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Recollections Out Of My Life

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INTRODUCTION

The reflections and reminiscences which follow are not designed to constitute in anyway a complete autobiography. There appears to be no need for such a work, and it would be presumptuous of me to endeavor anything of the kind. And yet, as I have started into the second century of my life, it seems to me that thus far my life has known considerable drama and has touched in one way or another on a number of interesting events. It has certainly been far from dull.

In historic terms it saw its beginning in the dying days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, covered deep economic depression and political upheaval including two brief but violent civil wars interspersed with brief periods of imprisonment, and then coming to a violent climax in a much longer period of incarceration and mortal danger.

And then, after miraculous deliverance, began the second phase of my life, my emigration to America, with resumption of my studies, marriage and family, but also war and a professional career which eventually elevated the once penniless immigrant boy to the dignity of an ambassador of the United States of America.

As these lines are written, their purpose is not clear to me, but because my life has covered so many events and spanned so many varied and different periods and experiences, I felt impelled to record them from memory and to put down some of the thoughts and emotions which passed through my mind as these events took place. I wanted to do so before they would become dim with the passage of time and age and before the memories, especially of my youth, had lost some of their vividness. At the very least, these recollections and reminiscences might be of interest to my children and their children; possibly to others.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH

I was born in Vienna, then the capital of the dying Austro-Hungarian Empire, on January 2nd, 1916. That same year saw the death of the old emperor, Francis Joseph I, who had become a symbol for that empire which was to survive him by only two, unremarkable, years. Many years later Allen Dulles, who witnessed the old emperor's funeral as a young

American diplomat, told me of the somber pomp and foreboding which accompanied that event. With all its failings, and they were many, the Austro-Hungarian Empire represented a high level of culture and achievement, as well as a persistent attempt in moderation in human affairs and a last unsuccessful struggle against the rising tide of nationalism. I have of course no personal recollections of the imperial days, but in the dark and crisis-ridden years that followed, the "good old days" were more than a figure of speech and many years later I could notice in many parts of the former empire, from Prague to Trieste and Dubrovnik, that there must have been much value after all to the old empire as it was remembered with such nostalgia by so many who had so valiantly struggled to establish their own separate national identities. I like to think that it was perhaps of some significance that my physical and cultural origins go back to an entity which in modern political terminology would be called supra-national, to an endeavor, however faulty and failing, to cause different nations and nationalities to live together and cooperate with a degree of harmony and peace.

But those are ex post facto reflections. My earliest childhood memories do not speak of harmony but of strife, not of prosperity but of bitter want and deep depression.

Among my earliest recollections I see myself, possible no more than five or six years old, standing in long breadlines, for food was scarce and rationed, and every member of the family had to take turns standing in breadlines in the hope that one could get to the counter before the butcher or baker had run out of supplies. I also remember my gentle father, so unused to any form of physical labor, coming home from long trips on overcrowded trains with a canvas bag over his shoulder containing once in a while a chicken but most likely potatoes purchased from some farmer against God knows what family heirloom.

These were also the days when the winters were long and cold, and coal was not always available. Thus an overcoat whose sleeves began to fray became a major preoccupation for who could tell what would happen if it did not last through the winter?

The same period was also marked by the beginning of that political violence of which I was to witness so much. Although the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand and his wife in Sarajevo in 1914 occurred before I was born, it had become vicariously a part of my experience because of the vividness with which my father described his reaction to the event and his conviction that the end of an era was at hand. Nor do I remember, except from his equally vivid accounts, the end of the Empire, the proclamation of the Austrian Republic, and the first act of Communist violence when Communist demonstrators tore the white stripe out of the Austrian Republic's red-white-red flag as it was raised for the first time over the Parliament building in Vienna. And I remember equally my father's revulsion at the violence and the excesses of the first Communist regime in Hungary, that of Béla Kun.

These accounts were significant because my father and to a slightly lesser degree my mother were convinced Socialists of the Democratic, that is, Social Democratic school.

Like many Democratic Socialists of their day, they had come to their conviction not for doctrinaire reasons but as a result of primarily humanitarian motivation. Both my parents came from simple and impecunious families. My paternal grandfather was a poorly paid school teacher, teaching in a private school maintained by the Deutsche Schulverein – the German School Association, which attempted to organize German-speaking primary schools in the predominantly non-German speaking regions of Austro-Hungary and Germany. This is how my grandfather came to teach in a one class primary school in Eiwanowitz, or Ivanovice, in Moravia, today Czechoslovakia. I have never seen this school but it consisted of a single classroom in which students of every grade sat together and which was located in the same house in which my grandfather and his family lived. Needless to say, my grandfather was the only teacher, director, and janitor of the school, all in one. According to my father's recollections, stern discipline prevailed and no special privileges were enjoyed by the teacher's children. The students were mostly the sons of Austrian officials in that predominantly Czech-speaking region. My father never mentioned girls in class, so I assumed that it was a boys' school only.

My father was the youngest of four children, one girl (the oldest) and three boys, and life must have been quite difficult and full of hard work for everybody. My grandmother died many years before my birth. My grandfather died when I was a pre-school youngster; I have only dim recollections of a dignified rather old-looking man with a long beard.

At any rate, my father's life in Eiwanowitz-Ivanovice did not last too long. After the first four or five years of primary school, he was sent away from home to a secondary school of the classical tradition, a so-called Gymnasium where Latin and Greek were the languages taught. It was located in the Moravian capital of Brünn whose Czech name was and is Brno. Later, my father completed his secondary education at the Commercial Academy in Vienna. Since the family was originally Viennese, this was the logical place to go, quite apart from the fact that it was the imperial capital. Ever since my father left Eiwanowitz-Ivanovice, he was in effect supervised and brought up by his older sister Sophie. He did not go beyond secondary schooling but immediately entered a small bank as a clerk, from which he then went to two larger banks, the last and most important being the Bodencreditanstalt in which he passed and terminated his entire professional life.

My mother, Stefanie (she was named after the crown princess), was born in Vienna. Both my parents were born in 1880. Her entire education comprised only seven years of primary schooling. Then she had to go to work, first as a milliner's apprentice, a profession in which she at first had little more to do than run errands but where she, by sheer determination, eventually obtained a master craftsman's certificate. Later on she worked as a saleswoman in the store of her brother-in-law, Max Rotholz. It was a hard life and the family of nine children, of which she was the youngest, was constantly in want. Her father, who died long before I was born, seems to have been a gentle soul but a singularly unsuccessful businessman. My grandmother must have been a very domineering person. I remember her quite well.

Although my parents, especially my mother, had relatively little formal education, they were astonishingly well read, and to the very end of their lives (they died at the respective ages of 84 and 86) they maintained a vivid interest in many aspects of life. This is perhaps less astonishing for my father because the secondary education at a Gymnasium, which he enjoyed, was in fact a very good and superior one in the best classical tradition. My mother, however, was almost entirely self-taught, but throughout our family life, books were our lifeline, not only the classics but most new books, either in the German original, or in the German translation, found their way into our family library. Thus from my childhood I was surrounded by a tradition of reading and learning which has been a most important factor in my life and career. Equally important was also the insistence of my parents, especially my father, that all questions had to be answered, that if the answers was not readily available one had to find it in one of the many reference works in our library, and if they failed we would make our way to the National Library on the lovely and then quiet Josefsplatz in the Inner City to seek the answer there.

During virtually all of my childhood and adolescence we inhabited a small apartment on the third floor (it was called second floor because of the mezzanine) of a very modest apartment house in the equally modest 7th district of Vienna, at 107 Kaiserstrasse. Needless to say, there was no elevator and I can still see my mother struggling up the long staircase with her groceries. Every family had also a bit of storage space in the cellar, and there was a communal laundry on the top floor but of course there never were any washing machines, only large sinks and washboards.

For a child of the depression, I had a few minor luxuries. The greatest was that I had a room of my own. Few of my classmates did, but that was primarily due to the fact that I was an only child. This room was pitifully small. It was a narrow room, most of which was taken up by my bed. At one end stood a lovely old bookcase, and there was a smaller bookcase at the other end as well, and there was also a table which served as a desk. I can see this room very clearly before me now. Between bed and table there was scarcely room for a small chair, and it was certainly not a room in which one could give a party or to which one could invite friends. It was not that it was not clean and decent; it was simply too small.

Another luxury was a hot-water heater for the bathroom, quite an innovation when it was first installed, much admired, but also criticized by our neighbors as a new-fangled contraption. Thus despite modest circumstances and depression, the spirit of modernity was not altogether absent.

It is natural that one's youth should be marked by one's parents and I am no exception despite the fact that I am extremely different from both of them and that their influence was both positive and negative.

Although my father was the more highly-educated parent, my mother probably had the greater degree of native talent and shrewdness. She dominated without any question. My father was handicapped by extremely poor eyesight which limited his activities. He was also a man of very limited ambitions. I mean this in the good sense of the word. He

wanted to make a decent living and provide reasonably well for his family. But the thoughts of glory, power, or position, never entered his mind. Beyond that he was a man of impeccable ethical standards. Not only was he completely and thoroughly honest, he was incapable of a dishonest or dishonorable act. He was also incapable of understanding cruel or dishonorable acts of others. In the period in which he lived, this was not always an asset.

My mother was much more ambitious but her opportunities had been tragically limited. As a child she desperately wanted an education and had even written a pleading letter to the Emperor. In fact there had been an investigation but finally nothing came of it because the Emperor's aides came to the conclusion that if my mother's parents had really wanted to, they could have given her a better education. Whether this was really so was hard to say. The family was certainly not well off and nine children constituted a large responsibility. Moreover, in those days, girls were not supposed to be interested in an education. Later on, when my mother was working in her brother-in-law's store, she developed a lovely voice and became a member of the Vienna Opera Choir. The director of the choir thought so well of her that he offered to train her free of charge, under the condition that she would quit her job because he felt that serious voice-training and a working day of ten to twelve hours were incompatible. My mother pleaded with her parents to support her wish but she was refused and thus she had to give up this great ambition. Whether her voice was of star quality, I cannot say as I was born relatively late in her life. I remember her singing only when she was well into her 40's and 50's. Even then her voice seemed very fine indeed, especially when she sang her favorite, Schubert's Ave Maria. I remember also that to the end of her life she expressed a certain restrained bitterness over her parents' incomprehension. In later life she wrote many stories and plays, but never succeeded in getting them published or produced. Perhaps it was her own frustrated ambition which made her particularly eager to supervise my education in order that I should have a better chance.

I have always felt that I was exceptionally fortunate in the choice of my school and teachers. Under the Austrian system of education then in operation, a single teacher took us through all five years of elementary school. I suppose if that teacher were to be a dud, as must be inevitable once in a while, this could be a disaster. But I was lucky. Franz Jakowski was a born teacher and what is more, an example constantly before his students. He taught according to a then very modern style, that is, his teaching was based on the principle of learning by doing, without some of the excesses which later crept into that method. He was demanding but kindly, and quick to spot talent and to urge parents to encourage it. At the same time he was a demon for work. To make ends meet in the depressed economic conditions of Austria, he held own three fulltime jobs, as a teacher, as a professional photographer, and as the owner and operator of a wine press. How he did it all, I will never know and I suspect that he did not sleep very much; at least his emaciated figure and face might indicate this.

Yet I am certain that it was not merely economic necessity which caused him to work so hard. Clearly, he enjoyed it, and he imbued his students with the gospel and the pleasures of work. It certainly had that effect on me, and I have never understood people who feel

that they can have "fun" only when they are not working. To me, interesting and meaningful work has always seemed more interesting and exciting than almost any form of fun – well, almost any.

Although I was very good in certain subjects, primarily the humanities, I was rather poor in science and math. Perhaps the greatest contribution that Jakowski made to my growth, apart from the very strong impact which he had on my character, was the early formation of language consciousness and his insistence that thoughts had to be expressed clearly, with elegance and grace.

I have always regretted that I lost touch with him. I never saw him again after 1926. Later, when maturity and reflection had revealed to me the priceless gifts which he had given me, I tried to find him when I first returned to Vienna with the American Army in 1946. I searched all over Kahlenbergerdorf, then a suburb of Vienna on the banks of the Danube, where he had lived, but nobody seemed to know what had become of him.

The secondary schools of Austria, like those of most European countries, are divided into a general primarily vocational type, called first Burgerschule and later Hauptschule, and then the so-called Mittelschule to which admittance was gained through competitive examinations which were elitist, not financially nor intellectually, and which formed the sole entrance to a university or other "academic" career. They were divided into three types, the declining but still powerful classical "Gymnasium" where Greek and Latin were the languages taught, the more modern science and mathematics oriented Realschule, and a compromise between the two – the Realgymnasium, which emphasized the humanities as well as science though the latter less intensively than the Realschule and which offered in the field of foreign languages, Latin, as well as one other modern Foreign language, either English or French. I chose the later type, with Latin and English. I could not possibly have known in what extraordinary fashion that choice would affect my later life.

In this Realgymnasium in the Albertgasse of Vienna's 8th district, I was again extremely fortunate in some of my teachers. Particularly outstanding was my teacher of German, Dr. Viktor Trautzl, who in addition to his teaching duties was also an established writer and theater critic for one of Vienna's leading newspapers. In secondary education, instruction in one's native language is probably always the most important subject because it is by that avenue that one absorbs one's basic culture and world outlook. Trautzl was fully equal to that challenge. A quiet-spoken man but a good teacher, he was of extraordinarily broad culture and great human wisdom. He was also deeply religious though he rarely spoke about that and led in that field more by example than by word. Like my primary school teacher Jakowski he recognized talent and urged parents to further it. Thus a special bond of friendship arose between him and my mother as they consulted frequently about my virtues and shortcomings. If any one man can be said to have formed my mind and given me a basic human philosophy, it can probably be attributed to Trautzl, and secondarily to Jakowski. It was a matter of great personal satisfaction to me that I did find Trautzl again after World War II and that we remained in correspondence and exchanged visits until he died. I was thus able to tell him how much

his teaching had meant to me and done for me. I know from personal experience that there is no greater reward for a teacher.

I had other good teachers, though not quite of the quality or impact of Trautzl. There was however one other man who in a very different way also had profound impact on my life. He was an Austrian with the Italian name of Pucci, a teacher of English. He was a moody, sometimes disagreeable man, perhaps made bitter by a serious illness which later claimed his life. Thus he was not popular among students and was sometimes ridiculed. But he was an extraordinary man and an extraordinary master of the craft, having a tremendous knowledge not only of the English language as such but of its dialects and regional variations both in England and in America. He also had great knowledge of English and American literature and could quote from memory any number of significant passages covering a wide range. Because of his difficult personality, he did not inspire many students and the average achievement in that class was probably no better than elsewhere. But for some reason that I do not know, he had a tremendous impact on me and I quickly became his star pupil. After two years of school instruction without any tutoring, I spoke English quite fluently, and it was at that stage that he prevailed upon my parents to send me to England for several weeks during the summer vacation. I was only 14 years old, and travel alone by children was not so common in those days as it has become later. Moreover there were the financial burdens to consider, and although, from our present vista the distance between Vienna and London seems ridiculously short, it seemed tremendous to my parents whose travels outside Austria had been few and far between and had never gone beyond adjacent countries.

Happily my parents, and perhaps as I recollect especially my mother, felt that language and travel were absolutely indispensable parts of my education. To help me achieve better things than had been her lot, no sacrifice was too great. This for my mother was no small achievement since she was economical to the point of avarice. But when it came to my education, no questions were asked.

Thus, at the age of 14, I set out on my great adventure. It was not so adventurous as that except possibly for a moment in Paris when I lost my way and, not speaking a word of French, had two hours of panic while I was trying to find my way back. I asked numerous policemen, but all I could say was “Rue St. Jacques, s’il vous plait?” knowing that I would not understand the reply but was hoping that they would at least point in the general direction. Being Latin and Frenchmen, they pointed in all directions and thus my panic increased until after walking in circles for two hours I spied someone I knew who had been on the same train with me, who knew French, and who could see me back to the Lycee Louis le Grande in whose dormitory I had been quartered. It was a great relief for me to get to England whose language I understood.

I spent most of that summer in London and in southern England, especially the Isle of Wight, but I was also immensely busy, always carrying a notebook in my pocket and writing down every new word that I could find and studying at night. Thus I came back not only exceedingly fluent but also with a very much enlarged vocabulary and a redoubled interest in the English-speaking world and in English and American literature.

The importance of this achievement for my later life and career can hardly be exaggerated. Two years later I returned to England for the further perfecting of the language. This too was a useful trip but did not of course have the drama of the first exposure.

Excellent though my education was, the school building and equipment were poor and drab, to say the least. Perhaps one might conclude from that that it is a mistake to concentrate on plants rather than on teachers. Also, our poor environment was made tolerable by the fact that we were all desperately poor. I still vividly remember how, on my walk to school, always taking the same route, I consciously excluded reality when I passed a certain landmark, and gave myself to day-dreaming, only to switch on reality again, automatically, as the school came into sight.

I graduated from the Realgymnasium in 1934. My marks were good but on the average not spectacular. I was of course tops in the fields which interested me, especially the humanities, German, English, History and Philosophy, but not quite so good in Latin. I was tolerable in Geography, poor in Chemistry, and dismal in Mathematics. But now the road was open to the university. But before we go into that chapter, we must go back to my high school days and into my extra-curricular activities, especially in the field of politics.

I have said before that my parents were Democratic Socialists. My father had been one of the lesser functionaries in the foundation of the Austrian Social Democratic party. He and my mother were sincere and humanitarian Socialists, who believe that mankind would be and could be ennobled once the workers became the masters of the means of production. They also believed, not quite illogically in the light of the nineteenth and early twentieth century, that a true Socialist must set an example for the workers by refraining from smoking and drinking, not for any moral reasons, but rather so that they would bring their meager pay home and not spend it in the tavern. Following general Marxist ideology, my parents were essentially areligious, considering religion an opiate of the people and the existence of God a fairytale. They changed their views in later life but those were the views which influenced my childhood and adolescence.

My first brush with the violence of post World War I politics came on July 15, 1927, when I was only 11 years old. The Social Democrats had long established a para-military troop called “RepubliKanischer Schutzbund” (Republican Defense Corps). Later various para-military formations were united under the name of Heimwehr (Home Defense Corps) and eventually adopted an out-and-out fascist ideology of the Italian model. Their actionist frame of mind became ever more strident. Then, in a village called Schattendorf in Austria’s easternmost Burgenland, some members of the Heimwehr fired at a Social Democratic demonstration. A 40 year old war veteran and an 8 year old boy were killed. Then on July 14 a court had acquitted the accused.

This verdict came on top of an atmosphere which both sides had heated up to the boiling point. Uncontrolled by the Socialist party leadership the enraged workers poured into the street on July 15 and set fire to the Palace of Justice. The police fired into the multitude

and eventually there were 90 fatalities. The pall of smoke hung over the city and it became clear that the Social Democratic leadership had lost control over its followers. This was duly noted by their adversaries and the appeals to violence and dictatorship became more frequent culminating in the civil war of 1934 and the Nazi take-over of 1938.

None of this was clear to the eleven-year old boy except one thing: that after July 15, 1927 nothing was quite the same in Austria and one learned to look into the future with dark foreboding.

Coming from this kind of environment, it was only normal that I would join the association of Socialist secondary school students, whose president I eventually became in my region. I also joined the Socialist para-military organization, the "Republikanischer Schutzbund". In those days Austrian life was extremely poor and also extremely fragmented. The atmosphere of the country was deeply politicized and every activity had a political angel, even sports and games. Thus, joining a political youth organization meant that my entire social life and social upbringing became dominated by it. This was all the more so as my parents, especially my mother, were not particularly social and almost never entertained at home. In fact, I had never had a birthday party until middle age, and the first and only one I can remember was in 1968, a surprise affair or cocktail charmingly arranged by my collaborators in the American Embassy in Kabul with the conspiratorial connivance of my wife and younger son. But that of course was very much later.

Perhaps it was not a bad thing to be in the Socialist youth movement for this was a moderate group, idealistic and keen. It is there that I learned my first awkward steps in normal social contact and in the relation between the sexes. However, the lack of a similar upbringing at home resulted in a social awkwardness which I could cure only later and with considerable effort. Also, the Socialist picture of the world is so utterly simplistic and therefore false. But this falsity did not appear then because the world picture of the Socialist is so completely logical from the theory of economic determinism to surplus value and to all the other tenets of Socialism, and through Marxist critique of capitalist society there runs a conclusive logical chain. Such an approach is invariably extremely attractive to the young and to intellectuals and therefore to one who aspired to being both. A Socialist outlook is an outlook for action but, even more attractive, it is an appeal to a false but seductive sense of logic and rationalism. My later life and experience have long convinced me how one-sided and misleading this picture was. I have been convinced in particular of the futility of a rationalistic approach as the sole or principal avenue to an understanding of the world, foreign or domestic. The rationalist lives every day as if it were the first, untrammeled by the weight of history, of past achievements, disappointments, and resentments. Thus it is understandable that a young person just starting to use his reasoning power would be strongly attracted by this outlook.

Later, my beliefs were tested by fire. I was involved actively in both short and relatively small-scale civil wars in Austria in 1934, one in February where the Socialists were crushed, and later in July where the same fate was meted out to the Nazis. In one instance

I opposed the Austro-Fascist government of Dollfuss, and later Schuschnigg, and in the second case I supported it but only to the extent that it opposed the Nazis.

During the next two to three years, I was active in Socialist underground movements. We felt that we were doing tremendously significant things, although in retrospect I can see that they were rather harmless. Most activities were secret meetings and the clandestine distribution of the Socialist party paper, the illegal "Arbeiter-Zeitung". I was arrested several times during that period and once roughed up a bit by the police but nothing too serious. Nor did my detentions last longer than a few days or weeks each time. Naturally I considered myself tremendously heroic and romantic. In retrospect, it was probably more romanticism than conviction which accounted for these activities.

Around 1937 I became strongly interested in Catholic thought, under the influence of a remarkable priest and equally remarkable layman, a Father Oesterreicher and a Dr. Marbach (I believe that was his name) but I have lost contact with them. It was largely under this influence and because of my considerable reading in the field that the untenable nature of certain Socialist precepts first dawned on me. Beginning with the theory of economic determinism, I began to turn against one tenet of Socialism after another. This made it necessary for me to break my ties to the clandestine Socialist movement. Happily I was able to convince my Socialist friends that my conversion was a matter of conviction and not of opportunism and I have remained in excellent contact and relations of mutual respect with some of my former comrades in arms of those days – to the extent that they have survived. Also I made it clear that my move was in no way dictated by opportunism by remaining absolutely opposed to the Catholic but Austro-Fascist government of Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg to the very end of its existence.

While many of us could not but respect Schuschnigg as a human being, I always felt that his late activity in America as a lecturer on democracy was in extremely bad taste for the leader of a fascist government. I have no objection to his activities on other topics and I bear him no ill will. Nor do I deny the possibility of a sincere conversion on his part. Still tact should have directed him to other lecture topics. But it does not really matter.

After graduating from the Realgymnasium in 1934, I went to the University of Vienna to study law. The university system prevalent in Europe at that time was characterized by very large, difficult examinations which were, however, spaced months and sometimes years apart. Being ambitious, but also poor, and living in a country of depressed economic conditions, being out of favor politically with the government, I felt I had to work extra hard to get ahead. Thus I went always to two schools at the same time, one in the morning and one at night, and that made it possible for me to graduate both from the Commercial Academy and from the Diplomatic Academy in Vienna (short courses) and also obtain diplomas, during the summer months, from the University of Rennes in France ("French Language and Literature) and the Geneva School of International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland (1937). I will return to that latter chapter in a little while.

At the Law School of the University of Vienna, I had a number of outstanding teachers, especially Alfred von Verdross, the great international law scholar. However, none of

them affected me as profoundly as had Jakowski and Trautzl in primary and secondary education. In part this was perhaps because European university professors, enthroned on Olympian heights, do not permit the close association with students which was common in lower education or which is common in American colleges and universities. Verdross was somewhat of an exception, however, in that he permitted a number of personal conversations which I found richly instructive. Also, seeing my interest in international law and relations, he suggested my name to the president of a rather exclusive though brilliant society, the Academic Section of the League of Nations Association in Vienna, which had the name Academic Association for League of Nations Affairs and Foreign Policy (AVVA).

Membership and later a seat on the executive council of that organization had a most important effect on me, probably more profoundly so than four years of law study at university. Because, at the university and in the other schools, I did my duty and passed my exams, but in the AVVA I discovered my real, passionate interest in international affairs. I was among the youngest, perhaps the youngest, among the steady membership and I was therefore confronted with much greater knowledge and experience on the part of the others. Still, I held my own in the discussions and I still remember them vividly as both extremely informative and spirited, characterized by a common desire for greater understanding and discovery rather than by the debater's desire for scoring a point. It was one of the most intellectually stimulating groups to which I had ever belonged, and its quality is attested by the fact that of the members of the executive committee to which I belonged, no fewer than six eventually became ambassadors, five of Austria, and one of the United States.

It is not too much to say that my entire future career was profoundly marked by that organization and its work. Particular credit belongs to its president, Dr. Franz Helmut Leitner, who received me so very kindly and made it easy for me to feel at home. He later became one of the outstanding members of the Austrian foreign service, serving, among other posts, as Austrian Ambassador to Japan and to Canada. He also was Austrian Consul General in New York.

The AVVA was not only instrumental in forming my future professional life, but it had a deeply personal impact as well. One of its responsibilities was to propose candidates for scholarship and study at the Geneva School of International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland. This school consisted of an integrated summer program directed by the outstanding British scholar, Sir Alfred Zimmern, and his slightly incredible wife. A number of distinguished professors in the field of international relations, law, economics, and sociology, were also assembled. It was Dr. Leitner who proposed me for a half scholarship in the summer of 1937, but told me that if I wanted to wait for another year I would surely get a full scholarship. My mother, always economical, favored waiting, but she did not press me too much, nor did my father, when I pointed out that the political situation in Europe in the year of 1937 was so uncertain that nobody could say what would happen in 1938. This argument persuaded my mother, and she sealed the bargain by saying, "Du hast Recht. Was man hat, hat man." (You are right. What you have, you

have.) No more prophetic words were ever spoken. Had I waited for another year, the opportunity would never have come.

So I went to Geneva and there repeated the experience of the AVVA on a larger and more international scale. I enjoyed it most thoroughly and profited tremendously. No doubt my later professional life was aided by this experience as well.

And all that was overshadowed by a more personal experience; I met Marlen Eldredge.

This is not the place for too many private and personal reminiscences of an intimate character, which are and should remain private. Suffice it to say that I was no stranger to women, that I had started knowing them fairly early and had not done too badly. However, the girls I had known, I had come to look upon rather selfishly as objects of physical pleasure and social ornamentation. When serious business came up, it was better to get them out of the way. In retrospect it would seem to me that this judgment was less than just and that some of them did have fairly good minds. Quite probably I was too self-centered and selfish to recognize it. But Marlen Eldredge gave me no such opportunity. She not only confronted me with her mind, she hit me over the head with it. I must say, she did this in a most charming fashion, but this young American girl wasted no time in demonstrating that she was a real person, not an object, that she could stand up for her beliefs and if necessary wrestle grizzlies. She was well educated and very widely traveled, came from a very good family and an excellent upbringing. But with all that she was remarkably unaffected and natural, attractively self-possessed, and far more mature than I was.

We were staying at the same Pension, or to be precise, we ate at the same place but the boys and girls were quartered in different buildings. I first became interested in her as a kind of an adventure, having never met an American girl before, and being slightly dazed by her personality. However, I desired nothing more serious than a summer romance, hopefully going as far as she would let me and maybe a little farther. But this is the trouble with flirtations and romances, that they can get out of hand and that not even the most cynical of heartbreakers can ever be entirely certain of controlling the course of events.

At any rate, what as far as I am concerned started as a summer romance ended up by my falling deeply and hopelessly in love. I say hopelessly because that is what it seemed to me then. I knew, perhaps dimly, that this was the first woman I had ever met with whom I would want to spend my life. But the probability of doing so seemed utterly remote. In the first place, hardly any Central European of those days even thought of marriage before the age of 30 or 35. It would normally take that long before one could acquire even the most modest apartment and the most rudimentary necessities for a home. Then, even more somberly, this was the ominous summer of 1937, the summer before the storm broke. None of us knew precisely when it would break, but those of us who had lived under the shadow of dictatorship and war for so long were certain that the storm would break before long. What would happen then no one could tell, and to plan for the future under those circumstances seemed absurd. Moreover, Marlen lived in America, and to a

Central European of the 1930's America was like the moon. True, I had often dreamt of America. Often enough my mother, who did not know America either, had spoken of it in dreamy terms as "the land of unlimited possibilities" (das Land der unbegrenzte Möglicheiten). It seems that one of her brothers had emigrated to America, a charming wastrel I gather, and had returned with fabulous stories. Later he went back to America, never to be heard from again. But fabulous as America was in our minds, it seemed unattainable. In fact until that time I had never known a European who had actually gone to America. Thus the possibility of ever getting there to see her again seemed virtually nil on all counts.

Marlen did not quite share this pessimism. In the first place, she has always been of a more optimistic nature. Secondly, having traveled all over Europe, Asia, and Africa, and repeatedly so, distances held no terror for her. And being American, relatively new to the claustrophobic atmosphere of Europe, she did not see the future in quite such catastrophic terms. Still, neither of us spoke of marriage; I because it seemed hopeless and she because she did not think it was her place to do so. Perhaps she was also not that sure that she wanted to marry me.

At any rate, we became quickly and well acquainted, a fact which was made easier by the closeness and camaraderie of the whole group composed of students from 22 nations. Perhaps we were all a little desperate, seeking the last possibilities of international friendships before we would have to go to war against each other. It was a happy summer, in some respect it was a matter of solemn happiness, and even the moments of greatest gaiety were rarely without a note of underlying seriousness.

The course lasted some six weeks of very concentrated work, and then a number of students, including Marlen and I as well as my good friend Kurt Petschek of Vienna went to Paris. We traveled overnight in the kind of crowded third-class trains that young people delight in and older people abhor. We arrived in the morning and visited the remarkable Paris World Fair. But that night Marlen left for America. It did not occur to us to delay her departure. We knew that schedules had to be adhered to and we had to return to our respective schools and responsibilities. It was a parting of desperate intensity for I was certain in my mind that I would never see her again.

When the boat train pulled out of the station and took her with it, I returned to my hotel room in a spirit of the deepest despondency. In fact, I broke down more completely than ever happened before or after, and dissolved in such uncontrollable tears that I finally fell into such an exhausted sleep that my roommate, Kurt, returning later was unable to arouse me and had to get the bellboy to open the door for him.

Returning to Vienna, I was able to continue my correspondence with Marlen, which served to get us to know each other better. I remember two charming presents from her. One was a miniature cotton bale. I did not quite understand what it was until, after ruining two pairs of scissors I finally opened the bands only to find myself engulfed in an incredible amount of cotton with nothing else in the package. Then it began to dawn on me what it was and I felt sick over the loss and destruction of this charming gift. I

confessed my error to Marlen who graciously sent me another miniature cotton bale which this time I prudently left intact. She also sent me a box of stationary with my name and address printed on it, the first such stationary that I had ever possessed.

Although my personal life thus blossomed, even at a considerable distance, the political life of Central Europe rapidly deteriorated. I never ceased to oppose the Schuschnigg regime. I never did have and do not have now any use for dictatorships. But the growing Nazi menace overshadowed everything else. In the last weeks before the demise of the Schuschnigg regime, he seemed to have awakened to the destructiveness of his policies and he made overtures to both the underground Socialists and the dissident Catholics. In view of the dreadful danger confronting us all, there was then a brief moment of national unity and even brotherhood. Such a profound experience could not help but make people optimistic, and for a while we all overestimated the significance of that event. But Hitler's Germany was big and Austria, though belatedly united, was small and deeply infiltrated by Nazis. All my instincts told me that we had to fight even though our destruction was certain. Only by fighting and going down fighting can one hope to rise again and preserve one's honor. But Schuschnigg did not want to "spill German blood" and having the responsibility he did not want to see people killed and maimed in an obviously hopeless struggle. I still think that he was wrong but who can be certain in such a case? It is always easier to act or to propose more radical action when one does not have the ultimate responsibility.

At any rate, the Austrian resistance to Nazism quickly collapsed in the face of Hitler's brutal threats to Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden. The German army, with the triumphant Hitler at its head, entered Vienna on March 12, 1938. It was my mother's birthday and we were not likely to forget it.

Vienna was in a state of delirium. It was astonishing how many Nazis crawled out of the woodwork. Even if one assumes that some were Johnnies-come-lately and opportunists, their number and enthusiasm were astonishing and depressing. There is a charming legend that Austria was raped by the Nazis but the fact is that a very large number of Austrians desired and enjoyed that rape. Many undoubtedly changed their minds later but at that moment and for months thereafter the German troops, some of whom had become a little wary of Hitler, marveled at the unbridled enthusiasm of the Austrians. Certainly the Austrian Nazis had little to learn from their German masters when it came to cruelty and persecution.

In view of my political past, it would probably have been wiser to get out immediately after the Anschluss. But there were many reasons why I did not do so. In the first place, underground work and occasional imprisonment under the Austro-Fascist regime had given me a false sense of knowing what dictatorship was about and of how it could be countered. This was of course utterly false for the Nazi regime was infinitely deadlier and more efficient than either the Austrian or Italian fascist regimes had even been. Secondly, I still had some final law examinations to take and I wanted my law degree for which I had, after all, worked four years. There were also my parents who did not want to leave, abhorrent as the Nazis were to them, but my father lived in retirement, his political

activities lay far behind him, and he thought he had nothing to fear. We were all to find out differently.

Shortly after I had begun to collect myself from the shock of these cataclysmic events, I began cautiously to take up contacts with some of my political friends, including those whom I had strongly opposed before 1938, to see how we might organize in opposition to the Nazis. But I had hardly gotten started when I was arrested by the Gestapo.

I do not know to this day how and why it happened. Mine was an individual arrest, not one of those mass arrests which came later. But the Gestapo agents did not look for anyone else among the many other families living at 107 Kaiserstrasse, but went straight for my apartment, asked for me, for no other member of my family, and took me away. I do not believe that it had anything to do with the activities on which I was just embarking because nobody else of our group was arrested at that time and we had only just barely begun to organize. Even if we had been infiltrated, always a possibility for underground movements, the Gestapo would probably have watched us for a while, allowed us to assemble more people, before striking. Hence I am inclined to believe that I was denounced by somebody, quite possible by some of the Nazis living in our house, or perhaps by a former classmate and fairly prominent Nazi who lived nearby. I shall never know, and it hardly matters now.

Although the Gestapo agents were quite polite and proper, that attitude ended abruptly when I entered the portals of the Hotel Metropole, Gestapo headquarters in Vienna. There I had my first acquaintance with beating, torture, and death. Several of the people in my group were killed almost indiscriminately or beaten to death in the days of "interrogation". It was a period of unmitigated horror. I was interrogated, forcibly so, for hours on end, and although the Gestapo man demanded a confession, I am inclined to believe that he used that merely as an excuse for inflicting physical pain rather than because he was interested in a written and signed document. In that respect, though not in many others, there is a difference between the Nazi and the Communist methods of interrogation. At any rate, I had nothing to confess, and I did not confess, and I doubt that it would have made any difference if I had.

After they thought that they had beaten me enough at the Metropole, I was taken to a school which had been turned into a prison. All the regular prisons were overcrowded. There we were kept for some time, poorly fed but beaten only occasionally, until June 2, 1938, the day my transport left for Dachau Concentration Camp.

The transport was another event of nightmarish horror. It took something line 20 hours, as the train stopped and was kept waiting at sidings many times. During the whole trip all prisoners had to sit rigidly at attention without food or drink or an opportunity to relieve themselves. Incessantly they were taunted, beaten, tortured, stabbed, and sometimes shot. I still carry the sear of a bayonet stab on the back of my left hand to remind me of that trip.

Once unloaded in Dachau, we had again to stand at attention for a long time without any visible purpose other than to give the SS men another opportunity to taunt, to beat, and to kill,. To this day I can almost exactly identify at least seven or eight spots in the defile where people were shot down in cold blood. It was purely a matter of accident whether it hit you or somebody else.

I stayed in Dachau concentration camp for several months and was then shipped to another and even worse camp, unimaginable though that might seem, Buchenwald. There is no point for me to go into details of our treatment. There exists now a voluminous literature on concentration camps as the Nazi regime is one of the best-documented in history. Unfortunately all the stories, even the most cruel and incredible, are true simply because the human mind in all its imaginativeness can hardly think of any form of cruelty or torture which the Nazis had not thought of first. In some respects, conditions became worse later on. Our food was horrible and inadequate but it was not as yet the starvation dies which it became later and although many people were killed, between 30 and 60 every day, we had not yet experienced the machine-like precision of mass extermination which was a later development. Also, contrary to a widespread impression, the great majority of the camp inmates were Germans and Christians rather than foreigners and Jews. Only after November, 1938, when the Jewish mass arrests began, did the proportions begin to change.

Readers of these lines who are really curious what life in a German concentration camp was like can refer to one of the numerous articles or books on the subject. I have contributed to some myself. Perhaps the best book-length study, impressive in its scholarly detachment, is by a former inmate, Eugen Kogon, entitled THE SS STATE.

Life in Dachau and Buchenwald was incredible in its depravity, its sickening inhumanity, the daily dosage of torture and death. The chances of ever emerging alive seemed remote as very few people were released. And I daresay there was not one inmate who had not considered seriously at one time or another the thought of suicide. It was after all so very simple; all one had to do was to walk down into the forbidden zone and if one made that without being machine-gunned, one merely had to touch the high-tension electric fence which surrounded the camp. Life was so horrible, why should one fear death? And many availed themselves of that opportunity.

There were as many individual reasons for not doing so as there were individuals. Hope of release was probably not one of them as it seemed remote. But for many of us voluntary death meant final acceptance of the Nazi triumph and that, we were grimly determined, was not to be.

I will say no more about the unspeakable horrors of that period. But I would be less than just if I were not to admit that amidst all this death and pain and despair there were not also some positive sides which profoundly formed my life and I am certain the lives of those who survived. First of all, there was the discovery that even in the face of the most fiendish tortures, nobody could be humiliated except with his consent. One could of course be killed, but that was another and, under the circumstances, far less frightening

possibility. Also it appeared that those who cringed and sought favors of the Nazi guards only incurred their wrath, while those who met them with dignity and courage, with their heads held high, often gained some measure of grudging respect.

Fiendish and inhuman as the Nazi tortures were, they considered themselves some sort of idealists and somewhere in the recesses of their dull and inhuman minds there was a remnant of respect for a brave opponent. I do not feel qualified to psycho-analyze those monsters. It suffices that generally speaking those of us who showed a spirit an attitude of dignity and manliness by and large fared slightly better than the rest. Of course some caught a bullet nevertheless, but that was nothing to be afraid of, for death was certainly preferable to life.

There were other positive features. In a way, everybody was naked. There were people who had once occupied high positions of state, industry, and academe, and there were those of humble origin. Now they all wore striped uniforms with numbers, and worked in the same stone quarry or other projects. Some of the high and mighty were less high and mighty now, but some did reveal themselves as extraordinary personalities, and among the humble you had the courageous and the cowardly as well as those who simply gave up and then quickly died. The people who acted in admirable fashion were not necessarily people one would have admired elsewhere. I remember the founder of the Austro-fascist para military group, the Heimwehr, Dr. Richard Steidle. He was an out and out fascist and I despised him as a political leader. But as a man in prison and comrade in adversity he was outstanding, courageous, kindly, steady. I was sorry that he was later killed. His conduct atoned for much. I also remember another type of man, a little waspish prisoner named Wiesen. He could barely stand up under the blows and the heavy physical work. But his mind was indomitable. He was a philosopher in the true sense of the word, not only knowledgeable of all the schools and thinkers of philosophy, but a man who knew how to philosophize himself. This was an important gift because one of the horrors of concentration camp life was the assault on the mind, the danger of intellectual attrition. I myself taught classes in English language and wrote the necessary textbooks which had to be carefully hidden. All this was done primarily to keep the mind alive. Many nightly discussions rekindled in our minds greater perspective for the fate of mankind, including our own, and hence greater serenity. I am deeply sorry that he perished there. Another remarkable young man was the poet Jura Soyfer. I had known him slightly in the Socialist youth movement. Now we met again. He had a sunny temperament even then, and his sensitive poetry still came from his lips. He too perished.

Among the many lessons for life which I learned in Dachau and Buchenwald is the positive and undeniable proof of the superiority of the spirit over the flesh. All the statistics about survival in concentration camps, which completely agree with my own observations, shows that survival was not a matter of physical but of mental resistance. Not those strongest in body but those strongest in heart and mind, survived. By categories, the political and religious prisoners had the lowest death rate, while the category of so-called professional criminals had the highest, and yet in physical stamina it should have been the other way around. Particularly interesting is my observation of the conduct of the Jewish prisoners. The earlier Jewish inmates were mostly political

prisoners, as indicated by the insignia on their uniforms, and their conduct and survival rate did not differ markedly from that of the non-Jewish political and religious prisoners. But after the so-called "crystal night" of November 1938, Jewish prisoners arrived in large numbers as the result of waves of mass arrests. In contract to the earlier political Jewish prisoners, these newcomers were picked off the street without any rhyme or reason and did not know why they were there. They died like flies although their treatment did not differ greatly from that accorded the other Jewish prisoners; nor were they different in social origin or physical stamina. But the one group had strong convictions and knew why it was there. The other did not. The death rate showed the difference.

Still another group that showed that principle was that of the Witnesses of Jehovah. This peculiar sect is widespread and I, as a Catholic, have no reason to love them as some of their most intense drives were directed against my church. But nobody who has ever seen them in concentration camp could withhold his admiration. Here was a group frequently maltreated worse than others, often kept in the feared isolation block, and a group which could get release by signing a statement of submission and willingness to take military service – the only such group which had this privilege. In Buchenwald there were about 300 Witnesses of Jehovah. Of them, only two signed, and one retracted – truly a remarkable feat of deathless courage. As far as the rest of the prisoners were concerned, the strength of conviction rather than the nature thereof, was determinant. Next to the Witnesses of Jehovah, prisoners of strong Christian belief and – Communists – were most remarkable for their courage. But these are random observations, confined to those people I knew, and although we were well over ten thousand prisoners in both these camps, one naturally got to know well only those with whom one was housed or worked in a common work command and that number was naturally small in proportion. Time and again it was proven that <u>you</u> could hope to survive only if <u>you</u> held a tight reign on yourself and grimly fought on, for the very act of survival was an act of defiance.

If you gave up courage, death quickly followed. It was remarkable to see how a hitherto strong person, the moment he lost heart, would sag, soon thereafter would pick up a disease or fall under the blows or bullets of the SS. Of course, courage cannot stop a bullet either, but that was a chance you always took. I may sum up lessons which I learned by saying this: First of all, I learned to appraise people for what they were and not for their position or rank. This stood me in good stead later on when I was privileged to meet heads of state and government and even when I was merely an assistant professor I met them, with respect to be sure, but without being in the slightest unnerved by their station – and that even includes General de Gaulle. Second, I learned the lesson of the superiority of the indomitable spirit and I was not likely ever to forget it. Finally, I learned never to give up in spite of moments of despondency and despair, but to fight on to the end. I also learned that most of my fellow-prisoners were Germans and it was therefore inconceivable to be anti-German. Anti-Nazi, yes; anti-German no; for we were all Germans at that time or, as Austrians, very nearly so. To hate all Germany would have meant to hate ourselves, and there was no place for that. Moreover, in the fact of the horrible proofs of the depravity of racism, we could not possible allow ourselves to succumb to racism ourselves. For to hate or to reject people simply because they belong

to a certain race is racism, whether directed against Jews, Negroes, or Germans. To succumb to racism, even anti-German racism, was to render the Nazis finally triumphant.

Another strange and chilling experience was our daily contact with Communists. As human beings they were frequently magnificent, being often among the earliest prisoners and having therefore several years in camp behind them by the time I met them. They were of course among the strongest because the others had not survived. They were good leaders and good and loyal comrades. Where they were block leaders or leaders of work commands, (of course always under an SS leader) they, for the most part, did what they could to protect those under them though what they could do was little enough. I became such a leader myself and I know what it took. Yet, in the midst of this depravity and destruction, they never failed to tell us, quite calmly, that if they ever came to the top in a Communist society, they would not fail to imprison and liquidate the rest of us. They said that they would do so with personal regret and respect for the qualities which we had shown but that they would do it nevertheless. I have never forgotten both sides of this exposure to the Communist mind.

How close the Communist and Nazi practice coincided was made manifest at one time in Buchenwald. A new transport of prisoners brought a number of Austrian Socialists, who, after the battle of February 1934, had escaped to the Soviet Union and had later run afoul of one of the numerous Stalinist purges. They had ended up in Lubyanka Prison in Moscow and in other prisons and forced labor camps. Eventually they were "released" and turned over to the Nazis. Incidentally, well before the famous Stalin-Ribbentrop Pact of August, 1939. As they arrived in Buchenwald we were naturally curious about their comparison between conditions in the Russian prisons and camps and in Buchenwald. As we were unable to get to them for several weeks, we knew that they had now had ample opportunities for comparisons. We were therefore shaken to our depths when every one of them told us that it had been even worse in Russia. It seemed unbelievable to us that anything could be worse than Buchenwald. But history shows that even that was possible, even in Buchenwald, itself where conditions deteriorated from that level which we had considered the very bottom of that which is endurable. I suppose it is simply incredible what man in adversity can stand.

This all happened almost 30 years ago. Yet the place, the events, the faces, are sill vividly in my mind, although I can now recall them without emotion. But there is much truth in the Buchenwald Song written by prisoners and often sung by command of the guards as we marched out to work and in many cases to death:

> "Buchenwald, I can never forget you,
> For you have become my fate".
>
> (Buchenwald, Ich kann Dich nie vergessen,
> Weil De mein Schicksal bist.)

I was released in February, 1939, after nearly a year of imprisonment, eight months of which were spent in Dachau and Buchenwald. I have only fragmentary information on how it happened. At the camp gates there stood several numbered tables, and every

morning some of the prisoners were called by name to come forward to one of those tables. Nobody knew what it meant. It always meant something. But it could be the demand for a signature to a document, or to be beaten by sticks, or to be hung up by one's wrists tied behind one's back (this happened to me once for an hour and is excruciatingly painful), or one could be put into solitary or one might be shot, or, occasionally, one could be released. Thus several prisoners, perhaps twelve including myself, stood there not knowing what was afoot, expecting the worst, and hoping for the best, as the work commands marched through the gate past us. We were all by then experienced prisoners and knew that it was dangerous to one's equilibrium to let either hope or fear to rule one. My name was called, together with three or four others out of that group, and we were marched to one of the SS barracks. There was still no indication as to what would happen but I was beginning to be slightly hopeful because the guards were not abusive. An experienced prisoner learns to observe the smallest signs. It was only in that barracks that we were told that we were about to be released. I don't believe any of us showed the slightest emotion in his face. We were too well trained for that, and there was always the possibility of a cruel hoax. We were not going to give them that satisfaction, should that be the case.

Still, release proceedings now went ahead. Our civilian clothes were returned to us and we received a small amount of money, just sufficient to pay for a third class railroad ticket back home. Then, after various periods of waiting and processing, we were taken to a physical examination which was perfunctory and was probably designed only to see whether we showed any physical signs of major maltreatment. At any rate, all of us passed and we were taken to the railroad station in Weimar, given our certificate of release, warned to keep our mouths shut forever, and turned loose.

It is difficult to describe my emotions. Perhaps it is almost accurate to say that I did not have any. We were numb, distrustful. We did not know whether we would not be picked up again. It was only once I sat in the train and saw the other passengers and heard their unconcerned small talk, that it began to dawn on me that I had really returned to life. Still, I felt like a thing apart, and that was enhanced by the furtive glances which the passengers gave me, presumably because of my shaved head. Those who lived in Weimar knew what it meant.

I changed trains in Leipzig and went on to Vienna. I had just enough money to send a telegram from Leipzig to tell my parents of my release and return. I was glad to forego food for that pleasure.

When I first saw my parents at the Western Railroad Station, my emotions finally did catch up with me, and we all dissolved in tears. I was shocked to see my father; his head also was shaved, although his hair was already returning. I had not known that he too was imprisoned although for only a relatively short period of two months, and largely because he protested my imprisonment in that spirit of righteousness which I had always admired but of which the Nazis had no understanding.

We now lived in a different apartment because the Nazis in our former house had driven my mother out. She had to take that in addition to the torture of knowing her husband and only son were in concentration camps, confronted by daily death. But my mother was a woman of great moral strength and sterling qualities. In fact, I discovered that as nearly as we could figure out, I owed my release to her. She had moved heaven and earth; she had gone to Berlin and even to Weimar, she who have never traveled and did not like to travel. She had even stopped a German general in the street and asked his help, and he, incredibly, not only promised to but actually tried to, though without results, and was finally told to mind his own business or he also would end up in a concentration camp. I wish I had known who he was because he had certainly taken considerable risks for a total stranger. There was also a mysterious Dutch lawyer who, for a good deal of money and probably not just for money, tried to help prisoners. He must have had some powerful Gestapo connections and finally it worked in my case.

I had been almost completely incommunicado since my imprisonment. Only one letter per week, I believe, or was it per month?, was allowed a prisoner, from one address only. Hence my mother was the only person who had written to me. That the letters came from her rather than from my father had not struck me as unusual because he was highly nearsighted and it was easier for her to write and her handwriting was clearer. It was only after my release that I discovered that he also had been imprisoned. My mother understandably wanted to keep his arrest from me so as not to add to my burden. But one can imagine how much she would have liked to share it with me.

I also discovered a mountain of letters form Marlen Eldredge. She had written faithfully all the time, first from America, and then from India where she had gone with her aunt Ruth Woodsmall. When I was arrested, my father had written her a somewhat mysterious letter in which he said in the vernacular of those days that "Robert had gone to the country and would not be able to write for some time." I am sure this phraseology did not fool any censor but it surely mystified Marlen who, in the security of America, did not quite understand what this meant although she suspected it. A few months later Kurt Petschek, my roommate from Paris, went to America and he told her what the remark meant. By that time she was already pretty sure. Her letters naturally could not be forwarded to me to Dachau because of the single correspondent rule and also because her letters were written in a "forbidden" language, i.e. English.

Now I learned many things about her life in America, her reluctance to accept her aunt's invitation to go to India with her, and how my mother had told her that there was nothing she could do for me and that this trip was important for her and that I would surely approve if I knew – which was true enough. Most important of all was the news that she had not forgotten me nor given me up, as well she might and as so many wives and sweethearts had done to husbands and fiancés in the camp. Quite to the contrary, she had worked hard to persuade her parents to sign affidavits with the necessary financial guarantees for me so that I could obtain an immigrant's visa to the United States. And while I would rather have starved than ever take a penny from them, these guarantees, theoretical as they were, were nevertheless absolutely vital. Hence there was also information from the American Embassy, then Consulate General, in Vienna that a visa

was waiting for me. There was also information that a student refugee service in Geneva had obtained a fellowship for me to come and study at Amherst College. And although I could no longer make use of this invitation for the academic year for which it was intended, because of my imprisonment, the college authorities invited me to come and live with them at one of the dormitories or fraternity houses until the following semester when my fellowship would officially start. All this was marvelously good news and had been totally unknown to me.

I have few recollections of the days I spent in Vienna, just prior to my emigration. They were full of all kinds of details as well as anxieties. They were also marked by considerable bitterness over that which was so often revealed of human nature. Now that I had miraculously returned from the living death of the concentration camps, I had become a pariah to most of my former friends. Just to be seen with me was quite probably dangerous, but it was deeply depressing to see so many spineless creatures. There were however two notable exceptions. One was Dr. Franz Helmut Leitner, former president of the AVVA mentioned earlier and himself wanted by the Gestapo. Despite that fact he braved all dangers to try to help my mother. I have never forgotten this act of courage on his part and our friendship has endured over the years. As these lines are written he is Austria's Ambassador in Canada. Another, quite different and less spectacular act was that of a former classmate, Hertha Reissinger. This beautiful and vivacious girl and I had been good friends in school and fellow conspirators in countless pranks. We were political opponents as she had fallen for a while under the Nazi spell, but that did not interfere with our personal relations. Now I was just out of concentration camp, contemplating a highly uncertain future and reflecting bitterly on the fickle nature of man. As I was thus walking along the Guertal (outer ring) of Vienna, I saw Hertha walking along with a man, later the first of several husbands. I naturally expected her to show no sign of recognition but not she. She left her companion, crossed the street to greet me, to commiserate (she had heard of my imprisonment) and to offer her help. Although there was really nothing she could do, that simple act of friendship, like Leitner's courage, did much to keep alive such faith in mankind as I still had.

I obtained my visa and, again thanks to diligent efforts by my mother, myself, and lawyers with mysterious connections, we were able to get my exit permit and release from military service in Germany. Thus, I believe it was on March 2nd though I cannot be wholly sure of the date, I was ready to leave Vienna. The plan was to take the train to Genoa and there board the Italian liner Conte di Savoia for New York. I was not able to take any money with me. Only $4.00 were allowed and no other currency at all. But I could, presumably, take a fair amount of luggage, especially clothes. But when I arrived at the railroad station, I was arrested again. It was a terrible blow. But it became clear after a while that it was essentially an administrative mistake, a mix-up between the Vienna Gestapo which knew nothing or professed to know nothing of my release, and its jealousy against the Berlin Gestapo which had ordered it unilaterally. Again my mother and the lawyers worked all night, and by the morning I was happily released. I was not maltreated this time but there was conjured up before my eyes the picture of the prisoners who had been returned to the camp, so-called second offenders or repeaters. They had a

bar above their category insignia, and it was generally believed, probably correctly, that they would never leave the camp alive. I did not sleep that night.

It was too late now to reach the boat by train. But fortunately there was a plane leaving for Venice from where I could catch a train to Genoa just in time to board the vessel. All tickets had to be bought in advance in Vienna since I could not take any money with me. I also had to leave all my luggage behind, which was still impounded. So I left Vienna for good with only the clothes I wore on my back and a tine attaché case of dubious parentage which contained one pair of underwear, one pair of socks, and a sturdy Austrian salami which was indefinitely durable without refrigeration and which I was to treat as an ultimate emergency ration, what was known in Europe as an "iron ration" for cases of utter emergency when everything else fails. Such occasions did arise much later, and the salami got duly eaten over several months, and remained in the best of shape till the very last slice.

In Genoa I had just enough time to use most of my $4.00 to buy a shirt, and later on board the Conte di Savoia I won back a little money in a bingo game. But that was still not enough to allow me to leave my cabin when both my shirts had to be washed (this was in the days before drip-dry materials), and I was mortified that I could not tip the stewards, although I traveled in the relative luxury of second class. But I think they understood. My shaved head and my exceedingly light luggage were dead giveaways.

It was only after the ship passed the Straits of Gibraltar and thus left Europe finally behind, that I felt really certain of release. It was at that moment that I took out of my pocket a treasure which I had harbored, the key to our former apartment at 107 Kaiserstrasse in Vienna. Now I dropped it quietly into the ocean as a symbol that Europe and my youth were now behind me.

The crossing was uneventful, except for a moment of uneasiness when the ship's paper announced the news, received by radio, that Hitler had marched into Prague. Many passengers feared that war might be imminent and I experienced a moment of panic lest the ship would turn around and return to Europe. But after a day or so, it appeared that war, though undoubtedly much closer, was not going to happen for a little while and that our chances of docking in New York were excellent. Still, in view of that experience, it was a moment of indescribable happiness and relief when the gigantic Statue of Liberty loomed over the ship. Now I knew that even if, unaccountably, the ship were to turn around, I could if necessary swim to shore. I would surely have tried it. Happily, that proved unnecessary and the ship docked in New York harbor without any further adventure.

As I walked down onto American soil, I knelt down and kissed the ground. It was not precisely an original gesture but I can assure everybody that whoever had done it before or after me had done so with total sincerity. It was truly the promised land. Later I was also to discover that it was still the "land of unlimited possibilities" of which my mother had spoken.

There were several people at the pier to greet me, but they were all strangers. I was later reminded that I was also met by some newspaper reporters but frankly I have no recollection of them. There were also people from the refugee service, and a few others, among them a professor from a college in Pennsylvania whom I had met somewhere but could not recall, who had taken an interest in my case and my Odyssey. Marlen was still in India and I knew few other people. But the kindliness and the wholly unaffected natural friendliness which characterizes so many Americans made me forget the relative loneliness of my arrival. Moreover, a man who comes out of a concentration camp is pretty tough or he would not be alive. I filled my lungs with the good though slightly smoky air of America despite the fact that my total possessions consisted of my little attaché case and 75 cents which had remained in my pocket. I felt ready to take on anybody or to wrestle dragons.

I spent a few days in New York and earned a few dollars in the time-honored manner of refugees and immigrants, by running errands, washing dishes, etc. Life had not spoiled me, and I certainly did not mind. Soon I went up to Amherst and was most kindly received by all. Now I had an opportunity to rest and to reflect, staying in the comfort and fellowship of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity House.

Although I had learned to keep by features immobile and to show few emotions, I was extremely nervous underneath as the whole series of events and the whole uncertainty of a new life starting from scratch came home to me. Despite the friendliness of the Amherst atmosphere and the way in which I immediately felt at home in America as if I had always wanted to live there, I do not have a very happy recollection of my personality during those first months and perhaps year. I fear I might have been distant and perhaps seemed cold and arrogant. Perhaps it was merely a way of covering up monumental insecurity. There was only one personal friend from earlier days, Helen Nicholl, Marlen's friend and roommate at Geneva, who was studying at Mount Holyoke College, not far from Amherst. I saw her from time to time and greatly enjoyed her company. But that was not enough to take the place of more permanent or more familiar surroundings Still, I melted slowly.

Later I learned other things: how Marlen had written to Helen from India, either on the exact day of my release from Buchenwald or very close to it, saying "Somehow I believe that everything is now all right with Robert." It was a strange case of intuition since there was no way of her knowing of my release until several weeks later. I also learned that Marlen had been rather shocked to see my first photo taken in America. It was not that I was disfigured and my just barely growing hair was not so different from an American crew cut. But she was shocked by my eyes which, contrary to what she remembered, seemed coldly staring, dead, and blank. It was the familiar look of the concentration camp. It was some time before I lost it, as well as the habit of glancing over my shoulder before saying anything of any consequence.

I also took a trip to Memphis, Tennessee to visit Marlen's parents. They, especially her mother, did everything to make me comfortable but I was still highly nervous and uneasy.

Also I became aware of what I had not known, namely that her father disapproved of me and feared that I might marry her.

Marlen returned to America in September and I was at the dockside in New York to greet her, together with her mother, Helen Nicholl, and other friends. Although I was very happy to see her, I think neither of us was wholly at ease; she, as always, was perfectly brought up and therefore divided her attention equally among those who had come to see her, which meant that I could claim very little. Perhaps I was a little jealous and certainly immature to have expected more. Later on when we had a chance to talk alone, the tension eased but it did not disappear completely. I wondered whether she had perhaps come to the conclusion that she had bitten off more than she intended and that while she wanted to help me to come to America, she was not prepared to do more. Quite likely, in fact almost certainly, this was all in my mind as part of my nervousness, insecurity, and adjustment. These at any rate were my impressions. Marlen's were different as she commented; "Silly man. All the time I was in India I wore a silver ring of 3 circles that made 2 hands clasped over a heart, signifying that I considered myself your fiancée."

It was perhaps for the best, though I certainly did not think so at the time, that we had to separate again. Amherst was a man's college and Marlen had received a very honorable fellowship to go to Yale which, although also a men's university, did accept women for graduate study. Thus for the next year we did see each other every second or third weekend either in Amherst or in New Haven, and it was at <u>one</u> of those meetings that I formally proposed to her and was accepted, although I detected or thought I detected a slight reluctance. Perhaps it was only imaginary or, more likely, being intelligent and prudent, Marlen wondered how it would all come out. Certainly I was not an easy person to live with and I was still in the process of overcoming the traumatic experiences of the recent past. She did accept my ring with a tiny diamond cleverly mounted so as to look larger than it was, but it was all I could afford. And she says she is still proud to wear it, almost 30 years later. But I had to agree for her to keep the engagement a secret and for her not to wear the ring in public. This she thought necessary in order not to offend her father who by now opposed our marriage quite violently. She hoped to win him over eventually. Marlen's reaction to this part of my memoires is somewhat at variance and she states them with characteristic straight-forwardness: "Your memory fails. You asked me by a lake, while my mother was still at Yale, within a <u>week</u> of my return home. That was one reason why I couldn't wear the ring at once – because she was still there. Your other recollection, about Dad's attitude, is correct and charitable. But I had <u>no</u> doubts."

In my strange and slightly bitter frame of mind, I think I blamed her father more than he deserved. Although his stand was absolutely uncompromising, I really cannot blame him. Here was his only darling daughter who had received an excellent and an expensive education and who would have made a perfect match for some promising American who might have moved up in the world of business. Her mother at some time told me very nicely but slightly wistfully that she had once hoped that her daughter would marry an American diplomat who might eventually become an ambassador. I am deeply sorry that she did not live long enough to see this dream come true.

The following year Marlen and I were separated by a larger distance. But in the summer we were both in New York when Marlen worked as a guide in the League of Nations pavilion at the World's Fair and, incidentally helped me with my Master's thesis. I had applied for another graduate fellowship at ten major universities and I was staggered when I received no less than six. Now I felt a little foolish and ashamed to have applied to so many places as all the fellowships were quite good and lucrative – relatively of course as the dollar bought a good deal more in those days than it does now. This was yet another evidence of the munificence of America.

Looking over the opportunities now available, I decided that it would be a good idea to get away from the East Coast of the United States where a great many refugees were settling. Although I felt that my future was now likely to be in the academic field and probably in the area of international relations and comparative government, I desired a thorough grounding in American subjects. This was the principal reason why I chose the University of Minnesota where I had been offered their most top ranking fellowship, the Shevlin Fellowship, which was competitive and of which only four were given annually, only one of them for the College of Letters and Sciences.

I had a very happy year in Minnesota. By that time I was beginning to calm down and the exceedingly hospitable atmosphere of the Middle West did the rest, although I cannot complain at all of the friendly reception I had received in the East. But I was readier now than I had been then. Also, living in a rooming house made for closer friendships, and I am particularly grateful to a truly dear friend and companion, Arnold Rhiel, who later settled down as a successful high school teacher in Sheboygan. He was engaged to a lovely girl and I was sorry that he and Theresa were married only after my departure from Minneapolis as I would have dearly loved to attend their wedding. I made many other friends in Minneapolis, both men and women, and enjoyed my life. I also began to give lectures and speak on the radio. I am greatly indebted to the excellent and most helpful faculty. They had been very good to me at Amherst as well, especially Professor Karl Loewenstein who was stern and demanding but whose underlying kindness could not be mistaken. Although I was sometimes furious especially when he made me rewrite my thesis and was severely critical of this or that, I am forever indebted to him for that very sternness. Moreover Loewenstein, an immigrant from Germany himself, was thoroughly familiar with the German legal tradition as well as the American one (he had been a member of both the Berlin and Massachusetts Bars) and thus he gave me the indispensable transition from the one system to the other.

However, the other courses at Amherst registered less deeply with me, perhaps because I was not quite ready for them.

In Minnesota, however, I enjoyed the whole range of academic work. Particularly deep went the enormous knowledge and wisdom of Professor William Anderson in American government, and the penetrating knowledge of administrative procedures evidenced by Professors Lloyd Short and Ludwig. In international law I was happy with Professor Harold Quigley, and in political theory with Professors Evron Kirkpatrick and Lippincott.

Outside the field of political science I formed a deep attachment to Professor Harold Deutsch with whom I took a brilliant seminar in modern European history.

I had always been rather self-propelled and was not in the habit of asking advice when I felt I could read up on a subject and get the answer that way. This is not always the best course of action and I have become less rigid on that score since. But the wonderful informality and close contact between professors and students at Minnesota was a new experience for me. It had of course existed at Amherst as well but Amherst was a small college and there it seemed natural. The University of Minnesota, though not nearly as large as it is now, was then already a very large institution. Yet the personal relationship of students to the faculty was no less close. In Vienna I had felt extraordinarily privileged and had been envied by many other students when one single professor had stopped in the corridor to chat with me for a few minutes. To visit a professor's home there would have seemed unbelievable. Now it became commonplace. I think Minneapolis and the University of Minnesota did very much to make me an American.

I really should have asked advice about how many courses to take, how to prepare, how long to take to get my degree. But I had never heard of advisors or counselors. There was no such thing in Europe. So I merely read the instructions in the bulletin and proceeded accordingly. For instance, the graduate school bulletin told me that I had to pass examinations in two foreign languages which I naturally assumed to French and German in my case. German of course was no problem, but when I called on the French instructor assigned to examine me, I naturally assumed that I should speak to him in French, which I did rather rapidly. This frightened the young man so much that he quickly complimented me out of the room and hastily certified that I had passed. The experience rather bewildered me.

I suppose that if I had asked, I would have been told that I should take about three years of graduate work. But since I did not ask anybody, but went by the book, I decided I could do it in two – that is, one year at Amherst, one at Minnesota. And so I did. It was not exactly easy as I took a program of no less than 18 units per quarter, a load which would probably not be allowed now, and during that same single year I passed all my course examinations as well as my qualifying examination for the PhD with considerable success. Again, coming out of a concentration camp, I had tremendous stamina and very little need for sleep. I worked day and night, and when I became too weary of studying one subject, I awakened myself by switching to another. I was so exhausted and jittery after I had passed my qualifying examinations, I had to go to the hospital for a few days on urgent medical advice. My treatment consisted simply of sedation and lying in a semi-dark room. There was nothing seriously wrong with me, just total exhaustion.

During that year in Minneapolis I began to travel in Minnesota and neighboring states, and gave numerous lectures on various subjects of international affairs. One of those trips took me to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where I gave a lecture at the State Teachers College there. We had a lively discussion and I was very well received. After it was over, President Forrest R. Polk offered me a teaching job. There was a hitch to it because it was primarily in economics and I had never taken a single course in economics in my life. It

is true that I had passed an examination in it in Vienna, but that was purely from reading, and highly theoretical reading at that. I felt that if I can read, I can learn, and if I can learn, I can teach. I was certainly not lacking in self-confidence. However, I was reluctant to get completely out of my proper field in political science. I discussed this with President Polk who agreed that I could teach at least one course in political science each semester. That satisfied me and I finally asked one more privilege before making up my mind, namely to telephone Marlen in New Haven. I had never heard of Oshkosh until I arrived there, and while it was a most pleasant and friendly small town, I wondered what Marlen would say. Once again I had underestimated her. She was full of enthusiasm, encouraged me to accept the position, and declared her complete willingness to live there. There was later to be one other long-distance call, to consult her about my accepting a position. That was years later when I called her, than in Santa Barbara, while I was in Paris, after President Johnson had asked me to become the American Ambassador to Afghanistan. But I could hardly have dreamt, when I placed that first call to her from Oshkosh to her dormitory in New Haven, what the nature of the second call would be.

Of course an experienced graduate student would have known that he could turn to his academic department for help in locating a position. The members of his department, and especially the professor under whom he wrote his dissertation, would have made a considerable effort to locate a position for him. And I have done this many times later for my students. But in Minnesota in 1940 and 1941 I knew nothing of this. I had never heard of professors doing anything for their students except examining them and expressing their displeasure. No European professor would have lifted a finger in those days to get a job for a mere student. For an assistant? Perhaps. So I accepted the first offer which came along, which was at Oshkosh, and I have never regretted it. For although I did not stay there very long, it proved to be an excellent start in a most friendly community.

We decided to get married that summer. I would never have dreamt of getting married before having a firm job. I do not blame those youngsters, including my own elder son, who got married while they were still students. After all, they were used to the security and the unlimited opportunities of America. But my Central European upbringing, my memories of depression and ceaseless danger, would have made me sick with worry had I even contemplated marriage without a reasonable assured economic basis.

Shortly before leaving Minneapolis, I hastily learned to drive, and after only a few lessons from a willing friend, I bought a secondhand car, a rather nice 1939 Chevrolet, and set out for the East. I had only been driving for a couple of weeks, and what I did not know about cars, roads, and traffic, would have filled volumes. In this case ignorance was bliss. Arnold Rhiel was not so sure and viewed with considerable misgivings my plans of crossing a third of the American continent alone when I had never had my hands on a wheel until two or three weeks before. But he could not stop me and so he made me promise to check in with various friends and relatives en routs, who in turn were instructed to report back to him and to Marlen to make sure that I was still alive and that at least four wheels were on the car. Actually I made the trip without mishap except for a slightly dented fender which mortified me so completely that I had it repaired

immediately in order not to show Marlen any weakness. This depleted my slim financial reserves but enhanced my self-esteem.

The place of location for our wedding was a little unusual. It was an island without a single church, off the coast of Maine about half an hour's boat ride from Portland. It was a lovely little island, called Bustins Island, in Casco Bay.

As I said before, Mr. Eldredge was adamantly opposed to our marriage. He had made it clear that he would have no part of it and would not attend. Marlen's insistence on going through with it and defying her father in firm but friendly manner was really a remarkable act of courage for her, considering how close she was to her parents. I am not sure that I appreciated her sacrifice and loyalty to me as much then as I surely did later. Her mother, albeit perhaps not wholly happy with her daughter's choice and perhaps dubious over my prospects in life in a new country, starting from scratch, nevertheless had resolved to give her daughter every support and thus stood loyally by us. However, in view of Mr. Eldredge's refusal to attend, the holding of the ceremony in the Washington area where the Eldredges lived by now, would have been highly embarrassing, and so another place was sought.

Just how Mrs. Eldredge and Marlen came upon Bustins Island was not quite clear to me but they knew Maine and knew what to look for. They had friends who owned a summer cottage there. I was still in Minneapolis when the search went on and could take little part in it. Also in view of my ignorance of the country, it was unlikely that I would have made much of a contribution. One thing, however, struck my fancy immediately. I was a Roman Catholic and Marlen an Episcopalian. I am not sure that she might not have joined my church had I pressed her, but to do so would have gone entirely contrary to my respect for her intellectual and spiritual independence and I felt strongly that each of us should follow the religion and the church of <u>our</u> choice, with which she of course agreed. But in those days, before the ecumenical spirit had become rampant, there was still the rule that in a marriage ceremony between Catholics and non-Catholics, the marriage was to be held in the sacristy rather than in the main church. This I found deeply offensive to my sense of the equality between us and I thought that this would make a mighty poor start. Hence the fact that no church at all was on Bustins Island opened a way out. Fortunately we located an intelligent and understanding priest in Portland, a Father Donovan, who was well ahead of his time and who sold his bishop the idea of performing the marriage on the island. From a theological and liturgical standpoint there was really no objection, because in Catholic doctrines the sacrament of marriage is given to the partners by each other and the priest merely serves as a witness, rather than as a dispenser of the sacrament. It was fortunate perhaps that I had studied canon law as part of my legal studies in Vienna and was thus able to strengthen the priest's hand with his bishop. However, there seemed to be no particular difficulty.

I must confess that like most bridegrooms before me, I approached the wedding day with trepidation. Here and for the first time in my life I was taking, completely voluntarily, a totally irrevocable step. To me, as a Catholic, the step was particularly irrevocable, and the thought of possible failure and divorce never entered my mind then or later. What

after all did we really know about each other? We had been together in Geneva for six weeks, but rarely alone. The few moments that we were alone were filled with activities far removed from the profound philosophical exploration of each other's minds, habits, and expectations. Later in Yale and Amherst we saw each other on weekends, only to be separated again for most of a year except for Christmas vacation which we spent in Chicago. Moreover the very preparations for a wedding have every quality for frightening a bridegroom out of his wits, for in truth all the preparations were made by the women, in this case Marlen and her mother. The prospective bridegroom is suddenly engulfed by a purely feminine if not to say matriarchal society in which he is the least important of all inanimate objects and really, if the truth be told, constantly in the way. The women are busy for days with innumerable details but there is really nothing for the bridegroom to do except keep prudently out of the way. In fact the only time that he is called upon to do anything at all is to wait nervously at the altar, say "I do", and slip the ring on his bride's finger without dropping it (which I nearly did). Since the bridegrooms' presence at a wedding seems so utterly essential, I would not be surprised if future generations devise a ceremony at which he would be absent, thus making his role complete and official!

Thus I watched the day approach with mounting terror but unable to do anything. Not only was I on an island with few trips to the mainland but my sense of honor would have made it impossible for me to flee and my legs would probably have failed me. I probably made a mistake in being on the island several days before the wedding. I should have arrived about half an hour before and saved myself a lot of agony.

None of this was Marlen's fault. She did everything to make me happy and comfortable. But she was simply too busy to spend much time with me. Weddings, I am certain, are for women, not for men.

But all this disappeared when the ceremony actually began. The women and their numerous helpers from the village, and visitors, had done a lovely job decorating the house with a white streamer carpet down the steps into the garden where a quasi-altar had been erected. It was not a liturgically correct Catholic altar but for the reasons above-mentioned that was not needed. It was a table draped with white satin with a cross on it, and looked real enough. Marlen's mother has written a detailed description of the wedding and so I need not repeat it here. There were many guests, every inhabitant of the island of course, plus a number of friends from the mainland. I did miss my parents very much, who fortunately had been finally persuaded to leave Austria and had escaped to England just before the war broke out in Europe. But they had been unable thus far to come to America. They were represented by a very warm telegram, and we had a series of pictures taken that we sent to them so that they might have as close a view of the ceremony as was possible at a distance.

As I said before, Mr. Eldredge, stubborn to the end, did not come to the wedding. However Mrs. Eldredge was there, and extremely effective, and with her, her sister Ruth Woodsmall, who has remained a favorite of our family until her death. There was also another person from the Eldredge family, Mr. Eldredge's cousin Eunice Smith, to whom

he had once been engaged. But they had been separated by their families because of their close blood relationship. Normally Eunice would take Mark's side in an argument, but this time, perhaps to soften the awkwardness of his absence, she had come in an almost demonstrative fashion. It was a most decent and subtle thing for her to do. Many years later, some time after Mrs. Eldredge had died, and long after Mark and I had become reconciled, he had married Eunice and had asked me to be his best man. I accepted of course, and have wondered ever since whether the irony of his request ever fully entered his mind.

But now back to the wedding. It was a lovely though simple ceremony. Marlen's friends from Indian days, Reverend William Wiser had his son Alfred were of great help. Alfred worked the record player which intoned the customary wedding march. I stood in white summer formal coat and black formal trousers together with my similarly attired best man, James Dustin, a classmate at Amherst, in front of and slightly to the right of the altar. Marlen's maid of honor, Helen Nicholl, lovely in white or cream color, I am not sure which, came down the steps and the aisle, and then followed Marlen looking lovely as a dream in her beautiful wedding gown made entirely of Brussels lace and once worn by her mother at her own wedding, and many years later to be worn again by our daughter-in-law, Elaine. I was a little startled to see a somewhat stern look on Marlen's face. Later it turned out that it was tension caused by the fact that she wore new satin slippers and as deadly afraid of slipping on the white streamer-carpet. As her father was not with her, she chose to walk alone rather than be accompanied and given away by somebody else. This was a characteristic gesture of a young and determined woman.

The ceremony was brief and very dignified. After it was over, we turned around to greet the guests, the type of public ceremony and handshaking of which I was destined to do a good deal more later but a good deal later. Then, after all the pictures were taken, we changed and set out for the mainland. Now we were married and in the words of Winston Churchill written at a similar occasion we "lived on happily ever after."

End of interview