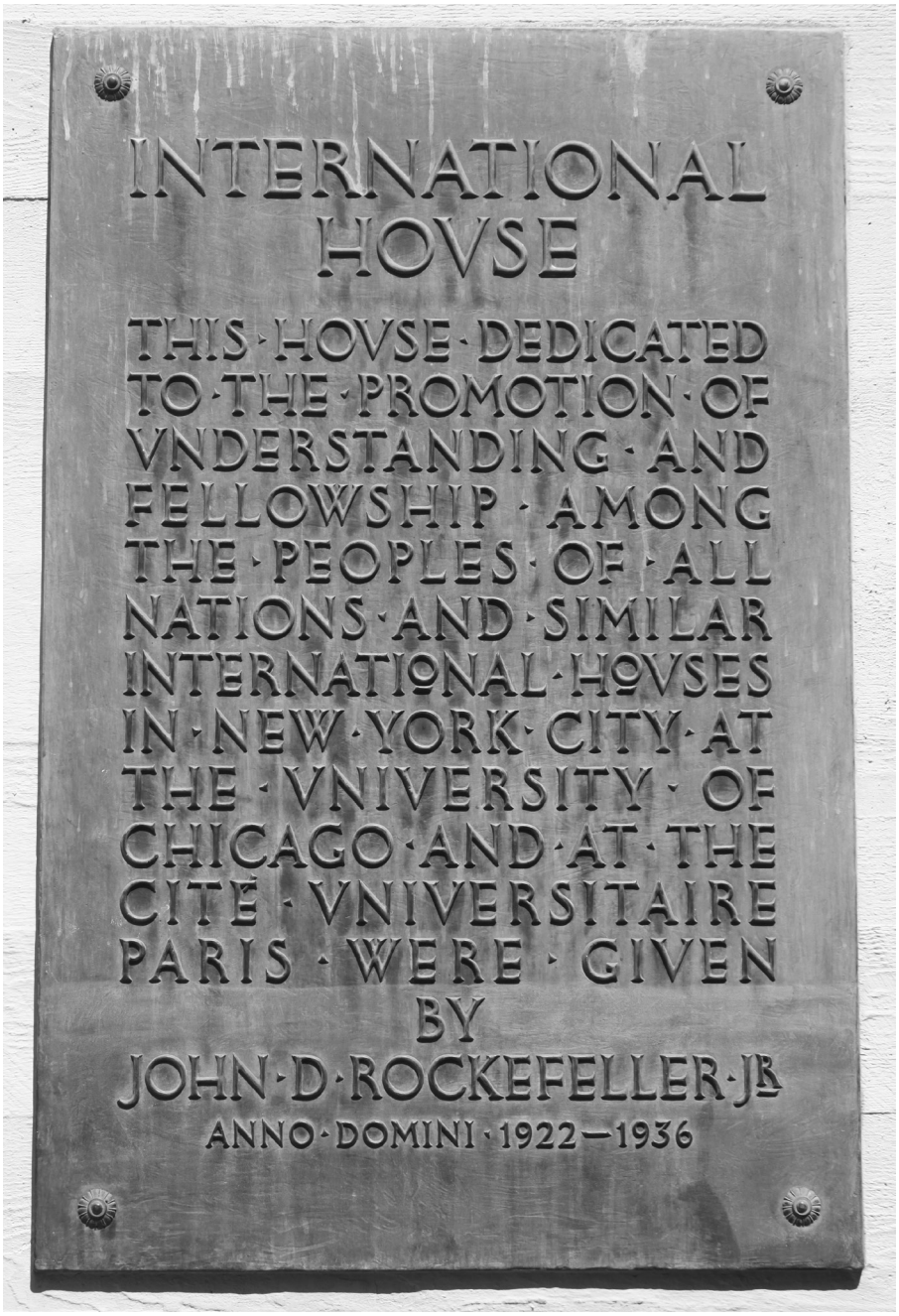
The Golden Age of International House 1946 - 1953

Reminiscences by Residents

Edited by Jeanine Castello-Lin and Tonya Staros

Graphic Design and Production by
John Ginno Aronovici



FRONT COVER PHOTO: Spring Festival, 1949. Dancing: Lottie [Wallerstein] Salz; front right: Nina [Belogolovy] Jacobsohn with Peter Jacobsohn.

BACK COVER PHOTO: In the Great Hall.

Foreword

We are excited to present this significant contribution to the history of International House, Berkeley. These lively interviews and atmospheric photos capture an era at International House which was important not only to the residents, but to the institution itself. This collection of oral histories from our "Golden Age" is a remarkable testament to the purpose and the people that have helped to shape this unique "Living and Learning" community that for the past eight decades has daily served nearly 600 students from sixty plus countries. Affectionately known as "I-House," its mission remains as vital today as when founded eighty years ago: fostering cross-cultural respect, understanding, lifelong friendships, and leadership skills to promote a more tolerant and peaceful world.

International House Executive Director, Ambassador Martin Brennan (center, 2007-present), with his predecessors, Joe Lurie (1988 - 2007) and Sherridan Warrick (1961 - 1987).

Please know that if your interest in International House is piqued by these tales, our website and offices offer a range of other powerful profiles of our history, including *An Informal History* booklet, a collection of brief essays, entitled *Close Encounters of a Cross-Cultural Kind: 75 Years of International House Berkeley*, and a half-hour PBS-produced broadcast about I-House and its impact.

We invite you to visit us in person or online at *ihouse.berkeley.edu*.

Our deepest thanks go to the Berkeley Historical Society, and especially to Jeanine Castello-Lin, whose parents are both valued "Golden Age" alumni, and to Tonya Staros, who together conducted these interviews. This is a wonderful means of documenting not only the late 1940s and early 1950s era of International House, but of Berkeley and the U.S. in an especially dramatic time following the Second World War, a time when the I-House's founding motto, "That Brotherhood May Prevail," was championed and put into action in important ways.

With our best wishes from I-House,

Martin Brennan Joe Lurie Sherridan Warrick

The Golden Age at International House: 1946 – 1953

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First, special gratitude is owed Paul and Peggy Grunland, who provided us with the enthusiasm and encouragement which sustained this project. Without their support, we doubt this book would have come to fruition. Then there were the numerous Golden Agers who answered endless phone calls requesting names, dates and other Golden Age details – especially Elliott and Dorelee Castello, Peggy Grunland, Joan and Rollo Rush, Quack Fisher, Julia Fisher, and Marie Schutz. To them, we are indeed grateful. In addition,we want to thank Anne and Katie Brewer, for interviewing and editing their parents' story, as well as for hunting for their lost family photos for this book.

It is also with great appreciation that we want to thank our dedicated graphic designer, John Aronivici, who immediately grasped the artistry of I-House and captured it with aesthetic grace. We also want to take this opportunity to thank those at I-House who provided essential technical, archival and financial assistance: Shanti Corrigan, Keira Dubowsky, and Laurie Ferris. Thank you for your support for what we hope will be a meaningful addition to the archives of I-House memories.

Before we conclude, we do wish to apologize to those many Golden Agers whom we did not interview for this book. As the project stretched on, we did not want to delay the publication any longer, lest the book not reach those for whom it was destined.

Finally, we would like to thank all the Golden Agers, whose generosity and fortitude of spirit enriched and inspired us.

Jeanine Castello-Lin and Tonya Staros

Note Bene: I would like to add a personal thank you to my friend, and now colleague, Tonya Staros, who lent to this project her sociological training, her grammatical acumen, her wisdom and her good humor; without her, this collection of interviews would not have been completed.

Jeanine Castello-Lin

PREFACE

This book really began in July of 2008, at the 90th birthday party of my parents' "Golden Age" I-House friend, Julia Fraser, a refugee from Soviet- and Nazi-occupied Lithuania who arrived at I-House in 1946. Also at the party was Paul Salz, widower of Julia's best friend, Lottie Salz, who had escaped from a death march from Stutthof to eventually arrive on I-House's steps in 1948. Speaking with them, and their life-long friends, Peggy and Paul Grunland, I was struck both by the remarkable people I was with, and the compelling nature of their narratives. These were stories, I felt, that ought to be preserved. Soon after, questions began to percolate: Paul Salz, how did he escape Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia and end up at I-House? And the other members of their postwar cohort – how did they survive the war intact and come to imbue the postwar period at I-House with its "golden" hue?

It was not until fall of 2009, when I-House Director Martin Brennan announced a Golden Age Tea, that I started collecting stories, asking the cohort how they had spent the war, how they had found I-House, and how I-House had formed them and the indissoluble bond of the Golden Age. The war-time experiences of these eighteen interviewees were hardly uniform: they ranged from participation in the Norwegian underground (Terje Jacobsen), to survival of Auschwitz (Lottie Salz), to isolation in neutral Sweden (Ingrid and Mopsen Bergstrom). Among the Americans, there were men who had fought in France (Gene Horwitz), and others who had piloted planes, and ended up in a German prison camp (Bob Brewer); there were women who had served in the Waves (Dorelee Castello, Marie Schutz and Joan Rush), but more who had spent time at women's colleges or in the strange situation of attending co-ed colleges without men. And finally, there were the numerous refugees from Shanghai, who landed at I-House "stateless."

What is striking about these stories is not only the disparity in their war-time circumstances, but the similarity in their postwar-time experience at I-House. Despite the vast differences in background, once at I-House, the Golden Agers' stories all strike a similar tone: that same mixture of friendship, frivolity, and a sense of higher purpose. The cohesion achieved at I-House at this time attests not only to the resilient spirit of the students, but, also, to the kindness and commitment of the Golden Age

staff, who were determined to create an atmosphere of civility, even of family, in the postwar I-House, despite the tensions. And the potential for tensions certainly existed; in the eventful postwar years of 1946 -1953, there were Germans and there were Jews, there were Israelis and there were Palestinians, and there were Indians and Pakistanis. At I-House, students were also coming in contact with those from far-removed and unfamiliar cultures for the first time: Asians meeting Africans, Middle Easterners meeting South Americans, and Americans finding themselves face-to-face, finally, with a world beyond their own.

The harmony which prevailed during the Golden Age despite these potential tensions – best symbolized perhaps in the nightly singing at the foot of the Home Room stairs – points to the way in which I-House fulfilled a very special role at this time. Here at I-House, the postwar cultures were able to bond and rebound from the tragedy of WWII with remarkable resilience. There was the ebullience of artistic expression (Rafael Rodriguez's songs; he and Joan Rush's larger-than-life dance decorations); the dedication of the Norwegian engineers and British physicists; and the idealism of Bob and Marie Schutz (who helped found KPFA and the Lobby for Peace in Washington).

In the end, the International House at Berkeley just after 1946 offers a fascinating window on the new integration of cultures of the postwar period. For those who had experienced the war, I-House offered an antidote to the Axis's toxic racism, in the form of the tonic of the House's multicultural harmony. For both Americans and foreigners, the postwar I-House inspired participants to abandon past provincialism for a new era of cosmopolitanism.

Jeanine Castello-Lin

INTRODUCTION

The International House's motto "That Brotherhood May Prevail" reflects the distinctive institutional culture that developed over the years in the I-House' unique form of student housing. Originated in 1930, the International House, Berkeley, was the second I-House opened in the U.S. The idea of an International House was the brainchild of Harry Edmonds, founder of what came to be known as the "International House Movement." In his quest to find a way to make the life of international students in the U.S. less of a lonely journey, Edmonds persuaded John D. Rockefeller, Jr. to open dormitories where students from abroad would share living quarters with their American peers. As Joe Lurie, past director of the International House, put it, I-House became a place where "people of diverse national and cultural backgrounds—without restrictions as to color, race, creed or sex—could share the common experience of everyday life, a place where person-to-person contact would contribute to combating ignorance, prejudice and misunderstanding."

Yet, as these texts attest, for a rather special cohort of students—those of the post World War II years—the Berkeley I-House achieved much more than shedding prejudice and advancing cross-cultural understanding. For the majority of the postwar cohort (1946-1953), the I-House sojourn became a life-transforming event; for some, I-House even became a virtual home. These latter men and women whose worlds had been shattered by the war bonded all the more strongly to their fellow postwar cohort. The poignancy of their postwar situation thus strengthened the ties of all those came to called "The Golden Age" at I-House.

In some ways, it is hard to imagine that the years following the cataclysm of World War II would have been exceptionally buoyant ones. Yet, the eighteen interviews of The Golden Age of I-House testify to the incredible resilience of that postwar age, to an effervescent appreciation of life which was infectious. Having survived the horror or, at least, the anxiety, of the war, the survivor's gratitude was palpable. From their first moments at I-House, the postwar students seized the opportunities offered and reached out a welcoming hand to whomever they met. Regardless of whether the newcomer spoke the same language or was of the same race, the response was the same: to join in, be it for an invitation to play a game of tennis, take a swim at Lake

Anza, or simply to sit down for an impromptu cup of coffee.

As Golden Ager Reeve Gould put it: “I think we were all so happy to be out of the Service, back on campus—that was contagious! Maybe that’s one reason they call it “The Golden Years,” because everybody seemed so happy.” “It was such a unique time, with men coming back from the war, and the country moving toward peaceful times. It gave the “Golden Agers” such a bond to have gone through hard times,” Bob and Nanny Brewer remarked. The shared experience of the war—this grand historical template against which the postwar quotidian problems paled in comparison— welded the Golden Age cohort together in an enthusiastic determination to make a better future.

In order to put their idealism into clearer focus, let us recall the international context that served as the background for the Golden Age. The promise of a new world of cooperation and coexistence was heralded by the founding of the United Nations, in 1945. Some of the Golden Agers were involved in the April 1945 UN Conference on International Organization in San Francisco and had first-hand experience of these exciting new developments. Further afield, the newly-attained independence of India, the Philippines, Libya, as well as the creation of Pakistan and Israel, all pointed to a promising world of new beginnings. The Golden Agers breathed this hopefulness of the postwar spirit.

The I-Housers retained this optimism despite the mounting international tensions of the fifties. The increasing Cold-War polarization of the world was worrisome: the Korean war of 1950-53 being its prime example in the international arena. These international tensions led to various domestic ramifications, such as McCarthyism (whose heyday was from 1950-53), fallout shelters, and the new “Duck and Cover” classes in elementary schools. Yet for the Golden Agers, the fresh winds of postwar optimism were stronger and more tangible. For many, it was time to enjoy the peace and new vibrant economy, with its assurances of jobs upon graduation and the ready availability of cars and travel.

As one interviewee suggested, perhaps one of the reasons that the Golden Agers managed to resist the shadow cast by postwar tensions was the triumph of cross-cultural amity over enmity which they witnessed at I-House. As another interviewee recalled: “a man

from India marrying a girl from Arizona; a Norwegian Lutheran marrying a Jewish girl from Palestine; another Norwegian marrying a girl from Turkey. And an Austrian marrying a gal from Central America. But most surprising of all – there have hardly been any divorces in that group of highly-unlikely marriages." Despite the plethora of circumstances working against these intercultural and interfaith marriages, they proliferated and endured against all the odds. As did the ensuing friendships, with striking examples of a friend offering to come up with the mortgage for a widow left with four kids; friends gathering together weekly for cheap sherry and dinner for over half-a-century; an octogenarian Golden Ager commemorating, year after year, the birthday of a departed friend by throwing flowers into the Bay [Julia Fraser for her friend, Lottie]; and friends helping their fellow I-Houser move into a retirement center fifty years into the friendship. What extraordinary loyalties!

Having achieved so much, the Golden Age cohort, with their generosity and enthusiasm, cannot but help remind us of the great potential of places such as I-House to heal in times of historical challenge. Nor can we help but marvel at this remarkable group of people who made their mark on I-House, just as it made its mark upon them. Many of them, now in their eighties, are still thriving, and despite their advanced age, still possess a distinct spirit of passionate engagement with the world: "Onwards!"—as one of Golden Agers saluted us in her email.

Tonya Staros and Jeanine Castello-Lin
Co-directors of Berkeley Historical Society's
Oral History Program


DINING SERVICES
EVENTS & RENTALS
HOME ROOM
SPROUL ROOMS

Spring Festival, 1949

From left to right, front row: unknown, unknown, Maideh [Mazda] Magee, Willa [Klug] Baum, Eugenie Carneiro, Diwata Aldaba.
Second row: Jean [Sullivan] Dobrezensky, unknown, Luigi Dusmet de Smours, Suzie Mangin, Peggy [Post] Grunland, George Moss, unknown, Cecilia Reynales
(in profile), unknown.
Third row back, far left: Gene Hempel; far right: Don Swanson.
Back row: Vic Shick, Martin Stow, Eugene Lee and Reid Moran.

Living at International House:
A Setting of the Scene
by
Ingrid Borland

Where to live while going to school at "Cal" was, of course, one of the big questions for any new student. The idea of staying at a place where students from many different countries lived under one roof was especially intriguing – and therefore many of us went to live at I-House.

What a fantastic place it turned out to be! It opened our eyes to the world at large, to people and cultures from faraway places, to compassion and tolerance in a hostile world, to idealism, and to the hope that there would never ever be another war like the one we all had just experienced. The friendships we made during that time were not only very special in themselves, but many have endured and are still as warm and close and caring today, sixty years later, as they were then.

Located on Piedmont Avenue at the very top of Bancroft Way, International House was as imposing a building then as it is today. Along with the University's "Campanile" as a landmark of Berkeley, the high Moorish dome of I-House was distinguishable from far across the Bay. It was founded by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. in 1930, as a place "dedicated to the promotion of understanding and fellowship among the peoples of all nations."

I-House, and what it symbolized, took on special significance for all of us who came there to live right after the end of World War II. Everyone had experienced the war in one way or another, many under extreme conditions and unbelievable suffering. Students were much older than the usual college student. Most were in their early twenties, while some were in their late twenties or early thirties. Many were on full scholarships from their respective governments, including a great many American students, both men and women, who were on the G.I. Bill. All were very serious about their studies and all seemed to want to make a difference in the world in some way. The motto of I-House, "That Brotherhood May Prevail," was not just an empty slogan. The overwhelming feeling was one of optimism and hope for a better world in the future. Therefore, this period of time in the history of I-House, from 1946 to 1953, is now known as "The Golden Age."

I-House provided room and board to about 600 students, half of whom were from foreign countries and half from across America. American students had to be enrolled in graduate programs, while foreign students could be upper division students. Contrary to what is true today, the living quarters of male and female students were strictly segregated. Women students were housed on the third and fourth floors in the front of the building, while the male students, clearly a majority, were on six floors in the back of the building. There were a few single rooms for American graduate students, but most American students shared a room with someone from a foreign country. Bathrooms, including showers, were "across the hall," and laundry rooms were down in the basement. Each double room was very small, with just enough space for two single beds, two dressers, plus two back-to-back desks, and two chairs along the wall opposite the beds. The two students shared a small closet. One might marvel at how we all managed both our studies and our personal affairs in such cramped quarters without major confrontations.

Meals were served cafeteria-style and shared in a large dining room with long tables, each seating six to eight people. Here, people from all nations, all colors and all religious beliefs, could sit at the same table, and engage actively, but civilly, in conversation about sensitive political matters – something that all of us were fervently hoping would soon be happening around the world.

The Great Hall was the heart of I-House, an imposing kind of living room designed in the Spanish Renaissance style. All kinds of activities took place there, from the quiet reading of newspapers in a comfortable sofa corner to large-scale receptions, to rousing sing-alongs. This is where the barbershop quartet [The Jahdrools] – Elliott Castello, Bob Brewer, Doug Powell and Bob Hacker – was often entertaining us in an impromptu rendition of such tunes as "Cool Water" and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds." Many times a singing group would suddenly form at the foot of the Home Room steps, in the Great Hall, or on the Front Steps. In the same spontaneous and unrehearsed way, those singers would have a great time entertaining the rest of us during a half-hour of glorious singing.

Then, there was the huge auditorium where a variety of large-scale activities took place, from the multicultural Spring Festival, to spring and fall formal dances, to the

semi-formal monthly Sunday Suppers. And, finally, there was the cafe, where students could sneak away in the evening for a cup of coffee and a short respite from studying.

For many years, both before and after my stay there, Allen Blaisdell was the director of International House. I remember him as a warm and compassionate person, who in his quiet way made us all feel welcome and cared for. He had a very capable staff, all of whom were supportive of students and helped make I-House seem, in a way, like a large extended family.

Etelle Carlson was in charge of events and programs outside the House and fostered community relations of all kinds. She was a "mother hen" who, in the fall, let students come to her house every Saturday afternoon to watch the football games from her large living room window – which happened to offer an almost perfect view right onto the football stadium. Mrs. Sanford was the financial officer, quite rigid in how she expected things done and the only one on the staff whom students did not want to tussle with directly.

Eugenie Carneiro was a gracious, petite lady from Portugal who was in charge of I-House events. She was always full of great ideas in regard to new programs to foster international understanding, and she conceived, planned and directed both small and elaborate cultural events. One such event was the annual Spring Festival of dances and singing from around the world, performed in the students' own authentic and very colorful costumes. Another large-scale event was the spring "Tea Dance" put on by one of the "language tables," with skits and singing characterizing some special aspect of that language or its culture.

Gladys Hughes, then in her fifties, was in charge of the Dining Services. She was another "mother hen" to those of us who were working our way through school. She tried very hard to find various jobs related to kitchen, dining and catering services that would fit into our own study schedules.

Two other I-House staff positions were particularly important for any student's early assimilation into communal life at the House, namely those of Jean Sullivan and Gene Lee. For at least a dozen years, Jean was director of admissions at I-House, which meant that she was usually the first staff person a student met when arriving at the

House, and she was the one who was always there to help with any kind of problem. Gene Lee was, as I recall, assistant director in charge of Student Services as well as a part-time graduate student. Both were pretty much the same age as the rest of us and therefore were never really set apart as staff. Both joined in with residents in the various cultural activities of the House.

And last, but not least, we must not forget Peggy Post [Grunland], who for many years manned the information desk at the very entrance of the House. She was the one who kept us all well-informed about who was who and what was what.

From left to right: Mrs. Etelle Carlson (Events Coordinator), Mrs. Tichenor and Mr. Art Tichenor (Assistant Director of I-House).

Eugene Lee and Jean [Sullivan] Dobrezensky.


• INFORMATION SYSTEMS
• PROGRAM OFFICE
• PHYSICAL OPERATIONS

Ingrid (Bergstrom) Borland's Reminiscences: 1947 – 1949

I was twenty years old when I came to California in 1946 with the intention of staying for one year to learn conversational English. I had completed a course in pediatric nursing in Sweden and found myself a job as a nanny for a family in Oakland. However, the grandmother in the family, a trustee of Mills College, encouraged me to go to college instead. When I protested that I had absolutely no money, she told me I could work my way through college. And so, within just six months of coming to America, I found myself enrolled at Cal and moving into Room 471 at International House.

I-House opened up a completely new world for me in so many different ways. I had spent the wartime years in relative safety in neutral Sweden, but here at I-House were young people who had been through the war in so many horrible ways and who were all determined that there was never going to be another war like WWII. People had such a wonderful vision of a future where the creation of lasting peace in the world was not only a possibility but within our reach. Most of us were truly that idealistic!

And what a time of personal growth and development it was for me! I had been a very shy and withdrawn teenager in Sweden, and what made me venture out alone into the wide, wide world is still a mystery to me. But here I was at I-House, completely on my own, and seven thousand miles away from home. The experience opened me up in ways I would never have dreamed of earlier. I learned about the world around me through delightful songs and dances and conversations. I made friends with people from all around the globe, and I can honestly say that my closest and dearest friends today are people I met at I-House so very long ago.

My need to work my way through school hampered somewhat my participation in large-scale cultural activities at the House, but I joined in those activities that did not demand as much time. One such event was a celebration of Christmas traditions from around the world, for which I was asked to share the Santa Lucia Festival, which each year ushers in the Swedish Christmas on December 13th. It portrays the legend of Santa Lucia, a young girl from Sicily who was martyred for her Christian faith, and whose story became intertwined with old pagan beliefs and customs when

missionaries brought Christianity to the Vikings around the turn of the first century. Portraying Santa Lucia, I walked slowly down the middle aisle of the completely darkened auditorium, while the well-known Sicilian Santa Lucia song was softly sung by a small group of students on the stage. I was preceded by a few attendants, each holding lighted candles. Dressed in the traditional long white dress, I wore a wreath covered with greenery, in which were the holders for six small lighted candles. As we approached the steps to the stage, I stumbled ever so slightly as I stepped on the hem of my long dress. I have never forgotten the very soft, but very distinct, "ooohhh" which rose from the audience as everyone simultaneously took a very deep breath. I regained my balance, and the only result of the misstep was the fact that for weeks thereafter I kept combing candle wax out of my hair! It seems, though, that the evening made a lasting impression on the I-House audience, as friends even today recount their memories of me as Santa Lucia.

Another memorable event was the annual Spring Festival of songs and dances from around the globe, organized by Miss Carneiro. Most of the students had brought something with them from their own country, so they were able to dance in costume. I remember that Victor Shick – he was originally from Russia, but he had spent most of the war in Shanghai because he was Jewish – had brought a Russian costume with him, and I will never forget him at one of the Spring Festivals in his beautiful Russian outfit, dancing the traditional kazachok with his long legs flung out in front of him!

Another cultural event that I remember fondly was the annual Tea Dance that was put on by one of the many language tables. There were quite a few Scandinavians at Cal: two Danes, three Swedes, one Finn, one girl from Iceland and no less than thirty Norwegians – most of whom were male engineering and architecture students. We Scandinavians were a pretty close-knit group which regularly ate together at the language tables (even though most of those students were non-resident members). And so, the Scandinavians were asked one year to sponsor the entertainment for the Tea Dance. Well, Scandinavians have a hard time agreeing on things, and poor Miss Carneiro was tearing her hair out when she realized, one week before the event, that we had not yet been able to agree on a solid theme, let alone on how we were going to present the theme to the audience. Somehow, though, it all came together in the end, and I happily remember bringing down the house when we "sailed" a huge (cardboard) Viking ship onto the stage. In the bow stood Leif Erikson, dressed in

glorious Viking apparel, proudly presenting a proclamation to the three Scandinavian kings – all adorned in colorful robes and large golden crowns – of his discovery of the New World!

The "Danish Christmas Party," at which Jean Sullivan [Dobrezensky] brought a lot of us I-Housers together for more than thirty years, became for me a very meaningful tradition that grew out of the Golden Age years. Jean had spent a year as a graduate student in Denmark, and she liked to prepare and share Danish Christmas food and customs with us. Her invitation every year would remind us to come "to the same address, at the same time, for the same food and drinks, to be with the same people – but to engage in much different conversation." That annual party kept me connected in a very special way with friends from the I-House years.

International House was, at that time, right after World War II, not only a great place to live and a great place to learn about traditions and customs around the world, but also one of the greatest matchmaking institution imaginable! Innumerable marriages resulted from meeting and living there. Some marital unions were very surprising in that the background cultures were so different: a man from India marrying a girl from Arizona; a Norwegian Lutheran marrying a Jewish girl from Palestine; another Norwegian marrying a girl from Turkey. And an Austrian marrying a gal from Central America. But most surprising of all: there have hardly been any divorces in that group of highly-unlikely marriages! I've often wondered what made those marriages hold together, and I think it was the I-House experience which held it together, because it was there that we learned to get along. Because our goal was peace, we learned to have peace in our families.

Taken from an interview by Jeanine Castello-Lin
in September of 2009. Additional editing by Ingrid Borland

Scandinavian skit, Tea Dance, 1948. Seated at center: Hans Rausing.

Santa Lucia. From left to right, front row: Berit [Heyman] Weidenhielm, unknown; back row: Elsa Meier, Ingrid [Bergstrom] Borland and unknown.

Bob and Nanny (Nowell) Brewer's Reminiscences: 1947 - 1951

Bob Brewer

I started at I-House in 1947. I remember going to lots of open house gatherings during my first year at the House. After one of these events, as I was heading for the Great Hall, I overheard Elliott Castello and Doug Powell discussing and exchanging songs with each other. They were talking about songs they knew and liked, and they admired each others good taste! My interest was piqued, so I introduced myself and thus began an incredible musical journey. I was enchanted with the music and impressed with how many songs were in their repertoire, and how they sang duets with lovely harmony. It was a real pleasure to hear them sing together, and have a ball doing it!

I knew some of the songs and so started throwing my voice in now and then, and followed them around and chimed in more frequently. This was the beginning of the Jahdrools (Elliott Castello, Bob Hacker, Bob Brewer, Joe Connell, and Doug Powell). But the musical scene was more encompassing than the Jahdrools, in that there were many people who simply loved to sing, and they participated in many musical scenarios; experience level did not matter! All were included. But there were some people with great talent.

Music was important to me long before coming to I-House. During the war, when I was in the infantry, I organized quartets. Sometimes we would have four good singers, and sometimes not, but we would still sing.

Later I was in the Air Force. We made our way up from Italy, then Southern France, all the way to the North. My plane, a single engine fighter, was shot down when I was flying out of Lunéville on my 46th mission. There was no place to land, so I dove, then parachuted out, landing on the top of a big pine tree, sustaining burns and sprains.

A couple of Volksturmers showed up with guns, and told me to hurry up and get down. I had a heck of a time getting down, but eventually I did. One of them was kind and the other not. They tied up my hands with the ripcord from my parachute, and then they checked my pockets for a gun. I believe that if I had had one, the less than kind one would have shot me on the spot. But, I didn't. Instead, the nice one took a pipe out of my pocket and put it in my mouth and lit it. Later, a German army sergeant showed

up and I had to march all the way back to the post, many miles, with this pipe in my mouth because my hands were tied behind my back. At their headquarters, they left me alone in a room overnight, and I was able to tear my navigational map into small pieces, which I swallowed (luckily they did not find this in my flight jacket when they frisked me). Then I exposed the 35mm film I had, to destroy any images which might help them. I was only a prisoner of war for two months, because it was the very tail end of the war.

After the war, I went back to UCLA on the G.I. Bill, and later transferred to Berkeley and lived at I-House. As so many have mentioned, some of the best memories of I-House were of the singing on the stairs coming down from the Dining Hall. After dinner, people would congregate and sing up a storm, and who walking by could resist? So, the number of singers would grow as people walked back from dinner. Sometimes there were 4, 10, 20! Nanny and I loved the casual and inclusive atmosphere.

There was always someone who knew a new song and they'd sing it, and then everybody would join in, and then you'd have a new song in your repertoire. There was a song book, also, Songs the World Sings, which had a wonderful collection. I didn't have any formal musical training – I just liked to sing, and play the recorder by ear. Though I couldn't read music, I had a feel for harmony and had a bass voice.

Another popular spot for impromptu singing was the mail-room at I-House, where the acoustics were very good. As these folks kept singing together, everyone was learning to harmonize. The range of songs and people added to the richness of the experience, as each one learned new songs from the others. This was the best education in singing and harmony I could have experienced. Nanny and I sing these songs still to this day, sometimes in bed in the middle of the night, or wherever we are, with a song for almost any theme or occasion that arises.

Rafe [Rafael Rodriguez], was, of course, a beloved friend to us. He was a quiet and subtle man, but had brilliant intellect and creativity bubbling beneath the surface. He loved to sing and write songs ("California Russian," for example). He was so approachable and went out of his way to share music and develop friendships; he was a real dynamo. He was a few years older, and was working on his Ph.D in botany. He used our refrigerator at times to keep crabs or abalone or octopi, which would roam around the fridge, according to Nanny!

So many other friendships ensued. Doug Powell was one. He had been in Italy, in

combat, and was promoted to officer because he was so capable in leading his men. My first roommate at I-House, Sören Christenson, I remember fondly. He took college very casually but was terrific with ice, glasses and bar offerings! His family was involved with a big shipping company. Sören sometimes took a big group of Norwegians and Swedes out to supper at a good bar and grill in lower Berkeley, where the drinks flowed freely. And, rumor has it that punch at I-House parties was spiked on occasion!

Another memory I have is of Malcolm Nobs, or "Knobby," who swooped around in his open air Jeep, and was the first to grow a serious mustache! But his botanical descriptions and discussions about native plants and animals were fascinating to Nanny and me. His family had been involved in the Gold Rush. They had a cabin in the Sierras where there was a fireplace faced with rocks that had visible streaks of gold running through them. Elliott was so instrumental in the musical scene at I-House, and was so modest yet encouraging to others. He was, and is, so good-natured, kind, upbeat, funny, brilliant, and a good listener to boot. He has an amazing talent for understanding politics, and knowing every detail of current events. He can discuss these with good humor and respect for all points of view.

Nanny [Nowell] Brewer

Initially, I was a bit nervous to come out West to live at I-House and start my graduate studies in social work. I had grown up in Massachusetts but had heard good things about I-House from my Vassar friends, Randy (Helen Randolph), Candy Leaf, and Betsy Williams. Despite my doubts, once I arrived, after driving across the country with them in an old Buick, I quickly made life-long friends and had the time of my life. I studied social work and later worked as a social worker. Peggy Post [Grunland] was the I-House "social worker," the perfect person for working at the I-House desk, because she was warm and outgoing, loved people, and she had a great way of breaking down barriers between people. This was nice because so many residents came from different countries.

We did so many wonderful things together, in all seasons – skiing (and jumping the train from the Cal Ski Lodge to Sugar Bowl, skis in tow!), hiking, camping, singing, dancing.... At I-House, we would sit outside in nice weather, on the patio, for meals and talk. It was such a unique time, with men coming back from the war and the country moving towards peaceful times. It gave the "Golden Agers" such a bond to have gone through such hard times.

Bob Brewer

In terms of how I met Nanny – she came on the scene in 1948. We had coffee in the coffee shop, which went well. Then our friend, Bill Ferguson, who was taking Betsy Williams to the big dance that semester, suggested to me that I ask Nanny Nowell - which I did. I've been loving her ever since! We were married at the Congregational Church in Berkeley in 1951. When we were first married, we lived in a basement apartment on Ridge Road, which we loved; we were very happy to be so close to Cal and our friends. I had majored in engineering and had become a civil engineer. Eventually, we moved to Beverly Road in Kensington, then to the Oakland Hills, to Castle Park Way, to live in a house designed by two I-House alumni, Reeve Gould and David Leaf. One year after our marriage, Anne arrived, followed by Katie, Carol and Amy, and so began the Brewer Family, with four wonderful daughters!

Taken from interviews by
Anne Brewer in April of 2010; editing
by Jeanine Castello-Lin and Tonya Staros

An I-Houser wedding.
Left to right: Elliott Castello and Bob Brewer.

Nanny Brewer and I-Houser child.

Strawberry Canyon Cossack

set to a Russian folk tune, with words by Rafael Rodriguez

'Twas at Cal that I met this Russian,
she was wild as an eagle on the wing
In her eyes was a hidden passion,
she was lovely as a lily in the spring
She had very high intellectual notions,
and to a stranger she wouldn't say a thing
Going down Bancroft she caused commotion,
and after her all the wolves would run and sing

Refrain:
Hi da da da da da da
Hi da da da
Hi da da da da da da
Hi da da dum
Hi da da da da da da
Hi da da da
Hi da da da da da da
Hi da da dum

In the I-House I met this Russian,
with her smile she could make my heart to ring
When her eyes were alight with passion,
I could never deny her anything
'Twas from her that I learn-ed all my Russian,
just as well as a lot of other things
(slower and softer): Vanya, Vanya, she used to call me,
and in the moonlight together we would sing

Refrain (softer but a bit faster at the end)

Then time came for her graduation,
she went back to the steppes of Sacramensk
She went back to her own dear Russian,
and she left me forever in the lurchk
Now I am a wild California Russian,
I'm as wild as the wildcat in the bush
As I gallop down Strawberry Canyon,
you can hear as I sing there in the bush

Refrain (faster with clapping and whistling)

Third from left: Bob Brewer; far right, Estella Leopold.

Post-I-House gathering.
Left to right: Elliott Castello,
Julie Hacker, Jahdrools' lead singer,
Bob Hacker (holding daughter
Adrienne), and Bob Brewer.

Elliott and Dorelee Castello's Reminiscences: 1946 - 1952

Elliott Castello

The I-House was the most important part of my time at Berkeley – for better or for worse. If it hadn't been for I-House, I might have become a lawyer. All of the other law students ate in one corner, but I didn't eat with them. There was the magic of all these different people eating and being together. After having been in the war for four years, it was too much of a temptation, so I didn't eat with the law students. None of the law students would have gone singing after dinner, for example. I finished a year in law school and passed, but I changed to a Master's in Public Policy.

There were a lot of people who liked to sing. Our group, The Jahdrools, was only part of it. I think the name must have come from Joe Connell – he was always very funny – or Bob Hacker. I think the name was supposed to sound like "I drool," something funny like that. Hacker was the leader in the quartet, but there were a lot of people who liked to sing in harmony. People would stroll by and join in. There were also big singing groups – people like Joan Obidine. There was also Dave Bishop – he was very good. He was from a wealthy family back East.

I don't know what started the singing. There was that post office, which was a great meeting place. Everybody would check their mail every day, so there were always a few people there. And the echo on the tile there was perfect for singing. But I don't know who started it – maybe Bob Hacker.

There's a funny story someone told at Doug Powell's memorial. The person remembered that when he first came to I-House, there was a lot of camaraderie. One of his first memories of I-House was of Doug Powell and me in the halls arguing about the words of a cowboy song. He found that very funny. Doug Powell had been in the infantry and had had a lot of experience in the mountains – he loved mountaineering. He was an expert geographer; he knew everything.

He would have made a very good professor, but he never finished his dissertation. I first really got to know him when he was going up to the mountains, and he wanted someone to come with him. It was just the two of us the first time – we went skiing

at Soda Springs. It was winter, yes, and we were going skiing. Later on, there were other people too who went up to Soda Springs skiing. I-House was wonderful – it was kind of a magical place compared to other places on campus. I still remember Ingrid Borland's re-enactment of St. Lucia before Christmas. It was especially eerie because she had real candles with flames in her hair.

Dorelee [Landon] Castello

Even though I never lived at I-House, the I-House played a very important role in my life. I met my husband, Elliott, there, and many of our good friends were from I-House. Even before I met Elliott, I used to stop there, at the cafe, on my way home. Students, everyone who lived on the hill – in the dorms, or the sororities, or so forth – would stop at the I-House cafe for a little bite to eat on the way home. For me, it was a place to stop and visit various friends in the Great Hall. Those conversations were a window on the world. All of us came from small towns and had never been exposed to the wider world. Whom did we meet there? Usually, it was people from Southeast Asia and India – India had a large contingent. Most of the time, we were trying to find out what their life was like before they came to I-House. Of course, they were very interested in our culture too – it was a chance to learn about the world. However, they knew a lot more about our culture than we did about theirs. With the exception of the Christian Science Monitor, there was very little about foreign affairs in our newspapers. They were, I wouldn't say appalled – although they might have been – but at least surprised that we knew so little about them and their culture.

I can't imagine what I-House would have been like without Joan [Obidine] Rush. She was such a key part of it. She was larger than life. She would say, "We're all going to Vernetti's!" It was kind of a no-count bar, but it had dancing. It was not the kind of thing that Mr. Blaisdell would have liked – he was a Congregational minister – but it was a way to get out of the I-House. Really, it was the dancing which was the big attraction. Joan was a great dancer. She was someone who sparked activity. She was in charge of one of the Spring Festivals, and someone said, "Oh, that festival was really great – Joan was out there painting all these things write large.

Taken from an interview by Jeanine Castello-Lin in September of 2009

Circa 1990. From left to right: Borje Ohlsen, Dorelee Castello, Elliott Castello, and Inger “Mopsen” Ohlsen.

Group photo in front of I-House. Standing,left to right: unknown, Elliott Castello and Rafael Rodriguez.

Mary Ann "Quack" (Quackenbush) Fisher' s Reminiscences: 1947-1949

What were my first impressions of the I-House? I don't think I had ever known that many people from other places. I had spent a summer in Mexico – so I knew a little bit about that – but I hadn't been to Europe, and I hadn't really met very many people from other countries as an undergraduate. So when I got to I-House, my reaction was: "Oh, she's from...!', or "He is a...? " But also it was such an interesting time because it was right after the war, and it was one of the first years that students from other countries were able to come. There was a backlog of people from the war years, some of whom had had horrible experiences, many of whom had had fascinating experiences. It was, by and large, an older group because many of them, including Americans, had been in the Service. So they were grown ups, and that was pretty exciting! I was twenty that summer of 1947. I had graduated in June, and I turned twenty-one in the fall.

There are lots of stories from that time. There were really interesting people – some of whom were stateless. Vic Shick, for example, and Peter Komor; they came here from Shanghai. There were some other Russians from Shanghai who came through Argentina on their way to the US – that kind of migration – and they also were stateless. I had never heard of anyone being stateless before.

Then there were those who were in the armed services in other countries. There were a couple of Australian flyers – Monty Yudelman was one – and there was also a woman named Nettie Konopka, "the Polish Countess." She was from Poland and had a little girl, who was maybe seven or eight years old. Nettie lived in the House, and the little girl lived with somebody in the neighborhood, and Nettie saw her every day; the little girl was often at the House to have meals with her mother. What I remember was one time, when Nettie was talking with Monty Yudelman and some of the other Australians, it turned out that Nettie had encountered an Australian flier in Poland, and the Australian flier had known Monty. Apparently, the two men had flown together. Nettie told Monty: "You know, your friend's plane was shot down, and he parachuted out, and we took him in, hid him, and helped him to get out." And Monty said, casually, "Yes, my friend mentioned that." Such extraordinary encounters at I-House!

Many of the Americans had been in the war. There were a number who had been in the Navy, who had done V-12 stints living in I-House. V-12 was a Navy program in which they sent their servicemen to school while they were in the Navy. So I-House was turned into barracks. The V-12 lived there, had drill on the front steps every morning, and then they went off to class. They were in all different kinds of classes — I think sciences mainly — and then, when they finished that program, they went back into the Service. Al Garren was one of those; also Bob Vaught — he was a mathematician; and Jack Miller.

There was a group of physics students, some of whom had been together at Cal Tech in a similar program. Ted Taylor was one. He became a physicist at Los Alamos, and he was instrumental in creating the bomb. In later years, he was horrified at what they had done — he spent the rest of his life trying to undo it. He worked mainly on proliferation, just wanting to get rid of anything nuclear because it was too easy to steal. Ted was a physics graduate student here, and then he went to Cornell, where he got his doctorate, and then to Los Alamos. There is a book about him by John McPhee called *The Curve of Binding Energy*. It is about nuclear problems, but it alternates with chapters about Ted; so it is a biography of Ted Taylor.

The physicists who had been at Cal Tech spent a lot of time creating elaborate practical jokes to play on each other. High-tech people — they loved tricks like picking locks and stealing in at night to mess with clock faces, so that when the alarm went off it was: "Well, it is later than you think!" They would move things up from downstairs and throw things out of windows. Somebody tossed a watermelon into the courtyard and screamed. Dave Bishop, Matt Brady, Ted Taylor — they all belonged to that group. In those days there was maid service. I think they spent a lot of time playing tricks on the maids — not nasty tricks, but funny things.

Were there divisions between people who served in the war and those who didn't? There was not a lot of reminiscing. I think people were getting on with things. They had put their careers on hold, their education on hold, and they wanted to put the war behind them. There were survivors, like Lottie; she didn't talk about it. My husband, Galen, did not talk about the war — he was on Okinawa — and he almost never talked about it. We probably should have. We had never heard about post-traumatic stress disorder. Maybe a lot of people suffered silently, and they could have used some help.

Doug Powell saw a lot of action in Europe. He was a platoon leader, perhaps. He was not an officer, but during one fierce engagement, all of the officers were killed, and Doug took charge. He was commissioned in the field, and later he was awarded the Silver Star Medal. He was one who talked about some of his experiences. He told me that, near the end of the war, as he was driving a jeep, he saw a woman struggling as she walked along the road; she was obviously in great difficulty. He gave her a lift in his jeep. It turned out she was going into labor. So he took her to the village she was trying to reach, and made sure she received care. Years later Doug went back and visited. I think he was bicycling around, visiting some of the scenes and places where he had been during the war. He went back to the village, and as he walked into the village bar, somebody said: "That is the American! That is the American!!" They recognized him. And the woman's baby had been named after Doug.

How did we spend leisure time? We spent a lot of time in the Dining Hall, eating and talking; and sitting out in the patio, having lunch and talking; and sitting in the Great Hall and talking....There were some places that we went for beer, like Vernetti's. Vernetti's Town House was in Emeryville; it is still there, but it is not called Vernetti's anymore. It has gotten quite upscale. I have no idea of its specific location. I did not have a car — I just got to these places with friends.

Also, there was a lot of singing. I wasn't part of the singing scene. I listened in any key, but did not make any noise. The singing took place on the stairwell or the entry hall where the acoustics were good, or by the mailboxes. People would gather around or stop and listen, or sit on the stairs and listen for a while. Elliott Castello and Bob Brewer were part of that, and Joe Connell. Joe was a great character — he was very, very funny! He was a zoologist — he trapped rabbits in Strawberry Canyon and tagged them and let them go and caught them again. Later on, after I-House days, he was interested in populations, but in his specific case populations of barnacles, and the spread of barnacle populations. At that time there was one whaling station still extant in the US. Joe would come to Berkeley when he knew a whale would be brought in, and he collected barnacles off the whale because this was a particular kind of barnacle in whose distribution he was interested. He would put them in a jar and store them in a refrigerator in the lab or in his friends' – such as the Brewer's – kitchens. He ate the whale meat. He gave us some once, and I did make a stew out of it.

Several years after I was out of graduate school, I took a French course in extension at Cal.I never had any French, and Joe Connell was in that class. Most of us were pretty staid people who just wanted a little bit of French. Joe was hilarious; he essentially took over the class. The teacher didn't know what to do with him. She thought he was amazing, but she couldn't contain him, and he taught the whole class really very disreputable French songs. I don't know whether I understood all of them, but I could tell they were disreputable!

You want to know about the marriages? A lot of the people married right after I-House; I don't know how many married during their stay. I-House has lists, and for a while there was a Valentine's party every year for everybody who had met his or her spouse at the I-House. Many, many people: the Rushes, of course, Joan and Rollo, the Castellos, the Brewers, the Horwitzes.

Was leisure time and socializing mostly with the people from I-House? Yes, pretty much. I knew Galen from outside, but I kind of dragged him into the I-House group. Some people had moved out of the House, either because they were not registered at school any more, or they could not afford it, and they wanted to double up on rents and share an apartment. Bill Knox had an apartment in Emeryville with a couple of other fellows. It was on a top of a factory, and there was nobody there at night. The factory ran during the day, but in the evenings it was quiet, and they could make as much noise as they wanted. There was a flat roof outside of the apartment — it was like a deck — and Joan Rush painted a swimming pool on a big piece of canvas. So we could sit around a pool at parties.

There was Rafael Rodriguez. He was from Costa Rica; he was a botanist, and his specialty was orchids, which was the national flower of Costa Rica. He won all sorts of awards; he was internationally known for his orchids, and he assembled a beautiful atlas of orchids, which you have probably seen. After graduate school here, he went back and taught at the National University of Costa Rica; their science building is named for him. He became a sort of national hero. Among other achievements, he founded the Boy Scouts in Costa Rica. He did a lot of special things. He was a very accomplished artist, and he put himself through school doing scientific illustration. He

wrote wonderful letters; they were like little illuminated manuscripts, a pure delight! And he designed the cat cards [for sale at I-House].

Rafael also wrote songs — he did not write the music, but he put I-House words to some well-known tunes. He was very funny! One song was The Chinese Laundry Procession. People were divided into groups — one group was supposed to go, "Kumba, kumba, kumba, kumba," and another group was supposed to do, "Kumillaha, kumillaha, kumillaha." And I forget what the third was supposed to do. But he orchestrated it as a round, a procession; he was the high voice at the end, doing something funny to catch up with the parade. Also he designed coats of arms for people: things he thought were quite funny, and things he thought were characteristic of them. I am sure Peggy Grunland has one of these; Nanny Brewer has one; Barbara Knox has one. Her husband, Bill Knox, was a physicist. I remember him going up and down the front steps of the I-House on a pogo stick and wearing a cap with a propeller on the top. People weren't always serious those days. The place was fun, it really was.

Staying in touch with others? Oh, well, I still do. There are some of us who have been getting together for fifty years, weekly, on Wednesday nights. It started when Galen and I lived just a block off campus, and people would come over. Sadly, we've lost some of our group, but we've added others, and "Wednesdays" still go on — a very vital and supportive part of our lives.

Maideh Mazda? Maideh was Persian. She was from Iran, but she grew up in Baku (then Russia, now Azerbaijan). She was beautiful and very exotic, and she was a very good dancer. After I-House, she taught at the Monterey Language School, where she met her future husband, Charles Magee. He was later in the Foreign Service, and I think he was an ambassador in Riga for a while. Then they lived in Washington for many years. I have a cookbook of hers that she wrote, In a Persian Kitchen.

Nancy Schettler and Bob Gordon also lived in I-House. For years, he was the Consul General in Florence, Italy. He died several years ago, but Nancy is still back in the Washington area. This was another I-House marriage. Other people who majored in international affairs? Some were in political science: Nancy was in political science; Rollo Rush was in political science.

Were there any clubs inside the I-House? There were language tables — that was one thing. Oh, and the folk dance class. The teacher was very strict. Her incantation was — I remember her telling people: "Stop fooling around! So we can start having fun here!" I did not take part in that, though. I found it very amusing, but I was not big on folk dancing.

Were there any poetry clubs? I don't think so. A lot of people played bridge. It was not a club, but there were real cutthroat bridge sharks, like Gene Horwitz. They would play in the library, I think, and they would play after meals and after dinner and after lunch. I was not that good at bridge, and I wouldn't have dared get near one of their games.

I had a wonderful Chinese roommate one semester, Betty Wong. Her family was from mainland China, but forced to go to Taiwan. Her father was a businessman. She was majoring in sociology. Betty went on to do graduate work at Case Western Reserve, I think, and I lost track of her. While she was completing an undergraduate degree at Cal, she had to fulfill an American history requirement. I realized, when she asked me some of the questions, how hard it was for her. She would ask, "What's the constitution?" or, "What's Massachusetts?" And I realized, she was starting from someplace else. She was bright, and she did it. And, of course, I was in awe of anybody who could use a Chinese dictionary! Chinese students? Among them were Wen Yen Wei and her twin sister, Wen Chou Wei. Wen Yen married Milton Leong.

What was the influence of I-House as a whole on my life? How would I put it? Most of the friends that I have kept are from that period. I've made friends since then, but I see almost no one that I knew as an undergraduate or from high school. There are one or two people I keep up with, but not in the way I do with I-House friends. You know, with I-House it's not hard to stay in touch because everybody is in touch with everybody else!

There were "groups" at I-House, of course: there were Latin-American students; there were Asian students; there were Scandinavian students. They wouldn't necessarily mix as whole groups — but some from this and some from that. You know Ingrid Borland and Terje Jacobsen — we "infiltrated" their groups. There were the Indians; and then the British, like Chris Reid, and Geoff Wilkinson —

he went on to win a Nobel Prize in chemistry.

Was it difficult for the foreigners to decide to stay here or go home? Yes, I think so. Some really were on a mission to go back and help their country. And they did! Some of them felt there was no opportunity for them in their field at home, or they liked it here, or they married Americans!

One of the greatest things — and I guess what I-House is all about — is that so many of us have kept in touch with both those who left and those who stayed. We've visited I-Housers abroad and had reunions when they've visited here. And we've thought about and remembered many who just happened to pass through our lives at exactly the right time.

Taken from an interview by
Tonya Staros on June 4, 2010; editing
assistance by Jeanine Castello-Lin

"Yamarka," Russian Tea Dance,1948.
From left to right, bottom row: George Dove, unkknown, Maideh [Mazda] Magee, unknown, Netti [Konopka] Turner, back row, first on left: Victor Shick; far right, with accordion: Peter Komor.

Latin American Sunday Tea Dance, Spring 1947. Decorations by Rafael Rodriguez.

Taking the ferry to San Rafael for Wilma and Gene Horwitz's wedding, June 1953. From left to right: Homer "Stretch" Conzett, Galen Fisher and Mary Ann "Quack" [Quackenbush] Fisher.

Julia (Liesyte) Fraser's Reminiscences: 1946 - 1951

I was born in Harbin, China in 1918. My mother's brother and sister had been in Harbin working on the Chinese-Siberian railroad, and my grandmother visited there several times, and that is how she brought my mother there. When he was nine, my father had been exiled to Siberia with my grandfather by the Russians. They had found Lithuanian books – written in the Latin alphabet – hidden in my grandfather's old oak tree. You see, in the 19th century, the Russians were trying to introduce cyrillics to Russify Lithuania. So he was sent to Siberia. But, after he served in WWI, my father was allowed to go from Siberia to Harbin, to the Lithuanian colony, and that is where he met my mother.

I was five when my mother died in Harbin. We had relatives here in America, and when my mother died, they invited us to come, but my father said, "No." He grew up in China, and he wanted his daughter to grow up in Lithuania, and so I grew up in Siauliai. That is the fourth-largest city in Lithuania, right in the middle of the country.

So how did I happen to come to the US? Because I have relatives here. After the war [WWII], they started searching for me and when they found me, they invited me to come to the US. I was working for UNRRA [United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association] because I knew quite a few languages: Lithuanian, Latvian, Polish, Russian, German, English, and some Bulgarian.

You see, when the Soviets started into Lithuania in September 1940, we fled. They [the Soviets] had come looking for me at the University – because I was organizing the History Department; I was a good organizer. You know, they were still looking for me many years later: the Soviet secret police came to Washington, D.C., to the Library of Congress where I was working at the time and offered me a job. But I told them I didn't want their "job." "What kind of job is that? I asked, "In Siberia?" Anyway, when the Soviets invaded Lithuania in 1943, we fled through the German-occupied part of Lithuania and eventually to Austria, on foot. There I was in a work

camp in Herzogenberg, near St. Polten, just thirty kilometers from Vienna; we were refugees, and there was no place to live otherwise. While I was in the camp, I had a toothache. So I went to a man and told him my tooth hurt, and he pulled out five teeth. They were bleeding and wouldn't stop, so they sent me out of the camp. I went to a monastery in St. Polten, where they gave me food, and they introduced me to some people, and, because I knew some German, I was able to get a job in a Krankenkasse, a medical insurance office, in Vienna.

Towards the end of the war, the Russians were coming into Austria, so we were running away from the Russians as fast as we could. When we got to Ulm – we were five Lithuanians – we went to the train station. The train was full, full of soldiers. But one of the Lithuanian men was tall, and he opened the window and pushed me through, and I sat on the lap of a soldier all the way to Stuttgart. We went to Stuttgart to be as close as possible to the front line – where the French had arrived.

Near Stuttgart, in Ludwigshaven, I found some Lithuanians whose address I had. And there I was, walking down the street, when I saw three girls, and they were speaking Latvian, and I came up to one of them and said in Lithuanian, "Tamara, is that you?" And she said in Latvian, "Julie, is that you?" Because we had known each other growing up. Her mother was Latvian, but her father was Lithuanian and a friend of my father's. He used to bring Tamara to Lithuania when she was growing up. So then Tamara and I moved into our own apartment.

But we didn't have *Speisekarten*, meal cards, because we weren't German. So we went to the American Army, which was feeding refugees. The French were there; they had defeated the Germans, but they didn't know what to do; they didn't want to be in the war at all; so they asked for the Americans' help, and the American Army sent a group, and later on they sent UNRRA, United Nations Refugee and Relief Association. But the Germans had brought thousands and thousands of Polish and Ukrainian kids to work in the camps – almost like slaves; also there they had the American war prisoners. And when the Germans, the big shots, ran away, the camps were not supervised, and nobody had any food or anything.

So Tamara and I went to the American Army office, and there were all these hungry Poles and Ukrainians. Tamara and I were sitting at a table with all the refugees, and

finally this poor American soldier stood up. He climbed up on a table and looked at all these Poles and Ukrainians and knew they were hungry, but he didn't know how to understand them. So, gesturing, he said: "Is there someone here, in this crowd, who understands us and understands them?" And Tamara looked at me and said, "I guess he means us." Because we knew so many languages. And so we raised our hands. So I started working for them. And later UNRRA arrived. And I collected, for UNRRA, children that didn't have parents.

I don't say orphans because we didn't know if the parents were alive, or if they killed them. We collected children from Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. And I took thirteen children to America. How old were the children? Well, any age, as long as they had been weaned. I had seven babies. Their mothers were American and German girls; these were illegal children; they were war orphans. How did I take care of the babies? I didn't know how to take care of the babies. And there was nothing to take care of the babies on the ship. And besides that, the babies were hungry, they were alive and crying, and everything was closed – because we were lost at sea for twenty days; we were just floating, no motor, no radio. But at least the soldiers knew where we were going. And the soldiers helped with the children. They were wonderful. Because this was an Army boat...

We had one two-year-old; he was very ill. Whoever says that children don't get sick at sea, that's not true. He was very ill. He was Latvian; he spoke good Latvian. He only knew one sentence in German, "Ich bin schon Tot," "I am already dead." He kept saying over and over again, "Ich bin schon Tot." He just kept vomiting all the time, so he was so scared. And I said to him: "As long as you can say 'Ich bin schon Tot,' as long as you say that, you are okay, and we will still feed you."

I also had an eight-year-old girl from Latvia, Valentina. Her father was Russian and her mother, Latvian. When she was two, her father didn't come home. When she was three, her mother didn't come home. That's what she thinks, that she was three years old in 1943 when the communists came, and people were fleeing. So she went with the refugees – anybody that fed her. And she was in one of the orphanages. We became good friends; she helped me with the younger children on the boat. And we are still friends today. She spoke Latvian; not all the children spoke Latvian – they spoke different languages. They didn't understand each other, but I could understand them.

And when we came to the United States, when the ship was coming in, the children just started screaming: "Look and look! The houses have the windows!" Because the houses where we came from, they didn't have any windows. Stuttgart had been flattened.

We arrived in Boston on September 30, 1946, and I came straight to California because some relatives were here, and that's when I applied to International House.

When I came here, I met someone who encouraged me to apply to the University of California. I was already a graduate from the University at Vilnius and somehow, when my former professor came here, he brought with him my diploma. So because I had all the documents, I applied. I went to the Graduate Division, and the lady looked at me, and she said, "You don't have a chance." That was in September. I came out of the office, and I didn't cry, but I was howling, and that howling brought a very nice young person from the Dean's office, and she came and said, "What are you crying about?" And I told her, and she said, "Stay here and I'll be right back – not right back, it will take me about half-an-hour before I get somebody."

And then this older lady came, and her name was Miss Hoyt, and she was Dean of Women, and she said, "Do you have time?" and I said, "Of course; I took the day off of work." First of all, we went to the Graduate Division, and the Dean looked at my papers, and she said, "What in the world did she tell you?" "She said I didn't have a chance." "With your grades, you didn't have a chance?" So she said, "You're in!" and she said, "Can you start in February?" and I said, "I'm working in a factory, so I can quit at any time."

So I came to the I-House in '47, same as everyone else. Right after the war. We're the Golden Age. You see, we came as refugees.

How did I come to live at I-House? Miss Hoyt, Alice Hoyt, said to me, "How are you going to live?" I said, "I don't know because now I am working in a factory." So we stopped first at "The Black Sheep," and there was the owner, and so she hired me to work in "The Black Sheep." "The Black Sheep" was a restaurant on Bancroft, just up from Telegraph. But that job was not enough. So we went to I-House, and they hired me for room and board. But I didn't have any money to pay for my tuition. So

Mr. Sibley gave me Cal's money from football. Mr Sibley was the President of the California Alumni Association, a graduate of 1902. He had been in Lithuania when it was occupied by Soviets, and when he found out there was someone in the I-House from Lithuania, he wanted to help. So he gave me $300 for my tuition – that's why they used to say I went to school on a football scholarship.

What are some of my first memories of I-House? We all loved it. For us, it was our home. It was for Lottie [Wallerstein] Salz also. Lottie and I were at Sunday supper one night, and Mr. Blaisdell, the director, introduced us and said, "Do you want to know each other?" And we became very good friends. When I left I-House, Lottie knew I would not write a letter, and so she gave me a hundred cards, all addressed to her, and she said, "All you have to do is write me a card every day and say, 'I'm still alive. And mail it.'" We were very close, until the very end. As a matter of fact, I was away when Lottie was very ill, and she would not let me come back up the hill because I was going on a trip to Asia, and Lottie wouldn't let me come in…

After I graduated from Berkeley, I went to Washington, D.C. and worked for the Library of Congress. I graduated from Cal in '51, with a Masters in History and in Library Science, and from '51 – '55, I worked at the Library of Congress.

When I came back, the way I met Paul [Salz]: Lottie came to pick me up at the airport. And Lottie was gabbing, and was going up the hill, and there were no buildings up there on Panoramic at that time – the place that the taxi driver wouldn't go. And Lottie, gabbing, didn't change the gears, and started rolling back. And so she said to me, "Jump out, and get Paul, who is painting." So I ran out to where I knew the house was, and there was a guy with a paint brush, and I said, "Hurry up, your wife is rolling down the hill!"

I had come back to Berkeley because Joe [Fraser], my husband, was from Berkeley. And my mother's cousin lived in San Francisco. That's why we were invited to come here, but father wanted me to grow up in Lithuania, so we went to Lithuania. And I'm glad I did.

Sure, when I came back to Berkeley, I was in touch with I-Housers. One of them, Lottie. And Peggy [Post Grunland]. And Victor Shick: there were three Russians from Berlin,

Victor Shick, Michael Blumenthal and Peter Komor, and they called themselves the Shanghai Mafia. With Victor Shick I have a very funny memory. You see at I-House women didn't go to the left side, and men didn't go to the right side. And so Galen Fisher from the left side was on the balcony calling down to Victor who was in the Great Hall. He was calling: "Vic Shick!" and I couldn't help it, I was just smiling and Victor and Blumenthal and Fisher looked at me and said, "Julia, why are you smiling? What does it mean?" And I said, "In Lithuanian it means 'Chasing shit.'" And that was the last time anybody called "Vic Shick!"

Yes, the Shanghai Mafia: they were three Russian Jewish boys who emigrated first to Germany and then to Shanghai. From Germany, when they escaped, they landed somewhere like Harbin, and then they were able to get to Shanghai. They were trying to get away from Germany as far as they could get. And they did. And when they came, they called themselves in I-House, "Shanghai Mafia."

I have the best memories of Elliott Castello. You know, Elliott was in I-House, and my husband died when the youngest child was a year old. And Lottie Wallerstein called Elliott. Our house had just been sold before my husband died, and the Sunday before we had to move out, the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and it was Elliott, and Elliott said to me: "I understand you have to buy a house." And I said, "But Elliott, I don't have any money!" And Elliott said to me, "And what's wrong with my money? Go and look for the house." I said "OK!" He said, "You're going tomorrow, and look for a house." And I did. And I bought a house, and I called the bank, and they said: "You know, somebody just deposited some money for you." It was the company where my husband worked. My husband's company had left insurance. So, I called Elliott and I said, "Elliott, I have money!" So I never needed that help. But ever since then, if I needed help, a ride or something, Elliott's wife, Dorelee, or Peggy Grunland, they would give me a ride or help.

What memories do I have of Elliott while he was still at I-House? It was wonderful. He was always downstairs singing. Whom do I remember singing? You know, I come from a country where there is a song for everything, but I don't know any English words. So I used to sit and listen, but I didn't know the words. They used to pass out words sometimes....

Whom else do I remember from that time? Joan [Obidine] Rush and Maideh Mazda is her Persian name, Maideh Magee is her American name. She married Charles Magee and lives in Washington, D.C. There was Ingrid Borland – Bergstrom then. I used to serve soup; I knew everybody.

No, I didn't eat with the others. I ate my breakfast at 5 o'clock in the morning because I used to go part-time to Stanford. I got my thesis written at Stanford, at the Hoover Library: "Lithuanian Public Relations with the Soviet Union." It was my future husband, Joe Fraser, who talked me into getting a Masters.
I didn't meet Joe at I-House. I met him the first day I arrived in San Francisco. He was a friend of the husband of a Lithuanian girl who was living with my mother's cousin in San Francisco. Joe was a student at Berkeley, and he encouraged me to apply. He didn't live at I-House, but he used to come and visit. Joe and the wife of a Lithuanian friend of mine were in the Cal Glee Club. Joe was a very high tenor, very beautiful. We never had a radio in the car. We got in the car and he sang.

Yes, Joe urged me to get a Masters. I was going to go on to a Ph.D., but the professor, who was of Russian descent, said to me, "Don't you want to eat? Why don't you go to Library School?" I applied to Library School, and I got a job six months before I graduated. And after I worked at the Library of Congress for five years, I came back and worked at the library at UC Berkeley for twenty years.

I came to the I-House in February of '47, and I left in June of '51 – four-and-a-half-years. How did these years at I-House change me? I don't think they changed me at all. I just felt that I finally found a home, because I didn't have one before; nobody wanted us. I was a displaced person. We didn't have a country to go to. And then when I came here, I found a home suddenly.

For us, it was home. We found a place. Like Lottie, who lost both of her parents. Her father died in Auschwitz and her mother, in Stutthof, and Lottie escaped from Stutthof. She and four other girls somehow stole through Germany, slept in barns, until they finally came to Denmark. And then they admitted that they were refugees.

Did Lottie and other people at I-House talk very much about their experiences in the War? Sure. I never heard Lottie complaining about the loss of her parents, but

there were some people who had been of Jewish descent, and they were complaining. You never heard Lottie say that. As a matter of fact, once, as I will always remember, we stupid guys, we went to see a movie about the war. And when we came out of the movie – it was such a horrible movie, a movie about the war in Italy – we came all the way back to I-House without saying one word to each other and then, when we were almost back to our rooms, we both began laughing. And we said, "Why did we go to that stupid movie?" And then we were sitting on the front steps, talking about the war and laughing. And there was a guy standing on the steps, and he said, "How can you laugh, talking about the war?" And Lottie looked at him and said, "Don't you think it's too late to cry, now?" Lottie always had something to say...

Were there poetry readings at I-House? Miss Carneiro loved that sort of thing. You see Miss Carneiro was from China. She was Portuguese from China. I helped Miss Carneiro lead the folk dancing. And Miss Carneiro helped me with many kinds of things. When I was a widow, and the youngest was one-year old, every Sunday Miss Carneiro used to come – she didn't drive a car, but Miss Markley, she was in the Library School, she used to drive the car. And every Sunday, they used to come and pick up the children and take the children to Durant where they lived, and they said, "You take the day off." So Sundays, I used to take the day off. I used to go to I-House, the coffee house, and meet Lottie.

What else did people do for fun at I-House? Every Friday there was folk dancing. And Sunday suppers. And we had language tables. Did people sit according to their country? Yes and no. People would mix up. There were a lot of people who had served in the Army. And then there were a lot of Jewish people, like Lottie from Czechoslovakia. And Marlene Falkenheim from Germany, actually from Prussia – no, not the actress.

Were there any political tensions between people? Sure. Jews and Arabs were always fighting, and then sitting at the table together. And at the time, women were not allowed in Law School, and when the first women were permitted, there was a big celebration. Then, we were there when Israel was accepted, and when Truman signed. And Mrs. Gandhi had been at I-House, and Mr. Truman and Mr. Adlai Stevenson had been at I-House. They visited. Benazir Bhutto's father lived in I-House. And he lived in I-House at the time I lived there.

Would I say that I-House influenced the path that I took? I think so. I come from a very small country. We had been occupied by Russians, and all kinds of things like that. For many, many years, Lithuania was a very big country, because Lithuania included a lot of Russia. So when Lithuania became an independent country, our President told us we had to learn about all the religions that were in the country. We had to take exams to graduate from high school in religions, because it is said, "If you learned about something, knew about something, you respected it. And if you didn't, you suspected it." And so I came already prepared to accept anything. When I met all the different people, I didn't feel they were different. I was just trying to learn more.

Taken from interviews by
Jeanine Castello-Lin and Tonya Staros in April of 2010.

Julia [Liesyte] Fraser and David Duncan Portuguese folk dances.

Fall 1946: Elias Mokakos and Julie [Liesyte] Fraser, demonstrating a step from a Lithuanian folk dance, “Kalvelis.”

Reeve Gould's Reminiscences: 1941-1943; 1946-1948

I first visited I-House as a teenager – I was up in Berkeley for a summer vacation with my mother and my aunt, and they took me to see the new I-House. I came to live in I-House in, I think, 1941. I was there for three semesters, and then I went into the Navy in WWII. I returned to I-House after I got out, to join the Golden Agers, in the fall of 1946, and was there for three more semesters. No, three semesters doesn't seem very long, but....

During the war, I was in the Pacific, attached first to Admiral Spruance's staff as a communications officer with the Pacific fleet, and then, about half the time, to the staff of Admiral Durgin, who was Commander of the escort carrier force. Yes, I did see battles. Once, another escort carrier was hit by a kamikaze pilot, caught fire and sank. Of course, we were lucky; we were never hit. When the war in the Pacific was over, I had the honor of going with Admiral Durgin to the signing of the Peace Treaty in Tokyo Bay....

Then I wanted to go back to Berkeley to get my Masters degree in Architecture, so, naturally, the choice was I-House; I wanted to live there again. The Director of Admissions, when I was first at I-House, was Lionel Rideout, who was a fellow San Diegan, and he and my parents were good friends. When he heard that I was planning to come back home, he had a catch-up party because he said I must meet Nancy Lawson [Gould]. Of course, my parents and grandparents had been good friends with Nancy's parents and grandparents, but she was five years younger, so I don't remember much of her until she had just graduated from Vassar, and was coming here.

Yes, my wife was one of the Vassar Five: Nancy, Candy, Randy, Nan.... Nancy was Nancy Lawson, Randy was Helen Randolph, Nan was Nancy Nowell, Candy was Clair Tapley – she married my friend David Leaf. And then there was Betsy Williams. Of course, in those days there was plenty of social life. People used to joke about those who majored in Great Hall. I never really had time for much of that, as an architecture student.

My first memories of I-House? I liked it – it was in the days when we all had private

rooms, before the war, and I enjoyed my seventh floor room. How did the mix of foreign students change between my undergraduate and graduate days? Well, I had a great many Turkish friends in the pre-war years, and a few from South and Central America. After the war, not so many Turks, but a good preponderance of Latin American friends, and I think there are fewer of both in the current I-House.

How about the effect of the war itself? I think we were all so happy to be out of the Service, back on campus – that was contagious! Maybe that's one reason they called it "The Golden Years," because everybody seemed so happy.

Any political tensions? The only tension I can relate was the Norwegian boy who married a Turkish girl. She was glamorous! She and her sister – the Sunel sisters, Esin and Suzie. Well, they were both glamorous-looking, and one was an architecture major, and one was a math major. The architecture student, Esin Sunel, married a Norwegian boy – Paul Olson was his name, I think. After they were married here, they tried living in Turkey, and he didn't feel he was accepted in Turkish society. So then they tried living in Norway, and she didn't feel accepted in Norwegian society, so they came back to the Bay Area. Yes, that says something about the Bay Area, and it says something about people with ethnic differences who get along famously at I-House but don't always find it easy to go home, particularly if they bring home a remnant of an I-House romance.

Yes, there were there other couples like that – Randy of course, of the Vassar girls, married Stan Nichols-Roy, one of the singers, and they went off to live in Shilong [Bangledesh]. And they stayed there until he died, and then she came back to San Diego County, where her parents lived. Previously, I had designed a house for them in Shillong. Nancy and I had a wonderful trip around the world, and we visited Pilu and Vina Modi in Bombay. That was another I-House romance. Vina Colgan was a red-haired Irish Catholic from Oakland, another architecture major. So was Pilu, who was from Bombay, but Oxford-educated before he came here – wonderful sense of humor. His father was Governor of Bombay State, so when we visited them, that was a grander visit than when we visited in Shillong – that was much more of kind of a missionary experience. Yes, Stan's mother came from a missionary family; she was from Visalia, and his father was Indian.

Back to Pilu and Vina: she had no idea what awaited her, because Pilu was a little mysterious. He had said, "Well, we'll have a flat at the top of my parents' house" – because the youngest son is always supposed to return to the parents' home – "and we'll have a shack at the beach." Well, the shack at the beach was akin to the houses at the end of Stinson Beach and very, very nice. We went in sort of a carpool one day from Bombay to "the shack": I was riding with Pilu, and he had a Cadillac convertible. Nancy rode with his sister in her jaguar convertible. So they were definitely well-to-do. But Vina fit in beautifully; she took up wearing the sari and collected Indian antique jewelry. That first night, we said: "We can't come to your house; we have reservations at the Taj Mahal Hotel." And he said, "Nonsense! We expect you. And not only that, we've invited twenty of our friends to meet you!" So we got there, and Vina proceeded to dress Nancy in a sari and lent her some of her antique jewelry to wear. And the compliment was: "Oh, Nancy, you wear the sari so well!"

No, Vina married without knowing what awaited her. But they were both architects, and they were able to establish an architecture practice in Bombay. Vina had had a shop on north side of campus selling supplies to architecture students, as a part-time thing, so shop-keeping was a natural for her. I think she established a shop in Bombay for native arts. Well, after Pilu passed away, she came back here, and, rather than re-settling in Oakland, she went to Nebraska, or one of those states – she said she couldn't afford to live in the Bay Area. And somebody explained to me that she wouldn't be allowed, by the Indian government, to inherit any of Pilu's wealth. Yes, she gave up quite a bit. She gave up America to live in India, and then gave up that wonderful life she was living in India...that may explain also Randy's coming back to San Diego, to live in Escondido, when she did. Probably she couldn't inherit anything from Stan.

There were some mixed couples who stayed in America – or who left and came back. As far as I know, most of the Norwegians and Swedes did go back – one of my best friends was Sig[vaard] Kihlgren. On my return after the war, right after registration, I was trudging up the hill, and I noticed this young man ahead of me talking to a couple of other people, and I thought, "I so like his manner; I better get to know this guy..." He has come back to visit. Nancy and I, in our travels, have had a chance to visit him. Sig's father was Swedish Consul General in Genoa, so we had the chance of seeing Sig in Sweden, and then he came over to Denmark when we were in Denmark. And then we visited him again when we were in Italy. His parents have one of the picture

postcard houses as their getaway house, in Porto Fino. No, he married somebody back there...I've had some correspondence with his daughter – she was going to come and visit. Yes, I have kept in touch with many people around the world – I-House is great for that, and Rotary is great for that.

Yes, Elliott Castello was one of my best friends in those Golden Years days – along with Gene Lee and Doug Powell....Doug's father was a Rotarian in Stockton. Part of Doug's job was to measure the snow pack every winter. We were going to get Doug to come and speak to our Rotarian club, but it never happened.

Some of the people I've stayed in touch with? First of all, all the Berkeley Golden Years people. You are aware of the Wednesday Group? Quack [Mary Ann Quackenbush] Fisher and her late husband Galen [Fisher] started it when they were graduate students and had an apartment near the campus, knowing that some of the Golden Age people would like an "at home" on Wednesday evening. It's always been a joke: "We drank cheap sherry together!" So that's what we do – we gather at Quack's house at 7:30, and after an hour of drinking either cheap sherry or white wine, we send out either for Mexican food or hamburger-type food. Quack's been doing it every Wednesday since I-House....

Who comes? Jim and M.D. Baker, and Marion Ross, and the Horwitzes – Gene Horwitz was another person who was wonderful in those first years at I-House. Wednesday nights he used to love it when my late wife Nancy would be there, and he could get into a political argument with her, because he said she was the only Republican he knew who made sense! And he loved to argue with her....

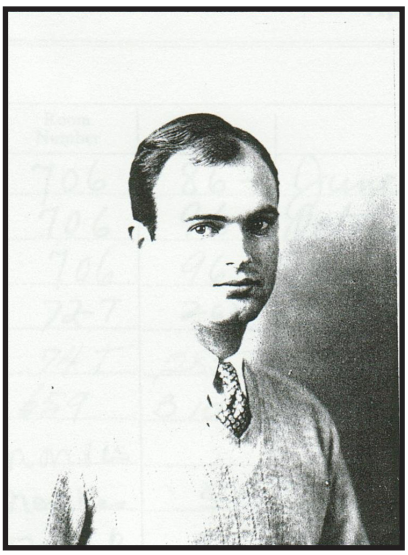
Did my time at I-House change me? Yes, because at first I was very timid about getting acquainted with some of the foreign students. I was shy about the friendships at the beginning. I think they had to be the more outgoing ones, at least until I came back after the war; by that time, I had picked up so much of the I-House spirit that I could initiate the friendships. One of my very best friends was Guatemalan, Jorge Molino-Sinibaldi. About Jorge: when he and Julio Lowenthal were here for a class reunion, Jorge said, "I've been back to see you four times, and you've never been to see me!"

So we put together a group of about a dozen people to visit – predominantly architects

– and went down there. And we went back two more times – we built a school as a Rotary project in a village in the hills of Northern Guatemala.

Taken from an interview by Jeanine Castello-Lin on March 31, 2010; editing assistance by Tonya Staros

Students from Turkey, 1946 - 1947. From left to right: Ismail "Smiley" Ergonenc, Esin Sunel, Ahmet Iswan, unknown and Susan Sunel.



Reeve Gould
Application to I-House, 1941.

Peggy (Post) Grunland's Reminiscences: 1946 - 1951

I moved into the I-House in the Spring of 1946. That was just after World War II, when I-Housers were living in the fraternity houses. Joan Obidine Rush, Elliott Castello, George Dove, and Diane Smith were some of them. All of them had been in the Service. George Dove received the Silver Medal for valor in combat. Elliott had been in the Army. Joan had also been in the Service, and so had her future husband Rollo [Rush]. Yes, those friendships endured.

Where was I before I-House? I had just graduated from college; my last university was the University of Texas. I came to Berkeley because I wanted to see where my Russian grandparents had finally settled – which was Berkeley. I was going to get a Masters degree in Spanish; I would do it in Berkeley so I could see the family's hometown, so to speak. I wrote to my friend, Nancy Anderson Chirich, whom I had met at the University of Utah when Dad was stationed in Salt Lake City, and asked her: "Any suggestions on where to live in Berkeley?" She lived in the City at the time, and she said, "There's a place called International House..." That started it. I had to wait awhile to get in.

My own time at I-House was divided in two – first I lived in I-House as a student for one-and-a-half years, and then I came back to work. After two years as a student, I went home to where my parents were stationed down in the South and thought: What am I going to do with my life? I had thought I would get a Masters in Spanish and be an interpreter. Mr. Blaisdell wrote that they were moving back to the Big House, and they were going to open an information desk, and would I like to...? I would like! It must have been the fall of '47.

Ingrid came in '47. Now that's an I-House friendship – we're still good friends now. Paul [Grunland] and I helped her move into her present place not so long ago. I was one of her witnesses when she decided to become a citizen. Jean Sullivan [Dobrezensky], who was in charge of residence, and I were her two witnesses.

There are quite a few people with whom I am still friends, including some who went

back to their home country, like Terje Jacobsen, who went back to Norway. Maybe we can get Terje over here himself – he called me the other month. He and his mother were the last people to escape Norway-- they went to Sweden. His mother had been very active in the underground. She had been a radio operator. Terje was a young eighteen-year-old and an underground message carrier who was involved in the sinking of the battleship Terpitz.

My memories from the first I-House? There was my roommate, Marciana Kui. We're still in touch, Marciana and I. I don't know whether she had been born in China, but during WWII her family lived in Manila. Her father was head of the anti-Japanese society in Manila, and her mother was a physician. One day, the Japanese came and took the two parents off – they didn't see their mother for two weeks, and they didn't see their father for two years – but he lived through, I gather. I think Marciana must have been aware that her father had been active in the anti-Japanese group because, when the Japanese came for her parents, she covered her siblings' faces with dirt and dressed them up modestly. They had a couple of servants, and she sent their maid, with her two siblings, to a neighbor's house, figuring that was the safest place they could be at this point. Then she spent the rest of the day – evening, early morning hours – with a blanket over her head, and either a flashlight or a candle, looking through her father's papers. She figured out that it would be good if she could keep some of them, and so she buried them. I think it was under the back porch. She burned others. Then, just as daylight was breaking, she changed and tried to look as unattractive as possible and went off down the road to the neighbor's house. About an hour later, the Japanese apparently found out who her father had been and came looking for any evidence. But Marciana was gone.

Marciana and I shared a wonderful summer session up at House Five, one block east of Warring. The session was just six weeks. Every morning she went over to the window and pulled up a bucket that was tied to a rope. And every morning there were fresh roses in the bucket. It was an attempt by a young man from Hong Kong – he knew a lovely person when he saw one – to make her his own. He did not win.

Then there was Wen Yen and her twin sister, Wen Chou. Wen Yen and her sister had snuck out of China; they had had to crouch down in the back seat of a vehicle, covering their heads. When Milt Leong saw these two beautiful women come in through the

door – Wen Yen and Wen Chou – everybody teased him: which one was he going to pursue? Wen Chou married Phillip McBride. Wen Yen married Milt Leong. They moved into a house on Grizzly Peak. These were the days of restrictive housing. There was an attorney who lived at I-House, Bob Hessler. They arranged that Bob would buy the house for them, he would buy it in his name, and then sell it to them, so that they could have that lovely home.

Then there's Joan [Obidine] Rush – she's the spirit of I-House. Joan's decorations are still famous. I have a lovely memory from when we were still in the fraternity houses, from our first House dance. Joan asked the girls if anybody had long gloves. Here we were, dedicated students, but she came up with five pairs of long gloves. I gave her a pair of black ones my mother had given me – I don't know where I thought I was going to go with long gloves! She stuffed all the gloves with paper. Then there was a harp – I don't know where they got the harp. She put a background of black against one of the windows, put up a podium, and out of the chandelier – she had that decorated with cotton, like heaven – out of the cotton, came these gloves, reaching for the harp. Afterward, she was so tired that she didn't make it to the party!

Now Jean Sullivan Dobrezensky, Director of Admissions, kept the I-House group together with her wonderful Christmas parties. Ingrid Borland was always there. Jean would have a set menu, always with Danish meatballs; it was precisely the same menu every year. That was at her house over in Montclair, with her husband, Stacey Dobrezensky. I almost attribute the Golden Age to her; I don't think it would have been so cohesive without her. Some people said that it was Jean who coined the name, "The Golden Age." But it was Ted Nichols who gave it that name.

What did I do at the Information Desk? My job really wasn't that important. If someone came up, I would say, "You want Miss Carneiro? Go there and there and there." I reported to Mrs. Sanford, the business manager. Every spring, Mr Blaisdell would haul me up to his office and say, "Now, what are your plans?" When I had first started working there, Mr. Blaisdell had said, "I'm sorry we can't offer you more money, but we can offer you a meal card and charge you what you eat: 52 cents for lunch, and 53 cents for dinner." And it did help! So when he asked me, every spring, if I still wanted to continue working at I-House, I don't know if I came right out and said: "I just love working here – and starving to death on your wages!"

I probably said, “I’d like to continue here.” Because I did; I loved it. I was there at the desk for four years, doing nothing.

Taken from an interview by
Jeanine Castello-Lin on April 5, 2010;
editing assistance by Tonya Staros

From left: Peggy [Post] Grunland, Phil Borst, Jean [Sullivan] Dobrezensky, Si Chou Lou, and unknown.

At I-House soda fountain, from left to right: Hal Kerber, Milton Leong, unknown, unknown, Julian Huebscher.

Working on China Relief, Spring 1946. From left to right: Alma Ching, Anna Lowe, Marcianna [Kui] Chang, Rosabelle Lew and Catherine Jang.

Dancing, from left to rigiht: Peggy [Post] Grunland,
George Moss,Lisa von Selle and David Duncan.

Wilma (Schulz) Horwitz's Reminiscences: 1947; 1949 – 1952

My years at I-House were some of the most exciting times of my life, both intellectually and socially. One of the enduring joys of having lived there is the friendships that have continued to this day. I came to I-House in the summer of 1947, interested in international relations (I was a political science major). At that time, it was difficult for American undergraduate women to get into the House for a regular semester, but I was able to get a room during the summer. I graduated in early 1948, took a year off to work in San Francisco, and entered Boalt Hall in the fall of 1949. I couldn't get a room in I-House the first semester, but I had all my meals there and was able to move in for the spring semester and the following two years.

Like most of the law students, I didn't socialize as much as I might have liked with the other students because we really had homework every night, but I did meet fascinating people from all over the world. Many of them had had life experiences I could scarcely imagine, especially those who had been in the war, or in the Resistance, or even in concentration camps. For several years, the I-House directory of residents listed a number of students as "stateless," in the space where citizenship should appear – evidence of how much their lives had been disrupted by the war. Some of these unusual people became lifelong friends, and one, Gene Horwitz, became my husband; in later years, some of us referred to I-House as "That Great Marriage Bureau on Piedmont Avenue."

During the war, Gene had been a sergeant with the army. He was with them when they landed on the beaches of Normandy in August of 1948, and then served through the end of the war in Europe, until the surrender of Germany in May 1945 – including, probably, the Battle of the Bulge; but he rarely talked about it. Gene had come from Texas Christian University – he used to joke about being one of the Texas Christian Jews. He came as a graduate student, earned his Masters in Political Science, and later, a teaching credential.

The war wasn't a big topic of conversation at I-House, though. This was a period of great political ferment, especially internationally: Israel won its independence, as

did India, and there were many political discussions all over the House about world events. These were both organized and informal. Gene was a vocal part of many of these discussions – he became a history and social studies teacher later. After we were married, we would often get together with the Brewers, Castellos and O'Regans for dinner, and the gentlemen, especially, would have spirited political discussions, often at the top of their voices.

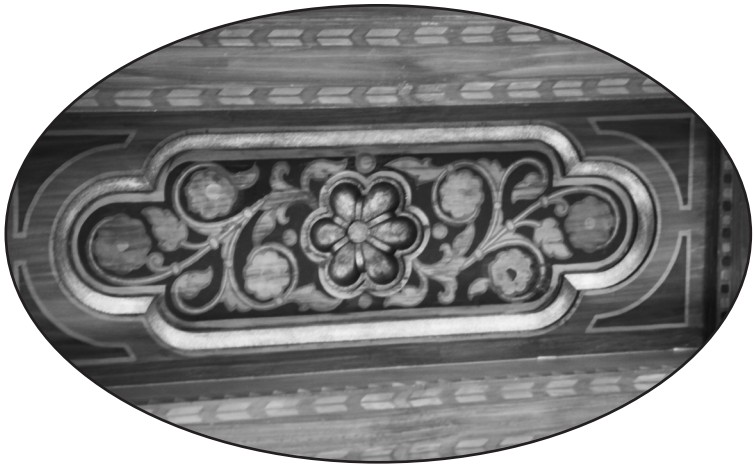
Many of my I-House memories are of the Great Hall and the dining rooms. Some people always sat in the dark (inner) dining room, and others always sat in the light (outer) dining room. And it sometimes seemed that never the twain would meet. But I always headed for the light dining room and smiled if I saw Elliott Castello, often with Joe Connell, always smiling, always joking, and always welcoming if there were any empty seats left at their table. They were also the core of a wonderful singing group, along with Doug Powell and Bob Brewer. A group "sing" might erupt anywhere in the House, at any time.

I remember going on a day trip to Pt. Reyes once with a group from the House, led by the wonderful Rafael Rodriguez, a botanist and an artist. My maternal grandparents were from that area, and I had always considered the tops of those bluffs to be singularly uninteresting; but as Rafael pointed out the tiny flowers and leaf structures of so many different plants, I gained a whole new appreciation for what I had considered dull pasture land.

Many of our I-House friends who stayed in (or returned to) the Bay Area continued to meet socially, and the dressiest event during those early years was the New Year's Eve party. Thanks to one of the I-House cross-cultural marriages, I learned of a great way to have a lovely, but inexpensive, maternity dress for one of those parties. Joanne Dietz (New Jersey) had married Azam Ariff (India), and Joanne taught me how to wrap my six yards of satin-striped chiffon as a sari. She also lent me a cholo (traditional blouse) to copy, so that I could sew one in the appropriate color. That New Year's Eve, I felt as elegant as a seven-and-a-half-months pregnant mom could feel.

Taken from an interview
by Jeanine Castello-Lin in May of 2010;
editing assistance by Wilma Horwitz

Beginning of 1953.
Gene Horwitz and Wilma [Schuz] Horwitz.



Terje Jacobsen's Reminiscences: 1946 – 1948

I had a wonderful time in Berkeley. I really loved the place, and I've been back several times. I'll be eighty-eight this summer; I'm no spring chicken, you know....They seem to be long-living in Berkeley – practically all my old friends are still around. Very nice.

I arrived at I-House in October of 1946. I had worked my way all the way across to Chicago; I was working on a Norwegian ship and then had come by boat, up the St. Lawrence River and across all the Great Lakes – it was quite a journey. They didn't know what to do with me – I seemed to be the first immigrant who had gone that way. So then I took a train across the country to Oakland. It was such a relief from the war and everything, to get to California and the sunshine. No ruins like in Europe, bombed to pieces....

It was no problem to get a Visa to come to America. I applied to the American Embassy in Oslo, and I didn't have an immigrant Visa, I had a student Visa, and that was much easier to get. I had no idea what Berkeley was. I applied to six different institutions – I think two or three of them were in the Midwest – and also to the University in Montreal, which turned out to be French-speaking. And then, of course, I was accepted to UC Berkeley, and I wanted to go – thinking about California, sunshine and palm trees, and things like that.

Yes, Berkeley met my expectations. There were some very interesting people at I-House at the time. One of my friends at the time was an Englishman who, later on, won the Nobel Prize in chemistry – Geoffrey Wilkinson. He kept in touch up until the time he died, a few years ago. Another Englishman, and one of the first ones you noticed when you walked around – he looked like a very studious character – was Al Shipman. When he introduced himself as Al Shipman, I said, "Are you the Al Shipman?" And he said, "I am, but please shut up about it." Because he was one of the most decorated pilots in the RAF [Royal Air Force]. He flew from 1939 until 1945. He was so secretive that he didn't even tell his fiancée. You know, his fiancée, Marie Bernadette, didn't even know who he was. When he left the I-House, they asked her: "Do you know who that character was who you are engaged to?" And she had no idea; he never talked

about the war to her. So that's British understatement. Of course, there were people like Lottie, who came out of concentration camps, so it was quite an experience to live at the I-House at the time.

I'm not sure how I ended up at I-House. I was advised to go up there when I registered at University. I was very lucky, because that was a wonderful place to be at that particular time. I was at the I-House for a little over two years, and then I moved out and took an apartment on Stuart Street. And the last couple of years I lived up on Shasta Road. No, no, I didn't do a Ph.D. – I was quite happy to graduate from architecture. I think there were about three hundred students who met for the first registration. We were told from the first day: "You better get yourself another major because only forty of you are going to graduate." So it was quite a rat race. Of course, we were older, more motivated. So, at the end of the whole thing, the forty who made it were all war veterans. When we met – of course we didn't talk about war right afterward, it was too close – on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of our graduation, we all started asking: "What plane did you fly on?" and so on. So I finally got to know a little more about my classmates. I really enjoyed it – I really am thankful that I chose to study in the United States.

How did my time at I-House change me? I got to know people of different cultures and so forth. I remember that over the I-House entryway there was a sign that said, "That Brotherhood May Prevail." And the friendships that we made at the I-House have prevailed to this day. My roommate from India, Jamshed Fozdar, who became one of the leaders of the Baha'i movement, calls me every New Years to wish me a Happy New Year! I also met him a couple of times in Berkeley. He is one of the Parsees – many of the top people in India are originally from Persia. I think most people would remember him because he is quite a lovely character. Apparently, he had a son who studied at Berkeley also. Now he lives in Singapore. You know, he phoned me, and other people have phoned me, after they saw the documentary about the battleship Terpitz. The documentary has not been shown in Norway, which would have been more appropriate because that is where the drama took place, where it was sunk, five-hundred yards from where I am sitting now, near an island out in the bay here. Where am I right now? I am sitting on top of a hill where my house lies. My closest neighbor is a Catholic nunnery of Carmelites. They are all from Poland, it seems. But across in the bay, lay the Terpitz, and about one thousand people lost their lives in the sinking.

Where am I exactly? Near the biggest town in northern Norway, Tromso.

Yes, this time of year it is dark all day long. It makes you so depressed because you only have a little bit of light, but on the twenty-first of December, the darkest day, you have absolutely no daylight. You have some very strange lights, the Northern Lights, the aurora borealis. The Northern Lights can come every day if it is clear. It can be the whole spectrum of the rainbow, but mainly it's green, bright green. It flashes across the sky and changes from one minute to the next. It's quite a spectacular thing to watch. I turn off the lights, and I am watching.... When we were children, we were told that, if you didn't behave, all the lights would come down and get you. So you have some compensation living up here in the North, but I'd rather be in California this time of the year. I'd like to visit in February when the blossoms are out....

What were my impressions of the Americans while I was at I-House? Well, it changed quite a bit. After I had been at I-House two months, I could say, "this and that are definitely American." After I had been there for six years, I couldn't, because there are so many different types of Americans....But I think the Americans are probably one of the most generous people on the earth. They really try to make you feel at home.

Yes, I was born in Tromso, and my family is here – quite a big clan. When did I leave Tromso? When I had to escape, during the war. I got over to England in 1944. Of course, in wartime you get trusted with things that are far beyond your experience. After the war, I was put in charge of investigating the non-combatant Air Force officers. We had to decide who would stay on and who would be kicked out.... So, it has been a very varied and sometimes exciting life. My mother had escaped with me, through the mountains, to Sweden – quite a long walk. Sweden was neutral. It was quite strange – I remember the night before we crossed to England, we walked straight through Stockholm, and people were sitting outside having mead or a drink, and all the lights were on, and four or five hours later, we came to a blackened out England – we landed near Dundee, Scotland. And actually, we were four planes that started out: one was shot down, and the other two returned to the Swedish airport. We were the only ones who got through. It was strange: we were sitting there opposite each other on benches in the DC4, and, suddenly, they were shooting at us with the anti-aircraft guns and so on. Suddenly the plane dived, and I remember one of the boys said something in Norwegian which means, "Now the ship is going into the field," an old

sailor's expression. But there was no panic, really. What could you do?

I left Sweden because I had volunteered to join the Norwegian Air Force – we were all volunteers. I was stationed in Devonshire. I had a high school degree, so I was either going to be with the Air Force or Naval Personnel, but they had more use for me in the Intelligence.... I was actually going to be dropped near the Swedish border, and a friend of mine was going to meet me there, but the Air Force sabotaged it.... But I took over the job of the Lieutenant Commander – I had had quite a lot of experience handling things from home, but now that I think of it, I was twenty-one; I was born in 1923. But things are different in wartime.

In Norway, I graduated from high school, and then I was part of an effort to, you might say, deceive the Germans. I went to the north of Norway where the Terpitz was lying. It was not easy because there were ten Germans to every Norwegian. But I was young and I looked young....I was quite prepared to die. I knew that I would be shot, but I knew also that they would torture me beforehand. That was the only thing I was afraid of – that I would break down during torture, and I would reveal the names of some of my associates. It's so far back that I've a friend from then who is still alive, and he was the commander when they bombed the Terpitz, and he said recently, "Do you have the feeling that it didn't happen to you?" And I said, "That's exactly the feeling I have. It's like I've seen it on film."

What was my job in sinking the Terpitz? My job was gathering intelligence. I was in England when the actual sinking went on. But before, I'd been sent up there to find out what damage had been done to it during the mini-sub attack in 1943 – I think September of '43. I went up there in January or something of '44. There were no buses or anything to get up there then, so it's quite a story.

Taken from an interview on December 7, 2010
by Jeanine Castello-Lin

Front row, first on left, Gertrude [Zierau] Wijsman; back row, third from left, Inger “Mopsen” [Bergstrom] Olsen, unknown, Bjorg [Melvaer] Myhrer, Terje Jacobsen, and Ingrid [Bergstrom] Borland.

Inger "Mopsen" (Bergström) Ohlsén's Reminiscences: 1948- 1949

My first arrival at I-House, Berkeley, was unforgettable. It was a sunny day in the beginning of July, l948. The building was so attractive and charming, with the big wide stairs where students were sitting and talking. I had come there together with two Norwegian boys, and we had just finished a very special job that had given us a free ride from I-House New York to I-House Berkeley. We had found America, the land that makes dreams come true!

I had graduated from the Social Institute in Stockholm in December l947 and was lucky enough to be one of the pioneers in the new field of psychological social work serving children. This required further studies in interviewing techniques, preferably abroad. A scholarship allowed me to get that education at Columbia University in New York, with room and board at International House, NY. Afterward, as I wished to see more of America before returning to Sweden, I decided to return home by way of a stopover at UC Berkeley. Due to the fact that Swedes at that time were not allowed to take money out of the country, I had come on an immigration visa which would allow me to work. When I arrived at I-House, Berkeley in 1948, I was broke and was looking for a job.

The first person I met was Elska Zisovich Starrels and we started talking. She was on her way to Camp Richardson, Lake Tahoe, to work as a chambermaid and promised to inquire about work for me as well. Believe it or not – the next day I could join her as a cleaning woman up at beautiful Lake Tahoe! In leisure hours there, in addition to learning water skiing, I was a nighttime babysitter for children of hotel guests who wanted to go gambling in Reno. When people got lucky, they let me grab as many silver dollars as I wanted and that, added to my salary, gave me enough money to study at Cal. So when the fall semester started in the middle of September l948, I was enrolled for studies in psychology at the University of California, Berkeley and living at I-House.

Imagine what it meant to a girl coming from a smallish University town in Sweden – Uppsala – to be a member of a big group of students – six hundred – coming from fifty-six different countries from all over the world, and a large number of American students interested in foreigners and foreign countries. From the beginning, I felt a much more personal atmosphere than I remembered from I-House in New York. The staff, including Jean Sullivan, Peggy Post, Mrs. Carlsson, Miss Carneiro and Mr. Blaisdell, the director, meant a great deal to us foreign students. They noticed us when we moved in, gave us information that we needed, took us to cultural activities and gave us good contacts. The system of having a roommate was very good. Mine, Betty Willard, an American, smoked while I didn't. So I had to start smoking to be able to study and sleep – that difference between us could have been an irritation otherwise. We had a good time together, though. She actually visited me later in Sweden.

Gradually, you got to know different groups of students. Naturally, I got to know the Scandinavians – nineteen from Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Iceland; also natural for me was attraction to the barbershop singers who sang by the mailboxes every day after dinner. They struck me immediately with happiness, reminding me of all the singing at my home in Uppsala. My father was a tenor of great demand in the university area in Sweden, and my whole family sung in harmony.

Representing Sweden in a World Fair in San Francisco for ten days, I came to know two very handsome girls from The Philippines and India who were also staying at I-House. They were wearing the most beautiful dresses from their homeland. I felt like farmer's daughter in my Swedish folk costume of wool; they looked to me like queens! We came to mean a lot to each other and spent much time together after that in the Great Hall.

The Great Hall was the natural place to make acquaintances. It was the place to feel joy and friendliness, to make plans for all sorts of fun, but also where the most serious conversations and discussions took place. As it was soon after the second world war, we of course talked much about the war. Many students, male and female, had been in the war, or had been very affected by it, and their experiences were at first unbelievable to me, since I had lived completely outside the war.

It was I50 years since Sweden had been at war. I had lived for the six years of the war in a vacuum, without connection, more or less, to the outside world – not knowing what really had been going on in the neighboring Scandinavian countries, the Baltic States, Poland, Germany, etc. At I-House, I listened and listened, and it was of greatest importance to me to hear all these detailed testimonies given by my new friends. It broadened my mind then and for a lifetime.

The education I got in Berkeley was very good for my profession back in Sweden. In my class there happened to be three very bright and interesting girls who also lived at I-House They became my closest friends: Dorothy Hosford Smith, Mary Hamm Flumerfeldt and Ingrid Bergström Borland, the last a Swedish girl! When the professor heard my name – Inger Bergström – he said: "You must take your second name. I can't distinguish between Ingrid and Inger, and you are the one who has to change, for Ingrid has been an undergraduate here." My second name was a horror to me.... What was I to do? I said "Okay. It is 'Mopsen.'" And suddenly I had a new identity. Everybody on the whole campus greeted me by my childhood, most private, nickname. The name had been a fabrication of my big brother, who saw me as too cheeky during our dinner table discussions. You see, "Mops" is the Swedish word for "pug," a breed well-known for walking through life with its head held up high in quite a cheeky way. That is how I came to be known at Berkeley by the Swedish word for "pug." And this little drama I endured in silence for the sake of Ingrid Bergström Borland.

And romance: I met my first husband, Gustav Olivecrona, a Swede, at I-House. We had a wonderful wedding in a little church in Berkeley followed by a party with I-House friends in our apartment. It was in October l949. Gustav worked at *The San Francisco Chronicle*. Soon we had to decide where to live – Sweden or the USA? Gustav had immigrated with the intention of settling and had strong reasons for not going back. I liked America, but I missed my native country more. For instance, I missed the Swedish climate with four seasons. In the end, I persuaded him to return home with me. We tried to live in Gothenburg, and then in Stockholm, but it did not turn out well, unfortunately. In 1956, I married Börje Ohlsén, a forester whom many I-Housers know from our visits to California, and from visits we got from many I-House friends – particularly when Volvo paid the trip to Gothenburg for those who bought a Volvo.

The values of I-House, and the deep friendships that have lasted a lifetime despite distance, still are something very precious to me. This legacy is something that has been passed on to my family. I am immensely grateful for my time at Berkeley and for all the happiness it gave me, happiness which I now share with my husband Börje, my children and grandchildren. Berkeley has become close to the whole family.

Written by Inger "Mopsen" Ohlsén
Gothenburg, Sweden November 2010 (In a hurry)

Annual banquet at International House.
David Rockefeller, Jr. was the honored guest.
From left to right, front row: unknown, Inger "Mopsen" [Bergstrom] Ohlsen, Greta [Larson] Enger, Willa [Klug] Baum, unknown; second row: Diwata Aldaba; back row: unknown, John Akar, unknown, unknown, unknown, Zaki Abdo, unknown, Abbas Ar-Rushdi, unknown, Luigi Dusmet de Smours, and Cecilia Reynales.

From left to right: Maida [Mazda] Magee, Diwata Aldaba, and Inger “Mopsen” [Bergstrom] Ohlsen.

Marian O'Regan's Reminiscences: 1946 - 1947

I went to college during the war – out at Texas Tech – and it was almost like going to a girls' school then. After that, I worked, and one of the girls with whom I was working was going back to Oakland. I was looking into going to graduate school and living at an I-House in either New York or Madison – my cousin had lived in I-House in New York and said it was the place for me. But my friend suggested, "What about UC Berkeley?" I said, "Where's that?" I really thought that I would go to Madison, but that one friend changed my life in a way in which I will never regret.

I arrived on the doorstep of I-House on a warm September day and was not prepared – someone had told me that it was going to be quite cold in Berkeley! Well, it was quite warm and the first thing, I was invited to go swimming in Lake Anza. So I borrowed someone's swimsuit, and we took a bus that goes up there. It was 1946, and people were so, so open to activities. There was a group that had been in the fraternity houses during the war, and they were all ready to go back and tell the rest of us what to do! Joan Obidine [Rush] was one of those. Everyone took me in hand and educated me: "You must go to this lecture, read this book," get me up to snuff. Peggy [Post Grunland] was just incredibly helpful and Marion Ross and Ingrid Borland. Ingrid was very shy, but she was so attractive – she was certainly a popular person!

We certainly were talkative! You would wander through the Great Hall, see who was there and say, "Let's go get a cup of coffee." That's how you got to know people, just casually. It's such a shame that they've closed it off now – the door from the Great Hall to the cafe. Yes, it was certainly good for me. I hadn't met many people from other countries in Texas, just a few Dutch people, from Shell Oil. It was very segregated in Houston. At the I-House, you could talk to everyone. There were Africans, a lot of Egyptians, later we had Israelis, but that was later because there wasn't even an Israel then. Yes, there were Germans. I don't believe anybody held anyone accountable for what their country did. We were young. It wasn't our doing what was going on in our country. If you were here, it was because you wanted to see what this country was like.

Whom did I know? I knew Victor Shick and his gang, and Ted Taylor and his gang.

But I didn't know too many of the men. Meeting the women was easier – we were all together on that hall on the 4th floor, while the men had all the rest of the building. It was certainly nice, after being at a practically all-girls' school, to be in a place where there were five men for every woman! I knew Nanny Nowell [Brewer] and the other four girls from Vassar: Candy, Nancy Lawson [later Gould] – I don't remember the others. The group from Vassar was so unique, and so outgoing, that I quickly got to know them. One of the good friends I made was from Canada, Dagmar Herzberg. She was Joan Obidine's roommate. Talk about outgoing – Joan Obidine was really a bright light who attracted us all! She had been in I-House in the fraternities, so she knew people already in '46. And she had lots of energy!

Bill [O'Regan] was Victor Shick's roommate, and I met him on a blind date. Vic was going with Dagmar, but Vic had a bit of a reputation, and so Dagmar said she would not go unless he got some people together. So Vic asked Bill – in his British accent, he had been in Shanghai and so spoke with a British accent – if he would go with him. "Are you asking me to go on a blind date with you?" asked Bill. "Yes, I am," answered Vic, "It's part of a roommate's duty to go on a blind date." So we went. Bill and Vic remained such good friends. Vic and his wife Dodie [Eisenberg] moved all around the country, but we kept in touch with them – such lasting friendships were formed!

Vic came to I-House with some money and immediately bought himself a huge car – a Lincoln, I think. Every Wednesday they would have a symphony concert [in San Francisco], and he would gather up a lot of people – in those days they didn't have seat belts – and he would just cram lots of people in the back! He was game to be in anything – skits, plays, folk dancing….

Vic had been born in Harbin. His family went across Russia on the train to Harbin and then ended up in Shanghai. He was very good at languages, but later mostly dealt with Europe – he was in steel. There was a huge gang of people from Shanghai – the Shanghai Gang – and they remained friends. A few years ago they were still meeting. No, they weren't Chinese, they were French, Russian, a Czech – I dated him. Were they Jewish? Not all – just people who had fled the war. I don't remember anybody asking, "Is he Jewish, or is she Jewish?" That wasn't the question. It was, "Are they interesting? Nice? What am I going to learn?"

There were some interesting marriages, some interesting couples, some of which worked, some of which didn't. There was Stan Nichols-Roy – he married an American girl [Helen Randolph]. They lived in India. In that year, 1946-1947, there were a lot of interracial, intercultural marriages. When I look around, it seems most of them worked. I guess that's because by the time we got married, we knew each other so well; we had seen each other bleary-eyed in the morning. It wasn't just dating.

Then there was Lottie. Lottie was such a delightful person! She was so outgoing and upbeat and full of ideas about what to do. What you really admired about those people was that they had risen above and managed to stay positive. Even the Scandinavians had been through four to eight years of hardship, but when they came here, they were so upbeat. They were here now! Partly it was the release from the war: "Here we are! We survived!" All these men came back, and they were so happy to be back in their own world and not on a ship or in the trenches – it was effervescent! They just went around in a haze of happiness!

Taken from an interview by
Jeanine Castello-Lin on September 17, 2009;
editing assistance by Tonya Staros

Marian O'Regan
Application to I-House, 1946.

From left to right: Peter Komor and Victor Shick.

San Sebastian, Spain, 1952.
Marian [Coolidge] O'Regan
and Bill O'Regan.

Reminiscences of Marion Ross: 1946-1951

I first went to the I-House in September 1946. How did I find out about I-House? I met a woman at a bus stop who had lived in I-House when it was located in the fraternity houses during the war; her name was Mary Kopriva. We started talking, and she told me that I-House was the most wonderful place in the world – why didn't I live there? Well, at that time housing was very, very scarce – there was only one women's dorm and one men's dorm. The men's dorm was Bowles. The women's dorm was built in about 1942. So, with all the returning servicemen, the housing was very, very scarce. I had never heard of the International House, but I thought, "Why not?"

We were fed in the auditorium; I don't know why the dining room was not ready. We stood in a line, running down Bancroft, for lunch. That turned out to be my very first meeting with anybody, and it was with the man who was standing in front of me in line. I remember it was a hot day; he turned around and said, "My name is Elliott Castello, what's yours?" It was a warm welcome. So I remember the I-House as being a very friendly place.

I had a roommate from Oregon – Ruthie Farmer. I walked into this biggish double room, and on a bed there was a pile of clothes which Ruth had spent the summer making. She was a farm girl and a member of 4H – a farm organization for teenagers. There was one closet, and, according to Ruthie, I said, "We need another closet." Whereupon, I got on the bus and went to Capwell's. I got a cardboard – I can see it now – a cardboard chest, you know – heavy cardboard pieces you put together. We stuck it in the corner for my few clothes – consisting of two gabardine suits, a linen dress with a wide belt, and a cotton dress. At first I thought, "Hmm...." But Ruthie turned out to be a wonderful, wonderful roommate! She later married an I-House resident, Bob Feinberg, who was a city boy from Chicago. I last saw her and Bob about ten years ago. He gave up his academic career, and they are in the antique business now. I had a little gathering here – it was summer time, but there were about a dozen of us.

My experience at I-House was wonderful! I lived in the I-House from 1946-1951, except I was gone in the spring of '48 and came back in the fall of '48. So I bridged quite a few people, because a good many people only came for the one year of '46-'47. What are

my recollections of people who were close to me in the I-House? Abbas Ghessalayogh. We called him Kessel. He was older, he was an Iranian, and he was wise. He gave me tutorials on the Koran, and I read the Koran. I had never known anybody from the Middle East. There were great many Egyptians. One was Osman El-Mufti, who was extremely empathetic and had great dreams for Egypt.

One of the people whom I knew that first year was Bob Wijsman, a Dutchman, who later married Gertrud Zierau, a Dane. By establishing, with Bob Milligan, a shop named Fraser's on Telegraph Avenue, Gertrud introduced Danish design of housewares to the Bay Area. Bob Wijsman was a physicist, and he had spent four years lying in hiding in his parents' attic because the Germans would have taken him into forced labor – he was about seventeen. At night he snuck out to the countryside, riding his bike for fifty miles for potatoes because the Dutch were starving. So, in my experience, there were these truly fascinating foreigners. The Norwegian government rewarded its Resistance fighters with both scholarships and living grants for study abroad. By the way, all of them were fantastic skiers. They did not present themselves as heroes, but they were.

One charming Indian was Moteelal Jagtiani. Motee went into marine engineering. When I was a graduate student in London, in '51-'52 – as were the O'Regans – Motee arrived at the docks, and he threw a party. Finding our way there through the dark dockyard was a real hazard. There were no lights! He was the fifth engineer on this ship – but he borrowed what must have been the chief engineer's cabin. He didn't drink, of course, but he somehow served us Scotch and hard-boiled eggs. Both Scotch and hard-boiled eggs – this was 1951 – were very, very rare! We sang Cal songs. Also there at the party was Arthur Fraser, a charming New Zealander.

Then there was Olga Bocanegro – she was a mathematician from Puerto Rico. Beautiful and sweet Olga Bocanegro! She was gorgeous; she had brown skin suffused with a sort of apricot tone to it. So, who else? Oh, and Maideh Mazda. She was a glamorous creature! One time – it seems we triple-dated quite a lot because some of the men had sedans – this American fellow was driving. His name was Philip. Somebody else was Maideh's date, and when Maideh got into the car, Phil said: "Close the doors, so that smell does not seep." She was loaded with perfume.

Who else? Milton Leong was certainly a major figure in I-House. Actually, Wen Yen lives just down the street. Milton was born, I think, in Oakland. Then, as was typical for Japanese and Chinese parents who could afford it, Milton's parents sent him to be educated in their own country. Milton was living in Tianjin, in the north of China. When the Japanese assaulted Tianjin, the Americans were in Chongqing, and somehow Milton walked from Tianjin all the way to Chongqing and surrendered to an American general. He wanted to fight with the Americans against the Japanese. He walked by night, and hid by day. Then, later, he was dropped behind the Japanese line in China. Because he was Chinese – of course his Chinese was perfect – the Japanese did not know that he was essentially a spy. Not only was it dangerous, but walking across half of China is sort of amazing too. Milton and Wen Yen both came and lived at I-House, and Milton became a total American, a total Cal rooter, with a Cal rooter cap. He also became a Rotarian. Wen Yen's twin sister, Wen Chao, married an American, Philip MacBride.

Most of the Canadian and American economics students had either a research assistant or a teaching assistant position. An exception was an American who was turned down by the Department because he was Black. The Department had had an unsatisfactory office "girl" who was Black, and shortly after they declined to employ Emmett Rice. As a consequence, he became Berkeley's first Black fireman. He later went on to teach economics at Cornell and serve on the Federal Reserve Board.

Since I studied economics, I made friends with many Canadian economists: George Break, Don Bailey, Jim Harvey, Ed Safarian, Marjorie Smith, and Wilma Smith. Ed and Joan (nee Shivers, another marriage made in I House) returned this summer with one of their sons and his family to acquaint them with, in Ed's words, "Where it all began."

Oh, and then there was the European crowd – mostly English people. They sat together in the dark dining room. Then, of course, there was the law-school contingent; they did not like anybody else to sit with them. They were impossible! But Wilma Schulz (later Horwitz) – she came later, she didn't come until '48 or '49 – she was not a part of that arrogant group, but mixed with everyone. Elliott Castello also started out as a lawyer. I always wanted him to go into local politics – he would have been perfect, in my view; he had the charm to persuade people.

I also remember Wendell Lipscomb. He had learned to fly as a teenager. When the first all-Negro flying unit was created by President Roosevelt in World War II, it was named the Tuskegee Airmen for their base in Alabama. Wendell trained these men. After earning his medical degree from UCSF, he moved through various medical posts as director of California drug rehab programs, eventually becoming a psychiatrist in private practice. He also served on the I-House board.

What type of activities did we pursue? Well, the singing group was Bob Brewer, Bob Hacker, Elliott Castello, and Doug Powell. Some had special songs. Geoff Wilkinson sang the defiant miners' song, "Not a Penny off the Pay, Not a Minute on the Day" [miners' motto during the United Kingdom General Strike of 1926]. I took part in the folk dancing. We had an instructor – oh, wasn't she grand! Her name was something like Toposki.

The long-term director of I-House was Mr. Blaisdell. Somebody has done his oral history; it's big! [Golden-Ager Joanne Dietz Ariff completed a UC authorized Blaisdell oral history, and it is available on the Regional Oral History Office's web site.] Mrs. Blaisdell was a charmer; she was also beautiful. Did anybody tell you about the Blaisdellisms? We had Sunday Suppers every Sunday night, and there would be ethnic dances, etc. Mr. Blaisdell is remembered for announcing that the next Sunday Supper would be devoted to the Canadians and their culture, "That is if they have one." O-o! Actually, there is a murder mystery book written by a Berkeley author, which is based on I-House. Mr. Blaisdell is depicted in it, just barely disguised, making these absolutely terrible, terrible faux-pas! He was very straight-laced, very starchy – he had been a minister – but he was a man of principle.

Anyway, there were stories about Mr. Blaisdell. Once a number of Swedish economists came to visit the I-House. I think that was before the war. He was showing them around the I-House and pointed to the women's wing, and to the men's wing, and one Swede said, "Oh, they are separated?" And Mr. Blaisdell said, "Of course!" And the Swede said that it was not so in Sweden. And Mr. Blaisdell asked, "Don't you have problems?" And the person replied, "Yes, don't you?" Another story is how Mr. Blaisdell was showing them the newly-built bridge – I think it was the Golden Gate Bridge. Mr. Blaisdell was proud of this engineering feat. One visitor observed that a toll was charged to cross the bridge, and the other economist said, "Oh, this is a toll bridge?' And Mr. Blaisdell

said, “Yes!” And the economist said: “We abolished those in Sweden in the twelfth century.”

These are all happy memories. I remember the kindness of President Sproul. Peggy Logee, a shy economist from Mt. Holyoke, and I were handing out name cards in the corridor of the House when in came President Sproul. Peggy asked him for his name, whereupon, he boomed in his all too inimitable voice: “Robert Gordon Sproul.” Peggy’s cheeks turned red, and she sputtered an apology. He replied, “ I don’t know your name either. What is it?”

Were there a lot of discussions of politics? Yes, there were. The issue in 1948 was the creation of Israel. And these discussions were civil. We also had a number of Palestinians in the House. One of them, George Raad – I think he is still on the board – became a civil engineer. Another was Bishara Lawrence, who later also served on the I-House Board. Oh, and we also had a good number of Turks. I can remember Ismail Ergonenc very well. He did very badly that first year because his English was not good. So a wonderful man in engineering told him to buy a round trip ticket on a Greyhound bus to the East Coast and back for $99 and sit next to anybody who did not have a companion; and he did. At the end of that summer, he arrived in San Pedro on the Greyhound bus with practically perfect English. A lot of people whom he met on the bus had invited him to stay with them. We called him Smiley – he looked like a Texan, and he had a sunburnt, outdoor look. He spent a couple of nights with my family. Daddy woke up in the middle of the night, heard something downstairs, came down, and there he saw Smiley taking apart the washing machine. He had never seen a washing machine before that. But then Smiley put it back together again.

So one of the happy things in that first summer was that I had a number of visitors from I-House, i.e. Don Bailey, Bob Wijsman, Smiley, and then, later, Jeanne Moffitt – she was an American, but she was part of the European-English contingent. Bob Vaught, who was a mathematician, came for a day – he was visiting his parents in Southern California; he played the piano – Mother said he was concert quality – all those mathematicians were excellent musicians. Cal did not have anything but a music theory program at the time, so although there were lots of mathematicians at I-House, there were no music majors.

Getting back to I-House, many students had jobs in the cafeteria. Mrs. Hughes ran the cafeteria, and she was wonderful! Lottie had a memorial service for her in the Blaisdell Room, and all sorts of people came and spoke about Mrs. Hughes. A lot of people thought that Mrs. Hughes was starchy, and she was, a bit, but she thought of the students as her students. I remember Jeanne worked in the cafeteria, and Jeanne said that Mrs. Hughes one day said to her, "You look too tired to come to work today. Go get into bed." She looked after them! She did her best with the food, but some people grumbled because there was a great deal of rice served – and with good reason, since there were many Middle Easterners and Indians. But some Americans chose to comment about how awful the food was. It was slander. Americans talked about the rationing in the US – it did not amount to much at all. I mean if you were a passionate coffee drinker – yes! And if you ate only meat – yes! But otherwise it was nothing.

What other fun things did we do? Stinson beach was one. Also, once Lottie organized a weekend down on Carmel Beach with a Norwegian, a Swede, and me, and somebody else. We drank glogg – which I hated then, and I hate now – and I can remember camping on the beach – just on the sand. Oh, and then there was a Mexican doctor, who became a well-known psychiatrist in Mexico City. He had a big open car, and Lottie and I and two other men were in the car. He had wheeled his car through San Francisco. On the highway south, he passed another car over the double line. I was sitting in front with him. I said, "You can't do that! That is absolutely illegal!" And he said, "Who cares!" And so he did it again, and I said, "No, no!" A highway patrolman was coming our way. After he did not stop us, the driver grinned at me and said, "Nobody cares!" Then we went to Stanford in the afternoon and had a flat tire. We all got out of the car – we had to – one couldn't keep going! Well, of course, none of these men had ever changed a tire in their life! You couldn't expect Lottie to have. Daddy would not give us driving lessons until we changed a tire, but I thought, "I am not going to indicate that I know how to change a tire." So we stood there in Stanford, and a policeman came along. The Mexican psychiatrist – I can't remember his name – he was flamboyant – appealed to the policeman in his "not understanding the language" gambit. His English was better than mine! The policeman, though, was no fool. He said, "I will show you how." The Norwegian did it. These were fun excursions! Lottie was marvelous at instigating fun functions.

Were we carefree and careless? Oh, I was just trying to think of the flamboyant people.

There were plenty of nerds, and some even both! The English were very good at this. The Great Hall was the center of social life. They would loll around the Great Hall, and you would not notice that the rest of the time they were in the library or lab, but when they appeared, they would be very amusing, very amusing!

How did I-House change me? Well… I began to see finer distinctions of ethnicity than I had before, and I realized the importance of ethnicity to people.
How did I-House shape the path that I took in life? Well, I might not have gotten a Ph.D. if I hadn't lived in I-House, because, amidst all these characters that I've told you about, there was a hard core of serious students. I thought I was going to change the world. I didn't. But idealism was rampant. Yes, Bob Schutz was one of them. He was very idealistic. I agree that Kessel had an influence on Bob Schutz, very much so.

What differences do I see between the I-House then and now? Well, there are many more undergraduates now. The current director, Martin Brennan has said that the foreign international students at the graduate level have said they wished there would be more Americans at the graduate level. Martin introduced some extra scholarship program or something to try to attract more American graduate students, but they have said again and again that they can live more cheaply elsewhere. There is a lot of housing available now. Still, it horrifies me that you can no longer afford to live in I-House on an Instructional Assistant income. When I lived in I-House, I became a TA, and I could afford to live at I-House and have my hair done every week! So things have gotten out of whack.

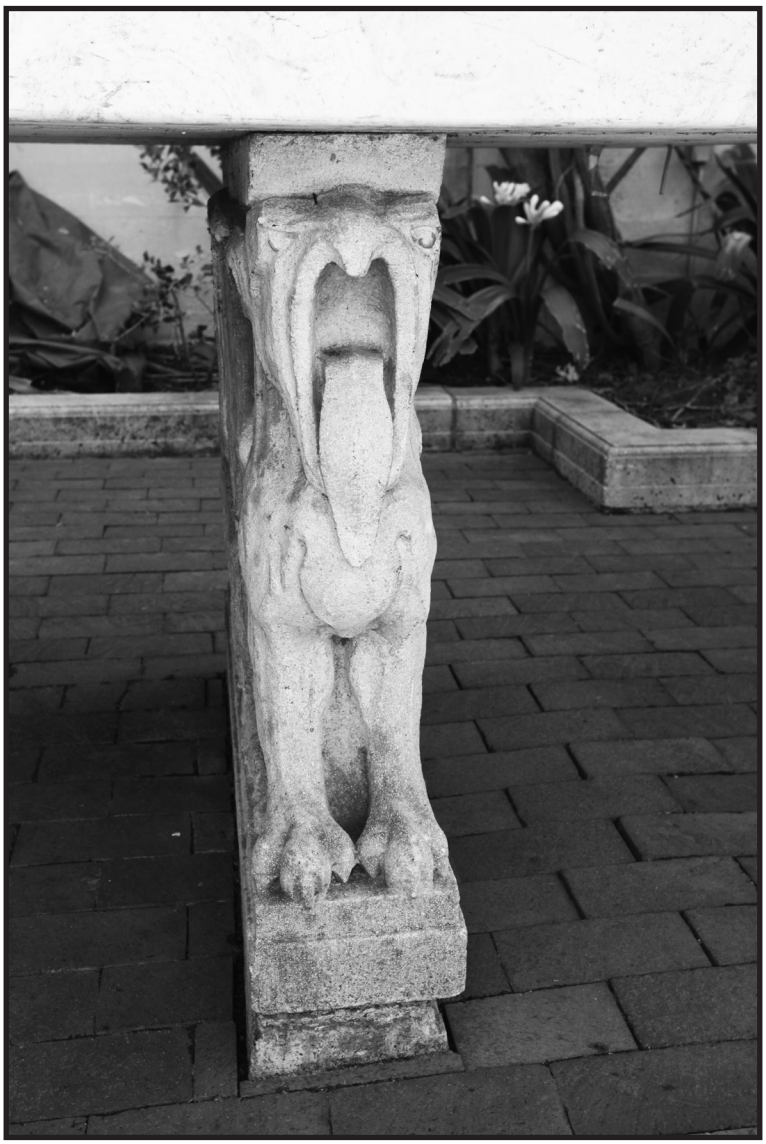
My time in I-House was enormously rewarding. I was grateful then, and I am grateful now. To that end, I continue to contribute to the Golden Age/Rafael Rodriguez scholarship. Jean Sullivan Dobrezensky conceived of the idea and enlisted a group of us to endow a residential scholarship in I-House linked to that of Rafael, "The Renaissance man," as a "Thank You" for our experience in I-House.

Taken from an interview
by Tonya Staros in July of 2010;
editing assistance by Jeanine Castello-Lin

Sunday Supper, Fall 1947. Seated at back table, from left to right: Mrs. Blaisdell, Wendell Lipscomb, Lottie [Wallerstein] Salz, Dr. Lawrence Cross (Mayor of Berkeley), Mr. Blaisdell, Mrs. Cross, Gerard Godet, Iva Dee Hiatt, Abbas Ghesselayagh and Marion Ross.

Standing from left to right:unknown, Cyril [Chris] Reid, unknown,Elsa Zisovich and Milton Leong.

Students from the Netherlands, 1946 – 1947. From left to right: Marcel Nathans, Siegfried Mouthuysen, Gilbert Haakh, Benjamin Kahn, Robert Wijsman, Harry Brandt and Jelle Riemersma.



Joan Rush's Reminiscences: 1946 – 1949

I came to I-House right after I was mustered out of the Waves in June of 1946. I was in the old house, which was on the corner of Piedmont and Channing, until the Big House opened – I believe in the fall of 1946. I actually found out about I-House when I was in the Service, in North Island, San Diego. I was talking to my Commander, who had been an I-Houser at Berkeley, and I said, "I don't want to go back to UCLA," and he said, "Why don't you just go to Berkeley?" and I said, "How am I going to do that when I'm down here in San Diego right now?" And he said, "Just go over and get a little plane, an airplane, and pop in with the pilot, and he'll take you up to Alameda, and you can go right over to I-House and sign up." And that's exactly what I did. It took me only one afternoon. Miss Sanford was there, and she took care of it. I went in in my Waves' uniform, and I said, "Do you have room?" And she said, "Well, you're a veteran? You're in." It was as simple as that. So when I came up, I thought I was going into the Big House, but they put me in the old house, and they said, "This is until you go to I-House."

The first thing that happened when I arrived at the old I-House and came up the steps was that two Latinos came out, Fernando Walker and Rafael Cordeiro – one was from Chile and the other was from Guatemala. They said, "Hey, do you want to play tennis?" And I said, "Well, yes, but I have to unpack first." "We'll wait for you," they said. That was the friendly international greeting I got. That afternoon, I played tennis with two Latinos. It was just wonderful to be greeted that way – something different.

There were many people from South and Central America, among them Rafael Rodriguez from Costa Rica, the singer and botanist. I wasn't one of the wonderful, wonderful singers who sang with the singing group, but I knew they were singing at the bottom of the stairs that comes down from the Blaisdell room. We'd meet there almost every night and sit on the stairs, and down below they'd sing. I just joined in, and they never said, "You can't join in." The singing group was mostly men – Bob Brewer, Bob Hacker, Elliott Castello, Doug Powell, Joe Connell – The Jahdrools – and Rafael Rodriguez were some of the main ones, but there were some women. Nanny was always there, with her guitar. Nan had a beautiful voice and she knew every single

line – Bob Brewer was sweet on Nanny, that's for sure. And Peggy [Post] Grunland used to come by. We all became very good friends and went camping and skiing together after we graduated and had children. We are still good friends. Who else played instruments? Elliott Castello played a guitar. And Galen Fisher. He wasn't in the House, but he used to come and sing and play the guitar. But most of it was a capella. There was also Vince Peterson, physics major, who played a guitar; he wasn't really a member of the little group, but he came and played with these people once in awhile. There was also a Latino singing group, and it was mostly Latino songs, and there were two or three guitarist in that. Julio Wong, Vince Peterson and Octavio Sosa. I have pictures of their playing.

I have some funny memories of Elliott Castello. Some of the I-Housers went on these skiing trips. Elliott showed me where to buy these WWII ski troop skis. They were these big wooden ones, with great, big, cumbersome clamps for your shoes. And he wore, for a long time, the old WWII ski boots. It was really funny because the rest of us somehow found some cash to buy Bass ski boots, or some kind of upgrades, but Elliott still wanted to wear these. He actually gave Rollo [Rush] and me old WWII skis which we crossed and put on the side of our cabin in the mountains. And we had them up there for many years, until the ranger said we couldn't decorate the cabin, so we had to take them down. But there were many stores in Berkeley down on Shattuck which had WWII things – Army, Navy stores. My first skis were wood, and they were very difficult to ski on. But Elliott insisted that they were good enough for him and so were the boots – we used to laugh about it.

How did Elliott ski in those heavy WWII Army-surplus skis? He wasn't a great skier, as I recall, but neither was I, and neither were a lot of other people who chose to buy those wooden skis because they were so inexpensive.... But we all had fun. We stayed at the Cal Ski Lodge up at Norden. There was dancing, and I remember a very popular professor, something Hildebrand, was part of the nighttime dancing. I remember having taken a class with him, and he was dancing – so there must have been professors who would come and dance...

I remember also that we would take our skis and wait for the trains to come through Norden, through the wooden tunnels. We would wait for them in the morning, with our skis on our shoulder, and our ski poles. Then, we would jump on a train and go

with the train, on the side, just hanging on, until we came to Sugar Bowl, and then we would jump off and ski to Sugar Bowl. So that was just a simple way to get to Sugar Bowl! There were a lot of people from the Cal Ski Lodge who would do that, and I wouldn't dare do it now, and if any of my kids suggested it, I would tell them, "No, you can't do it!"

Who else would hang on the train like that with their skis? Bob Brewer, maybe. He might have been on the same trip. And Julian Huebscher, and Stretch [Homer] Conzett, Stan Nichols-Roy, that group, all of them used to go up and ski and stay in the Lodge – they probably all did it. Stan used to sing – he was the bass, along with Bob Brewer.

After I graduated, I worked for Miss [Eugenie] Carneiro. I was with her for at least two of the Spring Festivals. Those were kind of exciting days, the Festivals. I was Miss Carneiro's assistant. She was in charge of the annual Festivals, which meant pulling a lot of resources together because they were given in the auditorium. Rafael Rodriguez helped me with one project that I remember very well – it was for a prom. It was all orchids. He was a botany major, and he knew orchids backwards and forwards, and he helped to paint these beautiful things, twelve feet high. Once, we had to put an orchestra together. Such a nice thing! I recall that Miss Carneiro asked me to go and see if some of the musicians who lived in the House would help out. I remember one – he was from Europe, a big tall fellow. I approached him because he played the violin. And I said, "Would you be willing to play the violin? To give your time to a little orchestra we're trying to get together for the Festival?" And this meant there would be practice sessions that would take away from his school time. "And I don't think I can pay you," I said. And he said: "In this respect, I am Hungarian." You see, he wasn't expecting any money anyway; he was doing it for I-House. In the end, the musicians were mostly from I-House, only a couple of friends from outside.

I have a funny memory of the Great Hall in the morning: you'd come down in the morning, and there'd be all these fellas, and they'd all have parts of the green sheets from The Chronicle; they'd all be reading the green sheet. It was just so funny, because couches and chairs were all filled with guys, and they each had a least part of at least one sheet of the green sheet....

I have many memories of the Dining Hall as well. I think our main purpose in going through the line was coming out with our trays and taking a big long view of who was seated at all the long tables and finding out where you could sit and with whom you wanted to sit – not that it made that much difference – and then we would sit and chat. And the conversation was always interesting, and we could get off into politics and all kinds of different things. I always thought everybody was liberal, not that I was a real firebrand of a liberal myself, but I was surprised to find how many liberals I did find at I-House.

I learned many things from my friends from other cultures. And I became very good friends with people from a variety of backgrounds. I became very good friends with a Persian girl, Maideh Mazda. She's now married to a Magee, so she's Maideh Magee. She lives in Washington D.C.; she became one of my maids of honor. Then there was Jane Toy, a Chinese girl from Bakersfield. She was a Buddhist; she was in my wedding party. Then we had two other I-Housers, Irving Tragen – Boalt Hall – and there was Richard Gerson; they were Jewish boys, and I happened to be married in a Catholic church. Yes, people did go to services at I-House. Especially the Latinos – we all went to Newman.

Why was I such an organizer at I-House? I don't know. Maybe it is just liking to get people together, like for a picnic....How would we get up to Tilden? Of course there were cars. I even had one when I first came to Cal, but I found that I kept loaning it out. It was a little roadster, with a rumble seat. We called it "Cookie" because it was so crummy. So I could use that to get up to Tilden. But if anyone had a car, they would be willing to loan it to us. That's where all the parties were held, before the big dances: people would go to Tilden Park to the Brazilian Pavilion and have cocktails there. They were older, had come to Cal as GI's when they were maybe twenty-three, or even twenty-seven. They were people who knew Life. And some of those older ones would rent the Pavilion to have a cocktail party before the big dances. That was really quite common. In those days, you could not get beer or any kind of drink within two miles of the campus. So there was one place that everyone would pile into different cars and go to in Emeryville: Vernetti's, a kind of a broken down place. But they had good music and good beer. And then there were two or three places across from the old train station where students would go to have a drink. They were all mature men or women – especially the fellas, who had all been in the war. And they knew about

drinking and how to drink. All that has changed.

How has I-House changed me? Tolerance for all nationalities and points of view and cultures. And the kind of friendships. There was something very binding about the friendships that we made then. Because we all came from a world at war, and then you come into I-House where all of these different nationalities were mixing and becoming friends. Norwegians were marrying Muslims and you couldn't believe it – how the world could be! That's why they called it golden. It was just remarkable!

Taken from an interview by
Jeanine Castello-Lin on April 6, 2010;
editing assistance by Tonya Staros

From left to right: Vincent Porcaro, Dorothy Lazinby, Sue Mangin, Clive Justice, William Reifsnyder, Joan [Obidine] Rush and George Dove.

Clockwise from bottom left: Joan [Obidine] Rush, Roland Rush and Joan.

Clockwise, from top to bottom: Maideh [Mazda] Magee and Suzie Mangin; one of the singing groups: Vince Peterson, Octavio Sosa, Julio Wong and Stan Nichols-Roy; the two Georges, from left to right: George Reel and George Dove; Peggy [Post] Grunland; right bottom corner: Barbara [House] Knox; at Tilden, from left to right: Stan Nichols-Roy, unknown, unknown, Vick Shick, Joan [Obidine] Rush and Warren Engstrom; a sitting trio: Dick Heinisch, Dorothy [Hosford] Smith and Rollo Rush.


INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

Roland Rush's Reminiscences: 1946 - 1949

I arrived at I-House in September of 1946, so I was one of the first residents to go into the Big House – I-House had just moved from the fraternity houses where they had been during the war years. What were the conditions? The rooms were kind of spartan: it was a double room, with bunk beds, two small desks and chairs. And the Great Hall had some sofas in it – it was comfortable, as far as I can recall. And the patio in the courtyard, it had some lawn furniture, and it was very pleasant. I was coming from the Army Air Corps. I had been discharged almost a year earlier and had done one semester at UCLA. A friend of mine from the military, George Reel, had said that he was going to Cal. So, after a semester, I got in touch with George, who lived in I-House – he was one of the first people there – and I said, "I'm coming up to Berkeley, and I don't know where I'm going to be staying." And he said, "Talk with Mary Jane Sanford" – who was in the business office – "and if you're a veteran, she'll probably let you come in." You see, I was an undergraduate. So I got in as a sophomore.

All of my first impressions of I-House were totally positive – there were people from all over the world, of all races, religions, etc. I was very comfortable in that setting. It was, in a way, a familiar setting because my family had friends from all over the world. My father was originally from France, and he had many friends who were from Europe and from different countries. So it felt very familiar; it didn't feel strange or unusual, to be almost a minority in your own country. Although you weren't really a minority, because there were more Americans than anybody else – but you were surrounded by people from all over the world.

I wasn't surprised at how well people got along with one another, but I was very pleased. At that time, as I recall, one of the biggest areas of disagreement in the world – it's still true – was the Arab – Israeli problem. While we had Israeli students – it wasn't Israel at that time, but Jewish students – and Palestinians at I-House, I think the staff made a conscious effort to have everyone relate to everyone else in a very civil way. Even though people might have felt antagonistic toward this or that group, the staff made an effort to make sure the students didn't exhibit that. So I wasn't aware of any conflicts within the student body at International House. You know, it was a time when the United Nations had just been formed, in San Francisco, and everyone

was feeling it was going to be a peaceful world, one world where everyone would be happy from now on: wars were over, and no one was going to resolve conflicts in that manner, any more. So it was a very positive outlook that I had, and one that was shared by most of the other people there.

My first roommate was Argentinian. It was just interesting to hear about his family, where he came from, what sort of things he was involved in. But I never became very close friends with him. His name was Arturo Graue. My second roommate was Alex Romanos, who was Greek, and we became quite good friends and shared some social activities together – went out to movies and did other things with friends from I-House. I-House was very social – it was a social milieu at that time – both for men and women. Of course, I met my wife there, so that was important.... All our social activities were related to the International House. I don't think I had any friends with whom I socialized outside of I-House, not from classes I attended or anything else. And the friendships have lasted, some sixty-five years. Most of our really close friends are International House people.

What were the activities which helped us bond? Well, there was a men's group that I was asked to join, which was called Lanoitanretni – it was "international" spelled backwards. It was a beer-drinking group. We would meet up in the hills behind I-House, get a keg of beer on a Friday night – I don't know how we got the keg open – and everybody had a beer or two. There were other groups – folk dancing was a big thing at International House; I did some of that. Joan was a good dancer, so I learned to dance through her. And we would go to movies. There was Friday at the race track at Golden Gate fields; it was either free or as many people who could get in one car. You paid one dollar for the car to get into the parking lot, and then it was free to go into the race track. We did that rarely, maybe twice in the four years I was there. Going into the City, maybe once a semester, maybe not that often.

Of course, at I-House they had dances, and they had other programs – they had lectures once in awhile. At International House, Mrs. Carlson, who was on the staff – she was the social director – would arrange home visits. It was primarily for foreign students, but occasionally for American students as well – you would be invited for a Sunday afternoon dinner maybe. I went to one or two of those. I also worked at I-House – it was important for me to have a job. So I worked at the information desk.

I did mostly weekends, and Peggy [Grunland] did mostly during the week. Was it true that I did almost nothing? That's true! You'd direct people where they wanted to go. "Can I go upstairs?" If they were a visitor, then the answer was, "No." "Where's the homeroom? Where's the dining room?" Or, "I want to talk to so and so – where's the telephone?" You'd just direct people. It was nothing – Peggy is exactly right! You got to know people; that was the big advantage. You kind of knew everybody, all six hundred people by name, and by sight; that was another plus of that job, besides getting paid.

Who were some of the first people I met? Well, I met Peggy Grunland, of course; I met Peggy Jackson, who became a very good friend; Betty Lou Crowe, she's no longer here – in fact half or more of this group are no longer here, the people that I knew at that time.... Then there was George Dove, from Santa Anna, and he also had a car, which was a big plus. One summer, he and I decided that we would get a job in Santa Barbara for the summer. So we went to Santa Barbara, and we found two jobs – one was as a bus boy in a very nice restaurant, and one was as a bell hop in a hotel. And we flipped a coin to see who would get which job, and I won, so I became the bell hop – that was the better job by far, the more lucrative job. You got tips as a bell hop and not many tips as a bus boy. So that was a good summer. We remained very close friends. In fact, we saw him and his wife less than a year ago, and then both he and his wife passed away within the last six months or so. They lived in Moraga, which is not far from us in Rossmoor. We used to see them frequently. Warren Engstrom is another good friend. He was also a good friend of George Reel.

In terms of foreign students, Ingrid Bergstrom [Borland] was a good friend, and Alex Romanos – although I have lost track of him. Maideh Mazda was a very good friend: when Joan and I were married, Maideh was the maid of honor, and Jane Toy, who was a Chinese-American girl from Bakersfield, was a maid of honor. My best man was Irving Tragen, whom we saw just recently, a Jewish fellow from San Francisco, now lives in San Diego. He spent most of his life in South America, working mostly in OAS, Organization of American States. Pierre Carlo was a good friend; he was French, wound up in Paris...

There were a lot of marriages that happened at I-House. What did they tell you about romance at the I-House? That marriages lasted? That's true. You know my best man,

Irving Tragen, married his wife – Ellie Dodson was her name – and they were together for some fifty-five years. Maideh Mazda – her husband was not from I-House, but it lasted. They are still married, and they are still around. So these people who are still around are all in their late 80s or early 90s, and they're still married. Very few divorces, despite the fact that the marriages were often between people from different cultures. Maideh Mazda married an American, Charlie Magee. He was in the Navy and was later in the diplomatic corps, and later, he was the American Consul in Leningrad for many, many years. He was also in Paris at one time, as the Assistant Consul or something of the sort.

Why did the marriages last? I think the marriages lasted because you got to know each other well before you got married, and you knew what you were getting. I suspect that in the more current era, people get married without knowing each other as well. Living at I-House, you live in the same building, you eat breakfast, lunch and dinner with the same person; you get to know them pretty well. One person who married internationally whom we see still is Esin Sunel – she's Turkish, and she married a Norwegian, Paul Olson, a roommate of Bob Brewer's at one time. The marriage lasted. He died. But, in terms of divorce, I would have a hard time coming up with any divorces. I can think of a dozen, two dozen marriages, but I can't think of a single divorce. Interesting...

What else about romance? Victor Shick was a Russian, and Peter Komor. They were a pair! I'm not sure what their background was, but I think they were White Russians who had gone to Shanghai during the Revolution, and emigrated and came to Berkeley together after the war. They were two fellows who were very close because they shared a similar background. Here's a story: when we moved to Rossmoor, we noticed that down at the shopping center at Rossmoor, there was a sign for a dentist named Peter Komor. Now that's kind of an unusual name. We needed a dentist, so we went to him. And I said, "I knew a Peter Komor at International House." And he said, "That was my uncle." He had been named after his uncle, apparently. Kind of a far-fetched connection. Peter married a girl from I-House, and the marriage lasted. They're both dead. And I think Vic Shick is also gone. Vic was quite a lady's man at International House. He was tall and a good dancer, so he had no trouble getting dates to dances....

In terms of political discussions, everyone was very internationally-minded at that

time. It was very liberal. You wouldn't have been at International House if you weren't liberal. It must have been 95% Democrat. Of course, that's part of the Berkeley scene, not just I-House. Yes, I had heard that there was concern in Berkeley about having a pile of foreign students close to campus, but I wasn't aware that we had a political role to play in integrating Berkeley. I think at that time – you know, that was the time of Harry Truman; he was president during those years just after FDR – I felt that we were part of the majority, that everybody kind of felt as I did – that it was a very liberal time. I did know Bob Schutz, and Marie Schutz, his wife. They were good friends of the Jacksons. No, I didn't really talk politics with them, although I knew that Bob Schutz was very much into politics. Bob Schutz was active in the political life at that time, was very liberal, and worked for KPFA at one time, didn't he?

What did I study while I was at Berkeley? I studied public administration primarily – I had a second concentration in foreign trade. After I graduated, I had a split career between Federal service and state of California service. But it was very satisfying, as far as I was concerned – it even took me to Bangkok for two years. Our oldest son actually graduated from the International School in Bangkok. And of our three younger children, two of them were in high school, and one of them was in junior high while we were in Thailand.

How did my time at I-House affect my life? I think totally. As far as I'm concerned, a highlight of my life was the experience at International House. This was partly because I met my wife there, partly because probably 60% of our good friends are from those days, and partly because that was a great and optimistic time in my life: everything was positive, everything was looking up. Next year was going to be better than last year – always. It was just a good time, a great time. It was partly because the war had ended, but partly because you anticipated that conflicts were going to be over. I guess there was still a kind of Russian – U.S. competition going on at that time, which was worrisome.... The North Korean invasion, that occurred shortly after the war, in the early fifties – 1950, or something like that, that was also worrisome.... But, in the end, because at International House we got to know people from all over the world and got to know them as human beings – as very much like us, and we were like them – it was just a very positive time. Since you could be friends with anybody in any part of the world, there didn't seem to be any reason to have conflict. It just seemed kind of dumb, to be mad at somebody.

Yes, that international sense of hope impacted my own personal sense of hope. Also, I don't think people were so worried about getting a job; as I recall, there was not a great unemployment problem. When I was graduating from college, everybody got a job. I don't think it was a concern at that time: "How am I going to get a job?" At least, I don't think so.

No, I don't think the disparity in income in the International House was a big dividing line. My father died when I was just ten years old, and our income stopped at that point. This was in the middle of the Depression; my mother suddenly had to raise two boys with no income, and that was not an easy time. So I was used to working. I got a job as a newspaper boy at age eleven. And when I got out of high school, I knew I was going to go into the Service because the war was just about to begin at that time . But I got a job right out of high school, at age sixteen in the shipyards, until I got drafted into the Service. When I got out of the Service, it was a question of getting the G.I. Bill, which was a tremendous asset, for me, certainly, and for lots of other people, including my wife; she was on the G.I. Bill as well. So we got through college, even though we had no money. But I wasn't aware of any great divide between those with money and those without. In International House, I don't think there were a lot of students from wealthy families; there might have been some, but it was never any sort of divide – it just wasn't a concern. Nor do I think there was a divide between those foreign students who had money and those students who came as refugees and didn't have anything.

Joan and I haven't been in touch with I-House that much. You know, Joan and I have lived in the East, we lived in Thailand a couple of years, we lived in Denver at one time. It's only since I've been retired that we're really back in the Bay Area. But we should feel attached, because certainly I-House was a defining moment in my life and important to us.

Taken from an interview of September 15, 2010,
by Jeanine Castello-Lin and Tonya Staros

From left to right, front row: Suzie [Sunel] Yadavalli, Maideh [Mazda] Magee, Barbara [House] Knox and Peter Komor;
back row: Victor Shick, unknown and Pierre Carlo.

From left to right: Peter Komor, Maideh [Mazda] Magee and Victor Shick.

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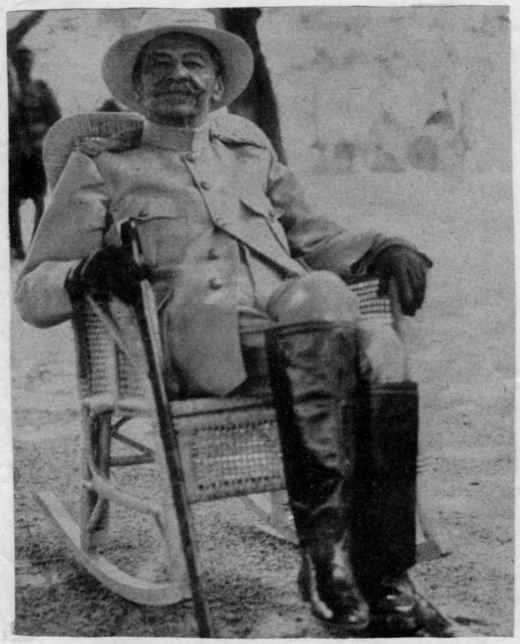
APPLICATION TO GET IN



Photograph of Applicant

NAME: Rollo
(Please Print)

Address: International House, Room 731

Reason for wanting to get in:

My present roommate has certain undeniable limitations.

Qualifications:

Despite my youth, I've been around (as can be seen from the attached photo). Letters of recommendation are enclosed.

In what way do you feel you can contribute to the House?

Experienced telephone operator and informator. Will add dignity. Know the ropes. Where else can you get so much for so little?

Date: March 25, 1948

Rollo
Signature of Applicant

Joke application to I-House by Rollo Rush.

Application to Get in (Continued) Page 2

What may I contribute to the organization?

If I should be selected to become a member of this unique organization I should be happy to contribute. Happy Happy Happy Happy Happy Happy Happy Happy Happy Happy Happy Happy and Glad too! My life, all my life; my belongings, both shirts and the venicle I own.

With all my love and best wishes,

George R. Reel

GEORGE R. REEL - 39165504

2 Incls: Recommendations

P.S. I have no business manager - no red tape - deal direct.

From Left to right: Roshan Marker, unknown, and George Reel.

APPLICATION TO GET IN !!!

March 26, 1948

PICTURE

QUALIFICATIONS:

1. A true westerner - born in Los Angeles, California.
2. Broad-minded.
3. Industrious - will do necessary housework if you cannot afford servants at first. (Being a busy person I will be unable to lend more than 15 minutes per day on such work.)
4. I'm never too busy!!
5. I enjoy recreation. I've been known to spend many hours at recreation and relaxation without later ill effects.
6. Will take a drink of anything if socially compelled to do so. I prefer scotch, bourbon, gin, wine, beer, vodka, vermuth, hair tonic, or listerine.
7. Don't mind crouded quarters with the right people.
8. I've been known to cook a complete meal once it was put on the range.
9. I always maintain a pleasant attitude towards young women, and I'm at a loss to know my reaction if there were no young women.
10. The picture shown on this page was taken six months ago upon my return from the Orient. I like to travel and enjoy companionship on all my voyages. I'm alone in this picture because I figured that just such an opportunity as this would present itself sooner or later and it's not too late.
11. My experience/in a mail-order house, as a clerk/radio artist, a professional soldier, a student, and as a graduate counselor gives me a personality which is envied by no one. I'm alone and I don't like it.
12. I'm a young American boy trying to get along between wars.
13. I think that you have a splendid idea of life and that you are seeking the right answers.

Joke application by George Reel.

Marie [Hayes] Schutz's Reminiscences: 1943 – 1944; 1946 - 1948
Marie's Memories of Bob Schutz: I-House Resident from 1946- 1948

The International House really changed my whole life. I was from a very different place – San Jose – and from a very different kind of environment – Catholic Schools. So I-House was really a broadening of my life – it was very important. I-House was essential in allowing me to grow in a different way. I first came to the I-House in 1943, when it was housed in the fraternity houses, as the Navy had taken over the Hall in 1943. I stayed until 1944, and then was gone for twenty-two months while I was with the Waves. I was mostly in Washington, D.C., where I was working on breaking the Japanese code. Then, after V-J Day [The day the Japanese surrendered, August 15, 1945], I went to Corpus Christi, Texas. I returned to I-House in the fall of 1946, as a graduate student in the School of Librarianship.

Bob [Schutz] came to I-House after the war too, as a graduate student. Before the war, he had been in the sciences, but, through his experience in the war, he decided that it was the problem of poverty which needed to be solved; we needed a whole new economic system. So he changed his field to economics.

One of the things which made a big difference at I-House was having roommates -- that made a big difference in how you saw the world. My first roommate was a Swedish girl who was Jewish, Berit Heyman. Next door to us was Grace Thompson, who had a Jewish roommate as well, from Palestine, Ellen Grunwald [there is a plaque on their room, 341, to commemorate her bequest to I-House]; Ellen later married a Norwegian, and became Ellen Hisdal. So it worked out very well; Berit and I, and Grace and Ellen, we made a nice foursome. Then, there were some people at I-House who were stateless. That made a big impression on me. They were Russian-Jewish people who had lived out the war in Shanghai. They didn't have Chinese citizenship, and they didn't have Russian citizenship. I-House was their new home. There was Henry Laevsky, Ted Streshinsky and Victor Shick.

But all our lives had been so controlled and affected by the war. We all had been

dreaming of what life could be like after WWII; we all had similar dreams. Especially with the advent of the U.N., we all thought the world was going to change. And being at I-House during that time was really significant, for me, and for Bob, and for many of us. When we came back from the war, we were really ready to be students, not cut-ups like at the fraternity houses. Coming there at that point, the I-House gave my life a new, purposeful direction.

I became a Quaker soon after I left I-House. Bob said, "Don't leave me out of this," so he became a Quaker too. It was the ideas and experiences of I-House which opened us up for the American Friends Service Committee [AFSC] which was such a major part of our lives.

At the I-House, we had some good connections with the U.N., which was forming in San Francisco in 1946. Some people at the I-House were tapped to be interpreters. I had the opportunity to go over to San Francisco to the U.N. a couple of times. It was very exciting. Also, people from the U.N. came and spoke at the I-House – high level diplomats. Bob was also there at that time and was influenced by the atmosphere at I-House. But he had been strongly influenced by his Navy experience before that. Through his experience in the Navy, he had decided that war was no way to solve the world's problems. Therefore, he would like to come back and do something about peace in the world.

That later became focused on KPFA and giving people a voice. The prime mover behind KPFA was Lou Hill, but there were about ten people who made the station possible, and Bob was one of them. It was the first listener-supported station. The whole idea of listener-sponsored radio started with KPFA. We started with no money. So Bob said, "Well, maybe we could get listeners to pay something." Yes, there were people in I-House who supported it, like Elliott Castello. KPFA was also significant in Bob and my relationship. One of the really significant times was when we were both working on plastering the walls at 2207 Shattuck, before KPFA went on the air on April 15, 1949. I was working at Doe Library on campus at the time. We were married not long after, in 1950.

Then there was the Lobby for Peace, which Bob founded to counter the influence of the Pentagon. Bob said, "If there are fifty lobbyists from the Pentagon, there have to be fifty

lobbyists for peace." Again, the Lobby for Peace was very influenced by our experience in I-House. And there were many I-Housers who supported it – many people who influenced Bob's later work. There was Abbas Ghesselyayogh – Kessel, he was called. He was an Iranian who was quite important and knew many people, and he had a big influence on Bob's work. He eventually became a professor of political science in Mankato, Minnesota. What were his political beliefs? He was very interested in world peace. During the uprising of the students during '60s, he influenced the students in the anti-Vietnam-War demonstrations towards non-violence. Bob spoke out against the war on KPFA and participated in anti-war marches, but he didn't organize the students, as Kessel had.

Bob, and I also, were very involved with the AFSC [American Friends Service Committee] and their work for peace. Bob, for many years, was the core of the AFSC's Peace Committee, and I was the head of their Personnel Committee, in San Francisco. Later, we founded an intentional Quaker community in Sonoma: Monan's Rill.
Finally, the tradition of I-House was passed on to our family when, subsequently, two of our daughters, Karla and Roberta, also lived at I-House.

Taken from interviews
by Jeanine Castello-Lin in September of 2009

I-House trip to Yosemite's Awahnee Hotel, 1947. Second row from front, third from left: Bob Schutz; third row from front, third from left: Marie Schutz.

Paul Salz's Reminiscences of Lottie (Wallerstein) Salz: 1948 - 1953

I-House was Lottie's home. She had no other. Lottie's family perished in the German concentration camps, and she herself lived through several concentration camps. It is all in the manuscript of hers. The memoir is not published, but it is in Washington, D.C. at the Holocaust Museum. I had it translated, and as my little spiel in the front says, I didn't know about its existence until I found it in Lottie's papers. She never told me about this manuscript. It was written in German, and it was obviously written on a Scandinavian typewriter. It must have been written shortly after she had been in the death march. There was a death march when the Russians were approaching, and the Germans took everybody out of the camp and started to walk them towards Germany. Four girls escaped; they just dropped into the snow and lay there. Some other people were shot, but they were not, and they just lay there. Eventually, they got up and hid in a nearby farmhouse. This was near Danzig. There was a ferry service, which was completely full of Germans trying to escape. Then one ferry was bombed and sunk, so the next one was empty, so the girls got into it and escaped from Germany to Denmark. When they arrived in Denmark, the war was at an end, and Denmark interned everyone who looked German and was part of the flood of German refugees. At first, the girls wondered how they could prove their real status and be released. Then they realized they held the most wonderful passport on themselves. They unwrapped the bandages from their arms and showed their concentration camp numbers. Then the Danish government sent a car for them, and they got in and were driven away. They were free! The others couldn't figure out why they were being let go.

The girls got help from the government after that. They were helped by one of the leading families, the Holmans. I know because I visited them later – and stayed in a castle. From Denmark, Lottie went back to Prague, where she found one of her distant relatives still alive. She went to the consulate to find out if her American Friendship Scholarship was still in existence – and it was. You see, Lottie had been given a scholarship to study in America before the war, but since she didn't want to leave her parents, she went to Auschwitz instead. "Yes," they said, "it's yours when you want it." The scholarship waited for her through the war. So she went through the rigmarole of the formalities, and she finally got the visa for America. She went to France to get on

a ship that took American soldiers to America.

As she boarded the ship, a rather humorous incident occurred. She was just up the gangplank when she was stopped by a very serious young American officer and questioned: "Do you have any intention to overthrow the American government by force?" You must realize, Lottie was an emaciated young girl at that time, and America seemed like heaven full of angels to any of the refugees. She looked at the officer coyly, and asked: "Do you think if I tried I would succeed?" There was no humor in the bureaucrat. He said: "I'll ask you again, and if I get the same answer, you will be barred from the USA forever." Needless to say, the next question was answered, "NO!"

Lottie first went to Virginia, to attend Virginia Polytechnic – it was 1946. After two years, she was offered a scholarship to either New York – NYU – or Berkeley, and she chose Berkeley because she wouldn't have to buy a coat. She also knew some Czechs in Berkeley, Czechs who had emigrated before the war. They suggested she live at I-House. She chose a single room; her first room just had to be a single room. So all her money went to room charges – which left about $5 or so from her scholarship money. This was okay — she was a girl, and she was treated a lot. She wanted a single room because, when she came out of the concentration camp and attended the Virginia Polytechnic, she stayed in a huge dormitory. She just had to be alone for a little while. So she had a room with a beautiful Bay view, looking out into the street and out in the Bay. She just had to have that, for a little while anyway. But then she realized, "Well, it's silly," so she got a much smaller room.

Did we talk much about the war in the I-House? Not really. I don't think we discussed it too much. For many people, it was really, really traumatic. Lottie didn't really want to talk about it. If the need occurred, for instance in schools, she would; she would talk about it. Later, she would lecture about the concentration camp in schools. And when people couldn't quite believe her, she would say: "Why do you think the Germans are paying me a state stipend each month. Just for nothing?"

Lottie stayed in the I-House a long time, about five or six years. She was special because of the illness; she was allowed to stay much longer than normal. Lottie was at the UC Hospital for a while, had a major operation on her back – caused by a kick in the spine

by an SS man. So when she got out, she was in the iron-made corset; she couldn't walk without a corset, a strong corset. This was when she was a TA, and she had a leave of absence to recuperate from the operation. She was attended by many of her friends at the time. Even to the point that, one day, one of the fellows gave her a record player because she loved classical music. She was living in the I-House, and men were not allowed on the women's floor. Evidently, this fellow decided that he was going to install it for her, and he got into her room and left the door open, of course. And the maid— we had maid service at this point — came by and saw it and reported it to the business office. The business office called Lottie on the phone, and she had to get out of her cot, hop over to the phone, which was in the corridor at the time, to answer the phone. They asked her, "Are you having a man in the room?" And Lottie said, "I am not about to make a business of it!" She explained what he was doing there, and it was okay. Those little vignettes have been repeated many times in our household.

Was there a division between those who fought in the war and those who hadn't? I think at that time everybody had something to do with the war; there were many people who were in the war. There were some foreign people who did not have a war. But I don't think there was a division there. There were other things to worry about by then – for instance, the Israeli/Arab conflict. Even though there was an armistice, it was very tenuous. It created quite a friction. But it was not about the war – at that time everybody pulled together. The United Nation was still a novelty. Yes, there were some Germans. Not many. There was a German named Horst Duhnke who asked Lottie for a dance. When she introduced herself, and he introduced himself as Horst Duhnke, Lottie just froze and stepped back. He said, "But I am a good German." She stood still; she totally froze. He became a very, very good friend. He did an awful lot of good in ferreting out the histories of all Jews in Germany. He did it by hard work. This was after the war, of course. He went back to Germany quite often. There were many little niches that people had where things were hidden. There was a huge storage made by the Germans of the Jewish artifacts that they had stolen – a lot of jewels, etc. But yes, he was a good German.

Taken from interviews
by Jeanine Castello-Lin and Tonya
Staros in September of 2009 and 2010

But it didn't hold me back. I found a little niche at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory for forty-three years. When I retired, I went to work almost the next day as a consultant.

Taken from an interview by Tonya Staros on September 7, 2010; editing assistance by Jeanine Castello-Lin

I-House Information Desk, 1948. Clockwise: Peggy [Post] Grunland, unknown, Elsa [Zisovich] Starrels, unknown, Gaby [Wolff] Cohen and Lottie [Wallerstein] Salz.

Paul Salz's Reminiscences: 1950 - 1952

What was my journey from Czechoslovakia into the US? My parents applied and sent me to England when I was fifteen-and-a-quarter on what is known as the Children's Transport, organized by an English stockbroker in Prague, Mr. Winton. He is still alive, by the way; he is one-hundred-and-one years old. The trains started going in 1938; I was put on the train at the end of June 1939 and arrived in England on July 1 of 1939. He single-handedly, practically single-handedly, managed to save the lives of many Jewish children. He cajoled the British to allow entrance to these non-visa people and to cut down the payment required — it was quite steep at the time. So he talked to the British authorities back and forth, and, during 1938 and 1939, he saved six hundred and sixty-nine children from Prague – Jewish children.

My train was not the last one, but one but last; there was one train after my train. And then the war broke out between Poland and Germany in September, 1939. What I remember of that trip was that, well, I took it more or less like luck; I didn't realize that I was leaving my parents. It must have been terrible for them – sending that little boy into the unknown. It was an unknown, really! The train ride was rather interesting. I was very diligently trying to learn English from a boy's magazine. There were paragraphs in it in English – in the Learn English section. Every week it came out with a little paragraph. I had one of those issues, and I was learning English. I couldn't figure out how to pronounce it. I always remember the most funny word that I kept laughing about: "nefspapeer" – "newspaper." Now you see, If I would say that to a Czech, he would start laughing immediately. But Americans – they don't get it! But, you know, I was used to reading each syllable exactly as it was written, no changes. Still, I was trying to learn English! Of course, I didn't....

Each of us had ten marks in our pockets, which were promptly taken by the German customs people. And then, when we got into Holland, Dutch ladies swarmed over the train with bread and butter, cookies, this and that drink, soft drinks and juices; they just overwhelmed the train because they knew that these children were escaping. But that was Holland; these were the Dutch people. And then we got into England, and that was it.

Because I was too old to find a family, I was put into a refugee camp in Ipswich. I was away from my parents for nine-and-a-half years. In England, I was working. The very first job I had was picking strawberries in some fields just outside the refugee camp. That did not last very long. Then I was transferred to the Midlands, to Northampton, and there I began to work in an iron foundry. I made the gas-tight covers for the Maginot Line. It was rather hard work for a fifteen-and-a-half year old, or close to sixteen now, but not quite sixteen. And then I was given a job in a leather tannery. It was also hard work. I still remember the address: 101 Milton Street. It was one of those council houses: rows and rows of houses stuck together, all exactly the same. If you had had something to drink, you would certainly walk into the wrong one.

I didn't go to school in England because of my last schooling in Czechoslovakia. They had given me a passing grade in the report card only because my mother had came to school and cried and begged for at least a passing grade. They relented, on the promise that I never ever go to school again. You see, I never had time to study — I was building radios. Ever since I can remember, I was building radios. I was fascinated by radios, and when my parents gave me twenty kronen a month for a streetcar ticket to get to the school in Pilsen — the one that threw me out — I walked to the school so I could save that money and buy radio parts. I built several radios. Later on, I even built a little transmitter that transmitted from my parents' house to my neighbors, until the police came and had one of my parents questioned about whether there was a secret transmitter somewhere. So I had to stop that. Those are the little things that I remember.

As soon as the war ended, I wanted to go back to Czechoslovakia and take over the factory that my parents owned; it was a brick factory. But by that time, my parents had left for America. It was a miracle how they got there. My father had applied for an American visa in 1935. Now, who thought about emigrating in 1935? There are two stories to that. One of them is that my mother kept nagging him to get the American visa – "Just in case, you never know!" So my father finally relented and went. The other story is that he was sitting in a cafe in Prague, and a friend of his came along and said, "Viki, I am going to the American Consulate to ask for a visa." And my father said, "Oh why? Why would you?" He answered, "Why don't you come along?" And my father said, "Why should I?" "Well, there is a very pretty secretary there." So my father

went…. And knowing my father, I think the second story is the right one.

Anyway, the visa came through in 1940. Now realize that the war had already started, but Holland had not been invaded yet. So my family was able to go on a train from Prague, through Germany, into Holland to the Hague, and to board an American ship that went from Holland to Liverpool and then docked at Liverpool. They sent me a postcard telling me that they were off to America, but the postcard was held up by the censor until the boat had reached America — for safety reasons. They were afraid of German U-boats finding out about the boat's departure for America. So I had the news that they were in America, but I was still in England. After a while in England, there was a family that was looking for a boy to take care of. They interviewed me, and it kind of clicked – they had three sons, and I became a very good friend with one of them, with the youngest one. And I stayed with them in Leicester, in the Midlands, until the end of the war. While I was there, I became a movie-projectionist — with all the electronics around the movie house it suited me very well.

Near the end of the war, when I was close to twenty-one, I joined the Royal Air Force. By that time, my parents were not able to claim me as a dependent anymore, so I couldn't join them in America unless I had my own visa. So I decided I might as well join the RAF. I wasn't flying, but I was in the Signals — again radio. Later I was in Ceylon for a while, in India. Well, I was actually for two years in India in Ceylon, in Colombo. I was running a radio station on top of the whole town, as part of the Royal Air Force. Later, when I came to I-House, I met a Ceylonese—Sam Vimalasaikara (his picture is in the gallery). I was telling him about Ceylon, and how I liked it there, and I told him that I had run a radio station on top of the Gold Face Hotel. He looked at me and said, "That belongs to me auntie." So, there….

Finally, while I was still in India, I applied for the visa. In the Signals, there was an announcement that any foreign national can be repatriated to his homeland, or anywhere in the world where he would like to go. I think they misconstrued the word "repatriate." So I applied for America, and they immediately sent me back to England. I don't know why — I could have applied for a visa in India too, or Ceylon, rather, where all my friends were – but that is the Air Force for you. I applied for a visa, and it did not come through for about two years. This was the end of 1947, and I arrived in Boston in 1948. I had tickets to San Francisco. The train stopped in some place called

Oakland. All I knew was I wasn't in San Francisco yet, so I just sat there. Everybody got out of the train; I still had a little stub left out of the small ticket that they used, so I waited. Finally, somebody told me: "You get out of the train and get on the boat here." So I got out of the train, and there were my parents. We hadn't seen each other for nine-and-a-half years. My brother was there; his wife was there. The first words of my mother were in Czech: "Do you still speak Czech?" And I answered in Czech a little bit, but it was so convoluted — so much English in it — that she burst out crying. So those were her first words: "Do you speak Czech?"

What were my impressions of America? It seemed opulent! My parents had a very nice, small but nice, apartment in the Marina. The cheapest place in San Francisco, by the way, with the fog and all that. But it was a very nice apartment — I was sleeping in a little cubbyhole there. After all, I wasn't going to stay long. I thought I really should pick up some schooling, and then turn around and go back to Czechoslovakia. But of course, the communists took over Czechoslovakia in the next six or seven months, and that was the end of that. At that time, I selected Marin Junior College as my place to get a little bit of schooling, and when I went on to get into the University [UC Berkeley], my parents were just overwhelmed. I did try to get straight into the University, but with the report card that I got from my high school — I was hoping that they didn't speak Czech and wouldn't re-check, but the Slavic department at the University was really good — all they could do was laugh. So, it followed me.

I went to Marin Junior College; later on it became College of Marin. It turned out to be a super school — out in the open, Spanish buildings, beautiful architecture – in Kentfield, Marin County. It was very easy, commuting from my parent's apartment. All I had to do was to go up to Main Street, and there was a Greyhound bus. Those were the buses at that time; it was easy commuting – no cars.

I found out about I-House through my brother who was living at I-House before the war. He came to the States with my parents, attended the University, and, before he went into the army, lived at the I-House. I just wanted to follow in his footsteps. I applied, in 1950, with all kinds of recommendations and, because I had started an International Relations Club at the Marin Junior College, I got good recommendations. I was accepted — not as a graduate student, but as a junior, which was nice. I did not know how restricted it was — it was mainly for graduate students, though my

roommate was an undergraduate as well, a senior in architecture; he was an American.

My first impression of I-House was quite overwhelming! The immediate impression was of a multitude of people — people who did not hate each other. There is one thing you should know about me in India — I spent two-and-a-half years in India, in Ceylon — I did not make a single Indian friend. I didn't care about those people down there! I was so steeped in the British Raj. You know, I was a superman; I was an overlord. I did not even have a rank or anything — I wasn't even a corporal – but nevertheless, I was it! I stepped over the people lying on the street. After India, I-House was such a revelation; it took me a while to realize what I was doing. The discussions? I remember the discussions, political and otherwise. It was right after the Korean War. Also the Arabs and the Israelis had an armistice, so the arguments were quite heated, and what I marveled at, and still remember, is that at 10 o'clock in the evening, everybody went for coffee. Yes, at 10 o'clock, we would cut off all debate, and friendship was restored. There were hot feelings, but not bad feelings. There were, by the way, not many Germans in I-House, and those that were there, they were friendly.

I think what made for the special atmosphere was that all of us had war experiences. We were glad to be alive, and we were older — five or six years older – than the students today, so we could appreciate the wonderful idea of I-House. Even though there is a fifty percent divorce rate in America, if you look at the I-House marriages, there are hardly any divorces. When people met, they had the same idea. There was love also, but there was familiarity. They saw each other for the first coffee in the morning. Of course, they never saw each other before coming down for the first coffee – men and women did not sleep together then. Men and women were quite separate, but they did see each other from the first coffee in the morning, and that made a difference.

The next thing I remember was my roommate telling me about this Czech girl whom I really should meet. So I was waiting for her, and she was coming down from the dining room, and I was going up the stairs; I stopped there to introduce myself, and that was Lottie. I met her very shortly after I got to the I-House. She was madly in love with a Norwegian fellow at the time. But I was very obnoxious. Once they were sitting in a coffee shop at a table for two. I cheerfully said in English, "Oh, may I join you?" And she looked at me, and said in Czech, 'Go get lost!" And I said, 'Oh, thank you so very much!" and sat down. There were other Czechs at I-House. Ivo Feierabend instance

– he was the son of a Czech minister before the war. I did not share a room with him because they always tried to pair a foreigner with an American, which was very nice, I think. It worked out quite well. My roommate's name was Andy Yonchick — actually he was of Yugoslavian extraction. I tried to trace him for a long time. He died, I finally found out.

Whom did I know? I had Lottie, and relied on her for friendships. Lottie had quite a few American friends and many European ones. The friendships were strengthened by the language tables, which were famous at the time. There were many different languages spoken at these tables, but Lottie studied languages, and she knew seven languages; she majored in Romance languages. The tables were not assigned. There was a permanent French table, and maybe a Spanish table. Lottie had friends from all over the world – I still do. I have friends from Switzerland, The Czech Republic, Denmark, and Sweden. I just got an e-mail from a friend in Sweden with whom I must arrange a visit – Mopsen and Borje Ohlsen. Of course, I knew Bob Brewer and Ingrid Borland, Maideh Mazda, Wendell Lipscomb, Charlie Clapp, and Rafael Rodriguez. I used to love to listen to people like Rafael sing; my voice was so bad, I didn't dare to join in.

Through the years, we stayed in touch with quite a few people. Lottie was a great correspondent. And she wrote letters, just simple letters. She kept up. It really was a worldwide correspondence. I capitalized on that, so did my children, when they traveled around the world. Even my Czech friends are from I-House. The father studied here, and now his daughter is a friend of my daughter. I keep in touch with Julia [Fraser], of course. Then there was also Helen Monfries; she was a British girl. We became extremely good friends when we were in I-House. We met when all the foreign students were invited to a famous family for tea. Each one of us had to get up and say something about ourselves. I got up and said that I was from Czechoslovakia, and that I had been in the Air Force, and that I tried to reach my parents in America, and I couldn't because there was no place on the boat, so I got stuck in England. And Helen Monfries got up and said, "What do you mean stuck in England?" Anyway, at that point we became extremely good friends. And of course Peggy Post is also one of my lovely friends. She was at the information desk at I-House.

After I-House I started working in 1952, but Lottie was still living at the I-House in

1953 when we got married. We had our wedding on July 1, 1953; we had it in my parent's home in San Francisco. For our honeymoon, we drove in my stick-shift car, which I brought into the marriage, to I-House, and had a party for the young kids at the Home Room. We had only one grownup there — the chairman of the French Department. He had to be invited, but that Home Room was full. My parents were not invited; to their dying day, they didn't know anything about this party. I think my mother would have been offended. But we needed young kids around us, and so from then on we went to I-House quite often. It is, after all, just down the hill. We went to just about every dance, every formal they had. Well, I try to go to just about every function that I know about.

How was I changed by the I-House? I already told you my initial change from being a Britisher Raj to a human. But then I already was conditioned to that by experiences at the junior college. It was so provincial there! Nobody cared about anything else except what high school or post-high school kids in America cared about. I was so disgusted that they didn't know anything about the outside world that I started an International Relations Club. So, my interest in international affairs started out that way, and the I-House just continued it, and it was a lovely experience.

My career choice, though, was not influenced by my stay at I-House; rather, it started when I was very, very young. Being an engineer – doing things with electricity, I should say; I did not know what an engineer meant! From the very beginning, when I was about seven or eight, I followed the chief engineer in our factory, and whenever I could possibly be around him, I was, and he showed and taught me all about electric motors, and the generation of power, and steam engines, and all these thing. And I just picked it up. So my career was fixed. By hook or by crook, I was going to be an engineer.

I don't know how I thought I was going to manage it without going to school. I collected books, and when I became a bar mitzvah at thirteen – when I became a man, as the Jewish tradition has it – I got all sorts of presents. One present has accompanied me to England and to the States: it is a book of technical progress. It was a first volume of a projected huge series. There was no other published; that was the only one, and I have it. I did not go on to graduate school, because at that time it wasn't necessary for engineering; now, it would be too foolish not to. I was getting too old anyway.

I did not go on to graduate school because at that time it was not necessary for engineering; now, it would be too foolish not to. I was getting too old anyway. But it didn't hold me back. I found a little niche at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory for forty-three years. When I retired, I went to work almost the next day as a consultant.

Taken from an interview by
Tonya Staros on September 7, 2010;
editing assistance by Jeanine Castello-Lin

December 1954. Paul Salz (with Elliott and Dorelee Castello's son, James).

Front couple: Maideh [Mazda] Magee; back couple on far right: Inger "Mopsen" [Bergstrom] Ohlsen.