

**Pat Bond**  
**Interviewed by Alan Burube**  
**World War Two Project**  
**May 1981**

**Transcribed: Loren Basham**

**Alan Berube:** This is Alan Berube interviewing Pat Bond in her home in San Rafael on Monday, May 18, 1981.

Let me tell you what this is all about. I am with the Lesbian and Gay History Project in San Francisco. The thing I am doing now is research and a slide show on the experience of lesbian and gay GI's in World War Two--and the years shortly after that. So the interviews I am doing have--there's three reasons why I am doing it. One is to get information for the slide show, to continue to update it. Another one is I am putting together a book of lesbian and gay related documents from World War Two and I am writing an introduction to that so some of the information will be in that too. And then the tapes--at some point--when we get enough money to do this, we'd like to transcribe them and put them in an archives.

**Pat Bond:** Which Kenny is already doing. We've got to find a professional archivist to donate their services. That's what happened in Canada.

**AB:** The California Historical Society has tentatively agreed to have some of the copies there.

**PB:** Really? Great.

**AB:** And then: copies. Other copies or Xerox's of the lesbian and gay material will be in the Lesbian Herstory Archives in New York. So that's what this is for and, at the end, I will ask you for to sign a release to be able to use it for that reason. If you have any qualifications on it's use--usually like that you wanted any excerpts that you wanted used, I will write you a letter telling you how they will be used--and any transcript we have made. We will give you a draft and then you can go over that.

**PB:** Right.

**AB:** And make sure it's correct or cross out things that you think shouldn't be public.

The things I would like to talk to you about are four things. One is your experience in the WACS during the war and shortly after and how you got into the movement. The second one is the purges and your experiences in Tokyo. The third thing is the ways that lesbians and gay men became lesbian and gay, that whole thing. And the other one is what it was like when you got back to San Francisco after Tokyo after being overseas.

So, to begin with, just a little bit about what growing up in Iowa and learning what happened when the war started? You could talk a little bit about the day of Pearl Harbor? Or?

**PB:** Well, stuff started in Chicago. It was a great feeling immediately--what was it like for a young woman from in the Middle-West to be different. It's a great way to get into it --deeper thinking about it. Well, let's see, I was in high school when the war started. When Pearl Harbor got bombed, I remember being called into the auditorium and hearing President Roosevelt's voice over the loudspeakers saying, "This is a day of infamy." And we looked around--and you knew that the boys were looking [for] a war. A great many were going to be dead. And they were--because those were the first troops to go into, Corregador, (sp?) all those awful places in the South Pacific and \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_--and it was terrifying to know that.

And, of course, we were all very patriotic in the case of Hitler because I remember I was involved in a Presbyterian \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_ so much when we invaded France. And to think of Paris falling was difficult. We all felt sorrow, real sorrow and knowing what it was like for the Jews. It was just hell to know all that and [we] could hardly wait for our country to get into it. Most of it. And, of course, Roosevelt thought [so] too, but he didn't. But there I was, you know, in the middle of Davenport, Iowa. And it was funny. I'll tell you about this. I am sure you have had this experience. How did you know? We knew we were gay, always thought so, or was scared we were. I was scared I was. But how did I know that if a German film called *Maedchen in Uniform* which was made in the '30s. I don't know if you know it.

**AB:** Yeah.

**PB:** Women and a girls' school. That it had to have gay parts in it. It was an art film. And some kid in Iowa--where my parents weren't interested in that kind of thing--I was always seeking it out. But to know that? How did I know?

**AB:** You got to see that film?

**PB:** Gay antenna, I guess. I don't know what it was, yeah.

**AB:** When you were in High School?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** Where did you see that?

**PB:** I snuck off to Chicago (which was about 150 miles from Davenport) and saw it. And I have seen it since, of course. But how did I know that? I didn't know any other gay people. How did I know enough to read about women? Even that much. It's always been interesting to me--like a kind of osmosis, because you're so innate of other gay people. I always knew there were other gays. I was never one of those that thought, "I

am the only one.” Well, maybe I did, for a little bit. There is some writing in my diary, which of course my mother found. Da-da-da. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me. Women just don’t go around falling in love. If I’m crazy, I just don’t care.” So I guess for a while I thought, but I soon identified being a lesbian with the intelligentsia. And I was determined to be intelligentsia. I had to be that.

**AB:** What kind of background is your family?

**PB:** Very lower middle class. My mother ran a chain of gift shops in Chicago during the Depression and made a lot of money. Made \$50.00 a week--which [is what] physician’s were making. And my aunt was rental agent for the Edgewater Beach Hotel, which was tantamount to the Fairmount here. We lived very well, but you were surrounded by seeing breadlines. I remember my mother driving through Lincoln Park in Chicago--and I would see men digging holes in the ground in sub-zero weather. Now that makes an impression on you--whether maybe even little more affirming how rich kid feels in a funny way. Because, you know, I was in a nice apartment in a nice suburb of Chicago and saw that all the time. [I] even saw it out the window of my bedroom. And lying in bed and trying to see what it was like to be that cold. And why me? Why was I OK and other people weren’t. And, of course, when you get older--the awful crushes you have on teachers. Oh, God, the will to get a crush on. At seven the kids I went to school with weren’t that interesting so I had crushes on teachers. I do all that in my show. I don’t know if you’ve seen it.

**AB:** Yeah.

**PB:** Conversations where I talk about Dorothy Blackburn, my high school French teacher. And then from high school, I went to college. I had to threaten my step-father. He didn’t think women should go to college. And so I went down to the bank president where my step-father was a joiner. He was an Elk or whatever. And he hated Negroes, Catholics and Jews--in that order. I couldn’t get a Negro or Jew, but [I] could sure get a Catholic. So I wanted to go off to Mary Crest College which was in my town. And he wasn’t going to let me go to college at all. So I went down to the bank president and said, “Can I get a loan? My daddy won’t let me go to college.” And, of course, the next time he saw him he said to my step-father, “What’s the matter? Are you too cheap to let your kid go to college?” And then I was there two years at Mary Crest, a Catholic woman’s college, suggested as a finishing school for real. Because everybody in a girls school has a crush on somebody. Of course.

**AB:** Is that with like nuns?

**PB:** Yeah. And then it was a girls’ school. Now it’s co-ed, but then it was a girls’ school. And I had a crush on one of the nuns and--you know, the usual gay story.

**AB:** The nun--did she know about it?

**PB:** I am sure she did. Nuns must experience the convent. I know they do. If not physically, they certainly have crushes on each other. Most, I think. One girl friend of mine that went onto be a nun, but because she was so enamored by one of the nuns. She wanted to be like he, but she turned out.

**AB:** “The calling.”

**PB:** Fortunately, the nun I had a crush on was a very smart woman. Brilliant. Of course, I would have a crush on a woman like that. When I came, she must have been 198 and she had a marvelous sense of humor and she read New Yorkers. When I told her I was going to be a nun, she laughed and laughed. She was really tickled: “I don’t think so dear. I don’t think you’re going to be a nun.” I am sure she realized it was because I had a crush on her.

**AB:** That was the first all-woman situation that you had been in?

**PB:** Yeah. Well, I am an only child and I grew up with no boy in my family. There [were] no men. I never saw a man nude till I was 22 and I was in the medical corps in the Army and gave men bed baths. And then I didn’t really see. So it was very strange. I had no men at all, ever, to relate to. My family had four. My grandmother had four daughters and those four daughters produced two natural children. Very strange for an era before birth control. I think they were all dykes and didn’t realize it. And when they adopted two kids, they were girls. There were no boys at all. And, of course, growing up you lived through a stage where the boy’s way of expressing his great love for a girl is to chase her and to rip off her hat, trip her, and all that boy stuff. So I early on associated with the faggots. Of course, we knew they were fags.

**AB:** Was this in High School?

**PB:** High School.

**AB:** Did you? Tell me about it.

**PB:** My best friend was Larry. And Larry--the school ridiculed him. He was pretty nellie. They treated him like an animal. And his family treated him badly. His teachers treated him badly. And I was busy beating up anybody that said anything rotten to Larry. “What do you mean?” Whack. Us little girls are aggressive whether they are gay or not, you know. I was into protecting Larry at all costs. Looking back, Larry and I--of course we were gay. But there was no one else in that lonely situation so we banded together.

**AB:** You were buddies?

**PB:** Yeah. We were always together. And we went to our first gay bars together.

**AB:** Oh, yeah?

**PB:** Over the river to Rock Island Drive. Oh, they had one bar that was gay and it was drag. A lot. Which startled both of us. We were kind of scared to see men in drag. And Larry said, “God, do I have to get into drag? Do I have to look like that to be gay?” Because we were beginning to realize that we probably were. And I said, “I don’t think so.” How did you know? Because the only bars--that’s what they did. And they are still doing it in a lot of places in the country where there is drag.

**AB:** How did you hear about that? The bar?

**PB:** God knows. Osmosis again, I suppose, some older person. Oh, I know. I had found this group of faggots who were much older than I was and they had an apartment in Davenport--on the Mississippi. And they welcomed me. After high school I would come over there and hang out with them and listen to opera music and--oh, God, they went cruising. And I would sit in the park by the river and read--memorize Shakespeare—while they were cruising. But they were my best friends and they treated me like a person. And they were interested in what I was reading, what I was into. And they were also interested in books and ideas and art--and so I hung out with them.

**AB:** They cruised the river there?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** There’s a park?

**PB:** A park right by the Mississippi. Right there.

**AB:** Davenport is on the Mississippi?

**PB:** Yeah. And they would cruise the park there.

**AB:** When was that?

**PB:** 1941.

**AB:** Just before the war?

**PB:** Yeah, when I was still in high school.

**AB:** When did you leave high school?

**PB:** ’42.

**AB:** So this last year was when you really found it?

**PB:** Yeah. And I met a guy who was, a gay guy, Joe Capps maybe \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_. He’s here in San Francisco now. But he and I were in school but older than I was and we were

buddies. And we we'd skip down the street singing "Oh paradox, Oh paradox, Oh most ingenious paradox!" Arm in arm. And the passion play came to Davenport, right? With Jesus and the whole—well, they got all the women out of Mary Crest to be in the passion play. And we were all faggots. It was hysterical. And the guy playing Hyfus (sp?) would say, "Yea, ye tribes of Israel and sons of bitches." And he called me the White Eagle. Let me come out on the stage all by myself and hold back the throng. And they'd come over to my friend's house and get drunk and party around. I was always the only girl. I didn't know any women. My friends that were women, I couldn't say to them that I was gay. In fact, just to say the word--when I was in Chicago for a week--my friend in high school, Marilyn, who saw me on national PBS (and I haven't seen her in all these years) came to Chicago to see me and she had by now 10 kids. And she said, "You're right. You couldn't have told me that." She said, "But I knew."

**AB:** Really?

**PB:** "And always knew." And we hugged each other and she cried and I cried. She said, "My dear old friend." And I am glad that now we can talk and I can say I love you. And that's all neat. And I called up my first lover who is still in Davenport, who is the pillar of the community--she brings in all the Theater Guild shows and all this. She is in her 70s now. When I met her, she was a stripper. "Boy, Mary, I could sure blow your act, couldn't I?" She laughed and said, "Oh, yeah." She is doing some Toyota commercials. And I would never in this world recognize her in a Toyota commercial. So that was interesting being that close to a phone—and, well, I lived in Chicago till I was 12 and then we moved to Iowa. So it's really interesting.

**AB:** You were somewhat of an outsider too.

**PB:** Totally. Totally. Not only an only child, but further outsider from being gay.

**AB:** \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_

**PB:** Yeah. For awhile. Going the high school and junior high. And, of course, my thoughts small towns were snobbish. We lived in the best section, but in the worst house. We lived in McCullen Heights but in an old house. So I was McCullen Heights, but I wasn't really.

**AB:** Lower McCullen Heights?

**PB:** Yeah. To a person in McCullen Heights with these mansions—well, they looked like mansions to me then. I don't know what they look like now. And High School aside.

**AB:** What was the name? Do you remember, the name of the bar you went to in Rock Island?

**PB:** No. Probably still there, I would imagine.

**AB:** What was that like?

**PB:** Well, as I said, it was all drag. The guys--if they weren't in full drag, they were wearing false eyelashes and makeup and that's why Larry, my best friend and I, were appalled. Because his scare was that he had to dress up like that in order to be gay. And he had been so tortured anyway that he tried to commit suicide once before he was 17. His father said to me one time, "My son, he squats to pee." I said to him, "First of all, how dare you speak like that in front of me? How dare you speak like that in front of your own son? How dare you say things like that about your kid? Don't you love him?" I felt terrible. And he got that from all the teachers. Every single one of them treated him like shit. Because he was effeminate.

But then we all went off in a stock company. It was terrible to be in a stock company. This lady named *Boosty Anley* drove a car with three of us in it around to the High Schools to give this dumb play. But we thought it was big time show biz. And Larry and me another guy, Dick Stepples, who thought he was at least Donald O'Connor. And she would stop the car every twenty feet and accuse me of being gay because she was a fag-hag. It turned out. I didn't even know what a fag-hag was then. But she got us to New York and she wanted to introduce us to a real live Broadway actor. It was terribly exciting. Burt Tanthrow (sp?), right? And years later I met him in Los Angeles and he runs the Denver Playhouse and a beautiful kid from Cambridge. My God.

**AB:** Really?

**PB:** And he got us martinis before dinner. We used to have dinner a six. And we got blind falling down drunk, threw up on his rug and Larry was on his lap the first thing I knew. I looked over and my God. It was so good for Larry. That was the first time anyone had ever really. He was six-four, very good looking kid. And he got some approval finally. And I remember being happy for him for that. And they we went to the Howdy Club in New York which was there then.

**AB:** What was the name?

**PB:** The Howdy Club. I mean like "hello" – "howdy." And I got in a cab—well, I also was in uniform from Mary Crest. And the cab driver--the New York cab drivers used to be wonderful. He said, "I've got a kid about your age and I ain't taking you to that bar. You want to go, get out and take another hack." So I did. And I was appalled when I went in there. These were really drag queens. I remember showing up. I don't know why it scared me so, but it did.

**AB:** Because you were scared?

**PB:** Yeah. But they looked so real. Was that what I was relegated to? A kind of weird world where people dressed up like ...

**AB:** Like freaks?

**PB:** Yeah. Like freaks. In the service. Weird. And that frightened me. It was much. It didn't take too long before I loved it at all-- as having followed everything else, but at it was very frightening.

**AB:** Who else was in the audience there in the Rock Island?

**PB:** Men. There were, of course, older women. But mostly men. There were a few women.

**AB:** And they were all gay?

**PB:** Yeah, yeah. And we didn't get to talk to them. I think they probably knew we were kids and they were a little afraid of us.

**AB:** How did you? You were under 21?

**PB:** Yeah. But I didn't have fake ID. Then they just looked at you and said whether you were old enough or not. And I apparently looked old enough then. I looked 20-21. which I wasn't. And I guess Larry [got in] because of his height. I don't know. But we got by with it.

**AB:** So what happened? You were in college for two years at the--

**PB:** Mary Crest.

**AB:** Mary Crest. So that was what? '43? '44?

**PB:** '43 - '44, yeah. Then I went to the University of Iowa for one semester, and didn't like that at all because it was such a big college and I wasn't used to that and didn't know anyone and felt very lonely and very separate and very different \_\_(?). Because then you had to begin to date boys.

**AB:** Were there boys there?

**PB:** Not at Mary Crest. At the University of Iowa. Oh, yeah.

**AB:** Were they all in uniform?

**PB:** Just out or some just going in or waiting to go in or whatever. Kissing a boy, I remember, necking, my face became red from his beard which startled me. I thought, "Wow. That's weird." And it was really terrible because I didn't feel anything when I kissed him at all. I thought, "Oh, God, how am I going to keep going out with him?" Yet you wanted to--because that's what everybody else was doing. Having a boyfriend. It was not good. And it didn't last long. I had two or three dates because obviously I was



not ever going to bed with him. I didn't like kissing him. My mother had told me you gotta be careful. This isn't part of—for women it's really difficult, you know. You get blamed for a man's hard-on. You mustn't neck too long. Then he'll get thick. I got the idea that boys were bombs. She went [noise]—they would burst and fall apart and die or something in front of your very eyes if you necked with him, if anything. Unless you intended to do that act that you only do when you got married. Who knew? For my faggot friends, of course, I had total faithful—we had a great time and I loved them. They kept me alive. I want women to know that loud and clear and men too. This separate business is just ridiculous. We're so good for each other. We really are.

**AB:** You have faggot friends at the University of Iowa?

**PB:** No. I missed them. My faggot friends are still back in Davenport.

**AB:** What were some of the other things? Like there was that household of older men?

**PB:** Yeah, yeah.

**AB:** Did you have any other?

**PB:** That was about it. They were my buddies and they would take me to dances. It was too much at Mary Crest. Of course, they were gorgeous, right. Like faggots, you know. And they wore white dinner jackets and the whole trip and all the other women at the college would say, "Where'd she get them?" They were with these creeps with zits—and I was with. Of course, they didn't know I was stepping on their feet saying, "Take your eyes off that sailor or I'll kick you." And, of course, the faggots made no demands. There was never anything of "Oh, you're a dyke. Ha-ha." None of that. I was just allowed to hang out and be with them.

**AB:** Why weren't they in the service?

**PB:** God, I wonder. Maybe--I don't know. Maybe they said they were gay. Maybe they were too old. I don't think they were too old, though. They were in their early thirties, I think, which to me was an older person but--

**AB:** Did they live together?

**PB:** This one guy had the apartment, George. I think he had a roommate. I don't think they were lovers. It's so long ago. But everyone else would come over. It was sort of the center of everyone who was gay in Davenport.

**AB:** To their house?

**PB:** Yeah. And I was so lucky that I found them.

**AB:** Those two men—mostly--or all of them?

**PB:** All men. No women. Of course, I didn't take any of my women friends there. Because we were all in high school. We didn't talk about that. We all had delusions of grandeur as faggots did in those days. So at one point they invited Atsio Pinza (sp?) who came through town. I guess with *South Pacific*, over for dinner when nobody thought he would come and didn't he show up. Of course, what Atsio Pinza was interested in was 16 year old girls—namely, me. Pinching my ass all night long, it was just hysterical. He had no idea, I don't think, that he was in a nest of faggots. Because his English wasn't that great. So that was too much. Atsio Pinza. Pinching my ass. Oh, God. It was there too that I saw my first, I love theater as you know. I saw my first play. What we used to do, they would turn the movie house into a theater at night. Close up about four and then the play would be on at night. We used to have money to go see plays, so we would hide the ladies room from four in the afternoon till eight at night.

**AB:** Hide out?

**PB:** Yeah. And then sneak out and we were always terrified because we would get caught so I don't remember the first act of much.

**AB:** You were just getting over the terror.

**PB:** The first thing that I ever saw was Paul Robeson in *Othello* with Uda Hobbin (sp?) and Jose Farrar.

**AB:** Really?

**PB:** So no wonder I got hooked on theater. So that was exciting. And a lot of things came to Davenport. And through liking Paul Robeson so much, I got tuned into the Spanish Civil War and learned Spanish Civil War songs all on my own. You know, listening to records. And I would go to the burlesque theater because I heard that you wanted to know what a "top banana" does if you're in theater is just so great. The lead comedian in the burlesque. But Davenport didn't have a top banana, but I went a couple of times to see what that was like. And I would go to the theater all the time in Davenport. Then I fell in love with a woman who was not in love with me. And it hurt a lot. She was my age, that's the first one I fell in love with that was my own age. A \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_ before that or someone that was utterly impossible anyway so you just live with your own fantasy. So I joined the Army, to get away from home. Because who had the money to go anywhere? And the only way, my lover is much better off because she got sent away to college. Which helped her a great deal that her parents could afford that. So she learned what it was like to live on her own. With other women.

**AB:** Did her parents know that your relationship was going on?

**AB:** I am talking about my lover now.

**AB:** Your lover now, oh.

**AB:** Yeah, she's much younger. She's thirty-six. No, the one I was in love with--we never had sex. It was just my love for her and I told her and she was horrified. Really horrified. And so I didn't know what to do. How to get away from home. I knew that there were other queers out there--but where? And I figured probably New York, San Francisco.

**AB:** Was Chicago a possibility?

**PB:** It still is, in fact. So I joined the Army, fool that I was. But that's why young women still join the Army--to get away from home, to get the -- they tell you they are going to train you. Well, they're not. It's a lie. They trained me to be a medical technician which meant that you were a nurses aide. So you carried bed pans. Janitor work. Nothing interesting at all. In the Army, of course, wow. And I know what the Army was like. That was one reason I wanted to join. It was 90 percent gay.

**AB:** How did you know it was like that? I still don't was that another antenna?

**PB:** Yeah, antenna. I just knew that there were a lot of gays in the Army.

**AB:** Do you know shared remarks people knew that their all dykes or they're all homosexuals?

**PB:** No. Usually what their remark was that they were all whores. And I would chortle to myself. "Sure buddy." I found out when I go to Tokyo that the guys were mad because the dykes wouldn't date them. So they decided that we were all whores and they would say that about us. Then they weren't sophisticated enough to say we were all dykes which we were. Not quite obviously then. But they were pissed because we weren't going to date them.

**AB:** What were the first things you did after you decided to sign up with the Army? You want down to the recruiting office?

**PB:** Yeah, my mother drove me. She could hardly wait after seeing my show you know to get rid of me. Who needed a queer kid in Davenport, Iowa.

**AB:** She knew?

**PB:** Oh, yeah. They all knew. I don't suppose there's anyone who has a gay child that doesn't know. They are never going to say it, but they know. Sure, I'll charge them flowers on their charge a thousand compacts and moaning around about women and she's always saying, "Oh, she's the most promiscuous woman in high school." We were treated terribly in that era too. She said to her, "Rosemary is friend of mine." She said, well, "If Pat were more like you?" What? She was thrown out of high school for making it with guys too much. No matter what you did, you could screw till you were blue and then they threw you out. Of course, Rosemary later was a dyke.

**AB:** Really?

**PB:** She didn't know then so I guess she need affection. And her way of getting it was that.

**AB:** Had your mother found your diary by that time?

**PB:** Oh, yeah. She knew.

**AB:** So you went down to the recruiting...?

**PB:** Yeah, this recruiting sergeant, as I said in the film, which everybody has heard by now. She was all done up, but you could tell she was a dyke. Then the shock of going on a train to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

**AB:** Was that the same day that you signed up?

**PB:** No. Two weeks later.

**AB:** Did your mother sign the papers?

**PB:** Yeah. And I also had to lose ten pounds. And even then I was a little over weight, not a great deal. And my mother humiliated me by marching all around the places I frequented and telling them not to serve me anything to eat.

**AB:** Why?

**PB:** Because I had to lose 10 pounds.

**AB:** Oh.

**PB:** She bought me this hideous little dress that I had to wear. It was little dotted Swiss with a bolero jacket. Who needed that with all these butch dykes wondering, "Oh." I could hardly wait to get my haircut and look like everybody up.

**AB:** I'm going to turn this over.

**PB:** Yeah.

**[End of tape 1, side 1]**

**[Tape 1, side 2, Pat Bond]**

**PB:** I would say \_\_(?)\_\_ this woman. Saying "goodbye." And I went off and there were about four other women on the train with me. Who had been recruited now. They

were not gay which disappointed me greatly. Oh, shit, one of the ones I think was a hooker, Hawkinson. Never expected it. Hawkinson was not attractive at all. And she talked like a truck driver and here I was fresh out of a Catholic college and she was saying, “Mother fucker, cock sucker.” Well, I think I used it when I was saying it cheerfully. Had she said, “Oh shit, your mother’s going to kill me.” But then when we got to Georgia—well, I walked in I heard a woman from my own barracks saying, “Good God, I hope they’re different.” Well, at least they recognize that I am another one. And we went into the mess hall and there were all these dykes with their feet up on the table in fatigues, you know, with lavender boots. They had no basketball. Those were the days of role playing. When women had men’s haircuts and wore men’s underwear and you could only wear men’s cologne. [There were] two kinds, there was Old Spice aftershave lotion and there was another tacky one, there’s a tweed, tweed. That’s all and I would sneak and put on perfume because I liked that. And there were all these dykes. It was unbelievable. And everybody was going with someone or had a crush on somebody or was getting ready to go with someone. And then we would go into Chattanooga on the weekends. I would hardly ever get to go in because in basic you got “digs.” If you did anything wrong. And I had never done any housework in my whole life. So every night that I screwed up, I was always getting terrible “digs” and couldn’t go into town. It was terrible. We had nothing in common with one another either which again separated me.

**AB:** What was the thing that you didn’t have in common? Why was it?

**PB:** I had an intellectual bent. I was reading and reading and reading and reading and those were things that interested me. Theater, books, poetry. And the women were baseball, football and that was it. And anyone that wasn’t into those things was looked on with suspicion. So again I was separated and again not realized, not part of a group. But I had one or two friends. And then, for awhile, just for awhile in basic, a group of women who were college graduates or college people like I was came through and we were together for just awhile and that was glorious. And they all had red flags over their beds, can you imagine? In the Army.

**AB:** Really?

**PB:** See, they had no lives then so there was nothing they could do about it. I got the hammer and sickle. Anyone that was worth their salt in that age was a commie, of course. Or wanted to be. Then you couldn’t get to be a commie. Because what did they need with some kid, being a card carrying Communist. But you believed in the brotherhood of man. You believed in all that stuff, supposedly. You thought then and so forth. And we would sing *Joe Hill* together and all of the labor songs. This was right after the labor strikes too in the ‘30s and ‘40s. You know, it was all part of a very intellectual movement.

**AB:** So these other women, this was the common circle that--

**PB:** Yeah. We were only there for a short time, but I was in heaven. We understood each other exactly. And then everything was OK for a while.

**AB:** Were some of those lesbians?

**PB:** Yeah, mostly.

**AB:** Mostly.

**PB:** Two or three weren't, but they didn't give a shit what anybody else was.

**AB:** That's really nice.

**PB:** Always. The straight people I ran into, the straight women, the few that were in, tended to ignore, tended to say, "Who cares? That's all the men for us." Some were straight when we had ten days and nights.... I know at one point in Japan they put an extra woman in the room in case you and your lover wanted to room together. Well, they put a straight woman in with you. Because our officers were all gay they knew who was straight and who wasn't. And there was a straight woman in with us for a while and they called her up when we were having the trial. "Did you ever see these women do anything of a lesbian nature?" (sound) "No, not ever." Ho, ho, ho. They were really nice and supportive and never said a word against me.

**AB:** That's really important.

**PB:** And, of course, I don't think the men even knew what was going on.

**AB:** Were there men at Fort Oglethorpe or was that all--?

**PB:** No.

**AB:** That was all?

**PB:** There were some men. They were training us, you see, still. Because we didn't have enough women in the Women's Army Corps then to do all of the training. So there were a few men who were trainers. But macho.

**AB:** Did they ever make remarks about dykes?

**PB:** No. Not then. It was still in your eyes, included in "affair." It was still "the love that dares not speak its name." And no one would talk about it. But then we got overseas.

**AB:** How long were you there?

**PB:** I was in Georgia. What's basic, six to eight weeks?

**AB:** Yeah, something like that. When was that?

**PB:** 1945, '46. About 1945. When was Roosevelt--when did he die?

**AB:** In March or April 1945.

**PB:** Yeah, I was in a train going Fort Oglethorpe when he died. Because when we got there, all of the officers were wearing black armbands and there were 48 gun salutes going on because the President died. And that was a shock because he had been President almost all of my life. He had been President when I was in the first grade. God, yeah. And we all sort of thought, you know.

**AB:** Did you ever get--so what rank were you?

**PB:** T-5, which was a corporal. That's as high as I ever got.

**AB:** There were women officers though in your program?

**PB:** Yeah, captains. Whatever, most women being teachers in civilian life or were college grads, or whatever they were. And they were all fags with one or two exceptions. But it was doubly hard when you were betrayed because it was women officers that betrayed us. Again, you got the backlash from your own folks.

**AB:** I don't mind telling you, I have been using the Freedom of Information Act to get documents out of Washington. And have been getting stuff about Fort Oglethorpe.

**PB:** Yeah?

**AB:** Yeah, and in April of 1944, that was before, a year before you, I think, there was an anti-lesbian investigation at Fort Oglethorpe. And the Inspector General's office had people down there. I've got all the, I've got the memos from that. This week I should get the testimony.

**PB:** Oh, I would love to see some of that. Maybe I would know some names.

**AB:** No, they don't give you names. They give you everything else. They're real good.

**PB:** But no names?

**AB:** But no names. But they have all the ranks and where they are from and they have the love letters between some of the couples that they confiscated and their \_\_(?). I can't believe it.

**PB:** They listened to our phone calls. You couldn't believe it. They read our mail, followed us around even if you went with your lover on weekends away from the base into a motel. They took pictures of you. And when they confronted us they had all this stuff and we had no idea what they had.

**AB:** Tell me about what, so you went to--?

**PB:** In basic there was no trouble. There was no trouble.

**AB:** What the recommendations of this committee was at \_\_(?), at the end of this testimony they said they found three lesbians, three couples that had homosexual relationships, there was no evidence they had slept together and everything. There was no evidence that there was sexual activity.

**PB:** Thank God there was nothing there and they didn't care about that at all.

**AB:** And then they said, one of the officers, one of the women officers--she was allowed to resign.

**PB:** They were allowed to resign while we got hung.

**AB:** And the other five women were reclaimed and kept in.

**PB:** Really?

**AB:** Yeah, and stationed at different places. And one of the recommendations was there shall be no more investigations like this for the duration of the war. It was too disruptive and it would hurt WAC morale and only women who they could prove to be addicts, homosexual addicts, they had to get specific permission to prove were promiscuous, who were not couple relationships, they had sex with everybody they came in contact with and they would be discharged. Otherwise, everybody could be reclaimed without--.

**PB:** If they had just stuck with that, there wouldn't be anyone. God.

**AB:** There was a war.

**PB:** That's the reason they did that.

**AB:** If you would like I could show you some of that.

**PB:** Oh, I would love to see it. Yeah.

**AB:** You ask for Oglethorpe and we have it.

**PB:** Jeez, everyone came back, because when we were recruited we were told we would be stationed near home and we were. I was sent to Sheik General Hospital (?) in Clinton, Iowa. Well, who needed it? I wanted to be away from home. That was like 25 miles from home. And it was a hospital, an Army hospital. So that, as I said, I was a medical tech and we were working terribly hard. Fortunately, because they were bringing convalescent men who were coming back from Corregador and Guadal Canal and were



brought home and were first brought to a station in the South and sort of gotten semi-well. But I saw six feet four men weighing 89 pounds and they had been prisoners for five years, some of them. And they never thought they would get out. So they were joyful. It was a pleasure to work with these guys and be as good as you could to them. And we worked hours and hours. And some were dying and some had “jungle rot”, all those tropical diseases that we didn’t know how to deal with because we had never seen them before. And I worked in the skin disease work for a while. Later they put me on the syphilis and gonorrhea work for a while. But then I was on skin disease and trying to get rid of jungle rot and they didn’t know what to do so they tried tar for a while, you know, they tried all of them. And all of the guys were bright yellow. It’s from atabrain. (sp?)

**AB:** From what?

**PB:** Attabrain, it’s a drug they gave you to get rid of malaria and whatever. And it died your skin. Of course I met a faggot, thank God, there. A wild faggot. We used to ask to get on the back of his wheel chair. Army hospital floors all slant. If they didn’t put them in a wheel chair, it would be a jungle. They couldn’t walk around. Because then it would flair up again. It’s alright as long as they can sit in a wheelchair. When you got him out and he would sail down this hospital screaming en guard. And we went to Halloween parties and he got in full drag and everyone loved it.

**AB:** At the hospital there?

**PB:** Yeah, and if I had gotten into drag, God help us. But there he was Mae West or somebody he was done up as with hairball.

**AB:** And with the other guys that was OK?

**PB:** Yeah. It was neat. I don’t know. I guess they didn’t connect it. He was just “in costume.” That was his fun.

**AB:** His fun.

**PB:** Jack Middy pretending to be a woman or whatever. It was fun. To find him.

**AB:** Was he at Corregador?

**PB:** No, I think he was in--he wasn’t a prisoner of war. He had just been there probably until the last minute and got out alive, thank God. And just contracted that disease. Chick, as they were closing the hospital that day about it. By that time, my first sergeant was a lesbian. The company commander was a lesbian. Mini Lee Young, my dear. She looked like a man. We called her “Chick” because \_\_(?).\_\_ She had been a gym teacher, what else, before she came in. And she would come in, she had bed check at night, so the women would scream. They thought a man was loose in the bedroom. And we did terrible things like they gave us pelvics, a gynecological examination. And they would

put you in a room with say 20 other women and stark naked lying on a table. And a doctor would come through and just tsk-tsk-tsk, right down the line giving the pelvic.

**AB:** Why would they do that?

**PB:** Bouncing Babies, we used to call it. They wanted to make sure you weren't pregnant and you didn't have any bugs. We were kids. With flashlights they were looking in your pubic hairs. Putting their fingers in your vagina with all that's implied when you are nude. You know, absolutely no dignity.

**AB:** This was a male doctor?

**PB:** Yes. They had Lucille went with him. But still. It was humiliating as hell and awful. And it didn't prove anything, God knows, because one of our women after we were in Tokyo about six months had a baby in the middle of the night, didn't she? And she was a dyke and her name was Junior. We all thought she had a beer belly. Beer indeed. So the Bouncing Babies didn't get her, did it? And then Chick, well, there was a woman that came through who had a big crush on my first sergeant and I got a crush on her. Brat. We called her Brat. I was mad about her. She went to San Francisco and when the company broke up, and Chick, the whole company went to Springfield, Illinois. Well, Miss Smarty went down and typed a letter to the commanding general of Letterman General Hospital: "Dear Sir. How would you like to have a WAC in your group there? da-da-da." Well, that damned letter went through three service commands and was endorsed by two Major Generals, if you don't think my CO was pissed. All the other officers on the base were saying to her, "Maybe you can get her to write to Truman for me?"

**AB:** How did that happen, what?

**PB:** I guess they did need medical techs. And they just said "OK". So I went to San Francisco and the rest of them in my company went to Springfield, Illinois.

**AB:** How many were in your company?

**PB:** There was about I guess, five hundred and something. There were 499 that went to Springfield.

**AB:** About how many of those were lesbians? Like four hundred something. You think it was the majority?

**PB:** Always.

**AB:** Always.

**PB:** And I am sure still is. That hasn't changed. For some reason, the Army attracts women. I don't know exactly why. Then I thought it was because of the uniform,

because then we wore man's uniform except we wore a skirt. We wore a tie, the Eisenhower jacket. And your hair had to be off your collar a half an inch and this hair is short enough to me.

**AB:** Regulation?

**PB:** Yeah. I always had sideburns shaped over the ears. My dear, we really carried on.

**AB:** It was all OK. So you came to Letterman?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** Was this after--had the war ended by this time?

**PB:** Yeah. Well, there was still shipping because I remember I got all my guys that went over there \_\_(?).\_\_.

**AB:** VJ Day?

**PB:** Yeah, VJ Day. And a marvelous thing happened that I will probably one of the most joyful moments of my life. My friend from college, Mary Crest, was [a] teacher but she was only a few years older than I was, a non-nun teacher. Mary Cle Humphrey. Mary had two brothers, one was killed in action and the other one was lost. And for the first time in their lives their father was going to church every day. It was really a bad scene. So when they brought in convoys of the wounded, at ship, they were not so \_\_(?)\_\_ as the folks coming in. And one day I had seen them working away and it said Colonel Donald H. Humphrey. That's her brother. Well, my God. So I got to call her parents and tell them that their son was alive. It was so exciting.

**AB:** \_\_(?).\_\_?

**PB:** Yeah, it really was. And for the guys, there was so much joy in them. Because they \_\_(?). And they were still alive. So, that's really San Francisco. I remember I went in training, I was by myself as a civilian. There was something about San Francisco in the fog, \_\_(?).\_\_ And Letterman was a mess. It was again the same old crap of many mean officers and mean first sergeants and mean nasty people in charge.

**AB:** These were men? Women?

**PB:** Yeah. And so....

**AB:** Where were you housed?

**PB:** Right under the Golden Gate Bridge. There's some old barracks down there. A house down there. That's where we were stationed. So in February, [I] come to San Francisco, flowers in bloom. You'd come out of the barracks and look up at the sweep of

the Golden Gate Bridge. Oh God, it was so beautiful. And, of course, then I could come into town and I found out [about] Mona's Club. And all these bars that were there. And I went looking for Brat--my big crush, right? And I found out. She introduced me to Jackie, her wife. I was crestfallen again. But I was running around the gay bars and that was great. I remember the first one I went into--and one of the guy's waitresses said to me, "Get out of here honey. Not in uniform. Go home and put some other clothes on."

**AB:** You could do that? They would let you?

**PB:** No. All the bars were off limits to military personnel. For the reason that the military would beat up the lesbians. So the bar owners had their bars put off-limits.

**AB:** Explain that to me.

**PB:** Well, if you're in a gay bar and the GI's who were wandering around the city, wandered in by mistake and they saw that you were gay, and were dancing with women--of course, we were pretty saucy and would say things like, "Fuck off! Who needs you?" Or whatever. And they would wait outside and beat you up--all kinds of trouble. So most of the bars had their bar put off limits to military personnel. To protect their people. Really more so. So all the gay bars were off limits to military personnel right after the war.

**AB:** You were allowed to get out of the uniform?

**PB:** No. If they caught us, probably there would have been trouble. Because we weren't supposed to be out of uniform. But [it was] no big fight.

**AB:** I have heard that servicemen there were places on Mason Street that you could like have a locker and you go in and check in your uniform and you could rent different--.

**PB:** Oh. Yeah? I didn't know that. Of course with women we just got a hotel room.

**AB:** Oh, yeah?

**PB:** Clothes or whatever. By then, looking for Brat and finding her. She had a lot of friends in San Francisco. They were friends and I would stay with them when I was away from the barracks which I was at every opportunity. And then, finally, one of the gay guys wanted to get married. So I said, "Oh, well. What the hell?" So five dikes and me went down and got married to Paul Bond. Then he went off to Los Angeles. I didn't see him again for ten years. Or fifteen maybe. It saved my life. It saved my life. That's why I wasn't dishonorably discharged. Who knew it then? And then, \_\_(?).\_\_.

**AB:** Tell me more about what--this is in late 1945?

**PB:** Yes.

**AB:** In San Francisco. What was the gay life like at that time? Did you go--?

**PB:** Mona's and then there was Tommy's. There was Twelve Adler Place. You know that--off Sutter--no, off Columbus. You know that little where the \_(?)\_ is? There is an ally way there. Well, that's the name of Adler, the name of the street.

**AB:** Twelve Adler Place?

**PB:** Mmm-hmm. And then there was the Paper Doll.

**AB:** That was open then?

**PB:** Yes.

**AB:** Was that a lesbian place then or mixed?

**PB:** Mixed. They were all mixed. Thank God. It was really neat. You know if you went in cruising, you'd see what you wanted. Or \_\_(?)\_ you or you were lonely. Fags and dykes talk together and naturally dance together. All the parties were always men and women. It was really great and I miss that terribly. It was a lifesaver. So often when you were--and the faggots had moved and painted my apartment And I, for them. It was just the best kind of relationship that I had. My dearest friends were men. And there was no chance that we could get hurt by each other either--in that very vulnerable way. And yet we could be so close. Closer than females. That women sense \_(?)\_. But a lot of gay men. We were always together. Always. We used to talk about how close the color line, "Don't leave North Beach. Don't cross the color line."

**AB:** North Beach was the color line?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** Could you describe some of these places for me? As you remember at that point--if you can remember.

**PB:** Mona's was a big room. It was 440 Broadway. It's the Circus right now. And it had entertainers. And what they were were all women in drag. They looked like men. And there was this bomb Mona's called \_\_(?)\_ on Broadway. And there would be people packed inside.

If you are going in  
Don't be surprised,  
The boys are girlies in disguise.  
Never falter, never fear.  
We're here to get a patron's chair.  
Don't ask, ta-ta-da.

And, of course, there lots of straight people in there who said, "Look at the queers." And the entertainers would get free drinks. We didn't have any money. So they would scream when they got straight person who was buying drinks. They would scream, "I won." And get free drinks. And Twelve Adler Place--they used to bring the tourist's busses to Twelve Adler. And everyone put on this big act. Oh, they were worse than we ever were. The number one man I loved, Howard Clark, who was really weird. Howard Clark, yes. You ever hear of him? He was indeed a very rich family in Hollywood. Very rich. And banished from this rich family. Really--and faggots said that all the time--but he was real. He could have really bashed. And Howard would sit around in a collie hat with a bell around his neck. You had to ask him who he was and that was--you knew it. And you would say, "Howard, who are you tonight?" And he would say, "I'm madam Shown with a dreadful skin disease." And he would tell stories about the cat who was allergic to its own fur. Oh, he was just wonderful. And the tourists would come into Twelve Adler and Howard had Paul's seat and Al got a drink credit so Howard would go over and drop his false teeth in the beer.

**AB:** In the drink?

**PB:** Yeah. And we would all immediately fall to drinking in front of them. The gay clubs were like that. They still [are], but there's hardly anybody left that is shocked anymore.

**AB:** So there was a kind of antagonism toward the straights?

**PB:** Yeah, I think still. Gays love to shock straights, but it's not easy anymore. They like kissing in front of straights. Well, in your own bar. Well, [at] BJ's they do that. Like one night some straight couples came in. It was a dance club and you get a lot of straights. And there was music and they were all over each other. \_\_(?).\_\_ on each other's shoulder. So a friend of mine and I went into a big clench and I had my tongue halfway her throat. They didn't even bother. They didn't even notice. The full kiss. Fuck you.

**AB:** What's going to happen with, what's that place like?

**PB:** It was a bar. You went downstairs and it was just a bar and tables around. And once in a while they had entertainers. Jay Carol was one of the big ones then. She would sing. She wore a man's jacket and a bow tie and a skirt and high heels. Everybody was in love with her. We sang songs there parties and other songs like:

On the table down at Tommy's to place where they would dwell  
And to that dear old gay bar we love so well  
And the lesbians assemble with their glasses raised on high  
We're poor little sheep who have gone astray

Bah, bah, bah. And it was always all those bars you made the circuit every night.

And the whites would walk in. What a street. Grant Avenue was, a friend of mine said to me, "God, don't let me die on Grant Avenue." Always that feeling that we were forever trapped in this one little area. And drinking too much. And we knew it and we were scared of that. All these people killing themselves. Not a lot, but some. It was a sad and a happy time at the same time. Part of that too was our youth--that young people are determined to be happy a lot. And we always ended up on Bush Street--about ten dykes.

**AB:** You had the same apartment?

**PB:** An old beat-up house. And we all had a room in this old beat-up house.

**AB:** Dyke household?

**PB:** Yes, yes.

**AB:** Bush and ---?

**PB:** Nobody wanted to work because you were afraid you'd miss something. Bush and Franklin. It's been torn down since. Right across from Stemple's Bakery. And you would come home at night and it was your lover or friends or whatever. And if you had anything to eat, scream out the window, "Hey." And we'd lower a basket and stick a roll in it and bring it up. And we were wild. We had dances and parties after the bars closed, of course, and [then] you went home. And usually went to the bar without any money, walking there. From Bush and Franklin to North Beach. And got drunk and came home in a cab because the tourists were there. They'd be the buying drinks.

**AB:** Why were they buying the drinks?

**PB:** To look at the weirdoes.

**AB:** To make you perform?

**PB:** Yeah. They could go home to wherever and say I sat right next to a queer.

**AB:** Remember any stories about that, about...?

**PB:** Well, lot of them. You've heard them all the time. Straight women saying [whispered] "Well, I've been into Mona's and this dyke got me in the ladies room." Well, no, no. Finally, at one point I got sick of it and said, "Did you look around you? You're in a gay bar." Well, yes. "Didn't you notice there are terribly attractive woman in here. You're not attractive at all." I couldn't stand it anymore and had to say it. And she wasn't. Besides, it was wishful thinking. They wished that someone had trapped them in the ladies room. But I've seen a lot of that. We might have necked in the ladies room. But not the men who carried on more openly.

**AB:** Were men at Mona's too?

**PB:** A few. Yeah, yeah. Straight men. Somewhat, a few gay men. Across the street at Fenwick there were more men. But they had male entertainers. Carol Davis was the male comedian. But I have forgotten his name.

**AB:** Carol Davis?

**PB:** Yeah. I just saw him when I was in LA in February. He was an hysterically funny man.

**AB:** What was he like?

**PB:** Oh, he'd say things like "Dearie, do you remember when the work bench was not a bed and you only groped women to fog test your memory?" And things like that. And "When your girl came out, she made her debut to test your memory. If you remember [that] then you are much older than I am." And "They all wear green carnations and say things like call—no, he said, telephone." And they would call up the St. Francis Hotel and say, "This is vaudeville girlie and we want to have a meeting there--but you got a stage? Because Fannie does this act with forty-seven Peacocks. Don't worry. She spreads the paper." Then he said, "Oh, my dear--you or whoever you were with--I personally found your phone number floating on the body of a dead lesbian in the Bay the other night." He was always on. He was very funny. You'd go to the movies with him and God help you were \_\_(?)\_ the screen. "Usher, usher, this woman is molesting me." And you really had to leave because he would keep carrying on.

**AB:** 'Til it got too bad. That was across the street from Mona's?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** 440?

**PB:** Well, the Tenderloin.

**AB:** The Tenderloin--but across from there?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** Was it the same Mona's then?

**PB:** No.

**AB:** Just called that?

**PB:** Yeah, well, I think by then Mona was out of there. She sold out and it became then Ann's 440. And then they bought Mona's name and called the place across the street the



Mona's Candlelight thereby identifying it. No. It was the Chi Chi Club which was run by the Nerofus (sp?) family. All three \_\_(?)\_\_ bars.

**AB:** Is that true?

**PB:** Yes. All these clubs were run by straight men. You can imagine the fortunes that were made in San Francisco. There were only five gay bars in the city.

**AB:** This is still--the period you are talking about is '45, '46 and '47?

**PB:** Yes.

**AB:** And later?

**PB:** '45, '46, yeah. And later when I came back from Tokyo it was still going on.

**[End of tape 1, side 2]**

**[Tape 2, side 1: Pat Bond]**

**AB:** So there was--.

**PB:** Antwerp Forty button. First, there was Monica. Then Antwerp Forty. Then Mona's Candlelight and Chi Chi.

**AB:** Twelve Adler?

**PB:** Twelve Adler, Tommy's.

**AB:** Where was Tommy's?

**PB:** Above Twelve Adler.

**AB:** Really?

**PB:** And then there was Two-Twenty-Nine, I can't remember, it was down further on Broadway. Toward the end--where The City is now. On the corner not on that street, whatever it is, Sansome?

**AB:** Montgomery?

**PB:** Yeah. But still on Columbus. Or Barbara, rather. And that was just a dump where we went sometimes.

**AB:** Why was it a dump, really?

**PB:** Oh, there was sawdust on the floor and really women who were used to fisticuffs and all that jazz. A lot of the—well, Tommy, she died in prison, I think. She was into receiving stolen goods a lot.

**AB:** At this place?

**PB:** Yeah. And she also had the parking lot there on Broadway. It's still there. So she made a lot of money and she would go with hookers a lot. And she would buy them fur coats and John Fredericks hats and anything you wanted, Tommy could get it for you. You wanted a watch, she'd bring out forty watches. She liked being a gangster, like Frank Sinatra, that kind of--.

**AB:** \_\_(?)\_\_

**PB:** Yeah, yeah. She liked that whole idea. She was in drag from the time she was twelve. All her life.

**AB:** She was a dyke?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** Did she own the place too?

**PB:** Mmhuh.

**AB:** So this probably the only place was that was owned by someone who was gay?

**PB:** Yeah. Until Ann bought Antwerp Forty and she was gay. Well, bi. But usually it was men. Straight men. Like The Paper Doll was owned Tom Arbolitch, (sp?) who was a man and his son worked the bar. They didn't even have gay people behind the bar. And you weren't allowed to touch anyone, you couldn't even put your hand on someone's shoulder.

**AB:** Did you or any of your friends ever get kicked out for that?

**PB:** Oh, yes. Holding hands, God help you. One of my friends was in there and another sister arrived that she hadn't seen in three or four years. And they embraced and threw them both out. And she was protesting, "but that's my sister." Couldn't touch.

**AB:** Were there any, do you remember any raids?

**PB:** No. There were never any raids.

**AB:** Had you heard of any?

**PB:** No. San Francisco didn't have raids. They had people that came in and semi-intimidated--the vice squad--but everybody knew who they were and they took payoffs. Murphy. That's why they did away with the vice squad and brought in the ABC.

**AB:** Gallagher and Murphy?

**PB:** Yeah. And they were--everybody knew who they were. They were drunk most of the time. And they would come in and get their money and their booze and they didn't give a shit what was going on. A cop would come in and just stand in the doorway

**AB:** Intimidating?

**AB:** Yeah. And the MPs would do that too.

**AB:** They would? So what happened when they would come in? Would anybody--?

**PB:** We just had a little fun. I didn't. "What are they doing here?" One night I know I was in \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_ bars and Mona's Candlelight and two or three cops came in and I beat it out of there. And I was half way out on the street when I said, "What am I running for? I haven't done anything." So I went back and sat at the bar. But the one time they did get me I was sitting in a place that was not even gay--can't remember the name of it. They had classical piano there. Don Kidman played. He's still doing it. You know, the Old Spaghetti Factory. And it was mixed, gay and straight. And they took me out on the street, this cop, and questioned me. "Where do you work? We're going to close all these gay bars." But they didn't do anything to me. They just wanted to know where I worked and my name and what was I doing in that place. I said, "Listening to classical music, you know. Leave me alone." And there were instances where they beat up people--followed them around.

**AB:** They would pull them out of the bar and go--?

**PB:** Or wait until they came out of the bar. One woman I know--maybe weighed 90 pounds--tiny. The cops beat her up because she bad-mouthed them. They threw her in jail. She was really badly beaten. And two of my friends were walking down the street one night in the Tenderloin--upper Tenderloin--you know, where Van Ness goes. And they stopped them and said, you know, "queers" (sound) and they took them to jail. Barbara worked for the airlines then. And they took her wallet away from her and they were handing it from detective to detective to detective like they weren't going to give her wallet back. And calling her names like "cunt lapper" and awful stuff. And she said, there this guy was sitting in front of a Pledge Allegiance to the Flag with his hat and a cigar in his face. "You live right down there with all those queers don't cha?" That kind of thing went on.

**AB:** Individually?

**PB:** Yeah, harassment. But not any real raids.

**AB:** Did you ever talk to each other about how pissed off you were about that it was happening?

**PB:** No. It didn't really occur to us. It was that we loved the bars and if there were run by straight people well, that's the way it ought to be. Or that's the way it is. It just didn't occur to you. You did have gay bars to go to. And we were also involved in the bars. In the main, North Beach. It didn't occur to you to be mad about it, at all.

**AB:** You were lucky to have that much.

**PB:** Yeah. Because we were convinced we were freaks.

**AB:** Did that have something to do with your being--all being from someplace else? Where you didn't have that--?

**PB:** Yeah. Oh, yeah. To see all those queers in one place. My God.

**AB:** I can understand that.

**PB:** Sure. Lots of women that you could flirt with and there was nobody to say "nay." You could, you know. It was open.

**AB:** Was there--what were the words you used to--first of all, did you use the word "gay" at all?

**PB:** Oh yeah. All the time. "Gay." Never used to word "queer," "faggot," even "dyke." No. Those were verboten. Instead, I was in Portland and I forgot to say--I usually say--I hope you know that "faggot" and "dyke" are politically correct. But I forgot in Portland because everybody [pointed?] it out. There is a huge gay community and I said to someone "faggots." I say it over and over in my act. Oh, sure "faggots and dykes being together." And this older man left he got so offended. And [I] thought I'd better remember to always make that statement before I do it because I don't know who's there.

**AB:** It's all right for some people and others not?

**PB:** It's too hurtful. Like being called nigger or something else.

**AB:** Homo?

**PB:** Homo, yeah.

**AB:** Many of the words that--.

**PB:** Too real, yeah. Well, that's what you are called that hurts. Yeah.

**AB:** How about the words for straight people? What words?

**PB:** Straight.

**AB:** Was “straight,” or “gene” (sp?) [that?] was that used?

**PB:** Gene or Ki-ki

**AB:** Ki-ki?

**PB:** It means bi-sexual. “Ki-ki” can go either way. “AC-DC.” That was bi-sexual. “Kishclean.”

**AB:** What was that?

**PB:** Kishclean was a man who wanted to make dykes. And he would come into the bars once in a while and try to get to you. And you learn very quickly to fend them off and get rid of them.

**AB:** How would you do that?

**PB:** You say, “Get out of my life you son of a bitch.” His first statement would always be: “You’re such a pretty woman. What can she do to you that I can’t.” Yuck. And you learn to say, “Get out of my life, mother----.” And the bartender would eventually throw them out.

**AB:** They would?

**PB:** Yeah. But there were a few.

**AB:** So the bartenders--I would be interested to know how the bartenders--?

**PB:** Women in that era too--only wild male talk--which they don’t anymore. Like “browning” and \_\_(?). I know all what that means. And gay women (younger than I am) have no clue. There’s no need for them to know it. I’m sure [that’s] why. But because I was close to gay men, they would tell me what all this stuff meant. I was--

**AB:** Homosexuality--that was more out in the open too?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** Part of this whole thing.

**PB:** Oh, yeah.

**AB:** Were the bartenders allies? Usually? Or were they--.

**PB:** Well, they were allies in the sense that they wouldn't let anyone hurt you--or try and make you. A man trying to make a lesbian would be shown out. But beyond that they were straight.

**AB:** They were in fact straight?

**PB:** Mmm-hmm.

**AB:** Were there any lesbian bartenders?

**PB:** No. Women couldn't tend bar until five or six years ago even--or ten years ago. Very recent. Women weren't allowed to tend bar.

**AB:** So all of the bartenders were straight men?

**PB:** Mmm-hmm. And all the owners were straight men. So they had their relatives working the bar. And they even had men on the door that were usually straight. You know--to protect you--who were bouncers. That was early--when I first came to San Francisco.

**AB:** So they were also in the position of making sure you didn't touch each other?

**PB:** Mmm-hmm.

**AB:** And also protecting--.

**PB:** As we were later on. Then we were in charge of our own bars and were working there. We--I had to do it when I worked Bridgeway in Sausalito. Walking up and down the aisles constantly saying, "No touching, no touching." I used to say, "No touching. This is a recording. Take your hands off that boy. You don't know where he's been."

**AB:** Just keep it light, right?

**PB:** Yeah. Well, they would have taken away your license if you got caught. There was no question. Everybody understood that. Unless you got very drunk and forgot yourself. And then you got thrown out. And being thrown out of a gay bar was like being banished to a leper colony. And is unthinkable.

**AB:** You couldn't come back?

**PB:** Everybody had to mind their manners and be straighter in a gay bar than they ever was in a straight bar. Straight bars--they are all doing everything. And men would stand with their arms around each other. You know how straight men [are]. But we couldn't do any of that. You could have brought your grandmother into most gay bars and she wouldn't maybe even know. Yeah. Never noticed. She wouldn't have noticed that she

was in a gay bar. And, of course, when the Paper Doll was going full blast, they served great meals for about a buck--buck and a half--so you had a lot of straight people coming into the Paper Doll.

**AB:** So most of this time you were--?

**PB:** At Letterman.

**AB:** At Letterman? And when were you living with your--the other dykes on--?

**PB:** After I came back from Tokyo.

**AB:** That was after you came back? So how long were you stationed at Letterman? Do you want to take a minute?

**PB:** Yeah, let's take a minute. Do you want some more coffee?

**[Tape stopped]**

**AB:** What did you say?

**PB:** There is only one male love song--*My Buddy*--that's ever been with "I think about you all through the day, *My Buddy*. Your buddy misses you."

**AB:** I cry when I hear that.

**PB:** Oh, I sure do.

**AB:** One of the, several of the men I interviewed--I want to talk about that song. In WWI--I guess that's when it started?

**PB:** Yeah. Yeah.

**AB:** That was like the song in WWI.

**PB:** That and *Lillie Marline*. But, really, *My Buddy* is the only male \_\_(?)\_\_ I ever heard, isn't it? At least the men you want.

**AB:** One of them used to sing that.

**PB:** I think it was true for straight men too because [as] they used to say in the Army, "Don't leave good friends if you are going over seas." Because if your friend gets killed then you are devastated.

**AB:** They used to say that?

**PB:** Oh, yeah. “Don’t leave friends. Don’t leave close friends.” It just must have been hell for the men.

**AB:** Well, they did come closer.

**PB:** Well, you had to. What were you supposed to do? I’m sure there was just as much hanky-panky as there was in the women’s Army. More so. You know men. My god. They’re so much more open anyway.

**AB:** What?

**PB:** Sure.

**AB:** I’m finding out.

**PB:** Boy’s school. Talk to Englishmen. A friend of mine is married, she’s English, and she said well you know, “Englishmen’s wives are rather larger in the back than they are in the front.” It’s those dreadful boy’s schools.

**AB:** I see. Well, the Army was something like that too I think.

**PB:** When they used—actually, some guy said to me, when they were out here--he’d gone to see Alcatraz and he was so moved by that experience of being there. He said, well, “All those homosexual men in there raping young boys.” And I said, “Hold it. They’re not homosexual. Homosexual men love each other. These are men that use other men as women. That’s just a vehicle. They’re not--they don’t care about them--they don’t have any affection.” So he said, “You’re right. I hadn’t thought about that.”

**AB:** Yet they call it “homosexual rape.”

**PB:** No. It isn’t.

**AB:** You said that you would try and think of some of the earliest jokes that you heard.

**PB:** Yeah. One was--I remember that this was at Mona’s. Two little dykes, one looked like Edward G. Robinson and one looked like Pinocchio. Kay Moorehouse and Butch were their names. And they sang dreadful duets like two old maids in a folding bed, one turned over the other and said:

Stick out your can  
Here comes the garbage man.

Now you would get stoned on the stage and we thought well that’s what we had. We liked it. They told jokes. One was: “Two lesbians [were] standing by an elevator and the elevator operator said, “Going down?” And they said, “No, just talking.” [That was]



[That's] one of the first gay jokes I ever heard. I was trying to think of others. There aren't many. And our songs were all parodies on other songs. Like:

There goes my gal  
She changed her name to Mike.  
There goes my gal  
She's turned into a dyke.  
She cut her hair and she's wearing shirts and ties.  
She used to make men.  
Now she gives the girl's the eye.  
I just can't figure out how it all began.  
There goes my gay, a lesbian.

**AB:** What tune is that to?

**PB:** There goes my gal, da da da dum. I can't remember. It was a popular song of the era. And things like a *Lush Life*.

I'll lead a lush life,  
In some gay dive  
And there I'll rot  
With the rest of the lot  
Whose lives are lonely too.

Which is a very, a great jazz song of the era. We just changed the words around a bit:

Life is all full again and  
Only last year we seemed so great.  
Life is, da da da dum."

And then another one I like a lot—[which] we all liked--was *She Likes me Drunk With Love*.

I'm drunk with love.  
My body aches.  
One embrace is all  
That it takes to make me sigh  
I wonder why.  
She likes me drunk with love.  
Every dive that we wander in  
Someday she'll walk out that door.  
When she does  
I guess that's what doors are made for.  
And when she slams it  
And says, "God damn it"  
When she's drunk, dead drunk with love."

That's one of our favorites. All that masochistic—well, ballads are still that way, aren't they? Very masochistic.

**AB:** Torch songs.

**PB:** Yeah, yeah. Mabel Mercer--who I liked very much--but she was still queen of the masochistic set, right? "It's all awful and I am going to die." And:

"Goodbye John  
Don't stay long.  
Come back soon  
I'll be waiting here."

All those sad, sad songs.

**AB:** So, what happened after Letterman? How long were you at Letterman?

**PB:** I think about eight months.

**AB:** And that's in early '46?

**PB:** Mmm-hmm. And then before we got to overseas we were shifted to Camp Stoneman which is in Pittsburgh, California. I met a woman there that I fell in love with and she fell in love with me and we had an affair. Probably my first real affair. And we were coming to San Francisco on weekends and go to all the bars and get drunk. I remember one night we were blind drunk and she said to me, "Take off my hat. I don't want anyone to know I am a WAC." She was throwing up in the gutter.

**AB:** You were in uniform?

**PB:** Yeah. We had been to a private party. Then we went to Japan. Camp Stoneman was ninety percent gay. Again.

**AB:** About how many women were there?

**PB:** 500 to be shipped overseas. A whole company. Whole companies.

**AB:** What company was that?

**PB:** I can't remember. Well, I've got it on my discharge so I can look it up. I told you the man I know in Hollywood tried to trace us down. His research people couldn't find anything.

**AB:** Doniker? (sp?)

**PB:** Walter Doniker, yeah. You might get in touch with him. He's a very nice man. And he would be willing to help, if he could.

**AB:** OK.

**PB:** If his people dug up anything. The last I heard they hadn't. Where were we?

**AB:** So you were at Camp Stoneman.

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** And you had this woman whose love....

**PB:** And we had a cat. We sort of settled in and got a cat.

**AB:** This was in the barracks?

**PB:** Yeah, in the barracks. In the barracks.

**AB:** Were you in your own room together?

**PB:** No, just a barracks. We didn't make out in the barracks, not ever. We couldn't. We would go to San Francisco and stay with friends.

**AB:** Were you really passing? Were you really secretive about your relationship there?

**PB:** Not really secretive. Semi-open. Yeah. Everybody was. Because that was before anyone came down on us. And everybody was. Our officers. Everybody. Fools that we were--and [we] couldn't see what was coming. Where was I? Oh, the cat. We decided to go--well, we had to go overseas--so they lined us all up, you know, and they keep you waiting forever and they put you [on] the train then take you down to the waterfront to get on a boat to go to Tokyo. And we couldn't give the cat away. We couldn't find a home--so I stuck it in my bag. My ditty bag, [that's what] they were called. And I always wondered, "What's a ditty?" So I put the cat in the ditty bag and smuggled it on board the ship. Well, we were court-martialed in the middle of the high seas for having a cat on board the ship.

**AB:** I know.

**PB:** And we were green with seasickness. [It was] the middle of November in those waters. For three weeks we were so sick, we all felt we were going to die. In the middle of this they court-martialed the two of us for having a cat aboard the ship. It was a hospital ship. And one of the male officers was a doctor. They let us put the cat in the OR room because they weren't using it. They called him to testify that this girl had a cat aboard the ship. [noise] No! So idiotic to those men who have been through war. And these women. They told me they found the proceedings insulting to the men. They were

so stupid. The idiocy of the WACS, you know. Court-martialing two women for having a cat on board the ship. These guys had been through war. Where everyone around them was killed and [they saw] horrors that were unbelievable.

**AB:** They like comic relief.

**PB:** My lover was just out of her mind. She thought she was going--she was a sergeant. She couldn't bear being it. So I played Perry Mason and called the first sergeant. I said, "Did you ever give us a direct order not to bring the cat on board with us?" We got out of it. But they tortured us all the while we were in Tokyo because we had gotten out of it. So that was the "Cat Court-martial." Which is really ridiculous. Here is this cat in a box under the table with executive officers sitting all around the cat. As evidence. "Meow." Apparently, they threw the cat overboard because we never saw it again. And that was all—the idiocy--waste all that time court-martialing us over a cat.

**AB:** So this there were 500 women on there? This was all WACS?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** Plus the officers--who were men?

**PB:** No. All women.

**AB:** All women.

**PB:** There were some men aboard who weren't part of our company. They were just going to Tokyo for some reason, I suppose, doctors or whatever going over there. And we were all anxious to go because we thought we could help with some of that—"sacrifice for our country." We got there and they had a band meeting us at Yokohama, you know, playing the WAC Marching song, which is bumpo da da da. We didn't know it was the *Colonel Bogie March*.

**AB:** That's what it is?

**PB:** From "ridge on the River Qui." Eli goes,

Duty is calling you and me  
We have a date with destiny.  
Ready--the WAC is ready—  
They are called to steady the world to supreme.  
La de dah dah.  
Service, we're into heart and soul.  
Victory is our only goal.  
We love our country's honor and  
We'll defend it against any foe.

**AB:** That's funny. What was the last line of the first part? I didn't catch that. I just didn't understand a couple of the words.

**PB:** Duty is calling you and me.  
We have a date with destiny.  
Ready—the WAC is ready.  
Your pulse is ready  
The world to set free.

**AB:** \_\_(?)\_\_

**PB:** Anyway, the band meeting us at the docks, which surprised us, to say the least, because we were coming over there to sacrifice. And then they put us all into trucks and took us to Tokyo. And where do we stay but the Mitsubishi Main which is this big hotel. The Mitsubishi family were one of the big conglomerates in Japan. They were almost tried as war criminals. Now they're all back in power, of course. Mitsubishi is making half the cars we see around. At that time, they made all the kamikaze planes. So we were stationed at the Mitsubishi Main which is like a hotel. A maid for every two women. Can you believe it?

**AB:** "Sacrificing for your country."

**PB:** Yeah. We couldn't believe it. We giggled for a full two weeks. And at breakfast that morning when they said to us, "How would you like your eggs?" We almost fell on the floor. And table clothes on the tables. Place settings. The first night we had a string quartet playing. Too much.

**AB:** That was \_\_(?)\_\_?

**PB:** Well, later we found out MacArthur wanted to get women to vote. Japanese women. And he wanted them to see what free American women looked like. So that's why we were there. We didn't even have any jobs to do. They didn't know what to do with us. We sat around a lot with phony jobs.

**AB:** Why did he want women to vote?

**PB:** He wanted Japanese women to vote. His theory was--having just read *American Caesar*, I know a little bit more about it--that women didn't like war. And if women--which is not true--but that was MacArthur's theory, this old soldier--that [if they could vote] women would help keep war away. And he also thought women should vote. And it was wrong that women couldn't vote in Japan--that they had no rights at all. They couldn't inherit property. They couldn't do anything when MacArthur came. He did a lot for Japan. I didn't know it then and we all hated him, but I see now what he did for Japan and they still know it. He gave women free government. It put them economically back on their feet. Literally. So I am sure when he saw us--people are always asking,

“Why do you suppose those witch hunts went on?” And I couldn’t think [of] why. I know him, I am pretty sure.

**AB:** Why?

**PB:** MacArthur brought us over to show the Japanese women what free American women looked like. He was not prepared for 450 bull dykes to get off that ship, was he? It was men’s haircuts and the whole bit. I am sure he said, “You get those dykes the hell out of Tokyo and I don’t care how you get them out.” I bet you anything.

**AB:** That’s real interesting.

**PB:** They had to come from there--from the highest authority--and they did.

**AB:** So you were in the Mitsubishi Main for--.

**PB:** Two women to a room. We lived there. It was our home, my dear.

**AB:** That must have been interesting.

**PB:** Yes. There was a beauty shop there. And gift shops. We couldn’t believe it, you know. And you’d still see women in Tokyo then in kimono and the geisha were in the streets and you could smell the incense. The orient is very different. You could smell it ten miles out to sea. It might still smell like that. I don’t know. It took you about ten days or so to get used to the food because it all tasted like fish. Fish is what the orient smells like. And then you got used to it. It was beautiful. I just loved it. Everything was a work of art. You took your shoes to be fixed. They came back wrapped in that beautiful Japanese rice paper with little lanterns on it. And, of course, they worship the conqueror. So they would stand out in the rain for hours just to watch MacArthur come out of his Dai Ichi Building and get into his car. In the rain. Just to watch him. And the elevator boys would vie with who was going to take MacArthur down and take him up and they would take turns and they would spray the elevator with perfume and put on their best clothes because they respect a conqueror terribly. I was up in the Dai Ichi once. I worked in the Dai Ichi. Worked--I sat there and drank beer and played cards with the GI because there was nothing for me to do.

**AB:** What’s the Dai Ichi?

**PB:** It’s a big building in Tokyo where MacArthur’s offices were. We weren’t supposed to go up to the PX except at certain times of the day. Well, I snuck up there because I wanted to buy my lover a camera or something I was into. And I looked terrible in uniform. I always did. The Eisenhower Jacket was never meant for a woman with big boobs at all. I always had spots on my uniform. I was terrible. So I was up there sneaking around and didn’t MacArthur emerge from his office with the corn cob pipe, hat and all? And I got so carried away. I saluted him. He looked at me with [sound] and I was sneaking away from the scene of the crime and felt this hand on my shoulder. And I

felt, "Jesus Christ, it's him." So I looked down and saw this circle of stars at the shoulder. And the voice said, "What's your name, corporal?" And I said, "I'll think of it in a second." And I turned around and it was General Hershey. It was not MacArthur. But still--my God. All he wanted to know was how I liked Tokyo. It was terrifying. They still have rickshaws in Tokyo too. It horrified to see a man pulling around a human being. But it was great to be there because you saw people from all over the world that I had never seen before. East Indians. What do they call the East Indians who wear the turbans? Like from Little Orphan Annie?

**AB:** Rajas?

**PB:** No. Pandits? Not Pandits. Anyway, they were amazing. I saw my first one and he was big, man--and the dark skin and flashy teeth and the turban. It was twilight [in] Tokyo and I went by him and, huh, [noise] and they wore a knife at their belt. And he said, "Good evening, ma'am," in this British accent. I almost fell over because I had never seen any and I loved it. At one point I was following this French sailor down the street with my girl friend and said--singing the Marseillaise--because I had taken French in college and had no one ever to speak it to. (singing) Because she had been overseas, my lover and she said, "Come WAVES from Marseilles." He just stared at us with his pock marked skin. And we were invited to the British mess hall. And the British mess we were not prepared for, the dignity of the British mess. No one ever got drunk at the British mess. Visibly. But we got drunk. Americans. They had coffee mugs or beer mugs. They had little silver tokens on the handle. And I thought, "How cute." So I took one home with me. And a woman came to get it the next day and she said, "You know, they are in memory of someone who has been killed." And you felt like shit. We didn't have all these British customs.

**AB:** That's really exotic.

**PB:** And they had a lot of booze. They had Johnny Walker Red Label scotch and we had food so we invited them to the mess hall for food and we took their drinks. And, of course, the Aussies who used to work like us. And the Aussies would trade us their cigarettes which we loved because they were in tins for ours because they liked our cigarettes so much better. And, of course, in Japan a cigarette could buy you most anything. And a pack, my God, you might even get a villa. Because everything was sold on the black market. But we did none of that. My lover and I thought that was terribly wrong. And I had read who was benefiting from that. The Chrysanthemum and the Sword. I knew a little bit about Japanese culture. So when our maid presented us--they have a custom--*presento*. If you give them something, they must give you a present back. And we sent home for \_(?)\_ for them because they had nothing. They had been bombed to the ground. And that was a shock seeing that. Seeing people freeze to death in the winter in Japan because they were sleeping in total devastation. It was really good for us, I think, to see what that looked like when we were very young. And she gave me cherry inkstand. Thank God, I had something to give [her]. That thing must have been 600 years old. And she gave it to me. All they had left, you know, were family treasures. So I had to figure out how to get it back to her. I had to go to a Shinto priest and he said to

tell her that she had to keep it for me because I wouldn't be allowed to bring it into the United States. And he said, "She'll keep it for you." Ten generations of her family would keep it, but at least it will be in the family. And all that stuff. We had our own band, would you believe? In men's uniforms--with bow ties and a string down the side. And they had WAC Night at home which was a big mistake. WAC Night at home where only us girls were going to be in the bar. Well, dancing, drunk and making out. Wildness itself.

**AB:** This is in the hotel?

**PB:** Mmm-hmm. That's where I met my friend Bunny--who's the big bull dyke that I talk about. Needless to say, I didn't know she was a dyke until I was already \_\_\_(?), and she said, "No shit."

**AB:** Lots went on?

**PB:** Bunny, you know--one night we were all drinking, one of my famous things, I love people: "If we are going to be real lesbians, we got to make love to women now." She said, "No shit! You've moved down there." But then I say in the act, "I'm a total heterosexual and anything goes." And I said, "Yep, otherwise we're not real lesbians." Paper dykes don't make it. We got to be real lesbians that's what it is." (Because dykes in \_(?)\_ make fun of each other for being "paper dykes.")

**AB:** Really?

**PB:** Oh, yeah. They say to you in the morning from being with someone: "You break your finger, huh?" "Are you an elbow dyke or a riding dyke?" You had to be a lesbian. Lesbian. That you were exactly. That you made oral up to the moon. So that word I don't like much still.

**AB:** Lesbian?

**PB:** I can't get used to it.

**AB:** It had a real strong sexual?

**PB:** Yeah, yeah.

**AB:** And dyke--what, how?

**PB:** Well "dyke" among each other was fun. "Oh, you big dyke." "Big bull dyke." But when other people called you that, of course, you brush it off. We stuck together so much [then] that I didn't know any straight people until I was 35, I think. I think [only] a very few. I went to gay bars. My friends were all gay. Only in the office--.

**[End of tape 2, side 1]**



**[Tape 2, side 2, Pat Bond]**

**PB:** You didn't want them to know at all about your private life. So you didn't make close friends with people in the office. So that no one would find out. All my friends were gay. I didn't know any straight people.

**AB:** So you got support from the other dykes in the WACS too?

**PB:** To some extent. I was still treated sort of like as a pariah--because I began like Julia. Because of my ideas I was interested in. So that makes for a lot of loneliness.

**AB:** Did that come because of the class of the women who--?

**PB:** Upper class women or--.

**AB:** Educated and had an opportunity to--.

**PB:** Yeah--and also because I think they were trying to identify with men when they do that. So that it was men who drove trucks like baseballs. Therefore, they drove trucks like baseballs. You couldn't--first with the first one--of the struggles men have had trying to say you could be a sensitive man and still be a man. That you can write poetry and still be male.

**AB:** That you can write poetry and still be a dyke?

**PB:** Yeah, yeah. And that's still hard. Strangely, it's still hard. But more and more women are getting in the arts now. Thank God. We're getting better, but it took a long time. It's recent. Ten years, maybe, that we have been into the arts a great deal.

**AB:** So what kind of work did you do?

**PB:** Well, as I said, I was in the medical corps, but they brought so many--I had to work in an office--in the Dai Ichi Building. There was really nothing to do. That's when we began to realize why they brought us there,

**AB:** [For} show.

**PB:** Just to show. Yeah. Because none of us had much to do. One or two of the women did who got to work on the *Stars and Stripes*, which was the Army newspaper. Or were in the financial offices where they did financial reports. They worked. But we had nothing to do.

**AB:** So then, what was your first wind that something was up?

**PB:** Well, I had a friend, Helen, and she was torn. She had been going with a woman and she had gotten attracted to this guy. It was tearing her heart to pieces that she was in love with this guy or thought she might be. It was really hurting because she didn't know what to do. She would talk to me about that, trying to figure out what she could do, how she could make it easy on her lover. But she really wanted to go with this man. My lover was interested in a man at the same time so it was hard on both of us. And Helen would talk to me about the opposite side--that she was feeling--and I would talk to her about what I was feeling and [both of us were] trying to figure it out.

Well, one day Helen came to me and said to me that they had called her in. And that they had letters that she had written to her lover. They had listened into telephone conversations. We had a pool room and they had bugged the pool room and had listened to what people were saying. And that they had told her that unless she gave them the name of ten of her friends that they would dishonorably discharge her. Well, she went up to her room on the tenth floor of the Mitsubishi and jumped. And was dead when she was twenty. And they had the unmitigated nerve to give her a military funeral. And we were all just dissolved. They had to give us phenobarb to keep us quiet. We didn't even put our--we just sat and drank for three or four days after that. And one of the dykes got hold of one of the officers and beat the shit out of her and we were all very pleased. It was a terrible, terrible thing. And a military funeral, you know?

We didn't know what to do. And then, one by one, we heard there were more. They were called summary court-martials which I didn't know then which meant that you couldn't have any defense at summary. They called up everybody in the company. And your best friend would be testifying against you, saying "Yes, I saw her dancing with another woman." "Yes, I saw her holding hands with another woman." None of the evidence direct evidence--None of it ever. Nobody had ever seen anyone sleeping with anyone. There was never any of that. "Yes, I saw her crying over somebody." That kind of testimony. As I said, one of our women had a baby--everybody was terrified—and we were so divided against each other—which is one of their skills. Like we didn't know that. [So] that you suspected everyone.

**AB:** Every woman got called up?

**PB:** Yes. Every single one in the company. And it was then that I said, "Ah-hah. I married, am I not?" And I knew they couldn't get my lover without me. So I went to my CO and said, "I am married, I want to go home." She said, "You're what?" So I got sent back to San Francisco and I felt guilty like they tell me survivors of the concentration camps felt. And when they sent the women back from Tokyo, I went down to meet them at Camp Stoneman.

**AB:** You were already here?

**PB:** When they came in, yeah. By then you don't give a shit—you know, you [can] take so much and then you don't care anymore. Which [is what] people told me in Holland when they got--that was the Nazi's—that they just didn't care. They brought out one

segment of my show to the homomilk. (?) We had been overseas, we homogenized milk. That's what happened. It was the homomilk. And they started then the real court-martial here.

**AB:** Over here?

**PB:** Mmm-hmm.

**AB:** At Camp Stoneman?

**PB:** Yes. But the Adjutant General's office got on it and they couldn't believe that 490 women could be gay from 500 which we were.

**AB:** The whole company was brought back and charged except for--.

**PB:** Yes, they were.

**AB:** A few like you who had other--?

**PB:** That's right.

**AB:** What were the charges?

**PB:** Homosexuality.

**AB:** It was only that Army regulation?

**PB:** Mmm-hmm. And it was, really. All this information has been buried.

**AB:** What?

**PB:** All this information has been buried.

**AB:** Yeah.

**PB:** We tried and tried and tried to get it through the Freedom of Information Act, but I can't find any of the people that I knew that [we] were dishonorably discharged. Because not everybody was. A lot of them were let out on medical.

**AB:** Of that company?

**PB:** Yeah. And some were kept in and some that were alcoholics were thrown out. I can't--we called each other junior and Freddie and Buster and it's really hard to even remember names. The few names that I know—friends that are still in this area— [who were] honorably discharged. Were not dishonorably. The Freedom of Information Act wouldn't do any good with that.

**AB:** One thing we could do—I can talk with you later--I have some other ideas on how to get that request.

**PB:** Great, I wish to God. Because Walter Dine (?) is very interested in doing a documentary on this. [An] acted out documentary, which would be so effective. I wish it could be done--because I have already written the thing.

**AB:** The Omani (?) show?

**PB:** Yeah. And its also been scripted. What do you call it when you do an outline of a movie?

**AB:** Oh, yeah.

**PB:** Whatever. And so that is already to go but she couldn't get any backers because we have to have fact. So I said, well, "Hell, I'll just do it my way and see where it goes from there." And if we do it on the tube as fiction, I don't give a shit because everybody is going to know it's true.

**AB:** So were you brought up and questioned?

**PB:** No. Because I got out.

**AB:** Before that?

**PB:** Yes. As I said, [I] felt terribly guilty. I still feel terrible about it. It's been very hard for me to start performing all this. I still get nightmares. I get all these varied feelings. And in the age when we were all feeling our sexuality was really bad. I know women who didn't have orgasms, who went through that until they were 40. It really stopped a lot of feelings. Because women were not expected to be lilies without that double barreled shotgun against your head. Well, we had six foot men with guns guarding us. Just unbelievable.

**AB:** Where was that?

**PB:** In Tokyo.

**AB:** Tell me more about the whole interrogation then. When a woman was brought up, and questioned, how many people would there be?

**PB:** Well, there'd be your CO and the Executive Officer and usually the First Sergeant. And the woman we all loved the best was our First Sergeant, Hightower. And she turned out to rat on everyone.

**AB:** You're really sure--.

**PB:** To save herself. Oh, she was one of those people who had charisma--that everyone liked. And those officers--everyone [who] had haircuts in the station were gay. And they turned against us. I think I said to you on the phone—or [to] someone--I went to one of the officers that I trusted, Captain Van. I didn't know then that she was gay, but she didn't interfere with one of our--and I put my head on her shoulder and I said, "Captain Van, they are going to kill us. I know they are." And I was crying. I can still see [lipstick?] on her collar with my tears splashing on it. And the feel of that winter wool uniform--and saying, "What have we done? Why are we so bad?"

If I fuck in front of them [that] would that change things. What would they do? What would they do if I have children? Would they kill them too? I did it in terror. And drinking and drinking until you have tears mixed with your snot and [you had] no place to go, no place to turn. We thought of calling Walter Winchell. Well, there was no way we could do that. And that's when they put us under guard--so that we couldn't get out to get to anyone. No columnists in this country, nobody that you let know what was going on over there. And I met men, a man--later on in Washington--who had been stationed across the street at the same time. And he said he heard vague rumors. But never anything real.

**AB:** That was happening across the street. So you were like on house arrest in the hotel?

**PB:** Yes.

**AB:** The Mitsubishi. Do you remember any other stories of what happened to others of your friends, anyone that you knew?

**PB:** That's about all. Once I got back--and then everybody scattered. I don't know where anyone is anymore or how to find them or anything else. I know that for a long time we worried all of us that Nora's parents didn't even know why she died. And if we could just find them, but should we tell them if we did find them? Because we figured that they could sue. She killed herself. But we didn't know how to do that. I am sure her parents still don't know what happened to their kid. But you think maybe it's just as well. Because her parents would be my parents age--in their 80s. You don't know. But it was a terrible thing for us to think they don't even know why their kid died.

**AB:** Why do you think some of the--why do you think the officers did what they did? The dyke officers.

**PB:** I think they were ordered by very high up. As I said, probably MacArthur himself down through the chain of command. And none of them had the guts to say, "I won't do it."

**AB:** Did any of them get caught up in this?

**PB:** No. They were--I think there was one--we never really knew--who was allowed to resign. Or they transferred them. Because officers always were transferred or [were] allowed to resign. It was the enlisted people that got it.

**AB:** And they were court-martialed--.

**PB:** Captain Martha Saxon. I remember that name.

**AB:** Who was that?

**PB:** She was one of the worst.

**AB:** Why was she the worst?

**PB:** She had a man's haircut. She walked like man. She talked like a man. She did us in. She was, I think, one of the most responsible people for Helen's death. I have fantasies still about finding her someday. Colonel Burgess is another. Mildred Burgess. I have fantasies about finding them. They're in an audience in my fantasy. I'd get the whole audience to turn on them. Or kill them or beat them up or something just to get even. Because we had nothing. We were powerless. Totally. The bastards.

**AB:** So how did you--.

**PB:** The great thing that happened was the woman who defended two women Martin Sound.

**AB:** Oh, \_\_\_(?)\_

**PB:** The ACLU. When I was in Los Angeles I talked to her. And she said, "All through the court battle, Pat, I thought of you." And this made me cry. It was some bet they had, ACLU, thank God they were entirely successful. But they had people there to say--that were one their side.

**AB:** There was nothing.

**PB:** Nothing. And, of course, you even thought you were a monster. You even thought you were strange and weird. So where did that leave the rest of them?

**AB:** So what did you all say to each other about this? Helen's death--after that.

**PB:** Well, at first we were all horrified at Helen's death. And getting these people \_\_\_(?)\_ we thought was great. But then you got afraid, and afraid to talk to anyone. Except maybe your lover and one close friend. But we were all divided. In fact, I just recently met a woman who lived in Mexico for thirty years that I knew in Tokyo. She's back now. I said, "You know, Pat, I suspected you." She said, "My God, you did?"

Because she was a quiet person. She didn't talk a lot. I thought, "She's on their side." And it was ridiculous. But that divide and conquer, they still do.

**AB:** Did any of the men that you knew in Tokyo--were they aware of this?

**PB:** No, apparently not. Of course, by then we didn't know much.

**AB:** Because you were just with each other?

**PB:** Yes.

**AB:** Were there court-martials in--?

**PB:** Camp Stoneman.

**AB:** Camp Stoneman? What was that?

**PB:** By then I was out.

**AB:** You were out.

**PB:** So I wasn't involved with that but I knew what went on there.

**AB:** Was this the final paperwork procedure of the stuff that started in Tokyo?

**PB:** Yes.

**AB:** And do you think that some of those were--how do you know about those?

**PB:** Well, I was told by some of the women who came back that they were going on. And a lot, as I said, the Adjutant General's office which were all attorneys couldn't believe that all these women could be gay. And so they defended them and a lot of them got off. A very few were allowed to remain in. Some got dishonorables. And that was it.

**AB:** And this was at Camp Stoneman?

**PB:** Yes. That the final trials took place. Yes.

**AB:** Can you tell me as close as you can remember what dates that might have been?

**PB:** I came back in 1947 so it was probably 1948.

**AB:** Early '48?

**PB:** Yeah. Around April.

**AB:** So was your whole company going to be disbanded at that time?

**PB:** No.

**AB:** Or did this investigation do it?

**PB:** The investigation did it.

**AB:** And then it just didn't exist anymore?

**PB:** Right.

**AB:** It was broken up? Were you aware of that kind of disbanding of other WAC companies at that same time? Would WAC companies be disbanded for other reasons?

**PB:** No.

**AB:** That the war wound down?

**PB:** No. Well, Chick when I was there. Yeah, they did that. But [not] until after I was out. Then I heard younger women who were in the Korean War, my ex-roommate was my lover \_\_\_(?). She was dishonorably discharged from the Korean War. But what they called it then was a General court-martial. So you can have them change into a lot. But that was ten years later and they're still at it now. Woman are being transferred around and being thrown out. This has not changed. And it won't. I hate it. And we are very useful in battle, aren't we because we can satisfy the sexual needs of the men men can't. And I think we are sort of tolerated on the battlefield because they can do that. But, God help all of us, when they get their filthy claws into us. If they want us to serve, they had better, by God, start shaping up. It's just ridiculous. Why should a gay person-- I can't understand--why anyone wants to be in, but apparently some people do. I don't understand it, but that's up to them, I guess. I just can't see how they can be in it.

**AB:** But in WWII there was every reason why--to be there.

**PB:** You wanted to do your duty for your country and you also, as I said, wanted to get away from home. Lots of reasons. And the men, the same thing. It was disastrous for some men. One man I knew when he joined Navy didn't know he was gay. He was like, seventeen. And he was six-five and in a year he went down to 120 pounds. He was latent. He had never seen all these men. It was just terrible. He still gets a pension, a full pension, for being mentally ill.

**AB:** He does? He got hospitalized and \_\_\_(?).

**PB:** Yeah. Two or three times. The last time was only about five years ago. He's my age. It still isn't rectified.



**AB:** Did you know other any stories about--do you remember any other gay men who were in the military during the war?

**PB:** No. We didn't, by the time we were in Tokyo, as I said. We didn't know. Just the few I knew when I was still in the States.

**AB:** That one patient?

**PB:** Mmm-hmmm.

**AB:** What was his story? Do you remember that?

**PB:** No. We were just buddies--there was no. He was ill. It was that damned jungle rot. It was just fun and camping and joking. There was never any depth to--. But I know there were stories that went around--who knows if they are true. One guy called himself Mrs. Miniver.

**AB:** Really?

**PB:** And he said they would bomb everything. And everybody was terrified. And he would come out with his helmet on plastered, "Oh, I feel just like Mrs. Miniver." And make everybody laugh.

**AB:** Where was this? In a story?

**PB:** In a story about guys that were overseas, you know. And then I used to know a woman who wrote about (she didn't do it) in nightclubs and bars--even ones joined the Army. There's a black wreath on the gay bar. Because he just loves to ride side-saddle on parade. Emoine has joined the Army.

**AB:** What was the name?

**PB:** Emoine

**AB:** Emoine?

**PB:** That was the name. But the men must have really kept away from each other or we kept ourselves away from each other in Tokyo. I think we were all so busy falling in love and being with other women that you were just caught up in this sweep of being with women for the first time in your life. Totally.

**AB:** And in general being OK?

**PB:** Yeah. And then all of a sudden, whamo. Came the death knell, literally.

**AB:** So you're thinking about why that happened? Had to do with MacArthur?

**PB:** Yes.

**AB:** Can you think of any other reasons why that would have happened? That makes the most sense to you.

**PB:** Well, you know Japanese women had to walk ten feet behind their men. They were not allowed to inherit property. They were not allowed to vote. They were less than nothing. One GI said to me, we were at the PX.--we were talking about--he said the guys when they first came over would quick get a Japanese woman for a lover because they did everything for you, right? You could come home at midnight and dinner was ready. And they bathed you. They did all this stuff for you. But, you know, we're Americans after all. It's kind of like having a dog. Because American's--we weren't used to having someone let you walk on them like that. Thank God. And we didn't want that. So I liked that GI. Because he didn't want a woman who was going to be a rug. Any more than you want another man to be your rug. You've had guys that felt that way about you right? I've had women who felt that. I hated them. I kept seeing if I could provoke them until you had to break away, you know. "Come on, be yourself. Yell at me. Tell me to fuck off."

**AB:** So you came back to San Francisco after that--and a lot of these other women--.

**PB:** Started on my rounds of gay bars.

**AB:** Did some of these other women from the same company stay in San Francisco too?

**PB:** I don't think so. A few might have. Repeat came back much later. She stayed on until \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_ because without me they couldn't do anything to her. She was in love with a guy and she stayed there for a while and she came back. And ran off with my lover. Who \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_, didn't she? Oh, lovely times we had. And they invited me over for years, dinner, sons-of-bitches. And they served tongue. Singularly humorless women. Even me in the midst of my grief broke up. Tongue. Trying to tell me something? Is it necessary? And then the fun of the gay bars when I first came back. It saddens.

**AB:** Were they any different then, when you came back than what they were when you went away?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** It was both post-War?

**PB:** Yeah. And it was fun. North Beach was just great. Except for the seeming beach rat, never getting out of there. Forever being poor. And being. No career. You didn't think about that. There wasn't anyway you could have a career. Some of the men could and did. I knew guys that were attorneys and were doctors, but not the women. Unless

you were rich. Your family could afford to educate you. Not many of us were like that. Anyhow, [not on] on Bush Street where we all lived.

**AB:** That was after you came back. How did you meet all these--?

**PB:** In bars.

**AB:** Yeah?

**PB:** Yeah, and we all, a couple of women, I guess three or four, were living in this house. Old house. And so we all took rooms there.

**AB:** Your own room?

**PB:** Yeah. We took it over. And there were some dykes lived down the street in another old apartment. A bunch of dykes. They were all together sort of. Nobody wanted, as I said, to work much because you might miss something. So you worked at funky jobs, like I worked at Blums (the cake factory) for awhile. You wore turbans around your head and bandanas so they couldn't see your haircuts. Putting cherries on fruitcakes, as they went by.

**AB:** Can you tell us about that, fruitcakes?

**PB:** Your eyes twinkling. And as soon as you got off work you got in a cab and went to the nearest gay bar. On your meager salary which was probably a \$1.50 an hour then or something. And you went to the bar and spent it all in the bar. And then back to Bush Street and partying and just over and over.

**AB:** Did you have a nickname for your house?

**PB:** Just the "house on Bush Street."

**AB:** I'm getting a little--

**PB:** How long have we been going?

**AB:** Almost two hours.

**PB:** Mercy.

**AB:** No, that's the only thing.

**PB:** No, I'm pretty good at interviews. I've had a lot of that.

**AB:** Let me look at my list here to see if there are other things.

**[Tape stopped]**

**PB:** I get the feeling sometimes that a hand may reach out of the sky and say, "OK, its all over."

**AB:** The feeling is still there?

**PB:** Yeah, yeah. It's still there. It's part of who I am I guess.

**AB:** Well, it did happen to you once though.

**PB:** A lot of times. Betrayed by friends, betrayed by bosses. Betrayed by lovers who would call up you job and turn you in. Call your parents and tell them if they got mad enough. You know, over and over. That kind of thing happens. And being accused on your job for no reason. I worked for California Blue Shield and the boss called me in. This was the worst. You know you want the throw a custard pie in his face. I was in New York. Do that for me. Jack Light, oh, I wish we could print it. He called me into his office and said, "You're so unattractive that when you walk into a room people are appalled by your presence."

**AB:** Oh, God.

**PB:** I should have fell in a chair. I was scared. How was I going to pay the rent? And he said, "There is also something here in the file about your being homosexual." And I said, "Prove it." And he went back the hell out of there. He had no right. There was no way I could look at him. But I was in there and a friend of mine said later--a psychologist--what she would have done, taking a cigarette, ask to see it, take a cigarette lighter and light it. But, not thinking. But I can defend myself still.

**AB:** When was that?

**PB:** 1970.

**AB:** In San Francisco? Why is it important that those of us who are in their 20s and 30s know about what happened with the purge?

**PB:** Something we'll go in--for one thing, and to know how bad it can get. And that's nothing. I mean you talk about concentration camps. It's nothing. But it was pretty bad. That's just a taste of what it must have been like in the concentration camps. My main [reason] is to keep telling people, lest we forget. Like remember the holocaust. Remember. Remember what Hitler did. Remember, remember, so it will never happen again. We won't allow it to happen again. And if they can't get women to go into the god-damned Army, maybe they'll have to think. If they can't get gay men or gay women into the Army, at all, they are see a big load of people that they are missing. And I would like that. I don't know that anyone would do it, but we hope. Some solidarity

somewhere to say, "No, we're not going." And the reason why I say gays is they hate gays.

**AB:** Did you feel [this] at the time? I mean you must have.

**PB:** And yet Evelyn, if you ever read Evelyn or the holocaust at all. He's humorist, a famous humorist, and he said that the bravest humans in the concentration camps, the bravest people in the concentration camps were homosexuals. They risked their lives daily for others. He said--I don't know why--he said that maybe because they didn't have children. That made me feel proud. Maybe he just found that perspective because anyone that has been in it--if they are honest with you--they will tell you that everybody was against everybody else. Again, divide and conquer.

**AB:** And each person--?

**PB:** Nobody had any friends.

**AB:** Did you feel betrayed at that time.

**PB:** No.

**AB:** The government?

**PB:** I felt betrayed by Army officers--and still do. They gave me a great distrust of women which I am still working on. And that was probably the worst thing they did to me. As you see more and more, you didn't need to. Maybe there were one or two women who were spying. I am sure there were. But by and large, we were--if we had only known, first of all, banded together and given each other great comfort. But that did not happen.

**AB:** Were there any officers that you felt you could trust?

**PB:** Just Captain Van. Her name was Iowa Golda Van Tassel. She was from Long Beach. We couldn't find her either. She might be dead now. She was much older than I am. I was probably 20 and she was probably about 37. I am 56 now.

**AB:** She was an ally--or she just kept quiet?

**PB:** She comforted the women. She's the one I went to and put my head on her shoulder.

**AB:** She was a WAC too?

**PB:** Yeah, yeah. She kept quiet, but she comforted me. So there might have been other women she comforted too and didn't say anything. And telling that she had heard the whole story from the horse's mouth and had said nothing.

**AB:** And there were straight women who didn't say anything?

**PB:** Right. None of them that I know of. Because there weren't that many for one thing.

**AB:** A minority?

**PB:** Yeah, right.

**AB:** We're doing \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_ for them.

**PB:** Yeah, but as far as I know we were having a great time. And, of course, some of them succumbed to having one or two--maybe one--succumbed to having affairs with women simply because there we all were together. And probably never had a--like in jail. You may have a gay affair in jail, but you [would] never have one on your own.

**AB:** In that situation?

**PB:** Yeah. And they need [to be] close to someone, to have someone to--.

**AB:** Was the--today the world is like split up into straight and gay--was it that strongest then too?

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** It was?

**PB:** Always a sense of me against the world. Not "us" against the world, but "me" against the world. All by myself. Somehow surviving.

**AB:** Did that change when you got to San Francisco and got with this group of women you were with?

**PB:** A little, a little. No great--there was still that betrayal. That happened a lot.

**AB:** Lovers?

**PB:** Yeah, calling up your job. Calling up your bosses, whatever.

**AB:** Like what really \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_?

**PB:** Yeah. My impression is much more \_\_\_(?)\_\_\_. Which I feel very bad for her. A lot of women are criticized for leaning on her husband's shoulder. Listen, we've been in that hot spot. And obviously she could have married any man she didn't like. I think he's probably a gay man, I don't know. It's a friend. He's standing up with her. To salvage

her career, to salvage her life. And we have been friends for what--seventeen years. A long time.

**[End of tape 2, side 2]**

**[Tape 3, side 1, Pat Bond]**

**PB:** As old gay friend, Pete Peterson, used to say, "Have you ever tried to beat off a sixteen year old?" They follow you around: "I love you." "Go away, kid." "No." Can't get rid of them. "Put that down." The National Enquirer, Gay and Lesbian Entrapment, how terrible it is that Rita May Brown and her lover? People have seen them on the tennis courts with their arms around each other and looking deep into each other's eyes and how terrible that is.

**AB:** Corrupt the minds of the young.

**PB:** Yeah.

**AB:** Girls?

**PB:** Yeah, and they're trying to recruit them. Teach them to be lesbians, the whole article. Bullshit. In all women's sports it's long been 80 and 90 percent gay. And anyone that has any sort of education ought to know that by now. If they don't they're fools.

**AB:** It's no secret. So how long were you in San Francisco after that? This was in the 40s?

**PB:** I never left. I was in Los Angeles for three years, but that was....

**AB:** That was right at that time?

**PB:** No. I stayed in San Francisco until--I moved over here about 1957, 1958. And then I went to Los Angeles for a few years--in 1950. I guess '58. Yeah. No, '60-'61. And came back in 1963 and am still here. I have been here most of my adult life.

**AB:** Do you remember--just looking over the '50s--were you in and out of the bar scene?

**PB:** Oh, all the time.

**AB:** Do you remember when it changed that there were more gay bartenders, lesbian bartenders?

**PB:** Probably late '50s. Early '60s. And there were women after--ten years ago, I guess. I am not exactly sure when the law was changed so women could tend bar. We had women bartenders in the gay bars. The women's bars, like Maud's, they were all men

bartenders for years. Gay men, a lot, finally. But men. Because women were not allowed to pour a drink. Only the owner's could pour drinks.

**AB:** Was--were these bars--was it ever talked about being run by the Mafia?

**PB:** Never. Well, once the ABC came into it. They saw to it, you know. Like when I opened the bar, I guess about 1960. A woman I know put up the money. Didn't last long, but we had one. And they wanted to know where you got every cent of your money and you had to prove it. I'm sure that's still true.

**AB:** So the ABC had something to do with it?

**AB:** Yeah. That you could not open a bar in San Francisco and probably California without proving where you got every dime that you had. And that way they kept the Mafia out. New York is all, I guess, all Mafia still. And most of their bars--.

**AB:** A lot in Boston too.

**PB:** But not San Francisco. Never has been.

**AB:** Pretty unique out here?

**PB:** Yeah. Although friends of mine in the East tell me it's OK, because you're pretty safe with the Mafia. But I don't know after that guy turned a machine gun on the gay bar.

**AB:** I remember when that happened.

**PB:** I am going back in June to New York. That'll be neat. To the Blind Society Gay Culture Festival.

**AB:** Oh, yeah.

**PB:** I was there last year too.

**AB:** Should we--I've lots more to talk about--but I am getting tired.

**PB:** I am too. And I've got a touch of the flu.

**AB:** So, is there anything else that you want to say about the WACS or the war period?

**PB:** It makes me sad. Depressing. That's why I try to perform what I'm doing. Starting in August I'll be doing it really everywhere hopefully.

**AB:** That's real important what you are doing. It's real important.



**PB:** I've been trying for two years now to get it on. It's just been very hard.

**AB:** You've become a kind of symbol for that experience. Everybody I talk with says "Oh, Pat Bond."

**PB:** Really?

**AB:** Because of what you are saying, Word is Out. The beginning word of that got out and--those purges. And it's made a lot of people really think about it.

**PB:** Good, good. So the more you do, the better. \_\_(?). They almost had a human rights bill in Germany, right? If not then. And then came Hitler. Forget it.

**AB:** The next weeks after that.

**[End of tape 3, side 1]**

**[End of recording]**