uncle and my grandfather both had died in Shanghai and were buried in Shanghai. When we went back, I tried to look up their graves, but during the cultural revolution all cemeteries were destroyed. So there...

MS: No evidence.

WG: There is no evidence there at all. They are now, I understand, trying to resurrect some of the cemeteries or, I don't know what they're doing. But I went to the Sephardic cemetery and the British Christian cemetery. They'd all disappeared during the cultural revolution and built over. They're gone.

MS: So how did your parents acclimate themselves to life in the United States? I'm sure you did very well.

WG: Well, I came here and went to school, you know, and finally got a degree, got another degree and another degree. Went to...

MS: What type of work do you do?

WG: I was a chemical engineer and, if they hadn't thrown me out, I would probably still be in school, because I enjoy the academic life a lot. But when they took my fellowship away and said, you know, "You've had it long enough. It's time you wrote up your thesis and got your degree and got out of here." "No, you can't do that!" They said, "Yes, we sure can." So I left, and got, went to work.

MS: [chuckling]

WG: But, yeah, you know what, the eight years of undergraduate life made me really enjoy academic life, so I added on six more in graduate school.

MS: Perpetual student.

WG: I, I would easily have been a perpetual student if it weren't for this eating business. You like to [chuckling], also by that time I was married and had a kid, and, you know, so, you have to go to work some time. So I went to work. But, that wasn't till 1956. But my father, he got a job. See, the AMA, American Medical Association, has peculiar rules, that you can't practice medicine without a license, and they make it very difficult to get one, except for the fact that you, they find that no one who has a license wants to work in state hospitals, because they don't pay anything. So there is, or was, I don't know if it still is--at least there was in the '50's when my parents came here--a rule that you didn't need a legal license to practice medicine in a state hospital.

MS: Well how would a pediatrician fit into this?

WG: My father got a job at the Cranswell State Hospital for the Colored Insane.

MS: Oh God.

WG: Which is not one of their prime appointments that AMA licensed physicians like to take. In fact, the entire staff was made up of Jewish refugees who had come over at--my father, he came over in 1949. He was 58 years old and going to med school was not what he had in mind.

Tape three, side one:

MS: This is tape three, side one of a continuing interview with Mr. Werner Glass.

WG: And my father's first job then was for the Cranswell State Hospital for the Colored Insane, which was a segregated institution in Maryland. It was also the most northerly segregated insane asylum and as such had won an award from the NAACP as the best colored insane asylum in the country, probably helped by the fact that the staff was all European Jews who did not share quite as many of the prejudices that...

MS: The American doctors did.

WG: The American doctors possessed at that time at least. So, my father worked there for a few years and then he went on to another state hospital. He ended up working at the federal hospital. He got his federal license to practice medicine legally in federal territory. So he went to work for what was known as the Children's Center, which is really the Children's Hospital for the District of Columbia, a public hospital, a mental hospital, but for children, mentally disturbed children and low IQ adults, child IQ adults. It's like in Laurel, it is in Laurel, Maryland.

MS: Yeah, I know.

WG: It's called the District Training School officially, but it's a Children's Center. He worked there till they forced him to retire. When he was 70 they threw him out, much to his dismay, as he enjoyed his work tremendously. In fact, the one thing my father would never do is do anything except do his medicine. My mother used to be after him in Shanghai, "Take a day off! Take a day off!" And he finally said, "O.K. He'll take Sunday's off." Sunday's he'd go work at the polyclinic, where he wasn't getting paid. It was charity work, so it wasn't work.

MS: [Chuckling.]

WG: But, that was his life. He just didn't want to do anything except treat sick children. That was what he wanted to do and that's what he did. But, he enjoyed it, and he was good at it. He liked it. He did it all his life.

MS: Is he still...

WG: No, no, he passed away in '68.

MS: And your mother?

WG: She passed away in '76. Yeah, they, when they forced him to retire, they moved down to Florida like many people do. And then he spent the rest of his time in the hospital--because he was proud of the fact that from the time he left high school till the time they forced him to retire, he'd never spent a day in bed, he'd never run a fever. He had no time to get sick. He was busy. As soon as they retired him, he fell apart. As he said, "It's one way I can stay in a hospital." He spent a lot of time in the hospitals and eventually he passed away. But, he got to know the hospital in Hollywood real well.

MS: [chuckling]

WG: And sometimes he thought he was on the staff there rather than a patient I think. [both laugh] And, he--he was a very cheerful person and a very easygoing guy. My mother was not that way at all. She was not that easy to get along with and not very easy to deal with.

MS: I would imagine that experience had to have been...

WG: She, but she was hardheaded, and if it weren't for her, we would have been in Holland, and I would never be sitting here making tapes. Because she...

MS: She had a lot of foresight. She had tremendous foresight.

WG: If it hadn't been for her, my father would never have gotten his license here either. Because back when, during the cold war, when the U.S. was trying to line up Germany and push Germany ahead, one of the things that the federal government gave as a sop to the German government was recognition of medical, German medical degrees. Because it really rankled the German Federal Republic that someone who had an M.D. from the University of Berlin, or Heidelberg or what not, was not recognized as an M.D. in the U.S. So the federal government made a treaty that on all federal territory, a German M.D. was recognized. And when my father found out about this, he said, "Oh great." And he got a form from the District of Columbia to apply for this from the federal government. He filled out the form and he sent it in. And he said, "O.K. where's my degree?" You know, "Where's my license?" And they said, "Oh well, we haven't gotten around to it. We, you know, there are delays." And my mother said, who was much more practical, "Somebody wants to get paid off." He said, "How can you say a thing like this? This is America." Well, mother says, "A bureaucrat is a bureaucrat. Find out what you're supposed to do." So my father said, "Ah, I'm not gonna do that." So she did. She called up and says, "How can I expedite it?" And they said, "Well, we have found that people who used such and such a law firm, they handle it very well. Why don't you go there?" So, my parents went there and the fellow says, "Oh yes, yes, we've handled cases like that. It's \$2,000." My father says, "What for? I filled out the form already." My mother says, "Be quiet, George. [laying his hand down on the table] It's \$2,000." So, they said, "O.K., here's the \$2,000. When do I get my license?" "Well, it'll take a week or so." Unfortunately, this was just before the election of '52, when the administration changed from the Democrat to Republican. The lawyer calls up and says they can't handle the case. Now there's a Republican administration. But, they recommend this other law firm who can handle the case. So my father says, "What about my \$2,000?" They said, "Don't worry, we'll transfer the fee." They transferred the fee and in a few weeks my father had his license. So,...

MS: Interesting.

WG: Which allowed him to practice and get a job with the District Training Commission, which was at the District Training School, which was a much better job than the ones he had with the State of Maryland and the State of New York. And it was a, and it had some minor pension rights with it, and it had a legitimate, not a temporary

assignment. All the others in all the State hospitals were temporary assignments, so that you had no benefits, no nothing.

MS: That's right.

WG: But this was a legitimate job. And if it hadn't been for my mother, pushing, and saying, you know, being reasonable and practical, it would never have happened. But it happened. And at--I'm saying you know, if it hadn't been for her, although she was a difficult person, strong willed--as is my aunt, her sister--the two of them hated each other's guts. Would you believe they did not speak to each other from 1933 on?

MS: Her sister.

WG: Her own sister. Neither of them would speak to each other. And...

MS: Until what happened? What brought them together?

WG: Nothing. Noth--in fact, my sister, who lives down in Florida, sent a picture to my aunt of herself and her husband, taken in their home. And she wrote in the letter that if you notice the plate on the wall used to be my mother's. That was one of those plates with some German saying on it. My aunt sent the picture back, with the plate x'ed out, from Sweden, saying, "I don't..."--my mother had been dead since 1976, this happened about two years ago--"I don't want to have anything about Anna in my house." They hated each other's guts.

MS: How sad.

WG: You know? I don't know what, you know, I know why. They are very, very similar. My wife made the mistake when my aunt came over here once to visit, and she laughed at something or other, and my wife says, "You know, when you laugh you sound just like my mother-in-law did." Oh! Did my aunt blow up! "I am not at all like her!" She's exactly like her.

MS: [chuckling]

WG: They're both very hardheaded, very obnoxious, difficult to get along with people. But, survivors.

MS: Mmm hmm. Indeed.

WG: Great survivors. But, this isn't exactly a Holocaust, but like, my mother was one of the first Women's Libbers in the world. I'm convinced of it. When she was growing up, like all nice upper middle class German girls, Jewish girls, she was sent to Switzerland, to finishing school. So she got finished, and she came back, and she was not supposed to sit around and wait to get married. And she said she wanted to get a job. Her father said, "No daughter of mine is getting a job. Why don't you go out and meet people?" So she went out to meet people, and what she did was, she went to secretarial school. She learned shorthand and typing, then when she got her certificate said now she's gonna get a job. And my grandfather said, "No way!" And she, finally, after much urging, he said, "O.K., you can come work for me." He had an office, with people working. And so she worked. At the end of the first week everybody gets their pay envelopes. My mother says, "Where is my pay envelope?" "What do you mean? You're my daughter. I don't pay you." She says, "Oh

yes, you do. I'm working here. I want to get paid." "No, don't be silly. You're my daughter. I don't have to pay you." So she says, "O.K., I'll take the customer list and go to the competition."

MS: [both laugh]

WG: After that, "I'll pay you." So she got paid. But he was the same kind of person she was, obnoxious as they come. In due course my mother got to be 65 down in Florida. She realized she had worked for several years in Germany. She's entitled to German Social Security. Because they had Social Security back in those days. So she wrote to the German Consulate, gave details, her father's name and company name and address and dates and all that. The German government sent her a photostat of the records of the withholding tax, the Social Security tax, that my father-in-law, no, my grandfather, had sent in. Her name wasn't on it. He never sent, he never put her down on the rolls. He kept the tax. He withdrew it from her envelope, but he kept it. He wouldn't admit on paper that his daughter was working for him. So she--they said, "We have no records. You don't get it." So he was the same...

MS: [laughs] Strong-headed individual that she was.

WG: Oh! I tell you. I knew him. He was in, he came to Shanghai in '38, and he died in '44. So I knew him quite a few years. And he was a bullheaded man. And I remember him. He used to chain smoke cigars. And I mean literally, light one from the butt of the other. And in due course he developed larynx cancer. And he was in the ghetto, and they had no x-ray tr--the only treatment they had was x-ray treatment--and they did not have the x-ray. And my father tried to get him a pass to come out to the Settlement, out to the French Concession where they had adequate x-ray facilities, but he couldn't get it. They wouldn't give him a pass for a medical treatment.

MS: Oh my.

WG: Well he probably might have died of it anyway, but as a result he went very fast, because there was no treatment at all. Yeah, he died in '44. But, as I said, I wanted to go visit his grave, but it's gone. Maybe they, they'll find what happened, or where it was or whatever.

MS: Yeah, there is that...

WG: The Sino-Judaic...

MS: ... chance yeah, that...

WG: Institute is there, which they have established in Shanghai now, is trying--I get their newsletter--and they are trying to find out what exactly happened, who did what to whom.

MS: There were...

WG: Lots of things in Shanghai.

MS: Mr. Glass, this was a most unusual, interesting, informative interview. I appreciate it tremendously that you...

WG: I enjoy it.

MS: That you took the time...

WG: My wife would enjoy it.

MS: That you took the time to come...

WG: Yeah.

MS: And give us all this really tremendous insight into life in Shanghai.

WG: Yeah, it's a very small fraction of the Jewish community in Shanghai, or the European Jewish experience, but it, it's real. It was there. I, and nothing gets me as mad as that dumb film, *Empire of the Sun*, which was all wrong. And why they did that, I don't know. Because they could have made it real and it would have been just as good a movie. But...

MS: And more factually honest and...

WG: More factual, yeah.

MS: Correct, yes.

WG: Yeah. Yeah, so, we never had Japanese tanks come crashing through with hordes of people running away. Come on. Kids separated from their parents and all that nonsense.

MS: It just didn't happen. [chuckles]

WG: It just didn't happen. It just didn't happen.

MS: Well...

WG: We had other things that happened that weren't too nice, but that didn't happen. You, one more thing, you asked me about Zionist stuff, and I never did get into it.

MS: Oh yeah, that's right. Yeah.

WG: There were quite a few Zionist organizations within the ghetto area. In the Russian Jewish community there was a group of *Betar*. And *B'rith* Trumpeldor.

MS: What was that again?

WG: *B'rith* Trumpeldor. The--Assembly of, named in honor of Trumpeldor, who was the founder of *Betar*.¹

MS: O.K.

WG: They were reasonably active, but not overwhelm, most people did not belong to it. In fact, there was considerable opposition to them, because they ran around in brown uniforms. You know, they had the Trumpeldor uniforms. And people referred to them in those times, they are just like fascists. Well, they obviously weren't just like fascists, but the concept of these guys, running around being tough...

MS: Yes.

WG: Was something [he says "quote"] "un-Jewish", if you will. That was not the case of the Jewish Company. There was a company of Jewish volunteers, as part of the

¹Trumpeldor (1880-1920) helped establish a Jewish Legion among Russian Jews in England, later helped establish the *HeHalutz* movement in Russia. *Betar* [abbreviated from *B'rith* Trumpeldor] was established in 1923, fusing Trumpeldor's and Jabotinsky's ideas.

Shanghai Volunteer Corps. It was probably the only outfit in the world, officially under a Jewish flag, after World War I and before World War II. During World War I there was the Jewish Zion Mule Corps in Palestine that General Allenby had [unclear], but, that was disbanded after World War I. And then the *Haganah*, of course, was illegal. But the Shanghai Volunteer Corps had a Jewish Company that marched under the *Magen David*. They never did anything except have parades, just like there was the Russian Regiment, which the Japanese then used for crowd control and light police duties. There was the American Machine Gun Company, the Americans had machine guns. These were not army people. These were not U.S. forces. They are, they were Shanghai residents.

MS: Civilian groups.

WG: Civilian groups who played soldier. [chuckles] As far as I know, all they did is have parades.

MS: What else was there to do? What else? [chuckling]

WG: What else were they gonna do, you know? I mean, there were real soldiers there. There were real U.S. Marines. There were real Welsh Fusiliers. There were real Savoy Grenadiers. But the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, the SVC, they had parades. And one of the units was the Jewish Company. They had a Jewish Company. Actually I think it was Italian. I think it was three companies. I think it was the Jewish Battalion. It was the Russian Regiment and it was the Jewish Battalion. I was too young. Of course, the Japanese disbanded all of, everything except the Russian Regiment. The rest of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps disappeared into the night very quickly when the Japanese took over after Pearl Harbor. I was only 14, but I was looking forward to the day when I would join the SVC.

MS: [chuckles]

WG: That was a big deal, you know, run around with a uniform, playing with a rifle and all this sort of stuff. A young boy, well, they just think that's heaven. But, I never made it. And it was not resurrected after World War II, when I would have been old enough. But 14-year-olds were not in demand.

MS: [laughs]

WG: But, we looked up to these guys, you know. I was just in the Boy Scouts. But these guys were real hot shots.

MS: [chuckles]

WG: Jewish, yeah, it was the Jewish Battalion. I think they had two companies.

MS: But no war to fight.

WG: Who they gonna fight?

MS: [both laugh]

WG: They weren't gonna take on the Japanese army. And they certainly weren't gonna take on, you know--but they were there. And they had parades. Yes, the big parade was always on May 24th, which was Empire Day. The Boy Scouts got to march too. We got to march. It was fun. A good start off, we'd go to the Anglican Cathedral for a worship

service. And the Jewish Troop would go. The Catholic Troop would not go. There was a Catholic Troop and they would not go into an Anglican Cathedral. The Jewish Troop would go. Eh, why not? You know, what are they gonna do to us? But the Catholic Troop would not go. And, after the service, we'd march up and down the street, you know, on the parade ground, from the, we'd march from the church to the parade ground, the race track. Shanghai was probably the only town in the world, major city in the world, that had a race track downtown. The town had simply grown up around it. And it had a horse racing track downtown. And inside the track, they had cricket grounds, they had a baseball diamond, polo ground, tennis courts. Of course no Chinese admitted.

MS: Mmm.

WG: Except as servants. And this last time we were, when we returned to Shanghai in '81, it turned out it is now The People's Park.

MS: Isn't that interesting.

WG: No more baseball diamond. No more polo ground. No more cricket oval.

MS: Could you, did you visit your former home location?

WG: Oh yeah. Yes, but I couldn't get into the Metost [phonetic] Apartment, which was the nice apartment house where the Japanese Vice Admiral kicked us out, because it is now a military communications headquarters. Big radar things all over the roof, aerials. The Chinese can't get in either. They have guards all over the place. The Beverly Houses, the fancy brothel, actually, I shouldn't call it a brothel, because it didn't have a madam or anything. They were independent girls. Each room had a girl and she would pick up what she could pick up. And people would move in or out or sometimes by the hour, sometimes by the month, sometimes by the year.

MS: Yeah.

WG: We went back to that to look at it, and it's very crowded now, of course. Because...

MS: It's still an apartment?

WG: There's still people living in it.

MS: Yes, mmm hmm.

WG: They've added an additional floor on top, which is just cinder block. And in the--it had a nice front yard, which was sort of a green space--they built a bamboo shack with more people living in it. Tons of people living in it. Yeah, we went in, and I showed my wife the room, room 26. I won't forget that. And they changed the name of the street. It used to be *Route Gustav du Bois Sasson*. I don't, I forget what it's called now.

MS: I won't even ask you to spell it. [chuckles]

WG: I can't. Even Thomas Pincope didn't ask me to spell it. He knew how to spell *Gustav du Bois Sasson*. It was in the French part of town, so it had a nice French name. I think it's *Pu-shing-lu*, *Pu-shing-lu* West. It was a, I'm trying to remember it. Because I saw it when I got there, that they've changed, you know, all these foreign devil names of course are gone, and they've got good Chinese names now. So it's *Pu-shing-lu*, instead of *Route*

Gustav du Bois Sasson. But they, yeah, that, well, that's still there. And we went back to the synagogue where I was Bar Mitzvah. And my wife checked. The women's toilet is still where it was.

MS: [chuckles]

WG: She managed to find it. I showed her where it was. The women's gallery is now full of books, and the main, the sanctuary itself is like a rabbit warren of little offices. It is now the book deposit--eh, it's a book depository and text book agency for the school district.

MS: Oh I see.

WG: But, and they've taken off all the *Magen Davids* and...

MS: I'm sure there's no need for synagogues.

WG: No, there's no need, and they've removed all signs that unless you knew it was a synagogue...

MS: You...

WG: You wouldn't know. And, in fact, I went to several other places. I went to the Russian Orthodox Basilica. And they've removed the Russian Orthodox crosses off the top. You know, it has a nice onion dome on top of it like. The crosses are gone. Inside, it's now a medical laboratory. And, it had mosaics all the way around of saints and Cyrillic inscriptions. They whitewashed the pictures of the saints. But they left the Cyrillic inscriptions because I guess nobody can read them anyway, or they don't care. But all the saints pictures of, so you weren't, you know, you can still tell that it was a Russian Orthodox cathedral, because it looks like one. I mean it's still, as opposed to the synagogue which, you have to know it was a synagogue. It was a very nice one. It was donated by one man in the Sephardic community. You know, they didn't bond building funds and stuff like that. The Ohel Rachel Synagogue, in honor of his mother, someone donated it. Mr. Abraham in fact, donated it in honor of his mother, built the synagogue. They had a lot of money. A lot of the Sephardim...

MS: That was a...

WG: Sephardim.

MS: Sephardim. What, Russian?

WG: No, Sephardic.

MS: No, just...

WG: No, it was a Sephardic synagogue and it was Sephardic style. And, a lot of the Sephardim, not a lot, some of them, had an awful lot of money. Some of them had nothing, like Rachel Manasseh and her sisters and a lot of others. But a lot of them were very, very well-to-do, like the Hardoons and Sassoons, the Abrahams. These were all big names. They owned the water company. They owned the power company, the telephone company, half the real estate in town. In fact, the Shanghai stock exchange would close on Jewish holidays because something like 80% of the brokers were Sephardic Jews. And they were all very Orthodox. All right, so they...

MS: What happened to these families after the Communists came?

WG: Well, they left, of course. And--around the world. A lot of them, quite a few went to Hong Kong. In fact, Hong Kong Power and Light is still owned by the Kadoories. Half-owned. Half owned by the Kadoories and half owned by Exxon. They bought into it. A lot went to Australia, came to the States, went to England. They dispersed. I don't know if any of them went back to Baghdad or Basra. I doubt it very much. [chuckles]

MS: I doubt it. [chuckles]

WG: They had more sense than to do that. But, they, no, some of them came to this country, and, in other diaspora. They had been very well-established and originally they had been brought in by the British to handle the opium trade. Because after the opium war in the 1840s, when the British forced the Chinese to admit opium, they needed someone to handle the trade. And, the Iraqi Jews started out handling it for the British. And then they branched out and settled there, because the British traders would come and they would go. You know, they'd, most of them did not, very few of them ever decided to make it their home, whereas these Iraqis, and some from Lebanon--the Kadoories were from Lebanon--they stayed. They stayed till the Communists came in. And that was that. They left for wherever. Some here, some there.

MS: Did you have contact perhaps with any of the people that you lived with, the family knew, in Shanghai, once they came to the United States?

WG: Some of them.

MS: Yeah.

WG: Not, yeah, some. We had a reunion in Philadelphia recently.

MS: Right.

WG: And a lot of, that's where everything was set up.

MS: Right.

WG: And, of course, my cousin, one of my cousins, my father's cousins, moved to New York, and I see them. And I do stay in touch occasionally with Tavi Levenspiel. We went to high school together. Not only Aurora but high school as well. I mean when the [coughs] yeah, that's--well, he said he didn't know his father was a Communist spy. Everybody knew Mr. Levenspiel, who was an architect, was a Communist spy. Whether he really was or not, I don't know. But it was just sort of, things one knew. Oh yes, Mr. Levenspiel, the Communist spy, I mean, he couldn't have been very effective if everybody knew it. But when the Japanese came in, they too knew he was a Communist spy, and they arrested him. But then they let him out after a short time. Yeah, Tavi had, I don't know if you taped Tavi or not.

MS: Yes, we did.

WG: Yeah, yeah. He had an interesting life anyways. His mother, Marian Greenhaus, lived in Hawaii. His parents were divorced. She had a store in Shanghai, one in Honolulu, and he would commute during vacation time and got caught in the Philippines and all that stuff.

MS: Yeah.

WG: Yeah, Tavi had a time of it. But, when he got to the States, he eventually got himself a Fulbright fellowship to go to Australia. His father had gone to Australia, but he had trouble getting a passport because somewhere in the States--this was during the McCarthy era--somewhere in the files was the fact that his father was a Communist spy.

MS: My.

WG: So, he had to wait till that McCarthy nonsense blew over before he could go visit his father in Australia. But, he couldn't get a passport. He had a fellowship. A Fulbright fellowship to go. Eh, it's a crazy world sometimes. He convinced the Japanese that Poland was an ally of Japan. That's how he got out of the Philippines. Because, what did they know? [both laugh] And I know Tavi very well. In fact I'll probably see him this July. We're gonna meet in Vancouver, along with some other people--not Jewish--Russian Orthodox who had moved to Australia, the Osipovs. They're gonna be there. Have another get together.

MS: That sounds very interesting. Well let me thank you once again...

WG: O.K. Thank you.

MS: For...

WG: It's a...

MS: Just a marvelous interview.

WG: Yeah, O.K. Well, I enjoyed it.

MS: All right.