All In a Lifetime



Edward Isaacs

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Born in Sheffield on May 15th, 1910, Edward Isaacs was educated at King Edward VII School, Sheffield, joining his father, Julius Isaacs, in the family horological business in 1925, where he gained practical bench experience in his early years. His training extended to Switzerland, as a result of which he gathered considerable knowledge of the watch industry as well as becoming fluent in French and German.

The outbreak of war found his practical experience being harnessed to precision production engineering in the aircraft industry which continued in Sheffield throughout the war and afterwards, despite the 'blitz' on the city in December 1940.

Subsequently, he returned to his horological activities expanding the family business to become one of the major organisations in the trade. He also developed another side of the business which involved the marketing of Sheffield made pewter, and through the acquisition of two old established manufacturing businesses in this field, became a world-wide exporter of Sheffield pewter.

This activity over the last 25 years has taken him all over the world successfully marketing their products.

He is keenly interested in genealogy tracing his ancestry back to a Polish king of the 16th century. He has served the Jewish community of Sheffield in varying capacities, over the years being President of the United Sheffield Hebrew Congregation, the Hebrew Education Board and the Representative Council. He is also currently President of the Sheffield Branch of the British Horological Institute, a Freeman of the City of London and a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers.

ALL IN A LIFETIME

by Edward Isaacs

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2023



Whitehall Press Limited

To my daughters

Jill and Elizabeth

and

my grandchildren

Robert, Julia, Rachel, Adam and Debbie

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This book is the property of
Jewish Genealogy Society
of Greater Washington.

To Sallyann
with best wishes
Edward Haas

July 1987.

Donated by Sallyann Sack

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ALL IN A LIFETIME

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FOREWORD

The idea of writing my autobiography is something I had been contemplating over the years, but the opportunity to do so never really presented itself until recently. Now as the subsequent pages will show, I eventually made a start, and indeed continued until the task has been finished, the time being found for the most part during the many long flights made between 1978 when I began, and 1984, when I am now completing it.

That I should have been impelled to write it at all is because I wanted my children and grandchildren to know a little more about their father and grandfather than they already know.

Never a very expressive person, my children came to know that from me they could expect neither severe scolding nor high praise. They also knew that my voice would never be raised in anger as sometimes was the case with their mother, but on the other hand, they did know that their father was a very much more orthodox Jew than many others in Sheffield, and they learned to follow the pattern he set them. In consequence walking to and from the Synagogue was accepted by our daughters Jill and Elizabeth from a very early age. Kiddush and choral bensching (grace after meals) on Shabbat and Festivals were part and parcel of our way of life, so much so that the girls acquired the ability to bensch which surprised the many visitors to our table on Shabbat and Yom Tov.

Rosemary's ability to cater for large numbers with a seemingly effortless ease made our home the venue for gatherings of family, friends and strangers on innumerable occasions and taught our daughters, both of whom are very capable in this respect, the meaning of traditional Jewish hospitality.

It is hard to believe as I write these words that Rosemary and I have been happily married for 44 years, and that my mother-in-law and cousin Elsie 'Grandy to the children' is in her 91st year, and still a very independent person.

We have been fortunate to see our daughters grow up and marry successfully, and their delightful children have added much to our lives.

It is as much for them as for my daughters that I embarked on this autobiography, and I hope that the story which now unfolds and which Rosemary not only encouraged me to write, but spent many hours reading and checking proofs, will prove interesting to them, as well as to others.

ALL IN A LIFETIME

For years it has been my intention, as my daughters have so often heard me say, to write the story of my life, but the opportunity even to start has seemed elusive until now - on a balcony in Southern Spain overlooking the sea beneath a blue sky to which we have travelled so that we might enjoy the sunshine and, at the same time, explore into the history of the golden age of Jewry in the centres of Granada, Seville and Cordova. The fact that the last few days here have been less than peaceful - to be robbed twice in twenty four hours with all the subsequent aggravations was not quite how we visualised spending our vacation - makes one appreciate all the more the ability to relax on our balcony with its fascinating outlook.

And so, having made a start to the long promised story, I go back to the beginning - my birthday, 15th May, 1910. When I was born my parents already had two daughters, my sisters Maisie born in 1902, and Phyllis born in 1904 - my father, who by the time of my birth was a well-established wholesale jeweller in Sheffield, had come over to England in 1887 from Russia as a young man trained as a working jeweller and watchmaker to join his elder brother Henry in Leeds. Henry had emigrated from Russia to England some years earlier and established himself there, also as a wholesale jeweller. My father, after a short while with his brother and a period as a watchmaker with one of the leading Leeds jewellers, eventually decided to go to Sheffield and set up on his own account. My father used to tell me how he had escaped from Russia, and how when he came here he could neither read, write nor speak English. He had quickly made good his academic deficiencies by going to school at night and he subsequently used to write an excellent English letter whilst he

spoke entirely without accent. My mother had been born in London, as had her mother, who at the time of my birth, had been a widow for some twenty years and was now living with us. Of my grandmother's family - she was born Adelaide Barnett in London in 1836, her father Rabbi Aryeh Leb Barnett, who was a Dayan of the Beth Din in London for some 35 years, traced his descent to the legendary Saul Wahl, King of Poland overnight, and of the Barnett line more will be told in the genealogical tree later on, as I have, over the years, spent many interesting hours and met numerous cousins in various parts of the world, in tracing the ramifications of the Katzenellenbogen dynasty.

The house in which I was born - 303 Abbeydale Road - although a terrace type, was spacious and in a pleasant locality, but on a busy main road. I subsequently went to the private school a few doors away which both of my sisters had attended, as also did a number of my contemporaries but of that school more later. My grandmother passed away in 1912, and shortly afterwards we moved to 12 Albany Road which, for a family with children, was much better than Abbeydale Road, because of its quiet location, yet easily accessible to shops and transport.

One Sunday afternoon recently, we decided to go round Sheffield and photograph the various houses in which my parents had lived - first 101 Club Garden Road where Maisie and Phyllis had been born, then 303 Abbeydale Road where I was born, then 12 Albany Road, Edna's birthplace, and finally 15 Montgomery Road, and it was interesting to see in what good condition these houses still appeared, and to appreciate the pleasant areas in which my parents had been able to bring up their family. I have no recollection of my early life at 303 Abbeydale Road, nor do I have any memory of my grandmother Adelaide Hart, who had passed away when I was two years old, and it is with memories of life at 12 Albany Road that my story will begin.

12 Albany Road was a substantial stone built house which my father had rented from a Mrs. Wilkinson who lived a few doors away, a likeable old lady who used to collect the rent herself once a month and always made a fuss of me. We had a garden both at the

front and the back, and at the bottom of the garden there was a rather high wall which, in fact, was the wall of a cowshed belonging to a dairy to which we used to go to see the cows milked when we wanted milk for Passover. My bedroom was at the back of the house, and amongst the noises one could hear, was the mooing of the cows and in the distance, the noise of the trains as they went through Heeley Station. Living with us as a nanny, was an old family retainer, Annie Baker, who had been at the home of my mother in London. She was very much a cockney, and it was from her that I acquired an accent which has remained with me until now and caused people to doubt my northern origins.

I have vivid recollections of life at 12 Albany Road - Annie Baker worked in a domestic capacity as well as helping with the children - but we also had a charwoman who came two or three days a week and did the washing - and cleaning - cleaning the knives was one of the jobs I used to watch her doing - a very necessary task in the days before stainless steel, and I recall the way in which we marvelled at the arrival of stainless steel knives when they were first brought home by my father. Some of those knives are still in use in our home to-day as good as new, and it says much for the quality of manufacture in those days. On Thursdays and Fridays there was always great activity in preparation for Shabbat. I used to go shopping with my mother to the butchers where the shomer who had been my mohel always made a great fuss of me - to the fishmongers where I learnt how to select the right kind of fish and to the greengrocers. All these were family businesses where my mother had shopped for years, and she was obviously a very welcome customer. The grocery order was a different procedure - the proprietor of the shop would call every Wednesday morning for the order, which would be delivered the next day in a motor van - eggs came via the milkman, a cheerful and boisterous character who made his daily calls in a horse and dray with two milk churns fastened to the back. As a special treat we were one day invited to visit his farm, a fascinating experience, a farm on which to-day most of the land has been taken up by a housing estate.

My mother was an excellent cook, and in my childhood much of the food that to-day is packaged, a good housewife would make, and I would sit and watch my mother rolling out the lockshen on a large flat board, amongst the other cooking which went on for Shabbat. On Sunday we used to have the traditional Yorkshire Sunday dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and I was always fascinated by the sight of the rib cooking in front of the fire on a rotating spit.

Passover was an exciting time, not only the preparations beforehand and the changing of the pots, but the arrival of the Pesach order was an event in the calendar. The goods one could purchase locally were somewhat restricted, and my mother had continued to place her Passover order with a London firm who had supplied the family for many years. My mother made wonderful matzah balls in two varieties, large and somewhat soft in texture which I preferred, and small and somewhat hard which my father liked better. I used to be a little scared as far as the Seder was concerned as to whether I would be able to recite the four questions correctly, and whether subsequently I would do justice to other parts of the service which my father would call upon me to read, but there was little doubt that I learned well from the example my father set me although I used to wonder whether I would be able to conduct a Seder in the traditional manner. I need not have worried, as when the time came for me to do it, we had learnt additional and new melodies which ensured that even sleepy children were encouraged to remain alert.

The 1914–18 war created many problems, not the least of which was the food rationing and I recall standing in a queue with my mother for sugar and potatoes, whilst other foodstuffs too were in short supply. A new type of warfare had also been developed, and I vividly remember the Zeppelin raid on Sheffield, and seeing the airship picked out by the searchlights which lit up the sky at that time like an immense sheet of lightning.

My father had been called up when conscription was introduced, but ill health had precluded him from active service, and he was allowed to continue in his trade as a watchmaker.

He was fortunate in this respect as he could well have found himself fighting against some of his own cousins who were drafted into the German army. As it was, the majority of the family had emigrated to the USA and a number came back to Europe with the US army to join in the conflict.

The end of the war saw me being prepared for entrance to King Edward VII school. The subsequent examination was passed with great jubilation, even though it meant that my father was going to have to pay quite substantial school fees when so many of my contemporaries had obtained entrance to non fee paying grammar schools or scholarships to King Edward's. I like to think that I applied myself to my studies. Frank Swycher, with whose family we were very friendly - they lived round the corner from 12 Albany Road - passed the examination at the same time as I did and we largely went through school together, whilst the Pearson boys, who also lived in Albany Road, all passed as paying pupils around the same time. Harry Glass, who subsequently became my closest friend, and eventually my brother-in-law, was one of the very clever boys who won a scholarship. My Hebrew education was now becoming a cause for concern in that I was proving a far from apt pupil - disliking my teacher who used to come to the house and spend most of the time reading the Jewish Chronicle or the daily paper and seemingly paying scant attention to me.

Unfortunately, as the year of my Barmitzvah approached, the tragic illness of my mother who suffered a nervous breakdown, cast a shadow over the event and when the time came for it, it was postponed for some months in the hope that my mother would recover. She never really did, and my Barmitzvah took place very quietly at North Church Street, a few months after the actual date. I certainly did not cover myself with glory and my father decided that I must intensify my Jewish studies and engaged a new teacher for me, from whom I undoubtedly did learn. Nevertheless, I resent to this day, the many mis-spent hours on my Hebrew education, where I could have, properly taught, absorbed very much more. As it is, I have learnt quite well since, making up to

some extent for the deficiencies of my youth.

My father sought the best possible medical advice in the hope of being able to effect a cure for my mother's condition. We moved to a spacious new home, 15 Montgomery Road, which had an extensive garden where one specialist had felt my mother might benefit from an open-air life – in consequence of which a large summer-house was built in the grounds.

We had a staff in the house of a day and night nurse as well as resident domestic help, whilst my sister Phyllis, who had now left school, took charge of the house, Maisie being largely engaged in her studies at Sheffield University, and Edna a schoolgirl.

It eventually became increasingly difficult to secure the right type of nursing staff and my father was fortunate in finding an excellent private nursing home in Retford where my mother became a patient and spent her remaining days. We used to visit her with great regularity and although she never recovered, she always knew us and was happy when we came. It was sad that life should have developed in such a manner for her and for my father who had borne his problems with great fortitude, but it resulted in making us very self-reliant and grateful that we had at least had the benefit of both parents to set us off on the right track in our early lives.

My older sisters Maisie and Phyllis accepted considerable responsibilities in the upbringing of Edna and myself and it was a tragedy that Phyllis in 1928 should have lost her life as a result of a fire at Montgomery Road. It is no doubt due to the authority which Maisie wielded in our childhood that Edna and I still treat her with a degree of extra respect, not merely for her seniority in age, but because of the additional affection in which we hold her due to the part she played in our early life.

After the death of Phyllis, Maisie found herself with the responsibility of running Montgomery Road as well as forging her own career. We were fortunate in having good domestic staff whilst Edna was at school, and when Edna eventually left school and took a secretarial course, subsequently joining the business as my secretary, she coupled this with the running of the family

home, and so we carried on until first Maisie married in 1938, then I married in 1941, and Edna married in 1942.

The second World War broke out in 1939, and by the time we were all married, Montgomery Road had been converted into a works producing fine precision parts for aircraft instruments, and this work continued there throughout the war and for some time afterwards. The house was eventually sold in 1947 and transformed into offices, whilst our business returned to Button Lane where it had been blitzed during the war. Father had, after the blitz, gone to live with Maisie, whose husband, Harry Glass was away in the Air Force, whilst Edna and I both married, established our own homes. Our wartime experiences are the subject of another chapter, but I would now return to my schooldays to which I have only made a brief reference so far.

SCHOOLDAYS

My first school was a private one run by a Mrs. Swift and was only a few doors away from the house where I was born at 303 Abbeydale Road. Both Maisie and Phyllis had attended this school, and it certainly established for us all a good grounding in the basics - reading, writing and arithmetic. Frank Swycher and Gus Fyne were there at the same time as I was, Frank and I going on to King Edward's in 1920 and Gus to the Central School. Going to King Edward's was a major step forward for me, and one which I made with a good deal of trepidation. My introduction there, however, was smooth, and in no small way due to the form master by the name of Bircham, who knew how to get the best out of me, with the result that my first report was a very good one. However, it was here that it was discovered that I was short-sighted and as a result I was moved from the back of the class, where I shared a double desk with Frank Swycher who was my close friend, to a desk on my own at the front of the class.

King Edward's was a grammar school with a fine tradition, and the head master of my time, J. H. Hichens was a formidable yet kindly character, surrounded by a team of masters who, to a youngster, were distinctly awe inspiring. Lloyd Davies - a Welshman who was assistant-head, a man who subsequently taught me French and German, and whose bark was certainly a good deal worse than his bite, Nicholas, senior maths. master, in whose classes I was never good enough to be placed, Carter and Redston, both of whom taught me chemistry, as well as Green, Scutt and McGrath who also taught me French and German, and Johnson the Latin master, a fearsome character, who would stand outside his room on the top corridor waiting to catch boys who ran along the corridor, something which was forbidden and which, if

caught by Johnson, resulted in one receiving four detentions, a punishment which meant an hour's detention after school. The senior History and English master was Clay, a man who had a serious limp, but who was an excellent teacher, and whose lessons I enjoyed because the subjects interested me, Maths and Physics were the subjects in which I never found myself able to get along, and it was fortunate for me that Chemistry counted as an acceptable subject in the science sphere when I eventually obtained my matriculation. Schooldays for me were not days to which I would have wanted to return. I was not fond of sports and gymnastics I hated. The latter I finally managed to avoid permanently as a result of being knocked down by a car when crossing Clarkehouse Road with my bicycle. The accident was fortunately not a serious one, but it resulted in my having to produce a doctor's note temporarily excusing me from gymnastics, which I managed to use for the rest of my school life, and I made good use of the time gained in what was known as a free period, where one could study whatever one wished. One sport I regret never having succeeded in learning, and this is to swim. These days it is part and parcel of the curriculum of most schools, but at King Edward's in my days the swimming baths were closed. It seemed that some years previously a boy had been drowned there and during the whole of my school life closed they remained. To-day the baths at King Edward's are modern and very much used, and everyone learns to swim.

My antics as a cyclist were hair-raising. I used to join a cycle race down Clarkegrove and Southgrove Roads, which terminated at a busy main road, Ecclesall Road. This was crossed and we then trundled our bicycles up Frogwalk - a short cut to Nether Edge towards which racing began again. My bicycle, which had been a Barmitzvah present, had a certain weakness. When, as happened not infrequently, I had a spill, the crank bent and the cycle became unrideable. The metal from which the crank had been made was too soft, and I used to envy the boys who had Raleigh cycles, who never had the same trouble as I had with their cranks. It was quite a simple matter to put it right but it necessitated one wheeling it to

the repairers on Abbeydale Road and waiting for the job to be done.

There were a number of Jewish boys at school, as well as Catholics, and none of us attended school prayers, nor did the Jewish boys attend the lessons allocated to Religious Instruction, being allowed free periods in which to work at whatever subject they wished. The Jewish boys were also faced with the problem of Saturday morning school which no Jewish boys attended, and of course, all were absent for the Festivals - yet despite it all, the scholastic record of my generation was just as high, and maybe higher, that that of the present generation, who worry so much when it becomes necessary to be absent from school for Festivals.

In my early days at King Edward's there was apparent a degree of anti-semitism amongst some of the boys, in part due to the German-sounding names of a few of the Jewish boys, whilst the reading of the Merchant of Venice as a set book in my first year did not help. As I grew older I became much less aware of this problem. I made a number of good friends amongst the non-Jewish boys, whilst amongst the masters I cannot recall any with whom I was not on friendly terms. Nevertheless, discipline was the keynote of the education at King Edward's and that discipline as well as the general education I received there, has stood me in good stead all my life.

After matriculating, I stayed on only for another term - so that I could enjoy the privileges of being a sixth former, but at the end of that term, I had persuaded my father to allow me to leave so that I could go into the family business, and so in December 1925 I straightaway started on the bottom rung of my business career.

BUSINESS

From childhood, I had enjoyed going down to the shop where my father had his wholesale jewellery business, York Street. It was quite small, with a workshop in the basement reached by a wooden stepladder, where the watchmakers worked. My father had founded the business in 1890, coming to Sheffield as a young man from Leeds, where he had worked himself as a watchmaker. He had left Russia in 1887 already trained as a watchmaker, and gone to Leeds where he had an uncle and a brother. His brother Henry had earlier established a similar business, and for a while my father worked with him, subsequently deciding that he would like to set up on his own. He chose Sheffield because it was not too far from Leeds, and also because he already had a friend there who had left Russia with him. Finding accommodation with a Jewish family in a locality where most of the Jewish population of that time lived, Silver Street Head, he persuaded his landlady to allow him to use her front room as a workshop and there he began, calling on the local watchmakers to offer his services both as a trade repairer and a supplier of watch materials. He quickly progressed to a shop in Campo Lane, and then to York Street to which my memories take me back. By the time I was ready to enter the business, it was established in yet another location, 88 Snig Hill, and there I spent the first three eventful years of my working life. I was determined that I should learn all the facets of the trade, and as quickly as possible, and if going errands hardly seemed like an apprenticeship, nevertheless in the first six months, I learnt an enormous amount just by doing that, as it took me into a variety of workshops and factories, as well as jewellers shops where I would see perhaps the prestigious showrooms of Walker & Hall with its Royal Staircase, the inside of a pawnbroker's

pledge shop, the workshop of manufacturing opticians, or the factories of cutlers and silversmiths. In May 1926 the general strike occurred and for six months business almost came to a standstill. Certainly the general strike only lasted ten days but the miners' strike continued for several months and as so much of our business at that time came from mining areas, trade was at its lowest ebb. I took the opportunity meanwhile, of learning as much as I could of the practical side. Our watchmakers at that time were colourful characters, but they were expert at their trade and although I was not a very apt pupil as a bench worker – my short sightedness and a clumsiness with my hands militated against me – I did nevertheless, learn the bare essentials which enabled me to know, when the time came for me to be a buyer, what was good from a practical angle and what was bad.

I also took the opportunity at that time of learning to type. The office was in the window on a raised platform, and I liked to go in there and try my hand on the typewriter. The book-keeper typist we employed at that time, Edna Bools, sister of Alec Bools, who was in our employment subsequently for over 50 years, showed me how to use the machine, and if I did not become a touch typist, I nevertheless became a very fast and accurate one, and I have found this accomplishment a most useful help all my working life.

In 1927 I learnt to drive a car. We employed at that time a driver who accompanied one of the travellers on his round, as the traveller did not himself drive, and he it was who spent a good many hours instructing me how to change gears without making a crashing noise, no mean task in the days before synchromesh gears. The car in which I learnt, a Standard 12 Tourer, rattled so much that I persuaded my father to change it, which he did for another one of the same kind almost as bad. My father himself did not drive, he had done so at one period when we had a Model T Ford but decided that driving was not for him, which was how we had come to have a driver.

Once I had learnt to drive, I hankered after going on the road, and after no little discussion, my father agreed that I might accompany our local traveller once a week for a while on a day's

journey. The traveller had by that time learnt to drive, our driver having left, and it was from there that I eventually progressed to going out on my own. Between times, the Standard 12 had been changed for a Morris Oxford Cabriolet, a most unsuitable car for commercial travellers, but a very nice car nevertheless. However, when eventually in 1929 the time came for me to go on the road properly, I had then become the one to decide what kind of car to buy, and I became the proud user of an Austin 16 saloon. This car covered some 70,000 miles before a con rod snapped when I was in Bishop Auckland and afterwards, although it was repaired, and went back on the road, we changed it immediately for the latest Austin 16, which by that time with a synchromesh gear box, sliding roof, and an impressive six-cylinder engine was a very nice motor car. However, to revert to our places of business, in 1928 we had to move once again and we eventually found an old public house on Button Lane, which had lost its licence, and which we took from the landlords on a two year tenancy with an option to purchase at the end of that period.

It needed a good deal of alteration to make it suitable for our purpose, but eventually the day came for the move. It was in November 1928 and we decided to move on a Saturday night. One of the problems was how to move a very heavy safe and the man we had engaged to do the job proved to have not the slightest idea of how to get it out of the building on to a low trolley on which it was to be towed to its new home. Fortunately, helping us with the removal was an old friend of my father, Alec Milton, an engineer and a very practical man, and he it was who showed how to manoeuvre this safe, which we still use, on to the trolley and eventually install it at Button Lane. Once at Button Lane, the business expanded considerably. I had worked hard to open many new accounts, as well as renewing business with accounts which had lapsed, and the expansion of credit trading opened up a number of new outlets for merchandise which we found we could sell, some of which was far removed from watches and clocks.

Coloured plaster decorative figures were introduced to us as

suitable for the furnishing trades along with the bronze figures we had sold for some years, and these plaster figures became an amazing part of our business. It was unbelievable the quantities we sold. A van-load used to be delivered to us every Friday, and we were clamouring for more before the next load reached us. It seemed as if almost every working class home in Sheffield wanted a 'Cherry Boy' or an 'Alsatian Dog' to display in their front window. This, coupled with a big demand for strike and chime clocks, made us very busy in our own way. Profit margins however, were not high, some striking clocks selling for 9/6d., allowed only 5% profit, but of course we had many other patterns where the profit was better, and our strike and chime business was indeed a very satisfactory one. Twice a year I would visit the casemakers in London to select new designs in cases, and some were fitted up in our own workshop, others we had cased up in London - either way the method of buying made us very competitive with the merchandise we were able to offer.

When we had moved to 34 Button lane, which was at the corner of Button Lane and Carver Street, there was at the corner facing the Moorhead, the old Angel Inn, where a Jewish landlord, Alf Kersh held court. My father would take customers there for a drink, and occasionally I would go in with him on a Sunday morning for a ginger ale.

Alf Kersh was a colourful figure, with an equally colourful non-Jewish wife. Show business personalities were regular visitors to the Kershs and in those days the Empire Theatre, which was nearby, had not only variety programmes, with top line stars, but frequently there were prior to London productions with artists who were at the top of their profession. Harry Glass and I were regular visitors, with free tickets in the stalls from Alf Kersh, to the Empire on Monday evenings, especially for the prior to London productions, there being one condition - that we should wear dinner jackets, which we were quite happy to do for what were generally very good shows.

Times were not easy. A frequent change of Government saw the removal and reimposition of the McKenna duties which

meant a 33⅓% increase and decrease on imported watches and clock prices almost without warning, and in 1931 the decision for sterling no longer to be linked to the gold standard was a traumatic experience for any importer. However, we adapted ourselves to such happenings and learnt how to survive in circumstances which were far from ideal.

I used to spend a good deal of time "on the road", and much of my travelling would take me away only for the day. On my return I would frequently find representatives from suppliers waiting to see me, whilst I also used to have my sister Edna, who had become an efficient secretary for me, waiting to take letters. Some of my travelling took me away for the whole week, and I came to know North Yorkshire and Lancashire well because of it, and made many good friends.Quite a number of those businesses on which I called are still customers, and are run by sons and grandsons of the proprietor I had known. Places such as Malton, Pickering, Kirby Moorside and Helmsley, Easingwold and Thirsk, Bacup, Nelson, Colne, Garstang and Kendal were just names of unknown locations to me until I had to find my way there, and I certainly enjoyed the experience of getting to know my way around England generally as a result of my travels. A story worth recounting is of my first day's travelling on a week's journey to the North. The last call of the day was an old established account, Hush of Corporation Road, Middlesbrough, who were pawnbrokers. It was a Monday evening, and in common with pawnbrokers in most industrial areas in 1929 - a time of considerable unemployment - Ernest Hush and his manager, had been busy taking in pledges most of the day, ranging from suits to bedding and watches to wedding rings, most of which would be redeemed at the end of the week, and pledged again the next week. On presenting my card I received a most friendly welcome. Business was to be transacted the following morning, and I was invited to be the guest for supper at the Hush household. At that time, Ernie Hush, who I had been pleased to find was a co-religionist, was a bachelor, and had a widowed sister to look after him. The initial introduction resulted in regular visits to the Hush

home, and a lifelong friendship. When Ernie, recently celebrated his 90th birthday, Rosemary and I attended the party, whilst he in turn was at our Ruby Wedding celebrations. Sadly the news of his passing came as this chapter was being written.

Across in Lancashire and the Lake District, the programme was a stay in Blackpool at Friedman/Bowmans boarding house, which, out of season, was a home from home, and in Kendal where the Hogarths became firm friends and are still customers, and down through Kirby Lonsdale, Settle and Burnley ending up in Oldham where I used to spend the evening with the Cohens before doing a morning's work in Oldham the next day.

Long hours of work were the order of the day, whether one was on the road, or at the office. In the weeks leading up to Christmas, working to 9.00 p.m. for everybody was the normal thing, especially as it was possible to post parcels at the G.P.O., up to 9.0 p.m., which in contrast to the present state of affairs, one could depend on being delivered to their destination the following day.

Travelling proved to be the best possible experience in furthering our business and I soon realised that what we needed were our own brands of watches where we could have the sole distributive rights.

I had visited Switzerland for the first time in 1930, going to the various factories from whom we were buying. Rolex, Roamer, Medana, Lanco and Inventic were all household names at that time, and we would be buying from London stockists. In 1936, after a good deal of searching for names, we were eventually able to register the names of Summit and Regus, and in 1937 we launched both brands, Summit as jewelled levers and Regus as pin levers. In what was a very competitive field, we had an excellent start, and it was unfortunate that the outbreak of war in 1939 brought our activities as watch importers eventually to a complete standstill, which were not resumed in any volume until the removal of watch licences almost 20 years later.

In 1937 the threat of war had begun to loom on the horizon, and civil defence became important, I joined the police as a special constable, and with a certain pride in appearance which I have

always had, I had my tailor, Barney Goodman, reshape the uniform so that it fitted me rather more like one of my own suits. When the war broke out on September 4th, 1939, my first war time assignment that night as a "special", after having been issued with a rifle, (which I didn't know how to use), and without ammunition, was to guard a bridge on Attercliffe Road, where an attack by paratroops was thought to be a possibility.

My companion was an old soldier from the 1914–18 war, now a "special" like myself, and in the hours we spent under that bridge the night war was declared, I was shown how to use the butt end of my rifle as a club, and how to use it as a rifle if I had any ammunition. Fortunately, I never had need to use it, but it is still a sobering thought when I think back to that night spent under Attercliffe Road Bridge.

The outbreak of war saw a complete business upheaval as far as we were concerned. We quickly lost a number of our staff to the armed services, and whilst for a while we tried to carry on as normally as possible, we soon realised that we had to adapt ourselves as watchmakers to where our skills could be used to the best advantage.

With war work being offered to us from various sources, we expanded what had been a watch repair department, to a department where we were able to turn out fine precision work using watchmakers' lathes. With the addition of other equipment we had been able to build up our workshop to a stage where we were able to do a variety of intricate work which I would never have thought possible. This work proved so valuable to the war effort that I and all our other watchmakers remained in a reserved occupation for the rest of the war.

In December 1940 the blitz hit Sheffield, and on the night of December 12th I had left Button Lane with my father at 7.00 p.m., and as we made our way home, the sirens began to sound with their warning of an imminent attack. We fortunately, reached home before there was any activity. I immediately changed into my police uniform and reported for duty, and in accordance with procedure in operation at that time. I was told to report again after

the all clear, and made my way back to our house, by which time bombs were falling in all directions. Incendiary bombs landed in our garden, but not on the building. Houses opposite us were less fortunate, and soon became ablaze. The roar of aircraft, the sound of bombs dropping, and of anti-aircraft guns went on for hours, but eventually as dawn broke, silence came and I went out again to view the destruction to our road.

We had been fortunate to survive, but as to what had happened to the business was a big question mark as fires could be seen blazing from the area where it was located. I decided to take out my car and try and get down to Button Lane and see what had happened, reporting to the police on the way. I eventually did make contact with the police office, and was told that in view of the war work we were doing, I would be best occupied sorting that out, which proved to be no easy task. To reach Button Lane was a major operation - broken glass, mangled overhead telephone cables, wrecked cars and trams were spread across the roads, whilst unexploded bombs were another hazard. Despite it all I eventually reached our building to find it a scene of devastation with the workshop roof blown off completely, and our machinery exposed to the elements, whilst the rest of the building looked as if it was a total write off. During the day, with the aid of those members of staff I had been able to contact, we rescued as much of the machinery as we could, removing it to a section of the building which was still under cover. In the meantime, we had also had to vacate Montgomery Road because of unexploded bombs in the vicinity, and some 17 members of the Isaacs, Glass and Halle families became evacuees at the home of my sister and brother-in-law Maisie and Harry Glass at Ringinglow, an area which fortunately escaped any bombing. When the news of the bombing of Sheffield filtered through to our family in Leeds, the relief to learn that we had escaped injury was followed by an insistence that they should come with supplies of food, and despite our protests, Rosemary Hurwitz, to whom I had become engaged some months earlier, and my cousin Bert Isaacs (Rosemary's uncle), made a hazardous journey, eventually reaching

Ringinglow Road with supplies of food which certainly helped in overcoming some of the immediate problems. Coming from a city such as Leeds which was unscathed, and indeed largely remained so throughout the war, the sight of Sheffield after the blitz presented a grim picture of what could happen in an air raid. With the problem of where we were going to live and eat for the next few days temporarily settled, the major problem was how we were going to resume production of the aircraft work in which we were now engaged.

Our first reactions had been to get out of Sheffield, and on the Sunday after the blitz, when my father and I had been looking at possibilities in the surrounding villages, we landed on a building in Bakewell to which we had been directed by a customer there. It seemed ideal for our purpose from all directions, as there was living accommodation as well as excellent facilities for us to re-establish workshops.

The following day however, when I set out to negotiate, I found that the Ministry of Food had decided to requisition the premises, and we had to think again what we were going to do. In the meantime, the unexploded bombs had been cleared from the Montgomery Road area, and a review of that building showed the possibilities of converting that as a replacement for the bombed out Button Lane premises. It proved to be a wise decision to do so, and within a week all the machinery we had at Button Lane had been transferred to Montgomery Road and we were back again in production.

My father and my sister Edna went to live with my sister in Ringinglow Road whilst I retained a room in our old house as a temporary measure. Adapting the rooms of what was a very spacious building to factory purposes went on apace. The old cellar kitchen and adjoining cellars proved ideal for holding heavy machinery, and in these we installed three large capstan lathes and a surface grinder, and on the next two floors were a light machine shop equipped with watchmakers' centre lathes, small bench capstans and a variety of other production and inspection equipment.

To enable us to handle the variety of work which was being offered to us we had had to obtain a Ministry Approval of our organisation, and as a result I was appointed as Chief Inspector responsible to the A.I.D. (Air Ministry Inspection Directorate) for the quality of our production. Our record over all the years with which we were A.I.D. approved earned us the highest commendation, and not a single piece of the many thousands of parts we made ever had to be rejected by the A.I.D. In consequence, we found ourselves being asked to take on more and more work, and when one day I was asked to visit Rolls Royce at their Crewe works, I had little idea that this would lead to an association which would continue for several years after the war. The visit to Rolls Royce proved to be for work not directly connected with them, but with the Dunlop Rim & Wheel Co. in Coventry, to whom I was passed on as a reliable sub-contractor, and from that time we became a shadow factory for the production of very many small components for the aircraft brake landing gear produced by Dunlop and used on practically every British aircraft.

In addition to the Dunlop Rim & Wheel Co. we also worked for G.E.C. for whom we produced parts for an aerial camera motor, for Ferranti where we worked on parts of a gyro compass, for V.P. Airscrews (Dowty Equipment) for whom we produced various finely machined parts, and for Smiths, for whom we produced a variety of small instrument components.

To manufacture the multiplicity of items which we were called upon to do, required much ingenuity both in tool making and setting and adapting machines to do the kind of work needed from them. Walter Bird, who had been our senior sales representative, and was a practical watchmaker, applied his skills and inventiveness with great effect, whilst Harold Singleton, who was our senior watchmaker, and Jack Broughton, who was another of our representatives and also a watchmaker, were employed on work which it was not possible to give to the inexperienced female labour which we had to train to do a variety of machine work in stages.

My father, who himself was a highly experienced watchmaker,

would also from time to time be found in one of the workshops, and he was always happy when there was something for him to do there. As it was, my father and Norman Allen, one of our oldest employees and a clockmaker, who just before the war had suffered a severe illness, together kept going what remained of our distributive business with the minimal amount of merchandise available. We had transferred the Button Lane stocks eventually to Montgomery Road, and the old dining room served to house everything that could be salvaged from the wreck. The lounge became our general office, as well as serving as the flat which Rosemary and I occupied for the first weeks of our married life. Shortly after the blitz, we had bought a house round the corner from my sister Maisie in Ringinglow, an area which one hoped might continue to be relatively free from air raids, but we could not get possession of it for some weeks after our marriage, and Montgomery Road became our temporary house under quite difficult conditions. On the first night back in Sheffield from our one day honeymoon in Harrogate, an air raid warning necessitated my going out and leaving Rosemary alone for some time, and although this subsequently happened on other occasions, by that time we were in our own home, and the area seemed more secure, even if the house shuddered when the anti aircraft guns were fired from a nearby battery as happened from time to time.

The extent to which the female labour we had to employ was adaptable to our work varied quite considerably. Some of the older women proved remarkably quick to learn and most conscientious. Some of the younger ones were less so, but overall we were able to maintain a harmonious team, and when the war ended, a number of the women remained with us producing aircraft components in lesser quantities, but still to A.I.D. specifications. As the work gradually lessened and the distributive side began to come to life again, some still remained and were transferred to different occupations. Anne Jones, who had been our first trainee, and had become one of our best machinists, became a machine engraver, and she worked happily in that capacity until she retired at the age of 60 in 1978. Vera Stubbs, who had also joined us in the early

stages of the war, and had been trained as a machinist, worked also as an inspector, and when the changeover came, she became interested in the distributive side of the business, and proved to be a good saleswoman and a shrewd buyer, working in this capacity until her retirement in 1984 at the age of 65.

From February 1941, I was fortunate enough to have as my secretary my wife, who not only was an efficient shorthand typist, but proved adaptable enough to be able to work from time to time on checking the various parts we were producing as also did my sister Edna, who had married Robert Halle a few months later. Gertie McGaffin, who had already been with us many years, remained throughout the war in charge of accounts and wages, and indeed continued with us in that capacity also until her retirement in 1979.

RETURN TO BUTTON LANE

With the end of the war, those of the staff who had been in the armed services, were fortunate in being quickly demobilised, and were ready to return to their jobs with us. The fact that the jobs they had been doing no longer existed was our problem, and we set out immediately to see how we could rebuild the distributive business which the war had virtually killed. The maintaining of petrol rationing and a continued shortage of the kind of goods which our customers really would like to buy made travelling somewhat impracticable, at least to begin with, but we eventually found a way round the petrol problem, by buying two small vans which enabled us to make use of the services of Francis Wain and Alec Bools to call on customers and make deliveries. By the time Jim Leeming returned, we were able to find work for him too, without difficulty, as by that time our plans for returning to Button Lane were almost complete. The fact that we were eventually able to return there was certainly not due to any assistance we had from the local authorities, who in 1939, had served us with a compulsory purchase notice and in 1942 a further notice declaring the building a total loss, which would have enabled them to buy it at a figure well below what we might have been able to negotiate with them had the damage not occurred.

However a chance introduction to a well known local builder found me explaining our problem to him, as a result of which he came with me to Button lane and confirmed what I had hoped that it was a practicality to put it back into use, and on his advice I bypassed the Sheffield authorities and went to a department of the Ministry of Works in Leeds which was responsible for issuing building licences. My application was viewed sympathetically, and I was allocated sufficient licence to enable the roof to be

replaced and the building structure to be made good. Needless to say, the contractor was the builder who had given me such good advice, and who when the value of the initial licence had been used up, gave me the right advice again on how to apply for a further licence to complete the work, which I eventually obtained. When all the major reconstructions had been finished there still remained a good deal of shopfitting, joinery and ancillary work to be done, and at this stage two of the builder's workmen, who I had noted working as employees with an energy and capability which one could only admire, decided that the time had come for them to set up on their own. Knowing that there was still quite a lot of work requiring to be done at Button Lane, they asked me if I would let them do it, and with the co-operation of the builder who had been so helpful to me, these two men - Wilkinson & Bradbury - did all the items that remained to be done to enable us to return in September 1946 to Button Lane. From these small beginnings Wilkinson & Bradbury built up an excellent business, from which Bradbury retired at quite an early age, leaving the business to Wilkinson who continued to work for us until his death in 1979. He always appreciated the help we had given him at the start as well as the subsequent recommendations, and in return he was always on call and invariably helpful and dependable whenever any building problem arose.

We enjoyed similarly good relations with another builder - Close - who in 1928 had, through the recommendation of my father's and my old friend, Ben Blaskey, been responsible for converting Button Lane, which at that time, was a disused public house which had lost its licence, into the warehouse and showroom for which we subsequently used it until the outbreak of war, and indeed until we were installed at Montgomery Road after the blitz. Close was the builder to whom we returned for whatever we needed doing. He too, was reliable and helpful, and it was he who, when in 1959 we moved to Nursery Street, won the contract for the major conversion work necessary on that building, whilst Wilkinson did some of the ancillary work. It was a sad day for us when he too passed away.

With the return to Button Lane the need to rebuild the business began in earnest. We still had quite an appreciable amount of aircraft work to do, but Walter Bird was able nevertheless, to be released from his activities there, and now set about rebuilding our Watch Material Department, where there appeared to be considerable scope and where we had been successful in obtaining licences to import tools and materials. That department grew to such an extent that we were employing not only Walter Bird and my father, who enjoyed serving watch materials, but two other men, Arnold Spencer and John Allott, as well as a girl, Betty Simpson, who subequently married Ronald Burkinshaw who had joined us as a boy from school and who today is one of our senior executives.

Whilst the Material Department was going ahead, it was still the watch, clock and jewellery side which we really wanted to see coming back in strength, but so long as licences remained necessary for the import of watches and clocks, there was little we could do to increase our sales to any great extent there, whilst the sale of jewellery was restricted, particularly by the very high rate of purchase tax which, at one stage, reached 125%. Nevertheless, our distributive business began to return and to grow again. Ken Lievesley had joined us in 1948 on demobilisation from the R.A.F., and although in 1951 Francis Wain, who had become an excellent representative, decided to leave us to become a retail jeweller in Boston, his place was immediately filled by Alec Bools, whilst Ken Lievesley took over and developed the ground of Alec Bools.

These changes left a gap inside, and at this stage it was suggested to me that my brother-in-law Michael Howard, might be a good man to join us. On demobilisation from the R.A.F. where he had been a pilot, he had returned to university to complete his degree in colour chemistry. He had then found himself in a job which offered little scope for his abilities. The idea of coming into our business appealed to Michael, and although both my father and I were a little uncertain as to how his introduction might work, we felt that the opportunity ought to be

given and so Michael came to Sheffield in 1951. The plan had been that after a few months inside learning as much as possible, he could then go on the road taking over from Alec Bools, who had initially only gone on the road as a temporary measure, and really wanted to return to work inside. It did not work out that way. Alec proved to be an excellent representative, whilst Michael showed abilities which made him a first class inside man, and this is how it remained.

In 1951 Walter Bird passed away at the early age of 62. He had been a chain smoker for most of his adult life, and lung cancer took its toll. My father passed away a year later at the age of 80. Almost to the end of his days he came down to the business regularly, and although latterly his memory began to fail him, he enjoyed meeting the old customers, who used to come to see us regularly as they had done for years on Wednesdays and Thursdays. For my part, it took me a very long time to get over the fact that he was no longer there to talk over events. Although he had left the running of the business to me since the early 1930's, when he had realised he could trust my judgement, I had never failed to discuss with him plans I had in mind, and problems with which I might be confronted, and I always valued his advice, even if I did not always act on it.

I have, on many occasions, spoken to young men about to enter the businesses established by their fathers, and told them of my experiences - how, in my early days, I used to argue with my father, then realised that my father's experience was greater then mine, and how in turn my father realised that some of the things I wanted to do, and in fact had done, were sensible. The eventual upshot was a mutual appreciation, and my father, although never very expressive, was pleased as he saw the business progress in a way which had his full approval. It was a great sadness that he was not alive to witness our eventual removal to Nursery Street, and the considerable developments which followed. The Epitaph on his grave from the "Ethics of the Fathers" 'The crown of a good name excels all' succintly expressed his achievements, and I have done my best to follow the principles he laid down. In the years

after my father's death, a good deal of time was taken up in the search for new premises as the Corporation had intimated that the compulsory purchase order which had been issued in 1939 was not being rescinded, and that before long they would want to demolish the premises. In 1956 they suggested the time had come for negotiations to be re-opened and a London firm was recommended to me as being better able to negotiate with the Sheffield Estates Surveyor than the local firm who we had initially employed when the negotiations had opened in 1939. The advice was good, and Henry Martyn, who was the senior executive of his firm, having come down to see me and the premises, had his first meeting with the Estates Surveyor, who was not unaware that the Corporation had been thwarted in their attempt to acquire the property in 1946 as a total wartime loss.

Tragically, Henry Martyn died within days of his visit to Sheffield, but shortly afterwards I received a letter from Jones, Lang, Wootton, one of the largest firms of surveyors and property consultants in the country, to say they were now looking after the interests of clients of the late Henry Martyn, and hoped they might continue to serve me. The upshot was that they sent one of their young executives, Bill Ofstein, who proved to be an excellent negotiator, and eventually concluded a deal with the Corporation, which we both considered reasonable, and very much better that what at first seemed possible at the commencement of the negotiations. I kept in touch with Bill Ofstein who, like myself, was an orthodox Jew, for quite sometime afterwards, and indeed subsequently met him and his sister by chance one winter week-end in Switzerland when we were both at the Kahn's Hotel in Grindelwald over Shabbat.

Whilst the negotiations for Button Lane had been in progress, the search for alternative premises had been going on continually. We looked at sites and various buildings, but nothing seemed to be quite right, and it was not until our present building in Nursery Street was offered to us that we felt that here was something which had considerable possibilities. The vendors were Sheffield Refreshment Houses, who had been using the building as a

catering centre for the various hotels and restaurants they owned in Sheffield, and whilst externally the building looked very much as it does to-day, internally the differences are vast. Suffice to say we decided to buy it after carefully considering its advantages and disadvantages, and although the price paid was a high one, we had by that time become almost desperate to find what we wanted. Nevertheless, it proved to be an excellent building for our purpose. Once the decision to buy had been made, the need to redesign the interior was the next problem. The area which became the showroom had been a huge catering department, our packing department was an area used for the preparation of vegetables, with sloping floors and water running round it containing a battery of potato rumblers and other equipment – our jewellery stockroom was an open-ended loading bay for delivery vans, whilst the stockroom adjoining our packing dept, consisted of garages for those same vans. Adapting these areas to our requirements needed considerable ingenuity, but the rest of the building was much more suitable.

A factor which influenced some of the things we did in our adaptation was the need to use as much as possible from Button Lane, as the Corporation had agreed to pay for the transfer and refitting of whatever we decided to use. Quotations from shopfitters, builders, heating and lighting engineers, and decorators, all had to be obtained, but at the end of the day it was people whose reliability as workpeople we knew who did the jobs.

The transformation of Nursery Street from a catering centre with tiled walls and terrazo floors, to an almost luxurious establishment, with an elegant showroom, extensive warehouse facilities, including a working and a private office for myself, a canteen and ladies' and gentlemen's cloakrooms, was effected eventually with a lot of help from Rosemary who acted as a clerk of works supervising shop fitters, decorators, builders etc. for some four hours a day for three months. When the move was finally made on a Saturday night and Sunday morning, we opened at Summit House on the 19th February 1959, with facilities which quickly became the admiration of the trade.

With our move to Summit House an era of expansion began first with the takeover of John Satchwell & Co. Ltd. of Birmingham, one of the oldest wholesale distributors to the jewellery trade having been founded in 1842. A chance mention by one of our suppliers that the business was on offer, resulted in my going down to Birmingham the next day, and within 24 hours I had negotiated a very advantageous purchase. The merging of the Satchwell business with our own was quite a challenge, but all went well, and three years later we made our next takeover, Dennison & Bell Ltd. of Manchester, who had been keen competitors, and with whom I concluded a most satisfactory deal. That takeover brought with it Leslie Greenburgh, who had felt unable to carry on his own business due to ill health, but who worked for us very happily for almost three years until his eventual retirement, and with whom I retained a close friendship. Shortly after taking over Dennison & Bell Ltd., I was offered a business in Liverpool, that of S. Mendelson Ltd., and a deal there was quickly concluded which added materially to our strength in Lancashire. Some years later we bought yet another business, that of Leon Cfas in Sunderland, which was a very useful addition to our connections in that area.

Between these takeovers, which covered the watch and jewellery trade, I had become involved in the manufacture of pewter. In 1964, my cousin Freddie Hart, who I had not met for 30 years, had unexpectedly arrived in Sheffield to see me, and to tell me that he was now running a business in New York which sold pewter tankards and required supplies. We had always sold pewter in a small way, but Freddie's requirements appeared to be huge, and represented a challenge to us. As a result, I eventually found a pewter craftsman with a small set-up who was ready to work for me and produce the kind of goods for which Freddie had asked. With a range of samples I then went to the U.S.A. and showed them to Freddie, who there and then gave me a substantial order which led to a gradual building of an export trade which has remained an interesting as well as profitable side of our business. It also resulted in our taking over two of the oldest pewter manufacturers

in Sheffield, George Lee & Co. Ltd. founded in 1836, and Travis Wilson founded in 1842, our pewter manufacturing being carried on in the old factory of George Lee at Mary Street which, although we modernised it to some extent, still showed signs of being a factory of a bygone era. Freddie Hart eventually retired from the pewter business, but by that time, we were already well established in other markets as far afield as Australia, New Zealand and Canada, and our initial introduction to exporting pewter has led to world wide travel.

In 1964 when we had taken over Satchwells, my elder daughter Jill, after leaving school, studied French at Geneva University coupled with a course at the FH School in Lausanne with the intention of joining the business. She proved to be a welcome addition to our organisation. I looked forward to her taking greater responsibility, but as it happened, she quickly married and it was not until 1977 that her husband, David Shaw, himself a surveyor by profession, joined us, on my suggestion, with the intention that they should, in due course, make a home in Sheffield and gradually relieve me of my responsibilities in the business. The fact that it did not work out that way was a pity, but it resulted in my making other arrangements which have worked out very satisfactorily.

My acceptance into the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers and election to the Livery bringing with it the Freedom of the City of London, has enabled me to follow in the footsteps of my grandfather, and has given me a good deal of satisfaction as does the high reputation that the Julius Isaacs Group of Companies enjoys in the trade.

CARS

Cars have always had a fascination for me and my earliest recollection of car travel was when, as a young schoolboy, I was taken for a drive together with my friend Frank Swycher, in the front seat of a Sheffield Simplex touring car, belonging to, and driven by, Frank's Uncle Ike. It was a huge vehicle with an enormous bonnet, a body high off the ground and with a hood which needed quite a lot of manipulation to get into position when it rained. Earl Fitzwilliam had been closely connected with the manufacture of this magnificent car, which remained in production in an impressive form until 1927.

My father had never been very interested in driving, and although for a short while, we did have a model T Ford which he drove, that was eventually sold and replaced with a Standard 12, which was the car we had when I arrived on the business scene in 1925. We also had a driver for the car, who, at a later date, taught me to drive, and indeed I have been driving continuously since 1927 when I had obtained my first licence. The Standard 12 of 1925 was a very neat looking car especially when the side curtains and hood were up, which is how we used it most of the time, but it rattled terribly, and eventually we changed it for another of the same make which was somewhat quieter. Even so I think it was my experiences with these Standards and their rattles that subsequently made me so fastidious in ensuring that my cars were rattle free.

Between 1925–28 our business was still based at 88 Snig Hill and there we had a petrol store, which was a specially built pit in which were deposited every fortnight several two gallon tins of National Benzole mixture. We, together with our landlords and next door neighbours, Richardsons at Snig Hill, took advantage of

this facility, which my father had negotiated for the purchase of petrol on a wholesale basis. Buying petrol this way, apart from the savings it achieved, also taught me how to fill a petrol tank from those two gallon tins without spilling any on the paintwork or on the ground. We came to have a connection with the National Benzole Co. due to my father's acquaintance with a tin smith, Bill Thompson, a huge friendly man who worked for the National Benzole Co. repairing the two gallon tins which were the general form of transporting petrol in those days. It was through Bill Thompson that we came to know Alec Milton who subsequently did all our car maintenance for many years, as well as being the man to whom we would turn when we had any kind of engineering problem.

It was also through the recommendation of Bill Thompson that Gertie McGaffin entered our employ, and remained with us for 47 years, and from the days when I first joined the business, I can recall taking up to the Thompson home on Passover a box of matzah, to which they always looked forward.

Until now, my father had been responsible for buying the cars, and at different times we had trial runs in Clynos, Alberts, Erskine Studebakers and Essex cars, eventually being inveigled into buying a two door Morris Oxford Cabriolet. It was a luxurious car of its kind, and a vast improvement on the one it had replaced, but its doors were heavy, the flexible roof which could be folded back so that one had an open car, did not make it a very suitable vehicle for commercial travelling, whilst its road holding left much to be desired. Eventually, I persuaded my father that the choice of the next car should be mine, which was how, in 1929, I was responsible for the purchase of one of the first of the Austin 16's, costing what was then, the princely sum of £365.00. The purchase of this car taught me to avoid buying the first of a new model, because in the first 12 months of its life the car spent a large percentage of its time going back to the Austin works at Longbridge. It had a particular aversion to hills and would start to boil almost as soon as it saw one. Eventually the trouble was cured, and I did indeed cover some 70,000 miles with that car,

which ended its life with me most spectacularly. I was driving along the main street of Bishop Auckland en route to my next appointment in Darlington, where there was a terrific noise, and the engine stopped abruptly. Opening the bonnet I found a big hole in the side of the crank case. A con rod had snapped and pierced it. I was, fortunately, near a garage, and was soon towed off the road, and I eventually returned to Sheffield by train whilst, Alec Milton, our garage man, went up to collect the car, tow it back to Sheffield, and patch it up. It was subsequently sold and replaced with the latest Austin 16, which, by that time, was a very much improved model, no longer overheating, with vastly improved brakes, and paintwork which now had a fine cellulose finish - whilst the electric screen wipers, in contrast to having to clear the screen with a hand wiper or suction wiper, which stopped operating altogether at certain speeds, were indeed a luxury.

The second Austin 16 I ran for some four years relatively trouble free, but I decided to sell it after an incident when returning one night from Northwich. There we had a customer who was very long winded, and with whom it was a very slow process to transact business. On the occasion in question, it had been 9.00 p.m. before I had left the shop in the middle of winter to return to Sheffield, and on taking the Woodhead route home, fog became a hazard which resulted in my crashing into a wall, but fortunately not involving any other person or vehicle.

I was lucky that the car still proved to be driveable, because I was miles from any help and the fog had made conditions almost terrifying. It did nevertheless, require some major repairs and I replaced it with a Vauxhall 14, a most comfortable car because of its independent front wheel suspension, a new development which made for a smooth ride over the roughest of roads. The weakness of this car was its road holding, or lack of road holding qualities. It had, in addition, a most annoying engine knock which the manufacturers called "hollow knock", and which, although I was assured would cause no harm, aggravated me, and after 12 months this car was changed in 1937 for a Wolseley 14, a beautifully engineered car costing £275.00 which, because of the

1939-45 war, we kept until 1947, when I became the proud owner of an Armstrong Siddeley, one of the few manufacturers to produce a new style body quickly after the war. This car which had a semi-automatic gearbox and a body styling which at that time attracted interest everywhere, proved to be very trouble free except for the paintwork. It was maroon and it lost its showroom finish very quickly due to a deficiency, so it transpired, in the make up of the maroon paint. I subsequently had it painted black, and have been wary of maroon as a colour ever since.

Aside from buying my own car, I was also buying a car now for our one traveller, and we had, over the years, a series of Morris Cowleys, which were well suited to our purpose, and were economic in maintenance. In 1938 I had bought the latest model which was particularly roomy, with a very quiet four speed synchromesh gearbox, and which cost the remarkable sum of £195.00. It was still in use for two or three years after the war, but by that time, we were beginning to build up a sales force, and after first using Bedford vans, because petrol presented a lesser problem, we moved on to Vauxhall cars, whose 14hp saloon was ideal for travellers. We subsequently changed to Ford Cortinas, and it is a far cry from the days of a car at £195.00 to a price of well over £4,000 which we paid for the last model. However, in 1981, we moved back to Morris products replacing Cortinas with Morris Itals, which were similar to the £195.00 car of 1938, but also costing over £4,000, and now in 1984 with Montegos costing over £5000.

Buying as many cars as I have done over the years has brought me into contact with a wide variety of motor car salesman - one man amongst them stands out - the late Bill Shuker who had been introduced to us in the late 1930's. He was the owner of a garage and transport business, and in addition was a prominent dirt track rider - a sport which, at that time, had a large following. He persuaded me one day to ride as a pillion passenger on his motor bike - he used one for running about rather than a car - and a more hair raising experience I have never had - however, I survived to tell the tale. We had many satisfactory transactions

together, and we became firm friends. He and his wife were regularly to be seen at Jewish charitable functions, and he accompanied Harry on one occasion on a ski-ing holiday when I was in the U.S.A.

To return to my own cars, after five years I changed the Armstrong for a Humber - a very roomy and well appointed car, but I did not like the driving position nor the performance, and when an opportunity came to exchange it for the latest Armstrong Siddeley, I was glad to be able to do so.

That Armstrong Siddeley was a truly magnificent car. Bentley like in its appearance, a 4½ litre engine, and acceleration to match. It was a most enjoyable car to drive, and had Armstrong Siddeley not ceased production, I would have kept it a good deal longer than four years. As it was, I replaced it with my first Jaguar, but the 2·4 model, in contrast to what I had been used to with the Armstrong was sluggish in its performance, and after two years I changed it for a Daimler V8 which was a complete contrast. Its acceleration was superb, but regrettably that car had a weakness in the exhaust system, and I usually found that after two or three journeys to London part of the exhaust needed replacing or repairing.

Nevertheless, the car itself was such a pleasure to drive that I kept it for three years, changing it for a 3½ litre V8 Rover, which had similarly excellent acceleration, but did not suffer from an exhaust weakness. This was the first car I had fitted with power steering, which certainly took all the effort out of parking. With this car I had completely trouble free running until I had covered 25,000 miles, and then occurred one of the most horrific journeys imaginable. I had experienced some ignition trouble after collecting the car one night from London Airport, where it had been parked for two weeks whilst we had been away. We struggled to Marble Arch and then called out the RAC, who came and diagnosed a cracked distributor cover, a replacement for which could not be obtained until the following morning. We spent the night at Park West as planned, and at 9.00 a.m. the RAC came and fitted the cover, and we set off on our way back to Sheffield, but by

the time we reached Edgware, we were struggling again, and eventually came to a dead stop just before we entered the motorway. Another call to the RAC and a wait for an hour brought a breakdown van, and the upshot was a decision to tow us to a garage where the trouble could be properly diagnosed. By the time we reached the garage after being towed through several miles of London traffic, we then had to wait some three hours for the repairs to be effected.

It was now the late afternoon and dark when we set off on our journey once more back to Sheffield, and for several miles we ran smoothly and everything seemed satisfactory. To our horror however, we found the engine fading out and refusing to restart. We had felt this happening and had managed to pull on to the hard shoulder. It was now raining, and we had to walk to the nearest telephone box, once again calling out the RAC, who, after a wait of another hour, eventually came and found that the garage had left certain wires loosely connected. Once again on our way, we eventually reached home at midnight, a journey which was indeed an epic of its kind.

I replaced that Rover with another of the same type, but when a Jaguar 4.2 which I had ordered two years previously, and with air conditioning arrived, I took delivery of it and sold the Rover.

Despite the size of the car, the 4.2 Jaguar, which of course, had power steering, proved to be very manoeuvreable, and Rosemary, who was now regularly sharing the driving with me on the frequent journeys to London, found the handling of the car quite effortless. After four years, I changed in 1980 to my second 4.2 Jaguar and now in 1984 to the latest model with fuel injection and a variety of other small improvements. The ease, smoothness and quietness in which one travels in the current series is a far cry from my early days with the squeaks and rattles of the old Standard 12.

Apart from the cars which I have used, and those I have purchased for our sales representatives, I also bought in the early days of the war, a delivery mileage only Standard 8 which, because of its economic use of petrol, I drove throughout the war. It was an excellent little car, and I was fortunate to be able to replace it with

a new one of the same kind in 1946, but this car had a somewhat chequered career, and I subsequently replaced it with the first of a series of Morris Minors which were eventually replaced by a series of Morris Austin 1100's. The first of these was quite revolutionary with a new type of suspension which gave a most comfortable ride over quite rough surfaces, and in addition, this model had truly excellent road holding qualities. Over the years the 1100 became a 1300, with an automatic gearbox, and when that model was discontinued I replaced it with a Triumph Acclaim, still a B.L. product even if it had a Japanese flavour.

Nevertheless, I have resisted the temptation to buy any kind of foreign car, and have remained a staunch supporter of the British motor industry.

FAMILY

The family plays an important part in the Jewish way of life, and in my own life both before and since I was married that has certainly applied. With me it has covered two angles, home life with my parents and sisters, and subsequently with my wife and children, into which has been coupled an interest in genealogy going back over many years, and to which I have devoted a separate chapter.

My marriage to my second cousin Rosemary Hurwitz could not have taken place under more difficult conditions. February 2nd, 1941, was not only wartime, but also the most atrocious day weatherwise too. For us there was no expensive reception - food rationing alone would not have allowed that - instead a gathering of as many friends as possible from an open invitation in the Jewish Chronicle to a simple reception at the Jubilee Hall in Leeds, was as much an occasion as any peacetime wedding might have been. Nevertheless, without the assistance of Elsie's many Leeds friends, who contributed food coupons for the occasion, even the simple reception might not have taken place, such were the stringencies of the times. We were married in the Chapeltown Road Synagogue by Rabbi Isaac Cohen who subsequently became Chief Rabbi of Eire, whilst our own Rabbi, Barnet I. Cohen, made a hazardous journey from Sheffield on icy roads to join in the ceremony. Our one night honeymoon at the Majestic Hotel in Harrogate was memorable because of the freezing cold, and the following morning I remember buying Rosemary some expensive as it seemed then, high fur lined boots which she wore for many years afterwards. We came back to Sheffield that evening to be greeted with an air raid warning which necessitated me going out on police duty, and leaving Rosemary on her own in the flat in

Montgomery Road which we temporarily occupied because we had to wait for possession of the house we had bought.

Sheffield had been bombed heavily in December 1940 necessitating my father, my sister Edna and me moving out of our family home in Montgomery Road, and temporarily living with Maisie and Harry in Ringinglow Road, and it was fortunate that we had come across a small detached house, with four bedrooms, at the top of Bents Road, just round the corner from the home of Maisie and Harry. We had already seen other houses in the area, one in particular in Dobcroft Road, which we liked, but considered the price of £1,750 for it too high (many years later we saw it sold for £50,000). Instead we opted for the house in Bents Road for £950. It was a comfortable, but small house, which we stretched as much as possible by converting the loft into an extra bedroom/playroom, and we spent there very happily the first 12 years of our married life. When in 1952, we moved to 276 Ecclesall Road South, it proved to be an ideal family home, but not until after a certain amount of alteration, still restricted by post war conditions. In this respect Rosemary was able to use her flair for practicality and artistry to advantage. Five bedrooms on one floor, and a spacious loft which we later converted to an occasional bedroom, a nursery/study, lounge and dining room onto which we eventually built a large sun room with a sliding roof so that it could be converted to a Succah - a garage for four cars, and a garden which was manageable by Rosemary with a little outside help - made our present house comfortable and easy to run, and even now when the only permanent occupants are Rosemary and myself, all the bedrooms are used when our children and grandchildren and Grandy come to stay.

Our home has been the venue of innumerable family gatherings, and when cousins from abroad have arrived to spend a few days, and sometimes longer with us, we have always arranged get togethers with as many members of the family as possible. Our photographic record of these occasions are to be found in family albums all over the world.

Shabbat, Yom Tov, and in particular, the Sederim and Rosh

Hashanah have been occasions for our table to be filled with family, friends and often strangers to Sheffield, who have always found a ready welcome with us.

When our daughters were teenagers we had frequent Shabbat lunches for Jewish University students and graduates, and with some of these, firm friendships were formed. We have, over the years, visited families in Australia and Canada, U.S.A. and Israel, who enjoyed the hospitality of our home, and who were delighted to have the opportunity of reciprocating. Even to-day we continue with Shabbat lunches for students, and if not with quite the same frequency as when our daughters were at home, we still enjoy these occasions. It says much for Rosemary's immense organising ability, and expertise in expertly catering for large numbers, that she still takes such work in her stride. Apart from family, friends and students, we have, in consequence of our communal activities, found ourselves called upon to entertain orthodox visitors to Sheffield from time to time, and it is sad to think that so many of those guests are no more. The names of Rabbi Kopul Rosen, Professor Norman Bentwich, Professor Sukenik, Maurice Roston, spring to mind in this respect. During the period that our community was searching for a minister and rabbi, we entertained a succession of Rabbanim, as well as some with other qualifications, and the decision of the Rev. and Mrs. Brysh to come to our community - an appointment which, over the years, proved to be such a successful one, was we were subsequently told, in no small way due to the favourable impression they gained when they were our guests.

Both our children have birthdays, which, from time to time, occur during Passover - Elizabeth in fact being born on the second night of Passover 1948, and so when she was 21, we organised for her a memorable 21st party during Chol Hamoed, the catering for which remains one of Rosemary's remarkable culinary achievements, whilst Elsie's matzah puddings were a sensation. On another occasion Elizabeth's birthday fell on the second Seder evening, and our gathering, amongst which were several students, included one whose birthday also occurred that

evening, Linda Fisher, with whom Elizabeth subsequently shared a flat in Manchester during her university days.

Especially during the period when I was a Warden in the Synagogue, I was bringing home regularly for Friday night and Shabbat lunch, strangers to Sheffield, and one young man, a U.S.A. post-graduate, Paul Jacobson, who came home in this way in the first instance one Rosh Hoshanah, subsequently became a regular visitor - Jill became a pen friend of his sister, eventually visiting her in the U.S.A., whilst we also spent an interesting Shabbat with his parents, Rabbi and Mrs. Jacobson in Haverhill, where the Rabbi ministered to the requirements of a community of all shades of observance.

Our Silver Wedding celebrations were marked by the bringing together of some 120 cousins from all over the country and abroad, who sat down to lunch in a marquee which had been erected in the garden. We followed it with a reception to our many friends in the community.

Fifteen years later, in February 1981, we were fortunate to be able to celebrate our Ruby Wedding with a similar celebration at Kingfield Hall, and again we were able to bring together members of the family from all sides, including some very young members who we hope to see carrying on the family interest. It has, of course, not been entirely one way traffic as far as family occasions are concerned, and we have always made a point of doing our utmost to attend family simchot even though it has not always been easy to do so, especially as sometimes quite complicated arrangements have had to be made to ensure that Shabbat rules were strictly observed. When Margaret's son, Julian, was Barmitzvah, we were fortunate that there was a first class hotel within easy walking distance of Margaret's and the Synagogue, and in consequence, the arrangements were relatively simple. Rather more complicated were the arrangements we made to attend the Barmitzvah of Lord Morris's son, Jonathan. Again however, we were fortunate in finding a first class hotel near the Synagogue. For Friday night we brought down an excellent repast from home, and indeed entertained Cora and Elsie in our

room in the hotel in a traditional manner, whilst the next day we were entertained by Edna and Robert to lunch after Kiddush at the Synagogue, which was within walking distance of their flat, but in the opposite direction from the hotel and the synagogue. We were subsequently able to attend the Barmitzvah party in the evening after Shabbat without any complications.

When, in September 1979, we attended the wedding of Barbara Gervis in Washington it was because of a promise I had made to her when she had been staying with us, that if she became engaged to a nice Jewish boy then we would make every effort to come to the wedding. One day a surprise telephone call from Barbara announced the glad tidings and I kept my promise. To do so again, made for some complicated arrangements. The wedding was to take place in Washington, where Barbara and her fiancé had met, and the respective families had all planned to stay at the Hyatt - a first class hotel a few yards from the Capitol, but nowhere near any kind of synagogue. The one to which I wanted to go was some three and a half miles away, and everybody told me I would be crazy to think of walking - after all, who walks anyway! I certainly accepted the fact that to go on Friday night would not be sensible, and Rosemary organised Friday night in our room as she has done on numerous previous occasions. Saturday morning however, I set off for the synagogue, and found it a most interesting walk past the White House, and eventually to the orthodox synagogue in a part of Washington where the old buildings, including the synagogue, are now being preserved. The walk back passed quickly, and the family greeted me with amazement that I had actually been so adventurous. After Shabbat, we joined in a party at an interesting venue in suburban Washington, and the following morning the fun really started - photographs - the signing of the Ketubah, of which I was delighted to be a signatory - the wedding ceremony, an orthodox one - in a special room in the hotel - the subsequent reception, lunch and dancing at which Rosemary and I were a sensation with our demonstration of the Charleston, the many friends of the family we met, all of whom we found so genuinely welcoming,

made us feel that our effort had really been worth while. We certainly knew that Estelle (Barbara's mother) and Barbara, appreciated our attendance.

In the same vein we were glad to be able to attend the wedding of one of our Israeli cousins. When we had seen Rhon Keren with his girlfriend in January 1981 - we had jokingly told him that if he decided to marry such a nice girl we would come to the wedding. Rhon, a pilot in the Israeli Air Force, and a very taciturn young man, did indeed become engaged to Tirza, and when we received an invitation to the wedding, we were fortunate that it was at a time when we could conveniently arrange to be there. The wedding took place at the family kibbutz, Hatserim where Rhon's father, Zvi Keren, had been a founder member. Our family and friends came from all over Israel with representatives from the U.S.A., South Africa and ourselves from England, to add to the occasion which was a truly memorable one, and again one where Ruti (Rhon's mother) particularly appreciated our having made the effort to come. We look forward to being able to participate in many more family simchot.

In the meantime, we have the satisfaction of seeing our children with kosher homes, following our example of traditional hospitality, and a keen interest in the family.

Sadly, my dear mother, who passed away in 1941 at the age of 62, and Rosemary's dear father, who passed away in 1936 at the age of 56, never knew their grandchildren, but my dear father fortunately, was able to enjoy the pleasure of knowing both my children and Edna's children, if only in their early years.

Elsie, meanwhile, at the age of 90, has seen two of her three grandchildren married, and already enjoys the pleasure of great grandchildren, to whom she is known, as she was to our children, as 'Grandy'. May she long continue to enjoy that pleasure.

GENEALOGY

My interest in our family tree goes back over many years, for amongst Jews generally the family plays an important part in our way of life, so it is not altogether surprising that as I grew up I wanted to find out more about my forbears, especially as my Hebrew teacher had one day said to me when I was proving to be a somewhat reluctant pupil "Remember that your ancestors were famous learned rabbis and that one was even a king."

Whilst our links with the rabbinical line of Katzenellenbogen are tenuous, they are there, and when on a visit to New York our nephew Dr. David Halle drew my attention to the book 'The Unbroken Chain' which had just been published and which had received a good deal of favourable publicity in the New York press, it led to our meeting both the publisher and the author, Dr. Neil Rosenstein, himself a Katzenellenbogen descendant. The vast amount of information Neil had collected opened up an enormous genealogical field, and has led to a close friendship between us which our regular visits to New York have helped to maintain.

Interest in the family and the fact that it has spread all over the world has linked well with the extensive travels I have been fortunate enough to make from my youth, first visiting Germany in 1929, Palestine in 1937 and U.S.A. in 1938, meeting relations as part of the reasons for travelling to those countries. Whilst the Katzenellenbogen/Phillips/Barnett (my mother's family) are the most documented, the Postawelsky/Sternfield (my father's family) are the ones who established roots in Palestine and make up a substantial number of those with whom we are in regular contact in the U.S.A. It was not until after the 1939–45 war that our frequent visits to Israel and U.S.A. began, and family

connections were established there and as far afield as Australia and New Zealand.

It is however in the Italian city of Padua that my genealogical story really starts.

It was the centre of learning in the Middle Ages, and the Chief Rabbis of Padua were amongst the foremost scholars. There were many thriving Jewish communities in Italy at that time, and Padua was one of the most famous, in no small way due to the scholarship and activities of the Katzenellenbogen family. The name itself has interesting origins – it is derived from the locality of Katzenellenbogen in the Prussian province of Hesse Nassau. In 1312 Count Dietler received permission from Emperor Henry VIII to keep twelve Jews there, and Ludwig the Bavarian in 1330 allowed Count Wilhelm and his heirs to keep twenty-four Jews in their dominions, and it is from a book 'The Bohmer Register' in the Wiener library that much information on these Jews can be found.

Isaac of Katzenellenbogen, born there in 1445, had a son Meir, born there too in 1482, and he, after becoming a rabbi some twenty-five years later, made his way to Italy, going first to Venice and subsequently to Padua where he became Chief Rabbi. He died there in 1565. In Padua to-day there is only a small Jewish community, but they still maintain a rabbi, synagogue and cemeteries. On a visit with our daughters in 1961 the rabbi took us to one of the ancient cemeteries where we were surprised to find amongst the knee high nettles that in a sea of very old and illegible memorial stones one stood out as having been recently restored. Here lay buried three successive Chief Rabbis of Padua, all Katzenellenbogens. Rabbi Meir, d. 1565, Rabbi Samuel Judah, d. 1596 and Rabbi Saul Wahl, born in Padua in 1545, d. 1617, who at one period had been elected temperorary King of Poland. The money for the restoration of the stone had come from a Brazilian member of the family by the name of Wahl who, visiting like ourselves had been shocked at the state of the memorial.

The story of Saul Wahl is documented in the Jewish Encyclopedia, and is well known to most members of the family –

it is as follows: Prince Nicholas Radziwill, surnamed the Black, who lived in the sixteenth century, desiring to do penance for the many atrocities he had committed whilst a young man, undertook a pilgrimage to Rome in order to consult the Pope as to the best means of expiating his sins. The Pope advised him to dismiss all his servants and to lead for a few years the life of a wandering beggar. After the expiration of the period prescribed, Radziwill found himself destitute and penniless in the city of Padua, Italy. His appeals for help were heeded by nobody, and his story of being a prince was received with scorn and ridicule. He finally decided to appeal to Samuel Judah Katzenellenbogen, the Rabbi of Padua. The latter received him with marked respect, treated him very kindly, and furnished him with ample means of returning to his native country in a manner befitting his rank. When the time came for his departure the prince asked the Rabbi how he could repay him for his kindness. The Rabbi then gave him a picture of his son Saul, who years before, had left for Poland, and asked the Prince to try and find the boy in one of the many yeshivot of that country.

The Prince did not forget the request. Upon his return to Poland he visited every yeshiva in the land, until finally, he discovered Saul in that of Brest-Litovak. He was so captivated by the brilliancy and depth of Saul's intellect that he took him to his own castle, provided for all his wants, and supplied him with all possible means for study and investigation. The noblemen who visited Radziwill's court marvelled at the wisdom and learning of the young Jew, and thus the fame of Saul spread throughout the country. When King Bathori died in 1586, the people of Poland were divided into two factions, the Zamaikis and the Zborowakis. There were quite a number of candidates for the throne, but with the contending parties, they could agree upon none. There existed at that time a law in Poland, which stipulated that the throne might not remain unoccupied for any length of time, and that in case the electors could not agree upon a candidate, an outsider should be appointed 'rex pro tempora' (temporary king). This honour was then offered to Radziwill, but he refused saying

that there was a man who belonged to neither party, and who in wisdom and goodness was far superior to anyone else he knew. That man possessed only one very slight shortcoming, and if the Diet would make his election unanimous, he Radziwill, would acquaint it with his name. Accordingly, Saul's name was solemnly proposed, and amid great enthusiasm and shouts of 'Long Live King Saul!' Wahl was elected to this high office. The name 'Wahl' was given him from the German word 'wahl' (election). Traditions disagree as to the length of his reign. Some state that he ruled for one night only, others make it a few days. All, however, are agreed that Saul succeeded in passing a number of very wise laws, and among them some that tended to ameliorate the condition of the Jews in Poland. Although this story cannot be supported by any historical data, it gained a firm place in the belief of the people. Saul had a son, Meir, who became a Rabbi in Brest-Litovsk where he died in 1631. He, in turn, had a son Samuel, who also became a Rabbi and had two children, a son Moses, and a daughter Esther who married Phineas Phillips of Krotoschin, a city in the Duchy of Posen. Phineas Phillips himself was an interesting personality – a wise and prosperous merchant who had entry to the court of the King of Prussia – was provided with safe conduct passes which enabled him to travel widely and who, in 1775, came to London, eventually to settle there.

Phineas Phillips' daughter Rebecca married my great-great-grandfather Rabbi Issachar Baier, who became known as Barnett when he came to England in 1805. He brought with him his son Aryeh Leb born in Krotoschin in 1797, who was my maternal great-grandfather, and who, after marrying in London in 1817, went back to Krotoschin to study, returning to England in 1835. He had become a very learned Rabbi whose knowledge was quickly appreciated by the Chief Rabbi of England at that time, Rabbi Solomon Herschell – himself a descendant of the Katzenellenbogen family. He was immediately appointed a Dayan (a judge) of the Beth Din, the Jewish Court of Law, a position he occupied for some 35 years until his death in London in 1878.

My great-grandfather Rabbi Barnett, played a prominent part in London Jewish Religious affairs between the years 1835 until 1873 when he retired. It was a time of emancipation of the Jews in this country from a religious minority to a group who, once permitted to play a full part in the general life of the country, have amply showed in public service the benefits which could accrue to that country when the disabilities imposed on them had been removed. In this respect my family have played their part - two Lord Mayors of London, Sir Samuel Phillips and his son Sir George Faudel Phillips, statesmen - Lord Pirbright and Leslie Hoare Belisha of Belisha Beacon fame, Lord Burnham whose father Joseph Levy founded the Daily Telegraph and made it the first penny newspaper - Professor Herbert Hart, and coming nearer home Member of Parliament Harry Morris (Lord Morris of Kenwood) and my own sister Dr. Maisie Glass J.P. have taken an active part in the civic and communal life of the city of Sheffield.

To return to my great-grandfather Rabbi Aryah Leb Barnett, it was due to the genealogical interest shown by his grandson Lionel Barnett, born in Liverpool in 1871, who achieved considerable academic success and became Keeper of Oriental Books and Manuscripts at the British Museum for many years, that my efforts to trace the family were able to progress as well as they did. I well recall visiting Lionel at his office in the British Museum when he was already in his 84th year and finding him busily mopping up a bottle of red ink which he had spilled over his papers. The mishap had not upset his remarkable equanimity, and I subsequently entertained him to lunch, gathering some of the information which I have been able to incorporate into my story. Lionel's son, my cousin Dr. Richard Barnett C.B.E., who retired from the British Museum a few years ago where he had been Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, shares my interest in genealogy, and we exchange information whenever possible.

Rabbi Barnett had ten children, of whom my grandmother was one. It is related in the family that each of the daughters, on their marriage, received a dowry of £150 from Nathan Rothschild, the founder of the Rothschild dynasty in this country. Nathan

Rothschild was a member of the Great Synagogue in London, where my great-grandfather was the Rabbi, and a close personal friendship developed, the tangible appreciation being shown for the rabbi's wise counsel. Rabbi Barnett's children scattered - one family finally settling in New Zealand, and playing a considerable part in the founding of that country. When, in 1978, Rosemary and I were in New Zealand with nothing to guide us except the name of my great uncle who had settled there, we eventually found the family, and we gathered enough information from them to write a story on its own. One member, Sir Louis Barnett, was knighted for his work in the field of cancer research, and was at one time President of the British Medical Association. Regrettably, none of the family there are any longer Jews - they have intermarried, and one family are now Mormons.

Although I have been able to make contact, and indeed meet, many of the descendants of the families of which Lionel Barnett made me aware, the whereabouts of some still elude me - Aryeh Leb's daughter Deborah, who married her Uncle David, Esther, the daughter who married Philip Grzimish, and brother Raphael, who was a minister/shochet in Liverpool between 1840 and 1875, and who according to my information had married a Bertha Levin from Sheffield in 1838. Perhaps one day my continued researches in these respects will prove fruitful.

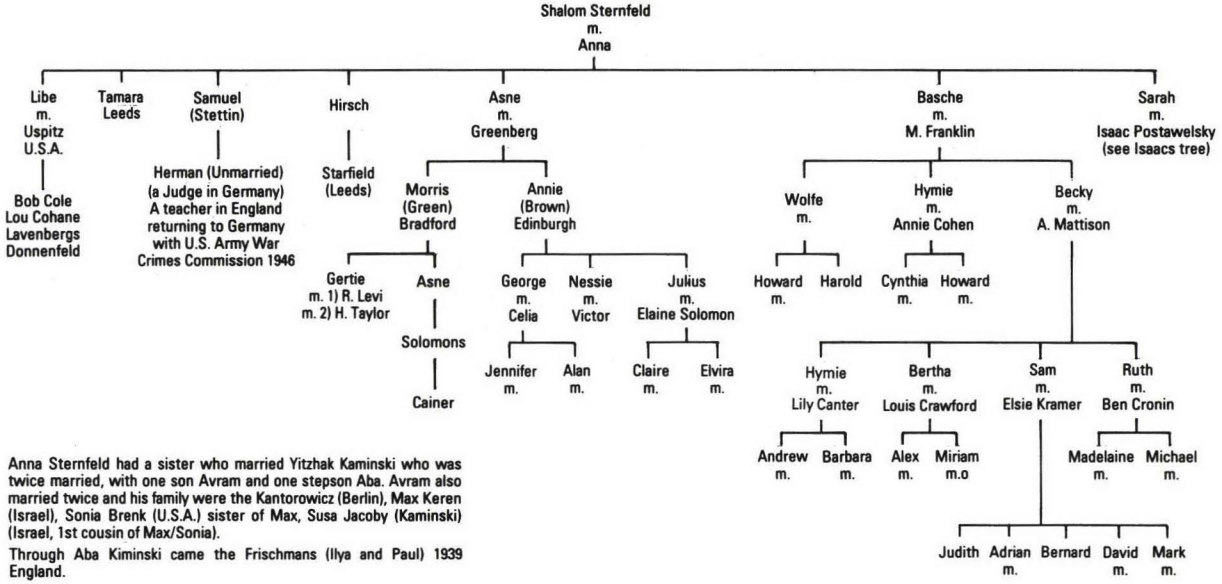
In the search for knowledge of my great grandfather's activities as a dayan in London I found it aggravating that the records of the Beth Din during the major part of the time he was active had disappeared from London, and were in fact to be found in the archives of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York. Recently, through the good offices of Dr. M. Schmelzer at the Seminary, I was able to obtain a photocopy of these records. I was delighted to be able to read the name of my great-grandfather as one of the Dayanim signing so many of the adjudications. It was also in New York in the Jewish Section of the Public Library that I found a copy of 'Ohel Issachar' which my great-great-grandfather had written, and which was published in Altona in 1826. The front page of the book contains a genealogical tree of its own which

serves to confirm the details of my early researches, whilst the names of those who subscribed to the cost of publication make interesting reading, and again confirm the family connection between the author and his patrons. I was fortunate in having my old friend Dr. Moses Friedlander to read the photocopy I obtained, and to provide me with an admirable English précis of the contents which he found to be poetical and rewarding.

A particularly interesting branch of the family are the Faudel Phillips. My great-great-grandfather had married, as I mentioned earlier, Rebecca, the daughter of Phineas Phillips. Rebecca had a brother Samuel, one of whose children was Sir Benjamin Phillips, and so was a first cousin of my great-grandfather Rabbi Barnett. Benjamin Phillips married a Miss Faudel, and subsequently a business was established in London by Benjamin Phillips and Henry Faudel which became known as Faudel Phillips and which remained in existence as an independent company until a few years ago, when it was taken over. Benjamin Phillips became Lord Mayor of London in 1866, and was knighted for his services to the country. Amongst his business activities was the founding of the Union Castle Steamship Line, but it was for his work for charitable causes that he preferred to be known. In 1898 his son Sir George was also Lord Mayor of London, and indeed he was in office at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and in books published about this momentous event there are descriptions of him meeting the Queen on her arrival in procession at the City, and having difficulty mounting his horse, and the Queen being very appreciative of a bouquet of orchids presented to her by Lady Phillips.

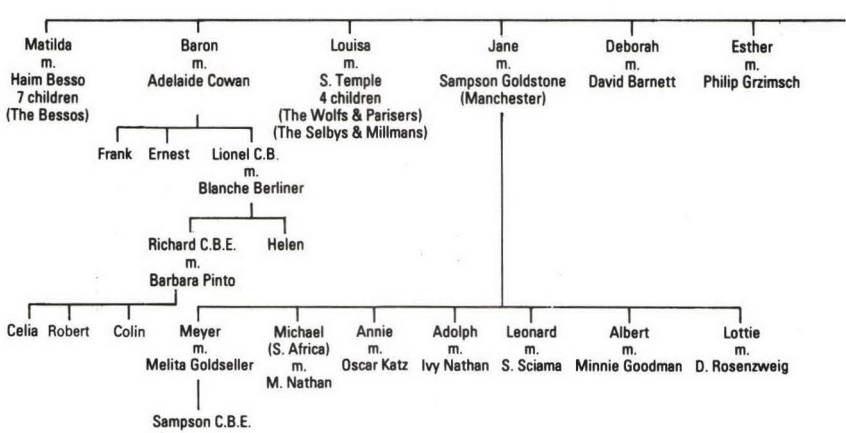
Sir George followed very much in the footsteps of his father, both as a business man and as a worker for good causes. In the county of Hertford where the family estate, Balls Park, still remains, but belonging to the city of Hertford and housing a college, much is written in the city archives of the Faudel Phillips family, and I must say that I felt quite proud when visiting Hertford recently to find how much they had been appreciated there.

FAMILY TREE OF JULIUS ISAACS
1872-1954
(Maternal)



Anna Sternfeld had a sister who married Yitzhak Kaminski who was twice married, with one son Avram and one stepson Aba. Avram also married twice and his family were the Kantorowicz (Berlin), Max Keren (Israel), Sonia Brenk (U.S.A.) sister of Max, Susa Jacoby (Kaminski) (Israel, 1st cousin of Max/Sonia).

Through Aba Kiminski came the Frischmans (Ilya and Paul) 1939 England.


Matilda
m.
Haim Besso
7 children
(The Bessos)
Baron
m.
Adelaide Cowan
Frank
Ernest
Lionel C.B.
m.
Blanche Berliner
Richard C.B.E.
m.
Barbara Pinto
Helen
Louisa
m.
S. Temple
4 children
(The Wolfs & Parisers)
(The Selbys & Millmans)
Jane
m.
Sampson Goldstone
(Manchester)
Deborah
m.
David Barnett
Esther
m.
Philip Grzimsch
Celia
Robert
Colin
Meyer
m.
Melita Goldseller
Sampson C.B.E.
Michael
(S. Africa)
m.
M. Nathan
Annie
m.
Oscar Katz
Adolph
m.
Ivy Nathan
Leonard
m.
S. Sciama
Albert
m.
Minnie Goodman
Lottie
m.
D. Rosenzweig

The Phillips line is now extinct, although there are many descendants on the female side, and during 1979 I set out to track down as many as possible. The experiences were most interesting, and whilst again regrettably none were any longer Jews, all wanted to know more of their Jewish background.

Julian Sheffield showed me, at his fascinating country home in Laverstoke, where the family paper mill makes bank note paper for many countries of the world, a number of items which his grandfather, Sir Lionel Faudel Phillips, had given him, including his great-grandfather's beautifully engraved gold pocket watch. He also had some items which were gifts from Queen Mary, a frequent visitor to Balls Park, where she shared her interest in antiques with Sir Lionel, and where the rose garden still carries her name. Julian was also the proud owner of a recently acquired Tudor portrait of a patriarchal ancestor who had commanded a ship against the Spanish Armada.

Another Phillips descendant, Francis Tufton, himself of Jewish birth, but whose father the Hon. Charles Tufton, a son of Lord Hothfield, had his children baptised, was keenly interested in his Jewish origins. A visit to the Tufton country home proved to be a very worthwhile experience. There in the drawing room were large pastel portraits in oval gold frames of his mother's older sisters and brother, children of Sir George Faudel Phillips, whilst in the entrance hall were Tudor portraits of his famous ancestress, Anne Clifford, who owned four castles in the North of England, two of which still remain - Skipton and Appleby

Francis is currently engaged on research into the family of Joseph Levy, his great-grandfather, whose daughter had married Sir George Faudel Phillips. Joseph Levy was, as I have already mentioned, the founder of the Daily Telegraph.

Yet another Phillips descendant, Rayworth Faudel Heycock, a retired civil servant now farming in Essex, showed us portraits hanging in his study of his maternal great-grandparents, Sir Benjamin and Lady Phillips. He had inherited many of the family papers from his aunt, Lady Pirbright, and he allowed me to borrow and photocopy many letters of great interest. As well as

possessing his aunt's Sabbath candelsticks he had a magnificent jade urn, acquired by his father, who was in the diplomatic service, and had been in Peking at the time of the Boxer rebellion.

As a means of furthering my researches I obtained a copy of Sir Benjamin Phillips' will – a remarkable document which led me to make contact with Joseph Pollitzer, a direct Phillips descendant immensely interested in genealogy. It required no little effort eventually to meet him at his Cotswold estate, but he proved to be most willing to communicate, had a comprehensive family tree, and provided me with much information. He also encouraged me to become a "Friend" of the Jewish Museum.

On another track, after much searching, I eventually unearthed two volumes of the set of Festival prayer books which the Jewish Chronicle obituary of Sir Benjamin Phillips had indicated had been published by his brother Maurice in 1826. I have had the bindings repaired and the books are now in very good condition. My efforts to trace the activities of Austin Cooper, referred to in the obituary as Sir Benjamin's actor brother, did not get past some slight information from the Theatre Museum records which showed that such a person appeared in various plays between 1856 – 1860, and that was all.

Turning to my grandparents on my maternal side, my grandfather Albert Hart had died in 1889 at a relatively early age, but I have in my possession two interesting indications of his orthodox religious observance – a small siddur which I was told he always carried with him on his travels, and another siddur which recorded in copy book Hebrew script the date of birth of his various children. I also have a letter which he had written to his daughter Mirry (Gaby's grandmother) shortly after her marriage to her cousin Caspar Lazarus and showing concern for her settling in a strange country (Germany) and concern over his own failing health. My grandmother, Adelaide Hart appears to have been the dominant member of the partnership, and although she spent the latter years of her life living with my parents, she passed away in 1912 when I was only two years old so I have regrettably no recollections of her.

Albert Hart had nine children, and I knew many of my aunts and uncles and have always been in touch with most of my cousins. Uncle Sim had established himself as a leading furrier in Harrogate, and he and Auntie Rose had an imposing home to which my sisters and I were invited to stay from time to time. Auntie Rose was a somewhat stern individual, and together with a stiff collared and starched nanny, did not make life any more pleasant for the children. Such discipline and sterness however was materially softened by the generosity of Uncle Sim, and we always enjoyed our visits to the pierrots on the Stray, and riding in the motor buses which would drop us at the family home. Of their children Albert became a very well known furrier in London, Reggie before he retired was the head of Clarks Shoes, Sybil was at I.C.I. and Herbert is currently Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford and Professor of Jurisprudence. He is a world authority in his field, and although he is not a religious Jew, he feels that his having a rabbinical background has played no little part in his ability to achieve the high position he occupies, and he enjoys being invited regularly to lecture in Isreal.

Uncle David I never met, but I did meet Auntie Violet on one occasion when I visited the house in Fitzjohns Avenue to call for Gaby when she first arrived as a refugee from Hitler. Of the cousins Madge, Boy (Louis) Freddy and Joyce, I came to know Freddy and Boy well in the years after the war. Boy, as head of Ansbacher's Bank was an interesting personality. We met many times at his office as business interests began to bring us together. It was sad that his health declined and he had to retire from his banking activities, but since he died I have been in close touch with one of his sons, Timmy, who with his wife runs an extremely successful country hotel on Rutland water. Madge and Joyce I only meet occasionally - Madge never married and has spent most of her working life with the BBC, and one often hears her name mentioned in connection with literary adaptations, whilst Joyce, in line with her brothers married out of the faith, and eventually owned a very nice hotel in the Lake District which we visited some years ago with the girls.

An adventurous member of the family, Uncle Alfred, decided to make his way to Australia where he already had an uncle, Philip Barnett, surviving a shipwreck on the way. He obtained a job as a clerk with a shipping company and they sent him on to New Zealand where there was another uncle, Alfred Barnett, and in due course to Singapore where he met and married Auntie Dinah. Although they did come to London in 1910 with the intention of making a home there, after two years they left again for the Far East and subsequently for New York. There they made their home and brought up their three children, Rose, Jeanette and David. I well remember Auntie Dinah's friendly hospitality when I was in New York in 1937, and I have always kept up a close friendship through visits and correspondence with these cousins.

Auntie Mirry, my mother's elder sister, was an aunt I came to know well. As I mentioned she married Caspar Lazarus and made her home in Berlin. He I never knew, but with my aunt I corresponded over many years, and saw her both in Berlin and London, and also in Sheffield. Her daughter Lottie was a favourite niece of my mother who had been at her weddding in Berlin. The first world war saw my aunt, who had retained her British nationality, her daughter and son-in-law living in Madrid in neutral Spain, where their daughter Gaby was born in 1914, returning to Germany after the war, only to be driven out by Hitler in the 1930's. After a sojourn in Turkey, they eventually settled in Portugal, and both Auntie Mirry and Gaby's parents are buried there, whilst Gaby, a widow without children, still lives in Lisbon, but pays us frequent and welcome visits. Recently she brought me a copy of my grandfather Hart's family tree, and although it is nothing like as extensive as that of the Barnett/ Phillips, it opened up a completely new range of connections to trace. Some years ago when in Zurich with Gaby I did meet an old lady of ninety who was a niece of my grandfather, and perhaps one day I will have the chance to find the U.S.A. family members who Gaby knows and I do not.

Uncle Bernard, who had married Becky Besso, and like his father was a capmaker, had made his home in Leeds where he had

come to know the Isaacs family who lived nearby. Uncle Bernard died suddenly at the age of 34, leaving Auntie Becky with a large family to bring up. The longevity of her children has been remarkable, and it was Gladys, now well into her 80's, who provided me with quite a lot of interesting family details, as also did her brother Bert, who we met for the first time when he was 90. It is with the youngest of that family, Tilly, who so closely resembles my dear mother, with whom I have remained in regular contact over the years. My mother's one unmarried sister Becky remained in London, but visited us from time to time, and I still have a copy of Robinson Crusoe which she gave me for one of my birthdays.

To come nearer home, two Jewish brothers Philip and Charles Bright, came to Sheffield in 1780, and became well known locally. A son of Charles (the late Maurice Bright) was the first Jew to be admitted to the Sheffield City Council in 1846 and did much good work for the city, unfortunately dying young. The stories of the flamboyant Horatio Bright, who died in Sheffield in 1902, are legion. The house he built as a shooting lodge at Moscar Top still remains - a family by the name of Wright own it to-day, and called to see me quite recently. It is opposite the mausoleum which Horatio built for his two wives who are buried there, and where he installed an organ after the death of his first wife which he regularly played. On the Crawshaw estate nearby which belonged to Charles Bright are the mausoleums of other members of the Bright family. There one can see a memorial tablet dedicated in 1892 by a Jewish minister from Manchester, and descendants of the Bright family are still to be found amongst several Jewish families in this country and Australia. My connection with the Bright family is indirect in that one of my Barnett cousins had married into a Liverpool family by the name of Solomon who were directly connected wth the Brights. One very wet Sunday in 1979 two of the descendants from Liverpool came over to Sheffield to be escorted by ourselves and David and Ena Brown to the Bright mausoleums at Moscar Top which are certainly a most interesting part of Sheffield Jewish history, and I would say of Sheffield

history generally.

Amongst my other cousinly connections Sampson Goldstone recently retired from heading the firm of Ward and Goldstone Ltd. in Salford, whose products are marketed world wide, playing an important part in the electrical industry, whilst another cousin, the late Sir Maurice Pariser, was knighted for his services to the city of Manchester.

Sampson Goldstone's father Meyer had acted as best man at my parent's wedding and prior to the founding of Ward and Goldstone Ltd. had himself been trained in watchmaking as was my father.

I was unsuccessful in contacting the Benas family of Liverpool, who were bankers. The sister of my great-grandfather had married her cousin Louis, and their son, Baron was born in 1844. Baron became a J.P. and a leading figure in Liverpool Jewish life as well as a benefactor of Jewish refugees from all over the world. He was a learned Jew, a linguist, an assiduous traveller, and President of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society. It much upset members of the family, that when his only son, Bertram died a bachelor in 1968, the Public Trustee claimed there were no descendants, and the very fine library which Richard Barnett, Sampson Goldstone and I would have been happy to have seen was quickly dispersed. Although the Public Trustee was contacted no satisfaction was received, and only one or two of the books were eventually traced to a bookseller in Manchester. Bertram B. Benas had been very active in Liverpool communal affairs, and was a highly respected figure attending regularly the Princes Road Synagogue and maintaining the pattern of orthodoxy set by his father.

However, he must have had some strange feeling as far as family connections were concerned, as in the student days of my sister Maisie, he had shown no interest, when she had met him at an I.U.J.F summer school and referred to the family connection, whilst in later years, on his 70th and 80th birthdays when I wrote to congratulate him, he chose to ignore the correspondence, and so when he passed away, a somewhat lonely figure, it was perhaps

not surprising that it appeared that he had no family connections.

Of my paternal great-grandparents, Leah and Abraham Postawelsky, I know very little except the information that my Auntie Anna passed to me that Abraham was a very religious man, and that his wife was known as Frume (orthodox) Leah. Of their children some emigrated to the U.S.A. from Russia, the males taking the name of Abrams - it is with the family of son Morris Abrams that we meet regularly to-day. Abe Abrams who sadly recently passed away, remained very much within the orthodox fold, as have his wife Fritzi, their children and grandchildren, and Abe had been responsible for providing me with the very extensive list of Abrams, Levines, Friedmans, Hackmans and Brodys who are all in the U.S.A. and are part of the Postawelsky line. Two of my great-grandfather's sons however remained in Russia, namely my grandfather Isaac, and Jacob, grandfather of Lori Gittleson of New Rochelle who we meet every year in New York.

It is with the family of my grandfather Isaac Postawelsky that we have maintained the closest contact although they are scattered throughout the U.S.A., Israel and Great Britain. Isaac married Sarah Sternfeld which resulted in the link in England and Scotland between Isaacs/Brown/Mattison/Franklin/Green/Starfield. When the eldest of my grandfather's children, Henry, came to England in 1875, he took the name of Isaacs and settled first in Manchester and then in Leeds where he already had an uncle on the Starfield side. My father Julius followed some ten years later, also taking the Isaacs name. The brothers were both watchmakers and eventually built up successful businesses in Leeds and Sheffield. Close friendships were always maintained between my father's cousins Annie Brown and Maurice Green - brother and sister - Hymie and Wolf Franklin and their sister Becky Mattison, Connie and Etta Starfield and their families, most remaining within the Jewish fold. George Brown became an eminent surgeon and received from the Queen the Freedom of the city of Salford.

Isaac's sons Samuel and Saul emigrated to the U.S.A. taking

the name of Post and daughter Esther married Samuel Friedman and had four children. Unfortunately both parents died when the children were very young, and they were brought up by daughter Anna (Auntie Anna) who, although thrice married, had no children, and raised her sister's children as her own, eventually also emigrating to the U.S.A. Auntie Anna was a truly matriarchal type and a remarkable woman who remained alert in mind and active until she died at the age of 94. We knew her well in her later life when she had settled in Isael, visiting her every year, when she always had a sheaf of newspaper cuttings about England on which she wanted to hear my opinions. She was very critical of her older sister Basche, who had also eventually emigrated to Israel in 1933 from Königsberg as a widow with her grown-up children Kolef and Leah and their families. Auntie Basche was a quiet retiring person and in Königsberg had been known as a lady bountiful for the many kindly acts she performed for the sick and needy, but unlike her sister Anna, who always dressed so fashionably, she invariably favoured black with perhaps just a touch of white. I have fond recollections of both of them as well as Auntie Hertha, the childless widow of Herman, my father's handsome youngest brother, who had remained in Königsberg in the family fur business. Hertha was a very likeable aunt and endeared herself to us not only with her jolly manner, but with her speciality of a most delectable marzipan from which she supplemented her income when she joined the rest of the family in Israel. I remember that even when we visited her in hospital during her last illness, she still joked with us.

With Uncle Henry's family in Leeds we have always maintained a close association, indeed my father and mother met in consequence of the friendship between Uncle Henry's family and my mother's brother Bernard Hart and his wife Becky (Besso) who lived nearby and had children of similar ages to those of Uncle Henry and Auntie Gusta.

Auntie Gusta was another matriarchal figure, and managed the domestic side of the large Isaacs household extremely well. Regrettably she passed away at a relatively early age. Some years



Dayan Arye Leb Barnett
My great-grandfather
1798-1878



Albert Hart
My grandfather
1823-1889



Matilda (Tillie) Hart
My mother
1875-1942



Julius Isaacs
My father
1872-1954



Isaac and Sarah Postawelsky surrounded by their children and grandchildren
Stallupunen approx 1898



Wedding of Julius Isaacs and Tillie Hart. Bradford, June 1901
Back row, l to r: Annie Baker, David and Violet Hart, Bernard Hart, Gusta and Henry Isaacs, Rose Hart, Becky Hart, Mirry Lazarus, Sim Hart —
Seated, l to r: Isaac Postawelsky, Becky Hart (Besso), Adelaide Hart, Julius and Tille Isaacs, Melita and Meyer Goldstone
Children: Hilda Isaacs, Lottie Lazarus, Lutz Isaacs, Bernard and Hyam Hart —



Wedding of Teddy Isaacs and Rosemary Hurwitz. Leeds, February 2nd 1941.
Back row: Flo Morris, Annie Martin, Lutz, Gerald and Brian Isaacs, Bert Isaacs, Robert and Edna Halle, Michael Howard, Maisie and Harry Glass, Anne Wigoder, Ellis Hurwitz
Front row: Julius Isaacs, Auntie Fanny, Bridesmaid Estelle Senior, Best Man Maurice Lewis, Teddy and Rosemary, Bridesmaid Shirley Wilmot, Elsie, Minnie Hurwitz



101 Club Garden Road, Sheffield
Birthplace of Maisie (1902) and
Phyllis (1904)



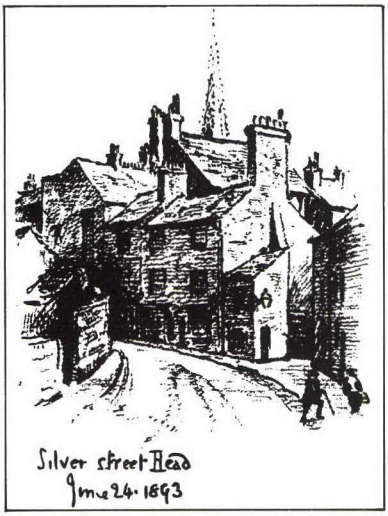
303 Abbeydale Road, Sheffield
My birthplace (1910)



12 Albany Road, Sheffield
Edna's birthplace (1916)



276 Ecclesall Road South, Sheffield
Rosemary's and my home since 1952



Silver Street Head
First place of business



6 Campo Lane
Second business premises



Julius Isaacs Staff 1951
Back row: Arnold Spencer, Harold Singleton, Jim Leeming, Michael Howard, Ken Lievesley
Front row: Alec Bools, Teddy and Julius Isaacs, Walter Bird



Henry Isaacs with his children and grandchildren, 1924
Back row: Bert Isaacs, Harry Morris, Sol Hurwitz, Lutz Isaacs
Front row: Flo, Annie with Brian, Henry with Gerald and Rosemary, Elsie with Michael, Anna



Dedication of Anne Wigoder Forest, Adullam, Israel, 1965
Zvi, Ruti, Rhon and Yael, Liz, Miri, Yftach, Nechama, Siva, Lea, Sonia, Elsie, Jill, Kolef, Rosemary, Teddy



June 1950
One of many family parties at Maisie's for Cousin Tillie Bernstein
Back row: Rosemary, Maisie, Ettie Starfield, Teddy, Edna, Robert Halle, Lutz
Front row: Auntie Fanny, Essie, Nancy, Leon and Frances, Connie Starfield and Liz, Elsie and Jill, Annie Lutz, Julius and Tillie



Teddy and Cousin fellow archivist Dr. Richard Barnett, 1978



15th December, 1968
Visit of Chief Rabbi Sir I. Jacobovits to Sheffield Hebrew Education Board
Back row: Harold Simons, Cyril Cantor, Howard Boyers, Bernard Hyman, Brian Matthews, Joyce Flowers, Dorothy Fleming, Lily Hyman, Edwy Goodman, Paul Flowers, Harry Robinson, Jos Smith, Eric Finestone, Sol Rosenberg, Bernard Miller, Bernard Cohen
Front row: President Teddy Isaacs, Rabbi I. Chait, Chief Rabbi Sir I. Jacobovits, Director of Education Dr. Moses Friedlander



Visit of Lord Janner and Prof. and Mrs Lieberman for meeting on Soviet Jewery, June 21st 1970
Back row: Mrs. Lieberman, Rev. Brysh, Sol Rosenberg, Teddy, Prof. Lieberman, Dr. Friedlander, Armin Krausz, Mrs. Brysh
Front row: Mrs. Chait, Rabbi Chait, Lord Janner, Mrs. Krausz



Maisie and Harry Glass, Rosemary and Teddy, Edna and Robert Halle
Edna as President of Paddington Inner Wheel,
Dorchester Hotel, London, February 22nd, 1971



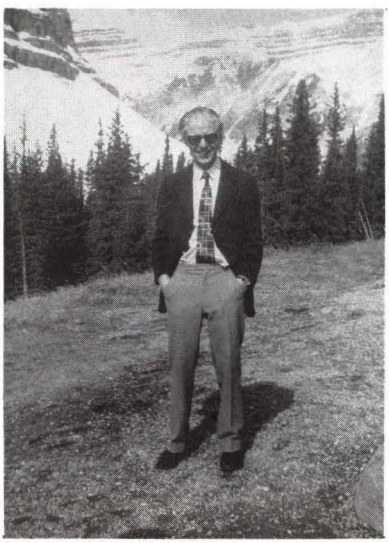
Hospital Sunday, 1977
Rev. Brysh, the Lord Mayor, and Lady Mayoress Councillor R. Munn and Mrs Munn,
Rosemary and Teddy



The Rainbow Room, New York, with Dorothy and Gerry Friedman, 1972



With David Halle, New York, 1975



The Rockies, 1977



Grindelwald, Switzerland, 1962

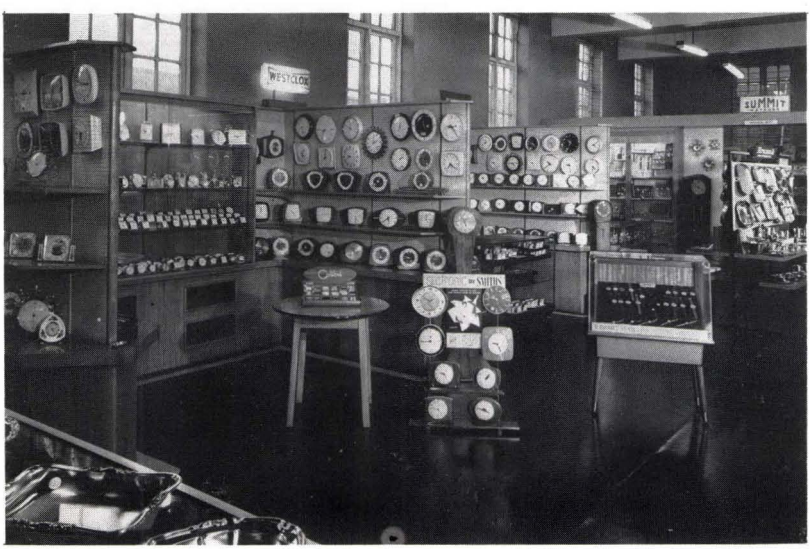


September 1983. Taken at 276 Ecclesall Road South before Liz and Terry's departure for Israel

Back row l to r: David and Robert Shaw, Harry Glass, Teddy, Terry Morris
Seated: Liz, Elsie, Sybil Howard, Maisie, Jill, Rosemary
Children: Adam Morris, Rachel Shaw, Debbie Morris, Julia Shaw



At the Swiss Industries Fair, Basle, April 1973
L to r: L. Wiseman, A. Bools, M. Howard, E. Isaacs, R. Burkinshaw, N. Churchill, J. Winter and A. Lievesley



A view of part of the showroom at Summit House, Nursery Street, Sheffield

later Uncle Henry married Auntie Fanny, who had been his housekeeper, a very charming and efficient lady.

As to Uncle Henry's children, the marriage of his eldest daughter Hilda to Sol Goodman had been assisted through the good offices of my parents, and through Hilda's long life (she died at 85, Sol died at 63) we corresponded often and met both in England and eventually in California where Hilda's family has lived now for many years. It was through the marriage of Hilda to Sol Goodman that we have a connection with the Laitner family to whom Hilda became an aunt.

Anne, who had married Harry Wigoder, had no children and went to live in Dublin, but later settled in Sheffield after the death of her husband. Similarly Flo, who married Harry Morris - the first Lord Morris of Kenwood - settled in Sheffield, but spent her last years in London after Harry died, whilst in recent years Elsie Hurwitz, my mother-in-law as well as a cousin, who has been a widow for over 40 years, became another member of the Leeds family to emigrate, via London, to Sheffield.

Uncle Henry's sons Lutz (Lucien) and Bert remained in Leeds, Lutz marrying Annie Berg. Bert married late in life, a widow Kitty Berg. He was a very debonair but taciturn personality who like his brother Lutz I came to know very well, in part because of our business associations.

All the details of the descendants of Uncle Henry's family, their marriages and children, can be found on the family tree, suffice it to say that when Rosemary and I celebrated first our Silver Wedding in 1966 and then our Ruby Wedding in 1981, over one hundred cousins joined us on those occasions.

I must record my thanks to my cousin Ilya Frischman who came to England with his brother at the start of World War II, and became an eminent orthodontist in London before retiring to Brighton. He has found much material on the European towns and villages where our families lived - Stallupünen, Wischtyten and Eydtkuhnen have come to life at last.

I feel I have now served the purpose of my original intention of making my children aware of their antecedents, but hopefully

other members of the family will also read this account. From the genealogical angle there is still much I want to do, and I look forward to being able to pursue my efforts when I eventually retire.

COMMUNAL ACTIVITIES

It has always been my contention that no-one becomes involved with communal work unless they want to do so. That statement was certainly correct in my case, and when, in 1947 I was invited to become General Secretary of the Education Board, I was very happy to accept, the more so as I was to be working with my old friend Edwy Goodman as Financial Secretary. Both of us already had young families, and we were eager to have some say in the Hebrew and Religious education they were to receive. We came on the scene at a time of great activity. The war years had created many problems, and there was the need for a new outlook. In this respect we were fortunate in many ways in having as our President Armin Krausz, whose foresight and ability to get his own way resulted in our community being the first to introduce a Girl's Graduation Service, and to make in 1948 the Israeli/ Sephardi pronunciation the standard form of instruction in our classes despite the fact that we are an Ashkenazi community.

At the same time the appointment of Rabbi Lapian as headmaster of the classes was a momentous decision, and the number of children who were influenced by his remarkable ability to imbue religious feeling gave him great satisfaction. It was unfortunate that he subsequently became a centre of controversy, and that in support of him I found myself justifiably at cross purposes with the President - a state of affairs which was of quite long duration - but which I was inclined to allow time to heal, as indeed it appeared to have done. In consequence, it was a cause of no little surprise that some 35 years later an episode which should never have happened was re-opened in a recent publication. I, at first, felt inclined to give publicity to my version of the story, but in retrospect, I would merely say that it was a pity that a man as

wise as the author of the publication to which I refer did not have the wisdom in this instance, to refrain from re-opening that unhappy controversy. Rabbi Lapian eventually moved from Sheffield to London, and finally to Israel and over all the years we have remained close friends.

I had taken over the post of General Secretary from Issie Lewis, an indefatigable and meticulous communal worker, who subsequently became President of the Synagogue, and Lord Mayor of Sheffield, and I followed his very good advice of always putting in writing any instructions to officials.

In the considerable period of activity which took place during Rabbi Lapian's Headmastership, the volume of secretarial work which was carried out in my office was of some consequence, and it was not surprising that when subsequently Dr. Friedlander was appointed as Director of Education he considered it necessary to have a paid secretary which certainly relieved the pressure on me.

Dr. Friedlander was much in contrast to Rabbi Lapian, but he too had a considerable influence on those children who appreciated his immense knowledge.

Having two young daughters attending classes and the children's service on Shabbat morning, I walked for many years from the Synagogue to the centre to be able to walk home with them after their Shabbat lesson. For my part I would sit in as an interested listener first to Rabbi Lapian and subsequently Dr. Friedlander's lesson to post Barmitzvah children, and I learnt much from them both. Dr. Friedlander in particular was a wonderful exponent of various aspects of Jewish history, whilst Rabbi Lapian enjoyed discussions on the Pirke Arvot and on the Sidrah of the week.

When the children eventually left Sheffield I still continued my Shabbat visit to the classes as long as Dr. Friedlander, with whom a close friendship developed, remained in Sheffield.

My work for the Education Board as an active member of the Executive extended over a period of some 25 years, during which time I was General Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-President and President, an office which I gave up to become President of the

United Sheffield Hebrew Congregation. I had been elected to the Synagogue Council in 1947 and eventually, as Chairman of the Services Committee, had been instrumental in introducing some modification and an order to our services which, without deviating from strict orthodoxy have made them more acceptable to the current generation. I recollect travelling to Israel on one occasion in the company of Armin Krausz and the late Rev. Kahn, who was then our Chazan, and spending the whole of the journey discussing the proposed alterations. My activities in Synagogue affairs were in line with my orthodox outlook, and indeed, I have always been very conscious of my illustrious rabbinical background. If I have not had either the time or the opportunity to study as I might have wished, nevertheless, I would like to think that my ancestors would have viewed with pleasure my activities on behalf of the community.

For four years I served as a Warden which, although very taxing, was for the most part an enjoyable experience. My wife and I found ourselves invited to the simchot, not only of friends, but of many people with whom we were only slightly acquainted – whilst regrettably there were the sad occasions of funerals and shiva when I would attend both at Ecclesfield and at the home of the bereaved. All this however, was part of the job, and I was glad to have been in a position to do it. Some years later I was elected as President of the Congregation, and in the four years that followed, the congregation had to face a number of momentous decisions. The tragic death of Mrs. Chait followed some months later by the death of Rabbi Chait cast a cloud over our communal life. Both were buried on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem, and making arrangements for the Rabbi's funeral were particularly complicated as he died whilst on holiday in Portugal. The death earlier of Rev. Donn, who apart from being the second reader, was more importantly our shochet, created a major problem.

It was my responsibility as President of the Congregation to ensure that kosher meat and poultry was available each week, and without our own shochet, but with facilities at the abattoir, there was a major problem, especially as these facilities were mainly

only available to us on a Monday. I succeeded in maintaining supplies only with the co-operation of a variety of shochetim from Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool and Leeds, but it was a great relief when, in 1968, we were able to appoint Rev. Brysh as a shochet as well as our minister reader. At the time, the fact that he was a first class shochet seemed of major importance, but in fact his powerful and melodious voice brought a new meaning to our Shabbat services. The choir, which has since enhanced so many of our services, was brought into being as a result of his efforts.

It is an interesting point that what would have seemed the end of the community when we gave up our facilities at the abattoir, and our revenue from shechita when Rev. Brysh ceased to act as our shochet, certainly did not happen - indeed the arrangements which were made with Leeds and subsequently Manchester to supply us once a week with meat and poultry seemed to work remarkably well. One of the special services I had to arrange was the memorial service for Rabbi Chait at which the late Chief Rabbi, Sir Israel Brodie, gave the address to a crowded congregation covering not only members of our community, but our civic dignitaries as well as a wide circle of non-Jews to whom the Rabbi had been well known. Sir Israel Brodie had accepted my invitation to come for this occasion with a willingness which I greatly appreciated, and which was indicative of his kindly nature. During his period as Chief Rabbi I had met him many times, and on this occasion as emeritus Chief Rabbi he paid a fitting tribute to the memory of a Rabbi who had been one of his war time colleagues and had served our congregation for 21 years.

Hospital Sunday Services were always an important item in a President's life, and I found myself officiating not only during my own years of office, but also during two of the subsequent years of office of the late Maurice Sill, whose ill health prevented him from doing so.

Following the death of the Rabbi I was called upon to deliver a Christmas message, which I preferred to call seasonal greetings, to patients in the hospitals, who enjoyed the sports commentaries for which the late Abe Silver had worked so hard. It entailed me

going to the Lord Mayor's Parlour two or three days before Christmas along with the heads of the various religious denominations, the Lord Mayor and the Master Cutler. Whilst I quite enjoyed doing it, I was nevertheless, very glad to be able to pass the task to Rev. Brysh when he was eventually appointed as Minister to the congregation.

A high spot of one year was a lunch given by the Lord Mayor, to which I was invited (with kosher food provided for me) on the occasion of the opening of the new Sheffield Assay Offices by the Duke of Edinburgh. On being introduced to him as lay leader of the Jewish Community, he engaged me in conversation and showed a genuine interest in our activities.

Following the death of Rabbi Chait we began to search for a replacement, and apart from advertising in the various Jewish periodicals, I personally followed up all sorts of leads, meeting rabbis in different parts of the country, as well as in Israel and the U.S.A., who either had expressed an interest in Sheffield, or who I had hoped to attract to Sheffield.

On one occasion I approached a certain rabbi, now in one of the major positions in London, when we met by chance in Blooms Whitechapel Restaurant. As at the time he was not in a ministerial position, and we had met socially on an earlier occasion, I did not think it untoward to suggest to him the possibility of coming to Sheffield, and was quite taken aback by his immediate negative and somewhat disdainful response.

I learnt later that he had criticised me for thinking that he would even consider a small provincial community like ours. These remarks he had addressed to a lady he knew had connections with our city, but not knowing that she was my sister Edna. He would indeed have been embarrassed had he realised it.

On another occasion, after a busy day with the Chief Rabbi, who had been making his first communal visit to Sheffield, Rosemary and I drove down to Luton to interview a young rabbi who subsequently came to see us, and indeed who we would have liked to engage. He however, decided to emigrate to Canada, and so it went on.

In the end it was decided to appoint Rev. Brysh as Minister, and although the community lacks a rabbi, and we perhaps miss the weekly sermons, and the status which a good rabbi can bring to a community, Rev. Brysh has very successfully done everything required of him.

In my years of office, I developed from being a very diffident public speaker to being able to preside at a variety of functions, and there were several occasions when it was my sad lot to have to write and deliver a memorial address at the cemetery or on a happier note on one occasion address a Barmitzvah boy in the Synagogue.

At the end of four years, I retired from office, but after the death of my successor, Maurice Sill, I was asked to take on the office again for a year, which I agreed to do on the understanding that another past President, and an old school friend, Jack Newman, would at the end of the year, take over from me.

That year passed relatively peacefully, and Jack took office at the approach of his 70th birthday. I had suggested to him that he should read the Haftarah on that occasion, which he did in a most creditable manner, and it was a horror stricken congregation that saw him collapse and die from a heart attack as he returned to the President's box. I had to pick up the reins again to complete the year of office, but was glad to be able to retire in favour of Maurice Lewis, who when I had first become President, I had wanted to work with me as vice-president so that he could eventually take over. Whilst I have remained as a permanent member of the Synagogue Executive, the relief of not having the overall responsibility for the U.S.H.C. was a great weight off my shoulders and I now enjoy being mainly on the side lines.

My third communal Presidency was the Representative Council, which was a position I occupied for three years having previously been its Secretary and Vice-President. The main item during the period I was in office was organising a Provincial Councils' Conference, which was attended by the Chief Rabbi and Lord Mischon, and brought delegates from all major northern communities.

From time to time the Representative Council was called upon to mediate in a variety of matters, and an instance when the Sheffield Markets supervisor wanted the Jewish stall holders to open on Yom Kippur when it occurred on a Shabbat, and could not understand why they were prepared to open on any other Shabbat, needed some very diplomatic handling.

None of my communal activities could have been carried out without my wife's co-operation, and because of the hours I have spent at meetings over the years, she has certainly lost out on time we could have been able to spend together. Perhaps in retaliation, she has become a much sought after speaker on the Jewish way of life and on Israel, to an immense number of non-Jewish groups in the Sheffield area, this quite apart from her endless work on behalf of Wizo.

Now that I only attend the occasional meeting, and communal affairs are in the hands of a younger generation, we shall, I am sure, find the opportunity of making up for all that time, which I would hope nevertheless, has been used to good purpose in the best interests of the Sheffield Community.

PRE-WAR TRAVEL

To travel had always been my ambition from the days when, as a child, I would receive picture postcards from various uncles, aunts and cousins living abroad, and the pictures of the places from which these postcards were sent whetted my appetite to see them for myself. When, in 1927, at the age of 17, together with two close friends, Harry Glass and Bernard Pearson, we set off for the Isle of Man, the fact that to get there meant a journey to Liverpool, followed by a three and a half hour boat journey in the days before stabilisers on a frequently rough sea, made us feel that we were going abroad. Our venue was the Majestic Hotel at Onchan and the contrast between this - to us - palatial hotel and the Freedman/Bowmans kosher boarding house in Blackpool, the scene of our school holidays between 1920-25, where on one occasion we slept head to toe, six in a bed, twelve in a room, was enormous.

This was my first experience of an hotel dining room, where many items on the menu were not for me. Also momentous was my first friendship with a girl, although it was shared with Harry and Bernard, and as she came from Sheffield, she remained on the scene for a number of years.

In the next year we became more ambitious and set off, together with the same companions, on an epic journey to Berlin, where I had an aunt and cousins. There was no hitch hiking in those days, and with our limited funds, we travelled via the Hook of Holland to Berlin, subsequently taking the overnight train to Cologne, sampling the luxury of a third class sleeper, and from there making a fascinating trip by steamer down the Rhine to Koblenz and Wiesbaden passing the famous Lorelei Rocks and then home via Brussels and Ostend.

Berlin was quite an experience. We stayed in the Central Hotel opposite the Bahnhofplatz and Wilhelmstrasse, and only a short walk from Kurfürstendam, and the Unten den Linden. It was a good location which is now separated from Western Germany by the Berlin Wall. My cousin Lottie and her husband Ernest, with their daughter Gaby and my Auntie Mirry, lived in a spacious apartment on Kurfürstendam, and their car and chauffeur added an air of affluence to their ménage. They made a great fuss of us, and we enjoyed their hospitality. We also enjoyed the hospitality of another family, that of Max Kantorwitz, a distant cousin on my father's side. I little thought that when we met in Berlin on that occasion, and had lunch at the family home, after which Max took us to see the famous Zoologische Garten, that we would meet up again in Palestine in 1938 where Max had found his way after fleeing from the Nazis in 1933. Max had a younger sister Sonia - a cousin of Susie Kaminski, who a year previously had been in Leeds and Sheffield, and had been responsible for my contact with the Kantorwitz family. Sonia, quite a grown up girl, but still at school, accompanied us the next day to Potsdam, and learning of our further plans, told us of a trip she was making with her class along the Rhine which linked up with our travels. We met again on that trip to Koblenz. We were however, not to meet again until 40 years later in California, where Sonia and her husband had emigrated via South Africa after escaping from Germany in 1937.

Berlin, at the time of our visit, was famous for its night life and night clubs, and we three innocent boys took ourselves to all the well known spots. We proved to be the despair of the hostesses, having neither the money not the inclination to fall for their enticements, and often only ordering lemonade. The street corner of our hotel was also a well known haunt for prostitutes, and we would find ourselves almost running a gauntlet as we made our way back in the early hours of the morning. In a small way this trip was our first introduction to business travel. I had taken Bernard and Harry to visit a factory in Berlin making bronze figures which we used to sell in quite large quantities. At the factory I noticed an attractive bronze figure of a diving girl with which I was presented,

and which subsequently I presented to the Sheffield Jewish Swimming Club. I engraved it for years afterwards with the names of the annual winners, and some member of the community may still have it in their possession.

Bernard, for his part, took us subsequently to see one of their suppliers making plate glass at Charleroi.

When we were ready to leave Berlin, my cousin Ernest Mode (Gaby's father), and himself a prodigious traveller, advised us to take a third class sleeper to Cologne which saved not only time, but a night's hotel expenses, and proved to be very economic. In Cologne we were overawed by the magnificence of the Cathedral, but we had also heard of 4711 Cologne, and thought this was a safe gift to bring home for all and sundry.

In Koblenz and Wiesbaden we were surprised to find that there was still an army of occupation over ten years after the end of the first world war, and it is amazing to think that, as I write, almost 40 years after the end of the second world war, British, French, Russian and American soldiers are still performing garrison duties in Germany. History has always been a favourite subject of mine, and our visit to Waterloo when we reached Belgium, brought to life a battle so far only played at home with my tin soldiers.

After a short rest in Ostend, we eventually reached home feeling very much men of the world and quite experienced travellers. The fact that Harry and I were not afraid to use our school German and French helped considerably, and in subsequent years of visiting Switzerland regularly on business, my knowledge of languages has been a most useful asset.

Having tasted the pleasures of Berlin, Paris was next on the agenda, and feeling very sophisticated, we included Le Touquet, a resort which together with Deauville, had acquired a reputation for its fabulous hotels and the cosmopolitan clientele they attracted.

This time we took with us, Harold Cohen, a friend of our Blackpool days - Harold was only 17 and very small, and the chambermaid at the hotel in Le Touquet insisted on calling him 'le petit bébé. Le Touquet was an experience because of its hotels

and the people. Paris offered so much that it was quite impossible to take in everything in the time we had allowed ourselves, but the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elysées, Notre Dame and Versailles were all crowded into our itinerary, whetting our appetite for subsequent visits, all this apart from meals twice a day at Flambaums famous kosher restaurant where carpe farci and apple strudel were specialities.

As far as the night life was concerned, even though by now we considered ourselves mature at 19, the gorgeous bare breasted girls at the Folies Bergére and the Lido, and the lavishness of the costumes, took our breath away. We still didn't drink champagne, and although a bottle was the price of admission to the major night clubs, we continued to prefer lemonade.

In 1930 Harry and I embarked on our most ambitious trip to date, which in two weeks took in Basle, Lucerne, Lugano, Bienne, Soleure, Zurich, Milan, Venice and the Lido. On this trip we enjoyed accommodation both in low priced inns such as the one at Göschenen, where for 2/6d. per night, we had a spotlessly clean twin bedded room and breakfast, and the luxurious Excelsior Palace at the Lido, one of the great hotels of the world where it cost a little more.

It was also on this trip that I began my Swiss travels to the watch factories, which continue to this day, and indeed the Elite Hotel, Bienne, where I still stay, had at that time just opened its doors.

In 1931 we decided to visit the South of France and in particular Juan les Pins where we had seen a Jewish owned hotel advertised in the Jewish Chronicle. This time we were joined by Frank Swycher, who was with us for his first experience of foreign travel. The journey from Paris to Marseilles was uneventful, but uncomfortable, as sitting upright in a crowded third class compartment was not particularly restful. However, once in Juan, which was only a short distance from Marseilles, we quickly changed and dashed down to the beach to enjoy the golden sands and the warm water of the Mediterranean. Frank could not resist going in and out of the water and then sitting in the sun, with the

result that he was badly sunburnt, and it took a few days for him to get over it. It did not however, dampen his ardour for the sun, and for years afterwards, he went regularly to the South of France.

The hotel proved to be not quite up to its own glowing description, but everything else, Marseilles, Monte Carlo, San Remo, Grasse, the people we met, all proved to be so interesting that we could not help but enjoy ourselves.

1932 saw my first efforts at winter sports, when in December, Harry and I spent ten days in Mürren learning the intricacies of ski-ing. Somewhat foolishly as it transpired, we had bought clothing and boots before leaving England, but we found that we could have bought in Switzerland, both better and smarter clothing, and it was some years before I felt willing to discard my old fashioned equipment, and invest in items which I use to this day. Amongst the guests at the Palace Hotel at which we stayed was ex-King Alfonso of Spain, which created quite a lot of interest because, at that time, the political troubles of Spain were very much in the news.

Pontresina at the Schloss Hotel and St. Moritz were our next venues which introduced us to the pleasures of its famous hotels, the Palace, the Kulm, Suvretta House and the Carlton. The ski-ing and skating for me proved to be incidental. The tea dances were much more interesting, whilst Hanselmann's cakes were a legend to which, years later, I was able to introduce Rosemary and the girls.

On one occasion when Harry was unable to join me, I took my sister Edna to Villars, linking the trip with a visit to Geneva, and the watch factories. In Geneva we were met and regally entertained by Hans Wilsdorf, the legendary founder of the Rolex Watch Co., and who remembered my father as being one of his first customers in his early days. Villars itself was disappointing, and Edna, in any case, was no readier to absorb the intricacies of ski-ing than I was, whilst skating never became the strong point of either of us. Years later when we were in Wengen with the girls, and were joined by Edna and her husband Robert Halle, I can still picture Edna taking off her skates and walking across the ice rink

in stockinged feet as being the only way she could see of getting across the rink unscathed.

In 1936–37 we embarked on our most extensive travelling to date – to Palestine and Egypt. My Uncle Henry and Aunt Fanny had emigrated there in 1933, and in 1934 my sister Maisie had spent some months in Palestine, both with Uncle Henry in Tel Aviv and Leah Becker in Jerusalem, subsequently going to Cairo for an extended stay with her friend Nora Fowler, who had a teaching post at Cairo University. Other members of the family had emigrated to Palestine from Germany in the early 1930's, and whilst regrettably Uncle Henry and his wife had to return to England for health reasons, Auntie Basche and her family stayed, as did Aunt Anna, and by 1936 were well established, and it was an exciting thought that we might have the opportunity of meeting so many members of the family. Maisie too, during her stay in Cairo, had made a number of good friends in the Jewish community, in particular the de Cattaui family, which paved the way for our subsequent visit to Cairo, and so on December 25th, we left Sheffield by train in the early hours of the morning, subsequently travelling via Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, with just time for dinner at Flambaums before catching a third class coach – not the most comfortable way of travelling through the night to Toulon where we embarked on an old Orient line boat, the Oronsay. Our accommodation was not quite steerage, but six in an inside cabin was not exactly luxurious, whilst the washing facilities were virtually on the open deck. The journey to Port Said took almost five days, including quite a lengthy stop at Naples where a crowd of Italian emigrants to Australia embarked. We took the opportunity of visiting Vesuvius and amongst other things, dipped a coin into the molten lava which immediately encased it as it ran down the hillside. Jill has that coin now in her collection.

When we eventually reached Port Said we disembarked just after breakfast, and found that we had to wait until 10.00 p.m. for our train to Jerusalem. Port Said was dirty, fly ridden and full of swarthy vendors of every possible commodity, who seemed to

think that we were fair game, and this was quite apart from the beggars. To escape their wiles, we spent some time in the fascinating store, near the harbour, of Simon Arzt, which had an international reputation for its bargains.

At that time the Suez Canal was of the utmost importance as the short cut to the Far East and Australia, and we were able to watch various ships of all nationalities as they slowly edged their way through the narrow waterway.

When we finally boarded the train for Jerusalem, we still had to experience the ferry crossing at El Kantara, but at last the train entered on its tedious journey over the desert, a journey which lasted through the night, during which the sand blew in through every nook and corner, covering us with dust as well as getting into our eyes, nostrils and mouths. We were glad to see the dawn and to watch the scenery as it changed from desert to the climb through the Judean Hills to Jerusalem ending at the same railway station which exists almost unaltered till to-day.

Once in Jerusalem we made our way to the flat of Leah Goodman (Becker), Maisie's friend, who was then assistant head of the Evelina de Rothchild School. Leah had reserved accommodation in the apartment house in which she herself lived, owned by an American lady, Hattie Rosen. It was an old but spacious Arab house in the Salami quarter, and it was both economic and comfortable. It needed someone like Leah to know of such facilities, and we were lucky in this respect. The time of our visit was politically not the most popular. Anyone British was a prize target for the Arabs, whilst the murder some months earlier of Dr. Arlosaroff, a prominent Jewish personality of the time, had added to the tension. His death was a tragic loss to the Jewish cause, as it was to my cousin Kolef with whom there had been a close friendship since their days in Königsberg together. In consequence of the unrest therefore, we were advised to go to the police to find out where one might go without too much risk to ourselves. The precautions necessary hampered our style a little, but with the aid of the police, we managed to tour the old city and the major historical and biblical sites.

The old city in those days was anything but the clean picture it presents to-day. It was fly infested and dirty, and I still retain a vivid picture of a large round tray of toffee in front of a sweet shop, covered in flies so that the whole tray appeared to be black.

It was a strange happening that whilst walking in the streets of Jerusalem we were suddenly accosted by a man who enquired if by any chance I was Teddy Isaacs. A little taken aback, I replied in the affirmative, anxious to know who he was. It turned out that he was cousin Lea Kreistman's husband, Alter, who, knowing that we were en route to Palestine, and seeing two obvious Englishmen, made a shrewd guess. The upshot was an invitation to Tel Aviv to stay over Shabbat which we were happy to accept. And so the next day we took a sherut to Tel Aviv arriving as the shofar was being blown to announce the pending entry of Shabbat.

At the Kreistman's very comfortable flat in Eliahu Saphir—one where Lea and Siva still live—we were regally entertained, meeting on Friday Lea and her three children Nechama, Zvi and Siva, and on Shabbat morning Auntie Basche, Auntie Hertha and Auntie Anna. That evening we went to the theatre—Habima, accompanied by Nechama who acted as interpreter, The following day we took a car which Auntie Anna had negotiated with her nephew who owned a taxi, and together with Auntie Anna and Nechama we went for the day to Ben Shemen, the youth agricultural school, where Kolef was the secretary. There we met for the first time, Kolef and his wife Sonia with both of whom in later years we became very close. At that time Auntie Anna had her home in Tel Litvinsky owning a small apartment block in a locality which was just being developed and which, as it transpired, eventually became a backwater, proving to be difficult of access and with few facilities. Of course we had to visit her home, which we did by taking her back to it in the car, and by the time we reached Lea's flat, where we had intended to pick up our bags and head for Jerusalem, it was already dark.

To our horror, we found that there was no way in which we could go to Jerusalem that night. Because of the possibility of

ambush, taxis and buses would not go after dark and there was no train. In consequence, we had to telephone and explain our predicament to Leah Goodman, who had arranged a dinner party for us to meet her future husband, Henry Becker, an interesting personality, who we met subsequently, and who, as a civil engineer, was very much involved in the construction of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, which had acquired international fame, and is indeed one of the most impressive hotels in the world. The upshot was that we spent another night with the Kreistmans, and early the following morning returned to Jerusalem. The next day we set out for Deganya, where Leah had a friend who she wanted us to visit, and who would show us round the kibbutz. We took a sherut to Afule, and from there set out to walk to Deganya. At that time, because of the anti-British feeling amongst the Arabs, we were warned not to speak English, and we sought means of getting to Deganya from Afule by speaking French. After walking quite a stretch of the way, we eventually got a lift on a horse and cart with an old man, who in fact, came from the kibbutz, and eventually, after seeing Leah's friend, we returned to Afule in the company of the same old man and his horse and cart, catching a bus from there to Tiberias.

The bus ride to Tiberias was an adventure because of the tension and fear of ambush, even in daylight, and in consequence, armed British soldiers rode on the outside of the bus as a protection, but we made the journey safely, and after spending the night there and visiting Nazareth and the Kinneret, we made for Haifa for another night's stay, after which we travelled by bus to Lydda Airport where we took a small plane of Misr Airlines to Cairo. The flight was bumpy, flying around 6,000 feet high, but it was certainly an easier way of travelling than the tedious train journey, and in a very short time we were at Cairo Airport. Once in Cairo we contacted Simone de Cattaui and Nora Fowler. The latter took us to the famous Gezirah Sporting Club—whilst Simone, with car and chauffer took us to Mena House and the Pyramids, as well as to a magnificent engagement party of a friend of hers at Shepherd's Hotel where we met a large section of the

élite of the Jewish community. It was sad to think that years later with the advent of Nasser, the Jews of Egypt almost all fled the country, in many instances having to leave behind valuable assets. The de Cattaui's settled eventually in Rome, and Maisie remained in touch with Simone until she passed away in 1982. Groppi's famous restaurant and the Mousky were an important part of the Cairo scene at that time, which we, of course, visited, but the flies, the dirt and the squalor, which were a very evident part of the overall scene, made us less inclined to spend more time there.

We eventually travelled on the famous White Train from Cairo to Port Said to pick up our boat, the P/O Strathaird to Marseilles. This was a rather more modern ship than the one in which we had sailed on the outward journey, but we now travelled for almost five days without stop, passing only Mount Etna and the foot of Sicily as sights en route.

Docking in Marseilles, we caught a train straight back to London, changing in Paris and once more travelling on the Dieppe—Newhaven route rather than the short Calais—Dover route, to maintain our efforts to cut costs. The overall trip did, in fact, cost us around £100 each, but one has to reckon that that included ten days on ships with food and accommodation, and that, in addition, apart from a week-end with the family in Tel Aviv, we had paid for a further eight night's accommodation and food.

It is interesting to compare it with to-day's costs, when one can in fact, pick up a return flight to Israel in January with very cheap accommodation included for a week for £100 or so.

After Palestine and Egypt, my eyes were set on the U.S.A. Unfortunately, Harry, just starting up as a solicitor, could not afford the time away, and so this time I set out on December 24th, 1937, on my own for a momentous trip to New York, Boston and Washington. I travelled on the outward journey from Southampton on a U.S.A. ship the "Washington" which made a stop at Cobh before setting off on the long haul across the Atlantic, a journey which took some eight days. Travelling tourist

class, I managed to obtain a cabin to myself by accepting a low down inside cabin, and despite the fact that it was somewhat claustrophobic, it was comfortable. The ship was not one of the steadiest and it seemed to pitch in the waves. I managed to survive without being seasick, and met some interesting people. At this time, there were unfortunately, many Jews fleeing from Nazi Germany and en route to America, and my co-religionists made up quite a percentage of the passengers. I sometimes wonder what happened to the charming German Jewish girl with whom I stood on the deck as we passed the Statue of Liberty, she viewing it for the first time as the introduction of the country where she was to make her home.

Whilst I was aware of the large family we had in the U.S.A., and Maisie had spent some time with those in New York a few years before, the only ones I had met were Hilda Goodman, my first cousin, and her husband Sol, who had spent the early years of their married life in Sheffield. There were too my Uncle Sam and Auntie Anna, my father's brother and sister, who had visited England on one occasion, as also had my father's nephew Abe Friedman, but their visits were only fleeting ones, and several years had gone by since then.

With Hilda however, I felt very much at home, and she indeed made all the arrangements for me to meet as many of the family as possible. At that time Hilda and Sol were living in far from luxury in a one room apartment in Manhattan, and Sol was travelling abroad, buying silk for the ties which they were making. Hilda was anxious to entertain me, and my first night in New York found me taken to Louis Siegals famous kosher restaurant followed by a visit to the Planetarium. The next day I was taken to see Uncle Sam and his second wife (the first had died), and from there to meet Harry Zalkin, Uncle Sam's son-in-law in his office. Harry Zalkin, who was a very prosperous and busy lawyer, was about to leave for a holiday in Florida, and I found him most offhand, to such an extent that I felt I had no wish to add to my acquaintances with that section of the family. Yet years later, nobody could have been more friendly than Harry and Anna Zalkin, and they visited us in

Sheffield on many occasions, whilst when Rosemary and I made our first trip to the U.S.A., Harry and Anna, together with car and chauffeur, met us at the docks and subsequently entertained us royally.

In addition to my father's family, my mother had a brother who had emigrated to the U.S.A. via Australia and Singapore, and his daughters had both visited us. With their brother David, I visited the famous 5th Avenue Reform Synagogue—an interesting experience, but a little strange—and eventually, after sightseeing on foot in Manhattan, made our way to their apartment, where Auntie Dinah had an enormous meal waiting for us. That evening we all went to the theatre.

The next day was the day of the grand get together of many cousins and after first visiting Auntie Anna and her niece Anna, who lived together on Brighton Beach, and walking along the broadwalk in what was almost summerlike weather, I was taken to the house of Abe Friedman in the Bronx, where Flora had organised a gathering, which included cousins who I never knew existed, but who in subsequent years, and in many cases, we came to know well.

Unfortunately, the sudden changes of temperature from the spring like weather at Brighton Beach to a biting icy wind in New York, coupled with all the talking I was doing "the family loved to hear that English accent" resulted in my losing my voice and developing a cold. The upshot was that the next day I spent in bed at the hotel, whilst Abe and his son Gerry, a medical student and to-day a celebrated physician, visited me, and brought an old time remedy which proved very effective in restoring my voice, so that by the next day, I was able to resume my activities.

Continuing now on my own sightseeing in New York, I also visited two business contacts and arranged the next day to go to Boston to visit the Waltham Watch Co. I had another reason for going to Boston. My friend Bernard Pearson had met with a terrible motor accident some months earlier, and for a long time it seemed he might never recover. When I left England he was still very sick, and the family, knowing I was going to Boston, had

suggested I might contact Bernard's cousin Bayla Horblit, who had been in England the previous year, and had charmed not only Bernard, but others too. Bayla had a sister, Lori, studying in New York, who was equally charming, and who I was happy to take out to dinner and to the theatre, and the following night I travelled on the night sleeper together with Bayla's father, a lawyer, who had been working in New York. On my arrival in Boston, Bayla met us, and after seeing me to my hotel, and listening to my story of Bernard, decided to go immediately to England, where she stayed for some months, nursing Bernard eventually back to health. They were subsequently married in the U.S.A. and it is sad to think that the marriage ended so tragically many years later.

The weather in Boston at that time was appalling, with snow piled high outside my hotel, the Statler, from where I was collected by the general manager of the Waltham Watch Co., spending the day at their factory in Waltham. I made the return journey to New York that night also by sleeper, and found it fascinating in the wash room the next morning to see all the sales representatives, and regular users of the train, putting on their clean white shirts which was almost a uniform. I, too, had the cult of only wearing white shirts, and it was not until many years later that coloured shirts became fashionable, and white shirts used only on very formal occasions.

On returning to my hotel—the Lincoln on 8th Avenue—a new hotel at that time, and very convenient because one could go straight into the adjoining subway, and travel quickly to almost anywhere in Manhattan, I found that my baggage, which I had left behind, had been impounded.

It turned out that my message that I was going away for the night had not found its way to the cashier, who thought I had left the hotel without paying my bill, and it took quite a while to straighten things out. That night my cousins Sam and Gerry Friedman took me to the theatre, and as Sam was already working in the theatrical world, I went backstage after the show, getting a rather different picture of life in the theatre.

From there I was taken to some of New York's nightspots, and

to listen to some of the famous big bands, who held the audience enthralled with their fascinating and varied orchestration of jazz melodies. Cab Galloway, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa were some of the names I call to mind to whose music I subsequently danced on other evenings with Estelle (Sam and Gerry's sister). I considered myself fortunate to have such an attractive young cousin readily available to allow herself to be escorted to these various nightspots, by the English cousin whose dancing style was so different from the sloppy style of the New Yorkers.

Outside of New York and Boston, the only other city I visited was Washington, where I spent a day in bitterly cold weather. In consequence I was more inside museums than outside sightseeing, but the Lincoln Memorial and the Capitol did find a place in my itinerary. When, the next day, the time came for my departure from New York, I found that the boat would not be leaving until midnight, and so, together with Estelle, we spent the evening dancing to the music of Benny Goodman at the Commodore Hotel in Manhattan, after which several members of the family came to see me off as I boarded the Berengeria on its last voyage across the Atlantic.

The weather was so cold that New York harbour was frozen and ice breakers had to be used to enable the Berengeria to edge its way out of the harbour. The journey across the Atlantic was rough, but the ship was much steadier than the Washington, and I also had a very nice outside cabin as there were few passengers, One however, was Adolf Viner, who was travelling first class, and with whom I promenaded four times round the first class deck for a mile walk each day.

At one stage of the journey the storms were so violent that it was impossible to serve meals in the dining room, not that passengers were very hungry, but eventually, we entered into calmer waters, and finally docked in Southampton after an eight day crossing.

I was met on disembarkation by Dora Abrahams a reporter on the Sheffield Telegraph and a regular visitor to our home. Dora

was married to the senior wine steward on the Queen Mary, Mark Hamer. She was in Southampton to spend a few days with her husband, and she took the opportunity of giving me a very nice write up for publication in the Sheffield Telegraph, which brought to an interesting conclusion a momentous trip.

The summer of 1938 saw Harry and I embark on the French liner "Normandie", the most luxurious and the largest of the translantic liners of the day travelling as first class passengers from Plymouth to Le Havre en route to Deauville. We were able to spend a few hours sleeping in an elegant cabin followed by a superb breakfast, a tour of the ship, and then lunch before disembarking. The first class lounge was beautifully decorated, but the amount of vibration there as the ship moved rapidly through the water made us quite pleased not to be making a transatlantic voyage on it. All the same it was a wonderful experience especially as to-day the luxury of the transatlantic liner is almost a thing of the past.

After three days in Deauville, which had retained its importance as a summer resort for the smart set, we set out on our return journey to England, this time from Cherbourg on another French line transatlantic ship the "Champlain". It was much smaller than the Normandie, but new, and we were allotted a very comfortable cabin for the journey back to Southampton.

Unfortunately, I had developed a very high temperature, and all I wanted to do on boarding the ship, was to get into my bed, and call the ship's doctor. He diagnosed tonsilitis, and told me to stay where I was, not realising we would only be on the boat for a few hours.

As it transpired there was a French seamen's strike, and instead of sailing that morning as intended, we were still in the harbour by the evening without any indication as to when we would leave. The French line decided to transfer cross channel passengers to a British ship leaving that night for Southampton, and so I staggered to the ship and made my way back to Sheffield from Southampton the next day not exactly feeling up to scratch. It took ten days to get over that incident, but the overall

experience was well worthwhile.

This proved to be the last of our pre-war journeys. By 1939 everyone was very much aware of the threat of a world war, and it was not until 1946 that I resumed my travels, by which time I was married, and my travelling companion had become my wife, and subsequently the children too.

All the travelling to which I have so far referred covers only journeys abroad. In fact we did quite a lot of touring in England, so much so that we acquired for ourselves the name "Tedarry Tours", and found that we were very much in demand, as the ambitousness and success of our excursions became known. Discovering England was certainly much more that pottering around Derbyshire on a Sunday afternoon, although that could be very rewarding when one realised how much there was to see in the area. We were however more adventurous, and made day trips on a Sunday to a variety of places, including Sandringham, Lincoln, Kings Lynn, Barnard Castle, Middleton in Teesdale, Warwick, Stratford, Staithes, Whitby, the Wrekin and Uriconium, and we were never short of female company to join us on these trips.

TRAVELS WITH ROSEMARY AND THE CHILDREN, AND FOR BUSINESS

The war had allowed very little time for personal travel, but we had been fortunate that the firms with whom we were working required journeys to places which were in relatively safe areas, and we took the occasional opportunity of spending a restful weekend in Matlock, Cheltenham or Stratford - we also made from time to time visits to London, staying in luxury at the Savoy and the Dorchester, but I preferred subsequently to go on my own to London when necessary, and return the same day, after an incident when shrapnel came flying through our bedroom window at the Savoy. There was a hasty run down to the air raid shelter, whilst bombs were falling too close for safety.

When the war ended, we took the first possible opportunity to go to Switzerland going by BEA to Zurich en route to St. Moritz, where I introduced Rosemary to the delights of this famous winter resort. Although Switzerland had been neutral and the bright lights and shops full of every possible commodity presented a fascinating picture to us who were still enduring rationing, there was, in fact, food rationing of a kind, which however, seemed like nothing in comparison with the conditions we had accepted as a way of life. The magnificence of the Carlton Hotel in St. Moritz, and the other hotels we visited, whetted Rosemary's appetite for more, and we subsequently went to a Swiss winter resort almost every year, even if only for a short break. I also recommenced my visits to a number of watch factories, although licensing restrictions still hampered business. However, there was no restriction on what one could take back as gifts in the form of clothing, and on the first post war trip we eventually bought a suitcase which was filled with clothing as gifts for every member of the family. When we came to check in at Zurich Airport to fly back

to England, we learnt that dense fog was preventing landing in London, and we decided to make the journey by train. This proved to be rather more hazardous that we had thought, as the train from Basle was the first to travel across France to Calais since the termination of the war, and it wended its way very slowly indeed over certain sectors of the track, where minefields were known to have existed, but supposedly, cleared. The ruins of Calais presented another reminder of the hazards of war. However, we eventually reached London, tired but safe, after travelling for over 24 hours.

I subsequently took Rosemary with me regularly to Switzerland, both in the spring when we were able to combine business at the factories with weekends in Luxembourg, Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris, or in the winter, when we would spend a long weekend at one of the many Swiss resorts.

In 1951 we were accompanied for our visit to the Swiss Industries Fair by Phil and Cassie Rising. Phil Rising and I had started in our respective businesses at the same time in 1925, and we had become firm friends. At one stage of his career, Phil had swum the English Channel in both directions, and was certainly the only jeweller ever to do so. We stayed at the Three Kings Hotel in Basle and a dinner party there included Phil and Cassie Rising, Edward and Joan Harral, the Colverds from Langendorf, and Otte Rohn of Roamer, together with ourselves. It was a truly memorable evening, From Basle we made our way to Zurich introducing Phil and Cassie to the gourmet delights of the Baur au Lac Hors d'oeuvre Riches. With food in England still somewhat austere, Phil could not resist purchasing a side of bacon from a charcuterie shop in the Bahnhofstrasse, which he subsequently transported back to England.

From Zurich we travelled by sleeper to Paris, where, in Galerie Lafayette, Rosemary had her handbag opened and her notecase stolen. Fortunately, it contained little of value, but the case itself had some sentimental value, and it seemed unlikely that it would ever be recovered. It was, in consequence, a surprise one day to have a telephone call from a solicitor who acted as the Hungarian

vice consul in Sheffield, advising us that he was holding the missing notecase. It appeared that the thief had discarded it by dropping it into the pocket of a dress which was subsequently bought by the wife of a British Consular official in Budapest, who discovered the notecase in the pocket.

We made our return to England on the Paris - London night ferry, a very comfortable and time saving method of travelling which, leaving Paris at 9.00 p.m. brought us to London by 9.00 a.m. the next day, having had breakfast as well as a good night's sleep.

Our first trip with the children was in 1955, Jill was ten and Elizabeth seven years old. These journeys began with a visit to the Swiss Industries Fair in Basle whence we had flown on a Viscount. This turbo jet plane travelled at over 25,000 feet, a great height for those days, and flew with a quietness and smoothness which made the journey pleasurable, and for the girls especially, exciting. After three days in Basle, we flew to Nice, spending the weekend there and celebrating the girls' birthdays with a grand drive along the Corniche and up into the mountains before taking the plane back home. This was the occasion when we also visited Monte Carlo and Monaco, and where I still have vivid recollections of carrying a somewhat exhausted Elizabeth on my back around the famous aquarium of the Jardins Exotiques.

When we started taking the children abroad I was especially concerned that we should always be in a resort where we could observe a traditional Friday night and Shabbat, and if there was no kosher hotel at which we could stay, there should at least be a kosher restaurant where we could eat. There were however, times when Rosemary would provide the meals, and then candles would be lighted in our rooms, kiddush would be made, and we would bensch.

Our policy of using kosher hotels and kosher restaurants and visiting synagogues on our travels has led to us meeting many interesting co-religionists from all over the world. In 1956 we introduced the girls to winter sports by taking them to Grindelwald, where, although we did not stay, I knew there was a

kosher pension. Having established ourselves at the best hotel, the Regina, we made our way to have a look at the Paul Kahn pension, the Silberhorn, which was an old fashioned Swiss chalet, where the proprietor was very pleasant and co-operative, and when, some two years later, the chalet was transformed into a modern hotel with every facility, we subsequently stayed there on a number of occasions.

For several years we continued making our journeys to Switzerland by train and boat, taking the train from London to Dover or Folkstone, and the steamer to Boulogne or Calais. We learnt that a cabin on the boat enabled us to avoid the baggage scramble, as the baggage steward would take care of our baggage, and on disembarkation would ensure that we went through the Customs quickly and were escorted to our sleeping car. The sleeping car was usually attached to one of the famous named trains from which we disembarked the next morning in Basle for breakfast in the Bahnhof buffet where I would enjoy a Bircher Muesli, whilst Rosemary and the girls would enthuse over the croissants and the black cherry jam.

For the girls this form of travel was very much a highlight of the trip, and indeed at times the journeys were truly adventurous. In the winter especially, snow could cause delays, and hard experience taught us never to travel without adequate food supplies and flasks of hot drinks. Indeed, on more than one occasion our supplies were shared amongst other passengers who were not so well prepared.

In successive winters we took the girls to Adelboden, Wengen, and Grindelwald staying in kosher hotels, whilst in St. Moritz we experimented, staying in a vegetarian chalet, and eating over Shabbat in the kosher hotel.

In the summers of 1957-59 we were in Lugano, where the kosher meals of an Hungarian lady, Mrs. Meyerovitch were greatly enjoyed, and where shool going was a strange experience. It was the first time I had seen an auction take place for who was to read the Haftarah, and where indeed there appeared to be two services going on in the same hall at one time. In those years we

included Venice and the Lido staying at the luxurious Danieli with its rooftop restaurant and a magnificent view over the lagoon, and visited Alassio and Genoa, where we were entertained by Saul Racah the brother of the girls' au pair, Mirella.

Pisa and Florence were memorable. In the latter city, where I had arranged that we should spend the weekend, the hotel had confused our reservation and we had to stay in a different hotel, not quite so near to the kosher restaurant where we had intended to have meals over Shabbat. In consequence, we cancelled the arrangements for Friday night making Shabbat in our room - a system with which Rosemary became very experienced, and the following day, after going to the magnificient synagogue, where I had found myself sitting next to a young man who had been one of our Shabbat student guests, we made our way to the restaurant where we expected to have lunch. The heat of the day was considerable, and by the time we reached our venue, we were tired and hot, and not a little disconcerted to find the place closed. When we were about to set off to go back to our hotel, a man appeared on a bicycle, somewhat dishevelled, introduced himself as the owner of the restaurant, opened the door, and ushered us in with apologies. There we found a meal all ready for us, which we were assured had been prepared the previous day by the man's wife, who we gathered was the headmistress of the local Jewish school and had taken a group of children away for the weekend.

Too tired and hungry other than to eat the meal before us, which was indeed very adequate, we made kiddush and subsequently bensched, and listened also to the fascinating story of our host and the way in which he had survived the war. When, the next morning, he called at our hotel so that I could pay him for our meals, he was attired in his Sunday best, looking the acme of sartorial elegance.

In 1956 Rosemary and I made our first trip to Israel together. The occasion was initially for the opening of Ganei Zwi - a project sponsored by the Sheffield community in honour of the late Harry Morris, the first Lord Morris of Kenwood, and the husband of Rosemary's aunt and my cousin Flo.

The Sheffield party included Armin Krausz who had played a major part in the establishing of Ganei Zwi. The journey, made direct from Manchester to Tel Aviv, took some 14½ hours in an EL AL DC6, which stopped at Amsterdam and Vienna. The power the plane needed to exert to rise above the Dolomites made that part of the journey less than restful, and the overall journey an exhausting experience. In Amsterdam we had found that two of the passengers on board were Joe Bloom and his wife, who we had met regularly at East Cliff in Bournemouth, when we had both taken our children there for the summer holidays, whilst in Vienna, where the airport was a depressing sight, we found a group of aged co-religionists, who had just obtained permits to leave Russia, and were joining our flight.

By the time we reached Tel Aviv airport it was 2.00 a.m. and for us it was a fascinating family reunion. Elsie had been in Israel at that time already for six months. Hilda had flown in from California only an hour before our plane landed, and the Israeli family had all been waiting for hours to greet first Hilda and then us. Too tired to do anything other than go to the airport hotel which was very close by, we spent a few hours in bed, but by 9.00 a.m. that morning a coach was awaiting us ready to take us on the most exciting of experiences - the drive to Jerusalem over a winding road with burnt out tanks and gun emplacements at many points, grim reminders of the war of independence, and when, on reaching the entrance of the city boundaries, the coach halted so that we might take in the significance of the occasion.

The coach driver and guide we had with us for this journey, our group of fifteen had at its disposal for the whole of the fourteen days we were in Israel, and apart from Shabbat, we travelled in it all the time. The whole trip was a fascinating experience greatly helped by the excellence of the guide, Yitzhak Gerstenhaber, with whom we subsequently became firm friends.

This visit to Israel whetted our appetite to return as quickly as possible, and we have been fortunate in being able to go backwards and forwards with increasing regularity, whilst our children, who accompanied us on several occasions, have

themselves taken their children, enabling them to appreciate the actuality of Israel and of meeting our ever increasing family there. Our younger daughter Elizabeth and her family finally made their home in Israel in 1983.

In January 1958 on our winter visit to St. Moritz with the children, we were joined by my cousin Gaby from Lisbon who was staying at Suvretta House with Boy and Terry Hart and their sons David and Tim. Although I had had little contact with Boy Hart and his family over the years, Gaby had always kept in touch. In subsequent years, I came to meet Boy Hart and his brother Freddy quite frequently, as it was Freddy, who in 1964 was responsible for my entry into pewter manufacturing and the beginning of our worldwide travels.

In April 1958, following our usual visit to the Swiss Industries Fair, Rosemary and I made our way to Brussels where a World Fair was taking place. Finding hotel accommodation there had been a problem, and in consequence, we had been booked into a chalet, one of a series which the municipality had erected around the World Fair grounds for the occasion.

Unfortunately for us, the area around us had not been adequately paved and rain had made it almost like a quagmire. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the exhausting day spent at the Fair, and were subsequently very impressed by the rapidity with which a train transported us to the airport for our flight back to Manchester.

January 1959 saw us visiting Grindelwald again with the children and staying at the Silberhorn, now well modernised. As I mentioned earlier, we came to visit that hotel on many occasions, meeting there a very cosmopolitan gathering of orthodox co-religionists, and we always found it an enjoyable experience. On one occasion, we found that the whole of one floor of the hotel had been taken over by an ultra orthodox rabbi and his followers from Antwerp, who on Shabbat, only with some reluctance, allowed one of his young men to make up a minyan for the service of the ordinary guests which Paul Kahn conducted.

In the spring of 1959 Rosemary and I were again in Israel and

had hoped to enjoy the Purim festivities. As it was, it rained so heavily that the parades were washed out, and even the windows of our hotel failed to prevent the torrential downpour from seeping into our bedroom.

To escape from such adverse weather conditions, we decided to take a flight for the day down to Eilat and from there a short trip out to King Solomon's mines, which presented a colourful and impressive sight. On this trip and for the rest of the day we found ourselves in the company of a pleasant American couple who had introduced themselves as Jan and Ed Tishman. We had no idea at that time that Ed Tishman was head of one of the major property corporations of the U.S.A., and that the Tishman building in New York was indeed one of the sights. Aside from visiting the mines, we paddled in the Red Sea and viewed the marvels of the sea bed through a glass bottomed boat.

Taking visitors out to view the coral reefs and the multicoloured fishes in the glass bottomed boats was how some of the people of Eilat were making a living, and amongst those engaged in this pursuit were the brothers of the girls' au pair, Mirella. We were glad to be able to meet them, and were subsequently shocked to learn that one brother had been killed by Arabs for apparently failing to heed a warning that they had overstepped the sea boundary limit between Eilat and Akaba. We little realised when we were out in the boat that we faced a similar hazard, which was, perhaps, just as well. When we parted company with the Tishmans on our return to Tel Aviv they were most insistent that we should look them up when we came to the U.S.A. When we did so eventually some years later, they certainly entertained us in a most friendly and welcoming manner, inviting us to their Park Avenue apartment and subsequently for dinner at the famous "21" Club.

After our return from Eilat, the weather brightened, and for the rest of our stay we were able to enjoy springlike conditions.

For the summer with the children we went to Alassio. We had been recommended to a hotel at which fish and vegetarian catering was a feature, and the proprietress certainly did

everything we could have wished to ensure that we were satisfied. My recollections of this holiday however, apart from having a hotel right on the beach with no traffic intervening, was the need for me to spend a lot of time in the chair of a dentist with whom I could only indicate my problems by signs.

1961 saw us once again at Kahns in Grindelwald with the girls, whilst in April for the Basle Fair, Rosemary and I went to Luxembourg for the weekend. We had been in touch with the rabbi who had invited us to be his guests for Shabbat lunch, but had warned us that in his synagogue, whilst the service was completely orthodox there was an organ which was played by a non-Jew.

On Friday evening we went to the synagogue, a most impressive structure which had been built with state aid after the war, Rabbi Bulz himself being a state official. Back to our hotel, which was nearby, Rosemary had arranged a Friday night supper, and the next morning we were again in the synagogue, where I was surprised to find myself being invited to read the Haftarah, an honour which I was glad to accept.

After the service the rabbi suggested that we first watched the local sight of the Changing of the Guard before we made our way to his home. When we eventually reached the house we waited patiently for almost an hour before we sat down to a very enjoyable repast with zemirot and of course, bensching. The delay had been due to our having to wait for the rabbi's children coming home from school, which surprised us, but it was explained that it was a strict state law that required their attendance. They did not however, write, and to compensate for their absence in the synagogue in the morning, a special service was arranged for all the children in the afternoon, whilst on Friday night there had indeed been very active participation by the children of the community.

Denmark and Sweden were our next venues, and in July 1960 when we enjoyed the pleasures of Copenhagen and Stockholm, only the rain marred an otherwise memorable holiday. In Copenhagen the Shabbat catering of Mrs. Apelt who provided

superb meals for orthodox visitors, added greatly to our enjoyment, and her guests included on that occasion a New York rabbi and his wife who we had met in the magnificent synagogue, and Alex Gross, a young man from London, who enquiring if I knew the Braunold family in Sheffield, and listening to a very glowing recommendation, very shortly afterwards announced his engagement to Helen, one of three daughters all of whom I had known since their childhood.

Shabbat afternoon in Copenhagen found us the guests of Rabbi Dr. and Mrs. Melchior. Dr. Melchior was an impressive and sometimes controversial figure whose son Bent subsequently obtained semicha at Jews' College, and whilst a student became a close friend of our cousins Ruth and Ben Cronin, at whose Ace Summer School, we first met him when Jill was there acting as a supervisor.

He subsequently succeeded his father as Chief Rabbi of Denmark, and at one time himself became the centre of a bitter controversy - now happily settled.

From Copenhagen we made our way to Stockholm, and whilst we enjoyed our sightseeing, we were surprised by the number of intoxicated people around and also found it strange to see ladies smoking cigars in the lounge of the Grand Hotel.

In April 1960, we took the girls for their first visit to Paris, having travelled initially to Basle for the Fair. On this occasion the airline managed to lose one of our suitcases, but fortunately, delivered it later, in time to enable the girls to go to bed in pyjamas. That experience taught us subsequently always to carry in our hand baggage all our overnight requirements.

Midsummer we set off with the girls to Portugal, spending a few days in Estoril and then Shabbat in Lisbon, where we had been invited to lunch at the Sequerras - close friends of cousin Gaby.

We were staying at the magnificent Ritz Hotel, and on Friday night had arranged to eat at a nearby kosher pension where we were surprised to find that the other guests were Rabbi and Mrs. Chait from Sheffield. Mrs. Chait was able to explain to the girls

why it took so long before the meal proper appeared on the table, the Sephardi custom being that one should make as many berachot as possible over various foods before making the blessing over bread, which we did eventually after almost an hour.

The next day in the Synagogue, I was called up, Rabbi Chait read the Haftarah and delivered a short address, and we subsequently met them again in the afternoon at the home of the Sequerras.

We were escorted by Dr. Sequerra from the synagogue to his home where, before partaking of a traditional Shabbat repast, we had to go through the same experience as had happened the previous evening, but this time we knew what to expect and were prepared.

It was whilst in the synagogue that we met the Shaye family from Detroit. We found they were staying at our hotel, and had with them their daughter Lynda who was the same age as Jill. We spent Saturday evening with them, and struck up a friendship which subsequently resulted in our visiting Max Shaye and his family in Detroit, whilst Lynda, some years later, came to Sheffield and stayed with us over Rosh Hashanah.

From Lisbon we travelled to San Martinho where Gaby had an hotel, and where we spent an enjoyable few days. It was on this trip that exporting began to figure in my travelling. We had equipped Gaby's hotel with cutlery, and its quality had impressed some Portuguese visitors to the hotel who were importers. The upshot was that I visited them in Lisbon with an interpreter whose services I obtained through the recommendation of the British Embassy, and received quite a few worthwhile orders for Sheffield cutlery. I also established at this time contact with the Kadosch family who for some years subsequently, sold cutlery for us to various small outlets in Portugal.

In 1962 we took the girls for the first time to Wengen. We had been there ourselves in 1953, and stayed in a large hotel, the Victoria, because it was kosher, but the food at that time was so poor and the management so uncaring, that after a weekend we left. The hotel subsequently changed hands, and the new owners

made some effort to improve on the service of their predecessors. We liked Wengen because of the complete absence of motor traffic, and the fact that it was a much sunnier location than Grindelwald. For the sake of kashruth, observant Jews are sometimes prepared to accept lower standards of service, but such deficiencies as there were, were compensated for to some extent by the interesting clientéle. It was there that we met families from Italy, Holland, Belgium and France as well as from England, amongst them Jack Lass and his sons, who were contemporary with our girls, subsequently meeting them again in Wengen and other places.

In May of that year, it was again another first for the girls – this time to Israel together with Grandy. This trip coincided with Shavuot, and Kolef laid on the Hag Habikurim pageant at Ben Shemen one day earlier so that we could travel there for the occasion. Ben Shemen being an agricultural school, the Festival of the First Fruits was an occasion for the children to show the results of their efforts in an elaborate display, and we were delighted to see it.

To enable us to show the girls as much of the country as possible, we hired a car with a driver/guide, and David Freedman proved to be excellent at both. On that trip the Bible really came alive, not only because of the historical sites we visited, but because of the wide knowledge of our guide, who would quiz the girls from time to time to see if they were taking in all he was anxious to tell us.

1963 saw us returning to Wengen with the girls for our winter break, and this time we were joined by my sister and brother-in-law Edna and Robert Halle. The ice rink at Wengen is in the centre of the village, and generally is a very sunny spot, and we spent a good deal of time there. Neither Rosemary nor I skied, although I had done so in the years before the war, but when I took Rosemary in winter for the first time, and we saw several guests at the Carlton Hotel, St. Moritz, either walking about on crutches or being brought in on stretchers, I decided that my responsibilities were now too great to brook such disasters, and Rosemary agreed

that skating would be a less hazardous sport, and so to begin with we indulged in skating lessons and obtained a reasonable proficiency on the ice, but by the time we started taking the girls the cost of lessons had become decidedly expensive, and in consequence, they were diverted specifically to Jill and Elizabeth, who were to become very competent skaters, as well as having the ability to ski with aplomb.

Robert had been a skier from youth, but Edna, apart from having a short winter holiday with me in Villars in 1935, had never returned in the winter until now, and decided that she would stick to skating.

In the summer we made our first visit to Spain spending a few days initially in Barcelona where I had business contacts, and where we also spent Shabbat. We stayed at the Avenieda Palace, which apart from being a first class hotel, we found a haven with its air conditioning from the intense heat outside. The synagogue in Barcelona, which is only a short distance from the hotel, had only recently opened, and the Jewish population of the city were obviously still uncertain of themselves in that the synagogue was hidden from sight by doors which disguised the frontage. Inside we found two synagogues - an Ashkenazi and Sephardi - and although I no longer remember which of the services we attended, I do recall the friendly kiddush after the Shabbat morning service, and our walk to the kosher restaurant at which we had arranged to have lunch in the company of a Mr. Frankfurter from Troyes. He was an entertaining personality, and the fact that he lived in Troyes, the birthplace of Rashi, added to our interest. The girls had immediately nicknamed him Mr. Sausage, and we were amused to meet him again a while later, this time with his wife, when we were again with the girls in Grindelwald and staying at Kahns. Orthodox Jewish European travellers have a relatively small choice if they wish to stay in kosher hotels, and so it was not altogether surprising that we should meet, as we did from time to time, the same people at different resorts.

From Barcelona we made our way to Lloret de Mar, an unattractive resort, but with one superb hotel, at which we stayed,

making it unnecessary to go outside the grounds at all. Here we met Murray and Nina Spiegal from Montreal, and in 1970, we visited them at their home on our first visit to that city, subsequently meeting them again on a number of occasions.

In 1964 we were once more in Grindelwald with the girls, and this time with Elsie, who had wanted to experience at least once, life in a Swiss sports resort. Jill, who was now studying at Geneva University, had come from Geneva to join us. On that occasion the Silberhorn was full of people we knew. To our surprise we found there Mrs. Apelt from Copenhagen, whose Shabbat meals we had enjoyed so much, the Jacobs from Geneva who Jill had met, Bill Ofstein from London, who had negotiated for us the sale of Button Lane, the Eisenmanns from Amsterdam and the Frankfurters from Troyes. A truly cosmopolitan gathering.

1965 was the last year we went away with both girls, who were now ready to go off on their own. In January we travelled to Grindelwald, once again to enjoy the beauty and thrills of Switzerland in winter, and April to Israel with Grandy for two weeks which included Passover. This was the occasion when overbooking by hotels in Tel Aviv caused a good deal of upset for visitors, and it was only after considerable aggravation that we eventually obtained the accommodation for which we had paid before leaving England.

This was the occasion too, when we had the pleasure of having Auntie Anna with us at the hotel. We arranged for her to stay so that she could join us at the Seder, and I can see her now as she sat in the lounge in a throne like armchair, beautifully dressed and looking quite regal in her 90th year chatting easily to other guests to whom we introduced her on this visit.

On this trip we used a driver/guide Yitzchak Schrager, who had taken us for an overnight stay at Ayelet/Haschachar and Hazor, and subsequently for an overnight stay to Eilat, to which we had previously only flown. The drive was a magnificent experience - less so the hectic drive back to reach Tel Aviv in good time for the entry of the Passover.

In July we made our way to Riccioni where the Lido Hotel

Mediterranée had opened as a kosher hotel. For this reason it had attracted an interesting and international clientèle and, coupled with its location, and the facilities offered, it proved to be a very successful venture at the time, and we enjoyed our stay immensely. We had several subsequent delightful holidays there enjoying the typical Italian ambiance, the evening fashionable promenade, the elegant shops, ice cream at 2.00 a.m. and dancing on the hotel terrace beneath the stars to a first class band.

The last occasion before the hotel unfortunately closed we actually went en famille with Elsie, Jill, David, Robert and the twins and their Swiss au pair Yolanda.

In 1965 when we had first visited Riccione, and the Lido Hotel, it was indeed a grand finale for our travels with the girls but we certainly felt that whilst enjoying for ourselves the pleasure of having our children with us, they had gained experience which gave them self confidence, and which has undoubtedly stood them in good stead in their own subsequent independent travels.

GENERAL TRAVEL

By now the girls were independent of us, and both of them made visits on their own to the U.S.A. as part of their education, visiting, and in many instances, staying with our widespread family.

The fact that we no longer had to think about the children coincided with my entry into the field of exporting pewter, and when in 1964, Rosemary and I made our first trip together to the U.S.A., we little thought that this was going to be the beginning of literally world wide travel with pewter manufacture the central objective. Our 1964 trip to the U.S.A. was indeed a wondrous affair. Out first class on the old Queen Elizabeth, to be met on arrival by our cousins Harry and Anne Zalkin complete with Cadillac and chauffeur to escort us to our hotel, the Waldorf Astoria, which over the years, we have continued to use as our New York base. Our crossing to New York included not only a Shabbat, but two days Shavuot, and it was a memorable experience to be called to the Reading of the Law for the Ten Commandments in the beautifully appointed synagogue as we travelled over the Atlantic Ocean.

On this trip we made our first acquaintance with Grossingers - the fabulous kosher hotel in the Catskills where we met the legendary Jennie Grossinger, who on Friday evenings, sat at the entrance of the dining room greeting the 1,500 guests, adding to the traditional Shabbat atmosphere. We had travelled up to Grossingers by their limousine service - something of a misnomer - and when we came to make the return journey, which was to be to Kennedy airport to enable us to catch our plane back to England, we were concerned to find the mechanical state of the limousine left much to be desired. We reached Kennedy and

boarded our plane by the skin of our teeth, only because the departure of the plane had been rescheduled. The 1964 trip was the only occasion when we made one half of the journey by sea - nowadays we invariably fly across the Atlantic.

Businesswise, I had found that the pewter tankards I had produced were just what my cousin Freddy Hart needed, and I came back to England feeling very pleased with my efforts.

Our next trip in 1966 was much more ambitious taking us initially direct to San Francisco where cousins insisted on entertaining us the evening of our arrival, an experience from which we learnt a salutory lesson about the effects of time changes.

From there by overnight train 'The Lark' to Los Angeles where we were met by our cousins the Fleischers, Hilda, Gladys and Harold, with whom we stayed, and who went to great lengths to ensure that their home was kosher for us. We were entertained quite royally, meeting many members of the family of whose existence I only knew vaguely, as well as those we knew from their visits to us in England. Meeting the buyers of the prestigous store Gumps in San Francisco and Bullocks/Wilshire in Los Angeles, who were already customers for our lines via Ellis Barker (Freddy's company) was valuable for the goodwill it engendered. From Los Angeles we took the train to Flagstaff en route to the Grand Canyon travelling again overnight - this time on the Super Chief - a most pleasant way of travel, and of note too for the fact that we were driven by the Fleischers from their home to Pasadena station where we were able to park right at the point where our sleeping car stopped - very much in contrast to the hassle of flying from Los Angeles airport which we experienced in later years when train travel had almost ceased.

From the Grand Canyon we eventually flew via Flagstaff, Phoenix and Dallas to New Orleans where, arriving at midnight in a temperature still in the 80's we were met by our cousins Estelle and Bob Gervis, ready to transport us to our hotel. Unfortunately, our baggage failed to appear, and we ended up spending the night in our hotel in the clothes in which we stood up and only our hand

baggage which, fortunately, contained our toiletries as well as my Tephillin.

It took three days for our baggage to be delivered - just as we were preparing to leave. We had meanwhile, equipped ourselves at the expense of the airline with basic essentials which wasted a morning of our time, and taught us another lesson on the hazards of air travel.

Our stay in New Orleans, with its fascinating history and architecture was marked by the interesting Shabbat we spent there. Our hotel, the Pontchartrain, was round the corner from the Orthodox synagogue, and across the road from the home of the rabbi, who entertained us on Friday night, whilst we were guests at a barmitzvah lunch the next day. On Saturday night, a 56th wedding anniversary party for cousins Abe and Flora Friedman was an unforgettable occasion. Breakfast at Brennans on Sunday morning, and the jazz musicians of Bourbon Street completed a memorable weekend.

We continued our journey from New Orleans once again by train to Washington and this time we were over 24 hours on the train. Aside from our reserved compartment, the club coach, the observation coach and the dining car gave us the opportunity of meeting people and seeing the country in a manner which is no longer possible.

After so long a train trip, the "Metroliner" from Washington to New York was almost an anticlimax, but this at any rate was quite as fast and more convenient than if we had travelled by air.

In subsequent years we covered the length and breadth of U.S.A. and Canada. Every trip had its highlight, whether it was our first visit to Detroit and meeting the Shayes (our friends from Portugal) with which we incorporated a trip to Niagara, or our fascinating visit to Kentucky meeting customer Mark Scearce and viewing his captivating Wakefield-Scearce Galleries. Each provided new experiences.

It was from Boston that I would be chauffeur driven in the Towle car to their main factory in Newburyport, and where business was conducted. This journey I did on a number of

occasions, whilst on one of our visits, Rosemary was entertained for the day by the wife of one of the directors to an escorted tour of the area whilst I was busy negotiating a new contract.

It was also from Boston that we visited Rhode Island and spent a memorable Shabbat in Newport as guests of bachelor Rabbi Theodore Lewis. The Touro synagogue there is the oldest synagogue in the U.S.A. It remains orthodox and I was honoured to be invited to read the Haftara. Some years later when visiting the Bet Hatefuzot, where there is a fine model of this beautiful and historic synagogue, I was very happy to be able to point out to an interested visitor that I had stood on that Bimah and there read the Haftara, with which statement he was suitably impressed.

On our first trip to Canada we were fortunate to know the British Trade Commissioner in Montreal, Irving Benson, who had originated from Sheffield, and met us at Montreal Airport, whisked us through the Customs and to his home, before escorting us to our hotel. It made an easy start for my Canadian business efforts. Some years later I was able to reciprocate his helpfulness by assisting in the arrangements for his son's Barmitzvah in Sheffield, which occurred whilst I was President of the Congregation.

On this trip we renewed our acquaintance with the Spiegals who we had met some years earlier in Spain and who entertained us in their home. Our experience at St. Agathe des Monts in the Laurentian Mountain where we spent Shabbat at its kosher hotel was strange and eerie, and we understood after the experience why Murray Spiegal had viewed our plans with some reservations. On another visit to Canada, we were guests over Shabbat with the Pollards in Toronto, who we had entertained on many occasions during their stay in Sheffield, and with whom, over the years, we have maintained regular contact.

Our most aggravating travel experience occurred when, due to one of the many strikes with which the Canadians have to contend, we were forced to abandon a week-end which had been carefully planned by the Friedman family, for us to be their guests in Edmonton. It proved impossible to reach them by air, due to a

strike by air traffic controllers, which brought flights throughout Canada to a standstill. Train travel, which might have been practical had we had the time, was impossible because there were no spare seats. We eventually continued our journey through Canada to Vancouver, by travelling by bus back to Buffalo in the U.S.A. and then taking a plane to Seattle, and finally another bus to Vancouver. The search for drug smugglers amongst bus passengers at the U.S.A./Canada border was an experience which delayed our travels yet further, but eventually we reached our destination.

As a first visit to this fine city, we were immediately introduced to its very wet and misty climate which curiously makes everything look very green, but presented a very clouded view from our bedroom window, instead of a magnificent view of Victoria Island. Here our synagogue experiences were interesting and the hospitality of the congregation and the welcome visitors received on entry to the synagogue quite exceptional. Here also we were entertained by family, the Simons, and we subsequently continued to Los Angeles where more family awaited us.

Some years later we were again in British Columbia, this time in sunshine - we had left the rain in the Rockies - and spent Shabbat on Victoria Island visiting the historic synagogue and subsequently the famous Butchart Gardens. We have been fortunate that our business interests took us the length and breadth of Canada, and it was with some satisfaction that I could see our tankards prominently displayed in the most prestigious of jewellery stores.

In 1968 we made our first visit to Florida having initially been in New York which, at that time, was the centre of our business activities. Miami, where we had arranged to stay at one of the kosher hotels, proved to be a disappointment both from the weather angle - a temperature of 48°F at the height of the season was hardly what we expected, whilst the hotel certainly did not come up to the standard we were led to expect from its somewhat deceptive brochure. However, we did enjoy attending a remarkable performance by Frank Sinatra and visiting and

dancing at the various superb luxury hotels with our cousins Florence and Ralph Lavenberg who, at that time, had a winter home there.

From Miami we were transported by our Hart cousins, Rose and David, to their home in Venice. Rose had married an elderly Catholic widower Frank Sabater, whilst David, divorced from his wife, led a bachelor and easy existence as a postal official which apparently gave him a not inconsiderable amount of free time to fish and golf with his brother-in-law and sister. Our sightseeing included the Everglades, unfortunately short of water at the time, so that the air boats could barely function.

When we came to leave Miami for Nassau, the hijacking of aircraft from Miami Airport had begun to reach astonishing proportions, and it was only after considerable delay that we eventually made the short flight to Nassau. Nassau, where I found a ready market for our tankards, was preparing for elections from British rule - the black population generally, and the hotel staff in particular, appeared sullen and unhelpful, and indeed the hotel management apologised to us for the less than first class appearance of their facilities due to staff problems.

From Nassau to Bermuda provided us with further new experiences. I did not take kindly to having my samples confiscated at the airport, and having to return the following day to obtain their release, and not until I had applied for, and obtained, a peddlar's licence to enable me to do business in Bermuda. On the other hand, the general friendliness of the people was very much in contrast to Nassau. Yet it was sad to learn that shortly after our visit, the Governor General was murdered.

Our stay on the island was only for a day, and having spent the major part of it first by going back to the airport for my samples and then doing business, Rosemary rightly insisted that we spend our last few hours there sightseeing, and with the ability we have acquired of making the best possible use of limited time, we visited the major items of interest, arriving at the airport just in time for our plane across the Atlantic and home.

In contrast to selling tankards in North America where the

demand seemed to be insatiable, selling in Europe was on a much more restricted scale, and certainly on one occasion I did so under unusual circumstances.

We had decided to visit the Norwegian Fjords travelling from Tilbury to Kristiansand on the Blenheim, a very fine ship normally used as a cruise liner. Staying overnight in Kristiansand, I entered into conversation with one of the hotel guests, a Dane living in Norway, who was interested to learn that I was a manufacturer of pewter, and invited me to show him my collection. The upshot was a very nice order, which was a pleasant surprise seeing that I had been warned that business prospects in Norway were minimal.

During the period when exchange controls were in operation, countries within the Sterling area were an attraction, and coming within that sphere we visited Malta and Cyprus.

Our journey to Malta from London in late December was one I would not wish to repeat. After flying for some 2 hours, we were caught in a violent thunderstorm, which rocked the aircraft in a most terrifying manner, throwing open the overhead racks, and spreading the contents all over the plane. We eventually reached Malta safely, but were quite shaken by the rough journey.

Our hotel the Sheraton which was on the outskirts of Valetta was well appointed, and we were delighted on arrival unexpectedly to meet Rhoda and Ruben Viner. They knew Malta well, and the next day we joined them in their car for a guided tour of the major points of interest on the island.

That evening - New Year's Eve - we were joined as well by Arni and Ruby Ingram also from Sheffield, and it was altogether an enjoyable occasion for this unexpected Sheffield party.

For the week-end in order to be within walking distance of the synagogue, we moved to the Phoenicia - the grand hotel of Valetta. It was also a more convenient location for my business appointments. The hotel however, was being refurbished, and although we did move in, it gave us a very bad impression of what we imagine is now a very comfortable hotel.

The synagogue as we saw it was in an old building very much in

need of repair. There were a few more than a minyan, and it was interesting to find that it was the Israeli Consul who was the Reader of the Law. We returned to England via Rome and Switzerland and although we enjoyed visiting the island, it is not one to which we have any desire to return.

Cyprus presented a different picture. Flying with British Airways to Nicosia via Athens we found on our halt at Athens that some sort of military coup had just taken place, and the airport was in turmoil. We came to no harm however, not being allowed to venture beyond the transit lounge, and reached Nicosia on schedule. This flight was one of the not infrequent occasions when the kosher food system did not work, and we travelled all the way without a meal, for which British Airways duly apologised, and indeed suitably recompensed us.

Cyprus itself was at the time rent with violent disagreement between the Greek and Turkish population, and Nicosia was like an armed camp with U.N. troops seemingly equipped for battle at every street corner. Our hotel the Ledra Palace which had a great similarity to the King David in Jerusalem, indeed it had the same architect, did I believe eventually become the U.N. Headquarters. Because of the strife between the Greeks and the Turks, there were various 'no go' areas for tourists, but the hotel concierge recommended to us an elderly Armenian driver - guide with whom we subsequently spent an interesting day touring those parts of the island which were open to us, and which fortunately contained a number of historic sites.

The day after the trip, I needed to spend with my business contacts, and so I arranged for the Armenian to take Rosemary for the day to other areas which were open. Little did I realise the adventures which would befall her on that trip, but she returned safely and with many interesting photographs and none the worse for her experiences.

We continued our journey from Cyprus to Israel where strangely enough we found that East Jerusalem was classed as a Sterling area although we did not take advantage of that facility.

Our travels to U.S.A./Canada always necessitated planning to

ensure that we had satisfactory arrangements for Shabbat, and over the years, we visited Grossingers several times, on one occasion unexpectedly meeting there our cousins Gerald and Dorothy Friedman when the Beth Israel Hospital decided to make it their venue for a conference weekend. We experimented with kosher hotels in Atlantic City and in Miami, but none could be compared with Grossingers.

On two occasions our New York family insisted on our being their guests, with Tillie Bernstein being our hostess in Brooklyn, and the Abrams in New Rochelle. From time to time however, we organised ourselves in Manhattan by staying at the Waldorf, attending the 5th Avenue Orthodox Synagogue, and arranging meals in our room at the hotel, but invariably finding ourselves invited guests for Shabbat lunch to the home of Rabbi and Mrs. Shulman, whose hospitality we have always enjoyed, and where, over the years, we have met many interesting personalities.

GENERAL TRAVEL (2)

From 1966 visiting North America had become an annual event, and we had become well established from the business angle both in the U.S.A. and Canada.

When, some years later, I bought the Travis Wilson business which had a connection in Australia, I thought it necessary that we should have a look at the customers in that part of the world, and so in 1978, we embarked on an epic world trip.

Rosemary had felt, quite rightly, that the immense amount of travelling, coupled with the number of different flights, demanded that we should travel first class, and we were fortunate to be able to make the trip in this way before prices for a straightforward ticket rocketed to their present level. As it was we really were cossetted all the way.

Travelling first class certainly eased, very considerably, the hassle of checking and boarding, whilst the service, for the most part, could not be faulted. As an instance, on the section from London to Hong Kong by British Airways on a 747 with its upstairs lounge - a 20 hour flight - with various time changes, meant my davening with Tephillin during one part of the flight for which the chief steward kindly kept the upstairs lounge free for me to daven undisturbed. Similarly on the flight from Hong Kong to Sydney, the chief steward on Quantas was happy to do likewise.

It is a pity that nowadays most airlines no longer offer their first class passengers the luxury of the 747 lounge which on most 747's have now been converted to economy class seating. An orthodox traveller can, even so, usually be accommodated, and on a recent translantic flight, I was offered, and made use of, a curtained off section normally used by the crew.

To return now to our flight from London to Hong Kong, this

was routed via Bombay and Bangkok, and although we would have liked to disembark at both stops, we decided not to do so because of the problems which an upsurge in the incidence of malaria in India and Thailand was creating at that time. In consequence we remained in the aircraft for 20 hours and were fortunate to be able to land at Hong Kong on schedule. Within an hour of our arrival, the airport was closed because of fog, and remained closed for the next three days, opening only when we were ready to depart from Sydney, which was indeed a lucky break for us. It made up for the disappointment of not being able to see Hong Kong as we would have wished. Victoria Peak was completely enshrouded in mist, and one could feel the humidity as if it was raining yet there was no rain.

Our hotel, the Mandarin, which I had selected because of its proximity to the Connaught Centre, where I had business connections, proved to be superbly appointed with impeccable service to match. No one can help but be fascinated by the teeming multitudes of Hong Kong, and the brash electric signs in Chinese lettering, but one is equally horrified by the density of the housing, and the density of space allocated to the workers. We had not thought that within two years we would be back in Hong Kong, but we were, and then the experience of our first stay stood us in good stead.

From Hong Kong an overnight flight took us to Sydney, where, arriving early on a Friday morning in glorious sunshine, we were immediately impressed as we approached the city by the amount of space between the houses in contrast to the density of Hong Kong. Speedily clearing Customs, we were quickly in our hotel, the Wentworth, which we had chosen because of its proximity to the synagogue in Elizabeth Street, and which we planned to attend. Awaiting us at the hotel were invitations over Shabbat as well as greetings from our agent Stephen Goldring. An invitation for Friday night we regretfully had to refuse as our hosts, the Freilichs who Rosemary had met at a W.I.Z.O. conference in Jerusalem were too far from the hotel for easy walking, but they arranged to call for us after Shabbat and show us some of the sights

before going on to their home to enjoy their hospitality. A letter from Rabbi Raymond Apple, who had been in Sheffield as our guest for Jill's and David's wedding some years earlier and was now rabbi of the Elizabeth Street Synagogue, welcomed us, and advised us of the arrangements which had been made for us for the centenary celebrations which were being attended by Rabbi Sir Immanuel Jakobovits and Lady Jakobovits, as well as other dignitaries. We decided that in order to be fresh for all the activities in which we would be participating, it would be sensible to arrange Friday night in our room, and so with advice from the Freilichs, we shopped in the kosher dept. of David Jones department store only a few yards from our hotel, and which bore a great similarity to Selfridges.

A visit to the office of Stephen Goldring to make appointments for the following week, lunch at a vegetarian restaurant, and a subsequent cruise round Sydney harbour with magnificent views of the famous bridge and Opera House, were enough activities for that day. I went to the synagogue on Friday evening and was made very welcome by the secretary, Isaac Goodman who had originated from Manchester, as well as being greeted warmly by Raymond Apple and Chief Rabbi Jakobovits who I had met through my communal activities on various occasions. Back to the hotel for the Shabbat repast which Rosemary had prepared and an early night put us in good shape for the following days activities.

We were early in the synagogue, and I found myself sitting alongside Chaim Potak who was in Sydney to further the sales of his then recently published book "The Chosen", whilst on the other side was the President of the congregation in Wellington, New Zealand, Gerald Shapiro, who subsequently proved to be a most useful introduction. I was honoured with the opening of the Ark as well as being welcomed from the pulpit by Raymond Apple. The subsequent kiddush and lunch in the synagogue hall was made memorable by the friendliness of the atmosphere, and the very pleasant company who were at our table. It was not long before we had found mutual friends in different parts of the world, and even distant relationships. Such is the family of the Jewish

people with its world wide ramifications.

In the afternoon, one of our luncheon acquaintances called for me to escort me to the home of Rabbi Apple for mincha and maariv. A special seudah shleshit in honour of the Chief Rabbi added to this festive occasion, and I was very pleased to have added to my experiences by attending this most auspicious gathering.

Rosemary had decided to rest in our hotel to prepare herself for what we knew would be a very busy evening, and indeed one of our most fascinating experiences was soon to follow. The Freilichs called for us soon after the termination of Shabbat, to show us some of the sights of Sydney by night, and then escorted us to their home where a magnificent repast had been prepared.

There we were introduced to their son, a young rabbi, who on hearing we were from England told of a wedding he had attended only a few months earlier in Leeds. It transpired that the wedding was that of one of our Franklin cousins, who had married an Australian girl - and we had been at that wedding. From the rabbi we learnt that the young couple were indeed now living in Sydney, and we subsequently contacted them, to their great surprise, and entertained them at our hotel.

The following day - Sunday - from sightseeing in old Sydney in the morning - we were called for and taken to Bondi Beach by Martin and Brenda Smith. Martin had come from Johannesburg to study at Sheffield University, and had been amongst our Shabbat student guests. He had married Brenda Caryll, a Sheffield girl, and both were now working in Sydney.

Bondi Beach on a Sunday presented a remarkable spectacle, and we enjoyed too the additional sightseeing which the Smiths laid on for us.

Monday saw me hard at work in a temperature of over 85^{o}, whilst Rosemary was in the charge of Dinah Freilich, herself a prominent W.I.Z.O. worker.

In the company of Stephen Goldrings's sales manager, I visited several customers, who subsequently placed orders. Stephen evidently felt that my efforts warranted some additional reward as

we were entertained that evening most royally at one of Sydney's high spots, a revolving restaurant overlooking the harbour. The next day, after further business calls, saw us en route for Melbourne, where having jahrzeit that evening, I needed to find a minyan. One proved to be available round the corner from the hotel, which incidentally, was opposite the Melbourne Test Cricket Ground - the home of the "Ashes". The synagogue was the oldest in Melbourne, and a committee meeting being held that evening ensured a minyan. The next morning however, I had to travel quite a distance to St. Kilda in order to find a congregation with a minyan, and it is fair comment to make here on the universality of orthodox Judaism that one can so easily be at home under such varying conditions.

Business in Melbourne was again conducted in a temperature in the 80's, although the largest order of that part of the trip was secured from a buyer who came to see me in the hotel.

We were intrigued by the sight of Captain Cook's cottage in the park which had been transported from Great Ayton in Yorkshire and re-erected stone by stone.

After a day and a half in Melbourne, we took off for Auckland, New Zealand, where we had various introductions, and where we arranged to spend Shabbat.

Our first introduction was via Richard Barnett to the Nathans and in particular to Lawrence Nathan with whom Richard had been a student at Cambridge. Lawrence Nathan was head of the trading company, L. D. Nathan & Co. Ltd., established by his great-grandfather in the 1840's and now a business covering all aspects of New Zealand trade with world wide ramifications.

Lawrence Nathan, to whom I had written, was away, but his brother Dennis, was most friendly, and indeed in consequence of the introduction, we were very happy to arrange for Nathans to be our agents in New Zealand. We subsequently looked up Dennis's son Jeremy in Jerusalem to his great surprise, bearing greetings from his father.

Our second introduction was to the Mayor of Auckland, Sir Myer Robinson - born in Sheffield, and a first cousin of Ethel

Viner. He received us most warmly, and we listened with amazement to the energetic activities of this remarkably youthful septuagenarian who had become something of an institution in Auckland civic life. The Auckland congregation at the time of our visit was without a rabbi and minister, but a strong Bnei Akiva movement appeared to be helping the congregation to stay in being. A very modern and attractive Synagogue and centre, a short distance from our hotel, seemed to show that the congregation wanted to survive, but the very great distance from the mainstream of Jewish life certainly makes for problems. Sunday morning saw us setting off early by plane for Rotarua, where on arrival, we were picked up by coach and driven round the area. The hot springs are quite spectacular and the quaking of the ground not a little disconcerting. In this area one became aware of the Maoris, who, unlike native races in some other countries, are accepted as equals, in all phases of New Zealand life. A Maori entertainment that evening in our hotel was quite an experience.

The following day we were off early to Wellington, and here I made contact with my acquaintance from Sydney, the President of the congregation, Gerald Shapiro, to whom I had spoken of my search for my Barnett cousins, whose father, my great-uncle Alfred, had emigrated to New Zealand in the 1850's. He was able to put me in immediate touch with a lawyer, Harry Ardnt, to whom I spoke, and who in turn, to my amazement, was able to direct me to two members of the family. Considering the extent to which the name of Barnett is very common in New Zealand, and for that matter, elsewhere, I was delighted to have been able to make contact so quickly. I spoke to Malcolm Barnett, who, apart from the surprise of hearing from a long lost cousin, related to me a strange story. His daughter (now a Mormon) anxious to trace her Jewish ancestry, had written me a letter only a few days earlier in consequence of having obtained my name and address from the secretary of the Wellington Synagogue, to whom I had written when enquiring the whereabouts of the family of Alfred Barnett. A telephone call to Kathy Berand - Malcolm's daughter - evoked

incredulity and amazement, but when, that afternoon, we met in her home, complete with eight children and husband, a fascinating story was unrolled. Kathy, whose grandfather had already married out, and whose father and mother were not Jewish, had been brought up a very lukewarm Church of England Christian, and when Mormon missionaries came knocking at the door, they found Kathy and her husband, a Catholic immigrant from Holland, and himself having suffered at the hands of the Nazis, ready to listen to the attractions of following the Mormon way of life. Mormonism has quite a strong following both in Australia and New Zealand, and we had to admit when we saw the Berand family sit down to eat - the eight children and their parents - that their religious behaviour at table was comparable with that of orthodox Jewish families, and that their general outlook on life had a religious pattern which, if we did not agree with it, appeared to result in a stable family life.

We subsequently met Kathy's parents and other members of the family learning of the happenings to the rest of the children of Alfred and Julia Barnett, both from newspaper cuttings and stories related by Kathy's father and uncle. Suffice to say that some had been prominent in the development of New Zealand - Sir Louis Barnett became President of the B.M.A. and was knighted for his work into cancer research.

Air Marshall Dennis Fulton Barnett served with distinction in the 1939-45 war, whilst other members of the family were active in the civil administration of Wellington and one as a Governor of the Solomon Islands. Sadly, none of them remained in the Jewish faith.

From Wellington we continued to Christchurch arriving at that delightful city on the eve of Purim. We decided to find the synagogue which indeed was only a few yards from our hotel, and it was a fascinating experience to join with this small, but still live, Jewish community in the celebration of Purim in traditional style. Their immediate concern was the visit of Chief Rabbi I. Jakobovits and his wife the next day, and we offered the lay leaders - there were no paid officials - what we hoped was useful

advice.

We, for our part, after a busy day in Christchurch, returned to Auckland for the next long hop - this time to Hawaii, where en route we gained one complete day. Having established ourselves at the Moana Hotel in Honolulu, we took the opportunity of resting from our strenuous travelling. The synagogue in Honolulu proved to be too far away from our hotel, and of a Liberal nature, and we spent a very quiet and enjoyable Shabbat within the bounds of our hotel, and on the balcony of our very spacious room. Pineapples in Honolulu had quite a different flavour from those purchased at home, and our shopping for Shabbat provided us with some exotic varieties. As for sightseeing in the area, with our usual planning, we made good use of one day to see as much as possible of the area before moving on to Los Angeles, for the next stage of our journey. At Los Angeles airport, we were met by our cousins and transported to the splendours of the Beverley Wilshire Hotel, a few minutes away from Rodeo Drive with its luxury shops. After two nights in Los Angeles meeting various members of the family, and being escorted to new highlights in the area, we were again in the air en route for New York, where, after a three day stay, we flew up to Grossingers for Shabbat, returning to New York, also by air, to pick up our next flight to Montreal and subsequently Toronto and home.

On this trip we covered some 28,000 miles, had 16 different flights and stayed in 12 different hotels, all in some 34 days. It had proved a rewarding trip both from the business angle and the many varied experiences in which we had been involved.

1979 saw us with a very busy year of travel commencing with what had become our annual visit to Switzerland and Israel in January - followed by U.S.A. and Canada in March which this time included a visit to Florida and Orlando, so that we might visit the space centre and see the aircraft which had landed people on the moon, and to see and compare the Disneyland of Florida with that of Los Angeles.

A quick trip, on our return, to Switzerland for the Swiss Industries Fair, was followed by a visit to Jersey, our flight by

courtesy of British Airways.

Our 1980 travels began with our annual visit to Israel and Switzerland followed by a journey which included Japan, Hong Kong, U.S.A. and Canada. That journey began with a flight via Anchorage, Alaska to Tokyo, a fascinating journey, but with disconcerting time changes. On this trip I was provided with a small curtained off section so that I might daven with Tephillin, but with the time changes it became a little difficult to decide what prayers to say at what time.

On arrival at Narita Airport we were quickly through Customs en route to our hotel, the world renowned Imperial which is just opposite the Imperial Palace.

After a good night's rest, which we certainly needed, I made my way to the British Embassy where the commercial section had made appointments for me to visit various potential buyers of pewter.

On my requesting the services of an interpreter, I was advised that one would be unnecessary as all the people I would be visiting spoke good English and it would be better for me to go alone. I was provided with exact instructions to hand to taxi drivers on how to reach each place I was to visit, one of the problems in Tokyo being the lack of street knowledge of the taxi drivers coupled with the fact that so many of the streets do not have their names visible.

Trying to sell pewter to the Japanese proved to be an uphill task, and although I did some business the effort was scarcely warranted. Had I been selling lengths of suiting I might have done better judging from one of my experiences when facing one buyer and his assistant. I had been expounding the saleability of my wares to two expressionless individuals, when, all of a sudden, I was quite taken aback, one of them grabbing a lapel of my suit jacket and smilingly remarking to me that it was very nice material. A decision was then made to place a sample order, but as I was leaving and being helped on with my cashmere overcoat, it was the quality of the overcoat which again caused comment.

As I have already mentioned, I had been given cards with exact instructions for taxi drivers on how to reach the particular office

where I had appointments. On one occasion however, it didn't quite work out. I was dropped at the correct address, but was disconcerted to find that in the office building I was visiting, all the names on the doors were in Japanese characters, and it was only by good fortune that I was eventually escorted to the office where I had an appointment.

Our usual policy of doing a lot of self-catering makes it necessary to know where to find fruiterers and grocers, and without local advice, we would never have known that the main department stores all had magnificent food departments in their basements, full of luxuries as well as everyday requirements.

Overall, whilst we found it interesting to be in a city where there were so many differences from modern Western standards, it was none the less disconcerting to find toilet arrangements in some places quite primitive, whilst the noise of the overhead railway, the density of the traffic, the inability of being able to hail a taxi with a driver who might know how to reach one's destination, made it less than easy to get around in a city which has one of the most complicated languages in the world, and indeed where it seemed the same word was used for yes and no, only the voice inflection being slightly different.

Nevertheless, I felt I had achieved considerable success when I negotiated at the railway ticket office our ticket to visit Kyoto, travelling there on the famous Bullet train.

During our stay in Tokyo, which included a Shabbat, I had jahrzeit - actually on the Shabbat, and having the telephone number of the synagogue, I enquired whether a minyan could be expected. At the time of our visit, there alas, was no rabbi, but the head of the classes, a young orthodox Israeli teacher Avi Aviner was in charge, and he, whilst assuring me of a minyan on Shabbat morning was not entirely sure about Friday evening. He invited us to be his guests for Friday evening, and was pleased to learn that we were moving over to the Okura Hotel for Shabbat as this was within walking distance of the synagogue and his home. We were somewhat horrified to find when we took a taxi before Shabbat to the synagogue that we were over two miles away from our hotel,

but as it happened, the walk back on Friday night was in the company of local members of the community, whilst on Saturday morning, the walk, which was flat, was so full of interest, that the distance did not seem to matter.

Our Friday night meal at the home of the Aviners was a wondrous affair. Mrs. Aviner a charming hostess, who at first glance, we thought might not have been Jewish, but who indeed certainly was, as we subsequently discovered in New York, had prepared a traditional Friday night repast for some ten strangers to Tokyo, including an orthodox rabbi and his wife. We had all walked from the synagogue to the Aviner's home and found ourselves entering a typical Japanese home, where one removed one's shoes before entering, and put on slippers which our host provided. The meal itself was long drawn out, with Mrs. Aviner disappearing between courses to quieten her baby daughter, but we were all greatly entertained by the rabbi, who was employed by a U.S. organisation, to vet the kashruth of various food stuffs and whose certificates on the labels was a guarantee of it being kosher, our rabbi being the authority, and indeed a man whose knowledge was profound. The discussions even continued on our walk back to the hotel, and that Friday night will remain a unique occasion in our experiences. The fascinating point to the story is that when later on in our travels we reached New York and were entertained for Shabbat lunch by the Shulmans, we were asked to relate our experiences and told the story of our adventures in Tokyo the previous Shabbat, at which point Rabbi Shulman related how he had indeed married the Aviners when he had been a minister in California, and certainly could vouch for the Jewishness of Mrs. Aviner. Truly a small world.

The overall picture of the community in Tokyo is an interesting one. It is well to do and aims to be traditionally orthodox with local variations to suit the conditions. We noticed some very Japanese looking faces amongst the ladies in the congregation, and at the very interesting kiddush after the Shabbat morning service, I found myself in conversation with one of those Japanese ladies. The kiddush itself was more like a lunch, and indeed we bensched

afterwards and then davened mincha, after which we had a leisurely walk back in the company of two eminent scientists from New York who were also staying at our hotel.

From Tokyo we subsequently flew to Hong Kong, and in contrast to our previous visit, the sky was clear, and we were able to get a completely different picture of our surroundings than on the previous occasion.

Businesswise, I found it difficult to sort out who might be dependable suppliers, and in the end, although there certainly was the possibility of importing watches cheaply from Hong Kong, the risks involved were more than I felt disposed to take. From the selling angle I was able to obtain repeat business from our account in the Connaught Centre, but felt that the considerable effort to sell in other directions was not warranted in view of the smallness of the market for our type of merchandise. This time we made our central headquarters the famous Peninsula Hotel with its fleet of eight Rolls Royce cars available for escorting guests from the airport to the hotel etc., situated round the corner from the hub of Kowloon shopping - Nathan Road. I took the opportunity of having a suit made at one of the several tailors which make suits to measure expertly, with remarkable rapidity and most economically. I also took the opportunity of looking up a contact which I had been given in London - Eric Beare - a South African now settled in Hong Kong and involved quite considerably in watches. I found him a most interesting personality, and we were invited to be his guests on Friday evening.

In order to be within walking distance of the synagogue, we moved over to the Hilton on Friday afternoon, and there found ourselves in the company of several co-religionists, who had done likewise. Friday evening saw us first in the synagogue - a fascinating building in a sizeable complex - which must be immensely valuable in view of the high cost of land in Hong Kong. Sitting next to me was a man from London by the name of Chesterman, himself in the watch industry, who, when I mentioned my name, was immediately aware of our association with his company some years previously. Our host for the

evening, Eric Beare, came and joined us and we then made our way to his luxurious flat on Victoria Peak. Another guest, in addition to Rosemary and myself, was a very orthodox young man from South Africa, and another couple, also originally from South Africa but now settled in Hong Kong. It was a truly fascinating evening. The next day, whilst Rosemary decided to rest, I joined with the rest of our co-religionists in the hotel to go to the synagogue. After the service there was a pleasant kiddush, following which, our party set off together back to our hotel. I decided to invite everybody back to our room for our kiddush which Rosemary had prepared in a style worthy of her best efforts at home. Our guests were truly cosmopolitan coming from Kabul, Prague, Teheran, London and New York. Harvey Chesterman felt he must reciprocate our hospitality, and we were invited for seudah sheleshit to his apartment where there was quite a party. Altogether a very memorable Shabbat.

That evening was Purim and we went back to the synagogue for the Megilla and for the festivities taking place at the club, but as we had an early departure the next day on a very long flight across the Pacific, we left early.

Our non-stop flight on a Pan Am from Hong Kong to San Francisco was quite an achievement. The pilot on this flight was making his last flight before retirement, and at one stage of the journey, I had quite a lengthy conversation with this most interesting man, who had been in commercial flying with Pan Am since its inception. Our landing in San Francisco was on schedule, and with the gain of a full 24 hours, we had thought we might have been able to get to Mexico City, but that ambitious plan did not work out, and we settled for spending the day we had gained, plus one extra day, in and around San Francisco, thinking that we might have been able to visit Yosemite. However, appalling weather conditions ruled that out and we eventually settled for a tour which took us along the Monterey Peninsula. Despite the weather it was a fascinating drive, and we were glad to have had the opportunity of doing it.

The following day, Monday, took me to Gumps, where over

the years, we had, through Freddy Hart, supplied many thousands of dollars worth of merchandise - real pearl handle cutlery in particular was the popluar item, but when the ECC was sold to the Towle Group, business dwindled. Gumps is unique, and we have yet to visit another store where there is such a fabulous collection of jade.

On this occasion I received a very friendly reception from the Silverware buyer, which left the door open for me eventually to get the account reopened. We also took the opportunity of contacting our Catholic cousins, Mal Post - Al Post's son, who had recently married, and to whose wedding we had been invited. Mal was anxious for us to visit his 83 year old father and his companion Polly, who had unfortunately broken her leg and was in hospital, and so he called for us, and we were taken first to the hospital to see Polly, recuperating under conditions which reminded us of the Dr. Kildare television series, then to see Al, and finally to see the home of Mal and his wife, where she had gone to great lengths to provide refreshment purchased only from the kosher delicatessen in their locality. The fact that these refreshments included würst as well as cottage cheese was incidental, but we appreciated their efforts to be hospitable, and we spent a very pleasant evening with them.

Our journey continued to New York for a mixture of business and family gatherings and on to Montreal and Toronto where the intense cold was more piercing than anything we had ever experienced over all the years of being in Swiss mountain resorts in winter. Fortunately, my business activities necessitated the minimum of walking around under such conditions, but it made us realise how much the residents of Montreal and Toronto must appreciate the underground shopping walks which have become such a feature of both cities.

Back home from Toronto, whether via London or Manchester, one still requires time to adjust to the five hours loss of sleep on this flight, and we usually find that it takes at least 24 hours to get back to our normal rhythm.

Our regular trips to U.S.A. and Canada now invariably

included new places from which we had received enquiries for our products, but with Montreal, Toronto and New York as our bases, and so in 1981 with enquiries from Texas, coupled with the fact that we had unexpectedly discovered a cousin in Austin, we flew from London to Dallas, where we found our bedroom at the Fairmont Hotel facing the famous office block building which features as the headquarters of the Ewings in the television series "Dallas". The renowned Neiman Marcus store was a disappointment, even though some of the extrordinary items at fabulous prices, for which it is celebrated, were visible, and one would presume were sold from time to time to wealthy Texans who make up the clientèle. We subsequently found Houston a much more interesting city, and in the process, discovered how greatly the Jews had contributed to the development of the state.

In the early part of the 20th century the U.S. Government, concerned by the lack of culture and education amongst the existing settlers in Texas, suggested to the Jewish authorities in New York that they should encourage new immigrants to go to Texas, as it was felt that the strong family life of the Jews, coupled with their interest in education, would materially improve the quality of life in the area. As an attraction a subsidy was offered to draw the immigrants away from their friends and families already settled in New York, to make their homes in completely strange surroundings.

That so many of them succeeded and made so great a contribution to the civil and communal life of Texas is evidence of the success of the idea. One of our family, Zalman Abrams became assistant sheriff of Galvaston, but unfortunately died there a young man. His brother Morris, (Abe Abrams father) prospered there as a merchant, but on the death of his brother decided to return to New York.

From Dallas, we flew to San Antonio where we had arranged to spend Shabbat. Sitting alongside me in the plane was a San Antonio lawyer, who was intrigued to learn of our travels, and our reasons for going to San Antonio. He told us that although not Jewish himself, he had a close association with the Jewish

community, and had been on a platform the previous evening with the Conservative rabbi.

We were immensely impressed by the subsequent happenings because no sooner had we checked into our hotel than the telephone rang and it was a Jewish lady, a friend of our acquaintance on the plane, inviting us for dinner and subsequent escort to the Reform synagogue. The fact that we could not accept this gracious invitation was incidental. What did impress us was the action of our plane acquaintance and the prompt offer of hospitality.

San Antonio proved to be a fascinating city - the battle of the Alamo is an important part of the history of San Antonio and of the U.S.A. A strong Mexican element still remains in the city, albeit in a somewhat rundown section. Nevertheless, much redevelopment has taken place, and the river promenade, from being a rundown area, is now quite charming with its restaurants and hotels.

Our hotel was within comfortable walking distance of the Orthodox synagogue where, following the service, there was a farewell kiddush to a London doctor who had obviously been a great help to a congregation struggling to survive against keen competition from a Conservative congregation, whose rabbi obviously had a personality which was drawing people to his synagogue.

We were quite royally entertained at the hotel on Saturday night as guests of the management. Independently owned at that time, it is one of the sights of the city with a lounge full of treasures. We spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening dancing to a first class band in very pleasant surroundings.

The following morning we were called for by our cousins Jane and Guy Manaster - Jane is the eldest daughter of Sam Goldstone, who had already advised his daughter of our visit, and we were indeed welcomed in a most friendly and hospitable manner. An hours drive to Austin followed by lunch, and then a drive to the airport for our flight to Houston, was a very pleasant interlude in this section of our travels.

From Houston on to New York with our Shabbat lunch spent as guests of the Shulmans - our usual round of family gatherings, then on to Montreal and Toronto, and this time home from Boston. There, before our flight to London, we were guests of our cousins the Altmans. Janet, who had stayed with us in Sheffield, and with Jill in London, called for us at our hotel, and after dinner at the family home with her parents, drove us to the airport for our flight back to England.

1982 saw our North American travels taking yet another track - this time flying again via Boston to Louisville, Kentucky - en route for Shelbyville, the location of the Wakefield-Scearce Galleries, for whom we had recently executed an interesting order.

Arriving in Louisville late in the evening, we picked up a taxi at the airport, and en route to our hotel, negotiated with the driver to take us to Shelbyville and back the next day. Weather conditions the next day were appalling - rain falling torrentially and continuously. Mark Scearce proved to be a charming personality, and his Galleries a virtual Aladdin's cave. We were entertained to lunch in the private restaurant attached to the Galleries in an atmosphere of colonial splendour.

After lunch and business we went back to Louisville, and the following morning were on the way to North Carolina and Charotte to meet our cousins Ruth and Alan Goldberg (Abe Abrams daughter and son-in-law).

The Goldberg's home proved to be delightful, and the hospitality warm and generous. We enjoyed meeting them and their two grown up sons, and felt that the effort to make their acquaintance was well worthwhile.

The next day we moved to Richmond for Shabbat, and finding that our taxi driver from the airport was an interesting personality, we negotiated a very satisfactory arrangement with him to take us on the Sunday to Williamsburg and Jamestown, and on to the airport for our flight to New York. This time from New York, I had to make a side trip to Montreal for the day, and on the way back, I almost missed my flight because the Customs officer thought my

in and out visit to Montreal might have been for drug smuggling. Fortunately, he was eventually convinced of the genuineness of my purpose, which had indeed been purely to see the Birks buyer who had to change his appointment with me from the one originally arranged from England.

Various business appointments in New York, numerous family gatherings, our Shabbat lunch at the Shulmans and then off to Toronto, where similarly, aside from business, we met every year with the Pollards, then on to Boston and home.

1983 saw us starting off our travels in reverse in that we made Montreal our first stop, followed by Toronto and on to Boston, each for one night, then on to New York for four nights before taking off for Jamaica.

In New York we had managed to get together with most of the family - first Lewis and Vivien for lunch on Thursday - Gerry and Dorothy for dinner on Saturday night, the Abrams, Lori Gittleson, Florence and Ralph Lavenberg, and David Halle for lunch on Sunday, followed by Gertrude, Stanley and Shari for tea in the new Waldorf lounge, and Neil and Mavis Rosenstein for dinner the same evening - quite a day, but certainly interesting. Gertrude at 94 years old was quite incredible, and indeed neither looked nor acted her age.

It was a remarkable change from the biting cold of New York to arrive in Jamaica to a temperature of 85^{O}F in time for lunch, having left our hotel after breakfast. I had anticipated some problems with the Customs because of my pewter samples for which I should have had an import licence. As it happened the Customs officer appeared to be only interested in whether we were carrying fruit, liquor or cigarettes, and so with no other questions being asked our baggage was suitably marked, and we were away in a taxi to our hotel, the Royal Caribbean, which proved to be a very good choice. One of the first things I had to do was to contact Geoffrey Pinto, Barbara Barnett's brother, who runs the gift shop at the Sea Winds Hotel complex, from whom we received a very friendly invitation to dinner the following evening. Our accommodation, in a chalet type room looking out on to the

Caribbean, with a beach outside the door, was an idyllic location, the chalet being set in beautiful grounds abounding with palm trees full of coconuts - gorgeous flowers and lawns perfectly manicured - an outdoor dining room, two swimming pools and a variety of entertainment completed the picture.

We decided to take a morning tour the next day into Montego Bay and to see some of the surrounding area including the famous Rose Hall, now restored to its original splendour with its fearsome story of its 18th century owner Annie Palmer - the witch of Rose Hall. It gave me the opportunity also of seeing who might be outlets for pewter in Montego Bay, but we were not impressed by what we saw, and it was not until we met Geoffrey Pinto that evening that I was put in touch with the right contact.

Our visit to the Pinto's was a most interesting experience. Pat Pinto, Geoffrey's wife, called for us - a charming woman - herself a descendant of Aaron Hart, who had accompanied General Wolfe in his Canadian campaign, and had founded the Jewish community in Quebec.

Pat had been born in Kingston and remembered when the island had over 400 Jewish families, but which was now reduced to some 200 people scattered round the island. Geoffrey and Pat had met in London, and Geoffrey, when he went out to Jamaica decided to stay and make his life there, living first in Kingston until the political troubles, and then moving on to Montego Bay where the Hart family business had existed for generations. Whilst this closed on the death of Pat's father, Geoffrey had made quite a success of his own venture, and it was interesting to hear from him that although no synagogue now existed in Montego Bay, their home was the venue for services from time to time on Friday evening, whilst their daughter living in Kingston, a chemistry graduate of Leeds University, and now with a Government position, ran the Hebrew school for the children of the congregation of the only remaining synagogue in Jamaica. We were interested to be told of the generous philanthropist in the community who had provided substantial funds to ensure that the Jewish cemeteries on the island would never be neglected.

Pat had provided an excellent vegetarian dinner and was well used to this type of fare because of her daughter's vegetarianism, and altogether we spent a most entertaining evening with these new additions to our family connections.

The next day, having decided to spend it leisurely before continuing our travels, we were fascinated to find ourselves in conversation at lunch time with two Jewish couples, who had come into our hotel for a few hours from a cruise ship which had docked at Montego Bay. One couple from Montreal knew our friends the Speigals, whilst the other, by the name of Hurwitz from New York, proved to have a Katzenellenbogen interest, and I could hardly believe it when Mrs. Hurwitz started to tell me the Saul Wahl story as related to her by her grandmother, and then to continue with the story of her mother having been in correspondence, only a few days previously, with Neil Rosenstein. He had written in connection with the story he is writing of the Levin-Epstein history, with which I have been of assistance to him, through my connection with Miriam Duke Cohan whose father, Rabbi Levin-Epstein had been one of the Rabbanim in Sheffield in my youth. We spent the next few hours in their company until their cruise ship was ready to leave, and enjoyed the experience of yet another incident in the Katzenellenbogen saga.

We subsequently left Montego Bay by touring coach first for Falmouth, where on entering the old church we were intrigued to see a notice signed by the Bishop of Jamaica, Neville Wordsworth de Sousa. As the lay reader of the Synagogue in Kingston is a de Sousa, we guessed that there was probably a similarity between Bishop de Sousa and our Bishop Montefiore. From Falmouth on to Discovery Bay where Columbus landed in 1494 and where the Kaiser-Bauxite organisation have established a most interesting historical lay-out - then on to Dunns River Falls where, whilst we avoided the experience of climbing up through them in our bathing suits, taking the easy way of climbing up through the steps at the side, we were intrigued to see the quite rigorous conditions which those who elected to climb through the cascade

of water endured.

From Dunns Falls on to Ochos Rios. The view from our bedroom balcony over the bay was delightful, the beach an excellent one, and the local population distinctly colourful. We had thought we would find either a bus or a plane to take us onwards to Kingston, but none being available when we wanted to travel, we negotiated with a taxi to take us on this, at times, hair raising, but scenic journey.

We had been warned to avoid Kingston, which had been on occasion, and still was, one of the major trouble spots in Jamaica, but I had wanted to spend Shabbat there so that we could visit the synagogue. Although we stayed at the best hotel in the area right on the waterfront and within walking distance of the synagogue, we reluctantly had to accept the fact that it was considered unsafe for us to walk back in the dark on Friday evening, so we had to miss what, in fact, was a civic occasion that evening in the synagogue. When, on Shabbat morning we wended our way through the crowded market area, the only white faces in sight, we could understand the reasons for caution, but nevertheless, made our way there without incident, and we returned through much quieter back streets to many friendly comments. The synagogue itself is a fine building, with a truly magnificent mahogany ark, and with a similarity to other synagogues in the Far East, where the floor is covered with sand as a reminder of the desert over which the children of Israel had journeyed during their years in the wilderness. Apart from Edward de Sousa, who conducted a form of service, which was distinctly reform, but which had retained some recognisable orthodox content, we met Debbie Pinto - Geoffrey's daughter - who subsequently joined us at our hotel to be our guest to Shabbat lunch in our bedroom, which Rosemary had prepared with the usual skill and improvisation, gained after years of Shabbat catering in our hotels.

It was an enjoyable experience for us to have joining us for kiddush and bensching, this charming young girl who was anxious to ally herself with an orthodoxy she had experienced during her student days in Leeds, and which was impossible to

find in Kingston.

Debbie, who the following morning, drove us to the airport, told us of her plans to settle in Israel, and as a start to that plan she, shortly afterwards, left Jamaica for an Ulpan in Arad.

On Saturday evening at the hotel, we had decided to go into the bar where where there was a pianist and a small dance floor. We had only been there a few minutes when a fracas broke out between some local residents, which resulted in the arrival of the police, a display of truculance by both parties and the eventual handcuffing of one man who the police took away with them. We gathered this state of things was not unusual, and whilst it added colour to our experiences, we would have preferred a more peaceful atmosphere to have prevailed.

Our flight from Kingston to Miami to London was arranged so that we could spend the day at the Sheraton River Hotel at Miami Airport and have our family in the area come and join us for a buffet brunch, a regular Sunday feature of American hotels. Although Sylvia and Joe Kurtzman, and Norman and Freda Nathan, who live in Florida were unable to join us, Janet Altman, her parents, Helene and Charlie and Charlie's brother and wife, who were visiting Sylvia and Joe came, and we sat on the pleasant terrace by the river until it was time to leave for London in the evening.

March 1984, saw us setting off on our usual visit to U.S.A. and Canada but this time with Pinder Bros. accounts added to my usual calls. We made our first stop in Boston, followed by Montreal and Toronto, then for the week-end to London, Ontario, to stay with the Fridmans, an invitation which had been extended to us for so long that Janet and Gerald wondered whether we ever intended to take them up on it. We were glad that this time, we actually made it, and enjoyed immensely their friendly and generous hospitality, despite the intensity of the cold on our walk to the synagogue on Shabbat morning. Visiting London, Ontario, gave us the opportunity of continuing from there by air to Cleveland, that city being one of the few places to which one can fly from London. For us it was fortuitous, as it gave us the

opportunity of meeting again and being entertained by our cousins, Elaine and Joe Marg, who, during the previous summer, had been to visit us in Sheffield.

From Cleveland, we flew on the Monday to Minneapolis, where the Henry Birks Organisation has its U.S. headquarters, and where the offices are housed in an old, but reconstructed building, and a landmark of Minneapolis, which is a fascinating city with its modern architecture and its covered walkways joining many of the major buildings, and helping the locals survive the intense cold of their climate without having to hibernate. Then on to St. Louis where the famous Gateway Arch is a truly remarkable piece of architecture and engineering. Despite the intensely cold wind blowing from the Mississippi river over the road along which we had to walk to reach the Arch, we actually made it to the top on the tram which runs inside, a somewhat claustrophobic journey, not to be recommended if one is at all queezy, as was one of the passengers, who made the complement of four travelling in our compartment. We enjoyed the experience as well as doing business in St. Louis, and subsequently spending an evening at the fabulous restored Fox Theatre listening with 4500 other people to Andy Williams and the Osmond brothers.

We continued our journey to New York, doing business, meeting the family - going to the theatre, and having Shabbat lunch as usual with the Shulmans before returning to England, after one of the coldest trips we have ever made in all of our annual visits to the U.S.A.

Over the last 20 years, we were lucky, that we, in fact, only experienced cold weather, because a few days later, both tornados and floods struck the area we had visited, causing untold damage and loss of life.

We little thought that in June we would make another trip to the U.S.A. but the opportunity presented itself for us to be there over Shavuot, and link up our trip with a party which Neil and Mavis Rosenstein had arranged to celebrate the Barmitzvah of their second son Ari.

We decided to sample life at the Concord - the immense hotel

complex in the Catskills – strictly kosher – and enjoyed a five days stay there over Shavuot and Shabbat in temperatures which rose to the 90's, in superb surroundings. With its parkland, golf courses and lake, such high temperatures did not seem unbearable, nor even at the Barmitzvah party at which we were very honoured guests.

However, we wisely decided not to go to New York the next day, when the temperature had risen even higher, but to stay at our hotel at Newark Airport, and to see what Elizabeth, New Jersey offered, after conducting some very useful business over the telephone. Elizabeth proved to be quite a worthwhile experience as we discovered to our pleasant surprise that the immediate area contained much well preserved U.S.A. history.

The evening we spent with Freddy and Nora, who we had not seen for some years, and although Newark was not exactly the most convenient of spots in which to spend any length of time, it was just right for Elizabeth, where the Rosensteins lived and for Summit where Freddy is located. We made our way back to England, on a day flight – a far more relaxing way to travel than the usual night flights which saves time, but leave one suffering from jet lag for days.

With this trip I propose to end my travel saga, except for the chapter on Israel which follows. I hope however, that our travels will go on for many years to come, but at some stage the writing has to stop if I want to see my story in print, and that time has now arrived.

ISRAEL

These travels have all had North America as their central point even if on two occasions we included Hong Kong, and on another Japan, Australia and New Zealand. However, since 1956 we have also visited Israel at least once a year, whilst more recently, such visits have become bi-annual. This has made us very familiar with the country and with our family there.

Our Israeli family originated in Germany, and had ideas of coming to Palestine long before Hitler. In 1927 my cousin, Kolef Dagiljacki, and his brother-in-law, Alter Kreistman, both ardent Zionists and Hebrew linguists, had visited Palestine for the first time, and planned that they would, one day, come to live in the country. When, in 1933, Hitler and his henchmen made it obvious that Germany was fast becoming a place where no Jew wanted to remain, the family in Königsberg, where Kolef and his widowed mother, my Auntie Basche, and widowed Aunt Herthe lived, and Leipzig where the Kreistman family, (Alter, Lea and their children, Nechama, Zvi and Siva) had their home, decided to emigrate to Palestine. Kolef, who already had a doctorate in Philosophy, married Sonia Cohen shortly after coming to Palestine. He subsequently became secretary of the Ben Shemen Agricultural School, and eventually its head on the death of Dr. Lehmann some years later. We visited Ben Shemen many times, and if I did not agree with its non-religious policy, (I never for example understood how an organisation of its nature could have no synagogue) on the other hand, I was very impressed to see on one occasion the enactment of the Hag Habikurim, an event in which the children of Ben Shemen dispayed quite dramatically the fruits of their agricultural musical and dancing talents. Although Kolef's only daughter Miri and husband Beni did not

have a background of orthodox Judaism, in later years, Kolef considered the lack regrettable, and was anxious to ensure that his grandsons Arik and Gadi would have a traditional Barmitzvah.

Alter Kreistman, who established a factory for making zip fasteners, regrettably passed away suddenly in his fifties leaving a young family. Nechama and Siva became teachers, and eventually married. Both unfortunately, lost their husbands prematurely, but Nechama is now a grandmother with two grandchildren, Juval and Efrat from her son Elan and daughter-in-law Tzippy. Siva lives with her mother, who is in her 90th year, in their original spacious flat in Eliahu Saphir, once on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, but now within a stone's throw of the Dizengoff Centre.

Zvi, who had been a leader in the Scouts in 1948, joined with a group of friends to establish a strategic kibbutz - Hatserim - in the Negev. He was an indefatigable worker for the kibbutz, and we used to marvel at his seemingly boundless energy. He and his wife Ruti, have brought up three fine sons on the kibbutz, Rhon, Dan and Yftach, and it was sad that Zvi, like his father, passed away at an early age, but not before he had begun to see the fruits of his labours, not only in the way in which Hatserim had been developed out of the desert into the garden and lush agricultural settlement it has become, but also the success of his irrigational expertise, which resulted in the Netufim system being marketed wordwide, and becoming a major Israeli export, as well as a substantial source of income to the kibbutz.

With the wedding of Rhon, who became an Air Force pilot, and Tirza in 1982, and the birth of their son Omri, on the kibbutz, there is now the third generation already at Hatserim. This wedding, which we attended, took place on the kibbutz, and was preceded by a family gathering at the Keren home there, when we met new members of the family from the U.S.A. and South Africa. It was followed by the chupah, the ceremony being conducted by an orthodox rabbi from Beersheba. Not only was the wedding of Rhon and Tirza being celebrated, but that of another member of the kibbutz, who had grown up with Rhon, and after the ceremony, 1200 guests sat down to a festive meal in an open air

setting, beneath a star studded sky. An entertainment followed, given by members of the kibbutz, in which Rhon and his friend participated. The whole organisation was superb, and we were delighted we had made the effort to be participants. Miri and Beni had made it easy for us to travel to and from Tel Aviv by taking us there and back, and the coolness of the return journey in the moonlight contrasted very considerably with the heat of our afternoon journey down to Hatserim.

Over the years, as we have gone backwards and forwards to Israel, we have introduced the family there to cousins from U.S.A. and England, who would not have come into contact with one another had it not been for our activities, and now there is a truly international network of cousins, some perhaps a little remotely connected, but all stemming from the same roots. In consequence, Israel has been the scene of many interesting family occasions, not only at the homes of Lea and Siva, Nechama and Yael, Miri and Beni, Sonia and Kolef, Elan and Tzippy, Alisa and Max and at Hatserim, which have always been so enjoyable, but also at the gatherings which I have arranged. One of the most fascinating of these occasions was a quite remarkable gathering in Jerusalem, at the King David Hotel, with an orthodox young cousin from Washington - Charles Abrams - studying at a yeshiva - another cousin from California - Mendel Brody - a baal teshuva - and cousin Dan Keren - a kibbutzmik from Hatserim, with Leah Becker, who is invariably on our list, none of whom would have known each other without my efforts to bring them together.

The following year we had a similar luncheon meeting with the addition of Charles Abrams' sister, Sari, and Barbara Barnett, Richard's wife, who we had introduced, with Richard, on an earlier occasion, to Leah Becker and the Krausz family in Jerusalem.

Not only have family figured in the many people we have entertained in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, Rabbi Benzion and Lottie Lapian, who we had known from their days in Sheffield, when Rabbi Lapian was headmaster of our Education Board, have been a couple with whom we have been happy to see a friendship

maintained, despite the many years which have gone by since they left Sheffield, and who have regularly been our guests. On the other occasions it has been a pleasure to include the Ginsburgs, Rev. and Mrs. Brysh, Professor Gaby Cohen (a close friend of our cousin Professor Herbert Hart), the Gerstenhabers, and many more.

When in May 1983, we travelled with Elsie, Flo, Philip, Ruth and Dianne for the opening of the new youth centre at Ganei Zvi, the foundation of which we had attended in 1956 with Flo, Elsie, Hilda and Armin Krausz, who had primarily been responsible for the project, it was a remarkable effort on the part of Elsie, by now in her 89th year, and Flo in her 86th year, to make the journey. It was a pleasure to hear Flo address the gathering at which the British Ambassador Patrick Moberley and Israeli Government officials, as well as many representatives of the Israeli family added support to the proceedings, making it a truly remarkable occasion.

At different times I looked at the possibility of establishing a business in Israel, and on one occasion, I was approached by a Government official to see if I would take over the running of a clock manufacturing business, which was struggling to survive, but although I would have obtained quite considerable subsidies, I was well advised not to consider the project, which eventually foundered. On another occasion I visited a very impressive organisation on Allenby Road, which appeared to be well organised for the distribution of watch makers' tools, and I subsequently spent some time visiting watchmakers all over the country to see how they operated. It did not surprise me however, although it was sad to see it, that the organisation which I had seen in Allenby Road, subsequently went into liquidation.

On different occasions, we imported various ranges of jewellery from Israel, but were never very successful in this respect, largely because the various manufacturers were at that time not orientated towards the British market. To-day, many are much better organised, and if I was still actively interested in importing, Israel could be an interesting source of supply.

I was more successful in my entry into diamond buying on the Bourse at Ramat-gan, where, through the good offices of the British Israel Chamber of Commerce, I was introduced to Moshe Schnitzer, the larger than life personality, who has been President of the Bourse for many years, and it has always been pleasurable and profitable to do business with him.

The British Israel Chamber of Commerce, of which we have been members almost since its inception, was also instrumental in our meeting Palti Wachtfogel, who not only became a customer, but a close friend.

The occasion of that meeting was a lunch being given by the Chamber to welcome the then new British Ambassador, John Barnes, to which we were invited by the late Herzl Zuckerman, a most interesting personality who for many years was secretary of the Chamber. If business has been inconsequential, this cannot be said of our friendship, and we always look forward to seeing the Wachtfogels when we are in Israel. We even managed to find an outlet for our pewter through Beni Hadas, although that outlet is only of a very modest nature.

When in September 1983, Elizabeth, Terry and their children went on aliyah, we visited them shortly afterwards to see how they had settled in their minute accommodation at the Ulpan in Ra-anana, and how they had adapted themselves to living in conditions so much in contrast to the spacious home they had left behind in Manchester.

For us also, we had the new experience of spending Succot in Israel, where the climate makes it very easy to eat in the succah, and the variety and numbers of succot and the strange places where one would find them - filling stations, street side restaurants, roof tops, hotels, gardens and balconies of innumerable apartment blocks - made quite an impression, whilst buying one's Arba Minim in the market outside the great synagogue in Tel Aviv required the ability of a skilled negotiator.

In January 1984 we were once more in the country, and happy to see that the Morris family were adapting themselves well to their new life. It was an additional pleasure for us to have them

share with us our Shabbat at the Hilton, which has over the years become our Tel Aviv home. Now in September 1984 we have been able to see them established in a pleasant and sizeable flat which they have rented in Ra-anana for twelve months, and we were fascinated to hear Debbie and Adam chatting with Beni in Hebrew, and switching to English when speaking to us. We enjoyed having Liz, Terry and the children with us at the Laromme in Jerusalem over Shabbat, and entertaining on Friday night Leah Becker and Debbie Pinto from Jamaica, now studying in Jerusalem. It gave us the opportunity of visiting the magnificent new Great Synagogue, but we reluctantly had to refuse an invitation to lunch at the Krausz home. We did, nevertheless, enjoy the remainder of Shabbat after kiddush and lunch at the hotel, relaxing at the pool and subsequently strolling in the adjoining Liberty Bell Park. After havdalah, the family returned to Ra-anana, whilst we remained for another day, principally so that I could interview a possible candidate for the position of minister to our community (regrettably, he was ill and we only met his wife). It also gave us the opportunity of continuing to explore parts of Jerusalem which were new to us. Considering the number of times we have been to Jerusalem, it is remarkable that we can invariably find new items of interest and that may well continue, in consequence, of the almost perpetual amount of archaelogical research and restoration.

Subsequently back in Tel Aviv, it was a great pleasure to see Elizabeth and Terry as hosts, on their rooftop garden, to a large gathering of cousins, with the additions of our friends Palti and Yael Wachtfogel, and we look forward to many more such gatherings.

One might think from the account so far of our visits to Israel that all we have tended to do so far has been to see the family, but over almost 30 years of visiting the country, we have travelled its length and breadth and explored virtually every nook and corner of historic and archealogical interest as well as new developments.

In 1956 Rosemary and I had joined an organised tour group from Sheffield which had Yitzhak Gerstenhaber as the guide.

Apart from Shabbat, when we really needed the rest, we were off on a trip at 7.00 a.m. almost every day returning in the evening exhausted, but looking forward to the next day's touring.

That trip whetted our appetite to see more, and on our next trips which were with the girls we indulged in the luxury of our own tour guides – David Friedman and Shrager were two we came to know well. Their knowledge of the country and its history was vast and we learnt from all they had to tell and show us.

Subsequently, and over the many years we have been holidaying on our own, I have left it to Rosemary to plan what we wanted to do as far as sightseeing was concerned, and she has left it to me to negotiate for a knowledgeable guide with an air conditioned car.

In consequence of the extent to which we have covered the country, Rosemary, who is an excellent photographer, with a keen eye for an unusual shot, has built up a library of slides, which must surely be quite exceptional. She always aims to return from every one of our trips with a new set of slides and she can show to her many and varied audiences a continually changing picture of the country.

It is fascinating to think back to some of our early travels – our first visit to Eilat and the excitement of seeing King Solomon's mines, as well as a trip in a glass bottomed boat on the Red Sea, through which we could view the coral, and the fantastic variety of multi-coloured and multi-shaped fish.

There was our visit to Rosh Hanikra when so strong a wind was blowing that the cable car was unuseable and when, in any case, the Lebanese border was not one of the safest places for tourism. One recalls a flight to Sharm el Shekh from Tel Aviv, lunching in a tent in a temperature of over 100°F – and subsequently enjoying the sea and the golden sands of a deserted beach. On another occasion to Massada in the days before the cable car. For this trip we hired a jeep with a driver, and in company with our cousin Zvi, we climbed up, and eventually down, by the quite difficult Snake Path.

We made two interesting desert trips from Eilat with Johnny's

Tours, including one which took us back to Biblical times, when caravans full of valuable merchandise travelled backwards and forwards between Egypt and Palestine, whilst another took us to Moon Valley, which one of the astronauts who had landed on the moon, and had also visited Eilat, compared it with the moon's surface.

A trip we made from Tel Aviv to Santa Katarina, was one we shall always remember. On the first occasion we tried to get there, we could not land because of a blinding snowstorm, and we were eventually, in a very disappointed mood, landed at Eilat. When finally we made the trip some years later we were just in time to do so before the area became Egyptian territory. The area surrounding Santa Katarina is quite awe inspiring if one links it with its Biblical history, and one could visualise the assembly of some 600,000 on the plain at the foot of Mount Sinai.

From time to time, we have entertained in Sheffield, visiting Israeli lecturers on archeaology, and on one occasion, following the visit of Professor Avram Negev, we were invited to visit the excavation of Shifta and Kurnub. Accordingly, Rosemary planned a tour and I made the travelling arrangements, this time with an orthodox young man from Kiryat Arba. This trip took us into Samaria, and to locations very much off the beaten track where remains of synagogues and ancient dwellings were still to be seen.

When our cousin Yael became secretary of a new kibbutz Lottem in northern Galilee, we were persuaded to visit her there and took a car and driver from Tel Aviv to make the three hour journey in a torrential downpour. En route we stopped at kibbutz Bat Yam to leave a package for David Fleming, and in his absence his interesting father-in-law insisted on showing us round the kibbutz with its ceramic tile industrial plant. Continuing to Lottem eventually along a road which unfriendly Arabs had made a hazard, we reached the kibbutz, which is in an exposed but strategic position. We were afraid for the safety of our car which we had to leave in a howling gale, whilst we were having lunch in the canteen.. However, nothing untoward happened, and we concluded our return journey with a visit to Karkur to see Dr.

Melvin and Roma Brookes, who we had frequently entertained during their student days in Sheffield.

We have been on several occasions to Tiberias and on one of those I decided to sample the spa treatment for which Tiberias has been well known from Roman times. We also made the trip across the lake to kibbutz Eingev, whose musical festival has become internationally famous, and where we enjoyed the gastronomic speciality of St. Peter's fish. It was on that occasion, when sitting in the hotel lounge, and listening to the English news on the radio, that we heard a sudden interruption and a request that all Army and Air Force reservists should report immediately to their units.

It was at a time when the political situation was at a very difficult stage, and we were not altogether surprised to hear this call up. Fortunately, it proved to be a practice to see how quickly the reserves could be mustered.

On another visit in January when we had travelled there to enjoy warmth and sunshine, it proved to be rainy and cold. We decided however, to make the best of the conditions, and finding a car and driver, and in spite of the rain, we set off for the day on a trip which included climbing to the top of Mount Tabor and meeting there a most interesting U.S. Franciscan monk attached to the church on the mount - going on to Tabcha with its story of Jesus and the loaves and fishes, then on to Belvoir, a Crusader's site.

The Dead Sea area has in recent years been one where an attempt has been made to attract more tourist traffic, and with the establishment there of a five star hotel, we decided to try it. Travelling from Jerusalem with Shabtai, one of our regular driver/guides, we made our way first to Jericho, where we were able to view with admiration the vast amount of excavations which had taken place, bringing to light civilisations of centuries past. The lushness of the agriculture in the immediate vicinity of Jericho, in consequence of the oasis, presents a glorious picture, and as we made our way out of the city, we stopped at a produce stall displaying some of the most opulent of fruits, the owner of which was apparently well known to our driver. We were impressed with

quality of the fruit and wanted to purchase some of the huge tangerines. The stall holder however, insisted on presenting all of us with a kilo, saying that any friends of Shabtai were his friends, and we were to accept his gift as a token of esteem for our guide. We learnt subsequently from Shabtai, who spoke with the Arab in fluent Arabic, that such generosity, whilst genuine enough, he always endeavoured to balance, and that it was in part for his own interests as a driver/guide to know as many friendly Arabs as possible in the area. From Jericho on to Qumran and to the caves where the Dead Sea Scrolls had been discovered - an awe inspiring area as are so many throughout the country - finally to our hotel on the Dead Sea, where we expected warmth and sunshine, but where instead, as had happened in Tiberias, it rained and was cool.

Eventually the sky cleared, and for the last day of our stay, we enjoyed relaxing in the sea and sun.

Every visit has had its interesting incidents and encounters, and it would be too long to describe them all, but it is certain that of all our travels there is nowhere in the world with so much fascination, history, beauty of landscape and development in so small an area, and although we have always been involved with Zionism, now that our daughter Elizabeth and her family have settled there, our ties are even stronger.

18th September, 1984 EL AL LY315

I write this concluding chapter, as we are on the last lap of our most recent travels.

I little thought when I commenced this saga in 1977, that seven years later it would still be incomplete, but the writing has been done for the most part only during long flights and never under conditions which one might look upon as ideal.

Much has happened in those seven years. We have celebrated our Ruby Wedding with a gathering of family and friends from all over the world, whilst my sisters, Maisie and Edna, together with their respective husbands, Harry and Robert, have also had occasion for similar celebrations. Indeed Edna and Robert's gathering at Steepholme included quite by chance more new cousins in David and Phyllis Hackman from California, temporarily resident in London, who have since become welcome guests at all our simchot. Elsie has celebrated her 90th birthday with a remarkable party arranged for her at our home, which brought friends and family from near and far, and only a few weeks ago we had the good fortune to be able to attend our eldest grandson's Barmitzvah in London, when Robert Shaw conducted himself with considerable distinction. I was honoured by being called to the Reading of the Law for the Ten Commandments, and to have one's grandson as the reader for this important mitzvah was indeed a privilege.

Elizabeth, Terry and their two children, Adam and Debbie, have gone on aliyah, as I mentioned elsewhere. They were over for the Barmitzvah, but are now back in Israel already seemingly well established, and we hope they will indeed make for themselves a satisfactory and permanent home there. We shall miss seeing the gradual growing up of their children, although we hope our visits

to Israel will not be too infrequent. On the other hand, our London based grandchildren, we do see frequently - Robert now a personable young man, and Julia and Rachel fast growing into charming young ladies.

Other notable family events of this period have been Julian Sinclair's Barmitzvah and his sisters Emma and Deborah's Batmitzvot, Richard Isaacs' wedding in Leeds, Barbara Gervis's wedding and Lowell Abrams Barmitzvah in Washington, and Gaby's 70th birthday party.

Sadly, my brother-in-law Michael Howard passed away suddenly in 1981 at the early age of 56 during the Yom Kippur service at the Sheffield Synagogue. In the same year, my cousin, Kolef Dagiljacki had also died shortly after conducting the Seder service. His age however, was a more advanced one (84) and more in line with the hardiness of so many of the family.

On the other hand, the sad loss of Zvi Keren, also at the early age of 56 was a tragic blow to the family, and to the kibbutz Hatserim. Longevity in the family fortunately has seemed to be predominant, and if in the period of my writing there have been grievous losses, which included cousins Gertrude Bloom at the age of 94, Flora Friedman at the age of 92, Abe Abrams at the age of 85, and Flo (Lady Morris) also at the age of 85, we have nevertheless, seen a new generation with Elizabeth and Terry's children, Adam and Debbie, now in Israel, Elan and Tzippy's children, Efrat and Juval, Rhon and Tirza's son Omri, Richard Isaacs daughter Nicola, Barbara and Bob Lebrun's children in Washington, all these apart from Jill and David's children, and many offshoots of the Mattison, Crawford, Brown and Hart families. It augers well for the continuance of the family, and I hope, will maintain the connections which I have endeavoured to pursue over the years.

In January 1984, after a good deal of deliberation, I decided to vacate the position of Managing Director of the Julius Isaacs Group of Companies, but it was a decision once taken that I have been glad to see come to a satisfactory conclusion. It has left me free of major responsibilities, but still sufficiently involved to feel

that I am contributing to the successful integration of the Julius Isaacs Group with the Pinder Bros. Group.

My association with the Pinders had gone back to the early days of my business life, and my father before me had been on friendly terms with the grandfather and great-grandfather of the present generation, David and John. In 1969, Alan Pinder had spent an evening with me at our home discussing the possibility of working more closely together, and it was very sad that a week later Alan passed away suddenly at the early age of 56.

I remained in friendly contact with the two sons, but it was not until 1983 when I began to realise that none of my family would want to succeed to the business, that the idea of a merger with Pinder Bros. became a reality. To say that it has not been disappointing that I have not maintained control of our Group until its centenary, only six years away as I am writing, would be a mis-statement. Nevertheless, having seen in recent years numerous businesses come to a sad end, I am fortunate in having been able to dispose of the family interests to people I know, who understand the trade, and who I would hope to see maintain and extend successfully the activities of the Julius Isaacs Group in the tradition which Julius Isaacs established, and which I have followed.

Rosemary feels the use of the word 'retirement' in my instance is very much a misnomer, but I plan to continue to remain engaged in a consultative capacity to the Group for as long as I feel that my efforts are needful and worthwhile, gradually reducing my activities so that I can spend more time on other pursuits that are of mutual interest to Rosemary and myself. In this respect I would be less than grateful if I did not again express my thanks to Rosemary for her co-operation and constructive comments eventually resulting in an end product, which I hope, will be a source of interest and enjoyment to our family and many friends. If it is, the effort will have been worthwhile.

GLOSSARY OF JEWISH WORDS

Ashkenazi	Jews of European descent
Barmitzvah	Boy's religious majority at age of 13
Bensch	Say grace
Baal teshuva	A non-observant Jew, who has returned to strict religious observance
Bnei Akiva	Jewish religious youth movement
Berachot	Blessings
Bimah	Reading desk
Chazan	Reader of synagogue service
Chol Hamoed	Intervening Days of Festivals
Davening	Reciting prayers
Haftarah	Reading from the Prophets
Hag Habikurim	Festival of First fruits
Jahrzeit	Anniversary of death of close relatives
Ketubah	Marriage contract
Kosher/kashruth	Fit for Jewish food
Kibbutznik	Member of kibbutz settlement
Kiddush	Blessing over wine
Kibbutz	Communal settlement
Lockshen	Soup noodles
Matzah	Unleavened bread
Mohel	Performer of circumcision
Mincha	Afternoon service
Maariv	Evening service
Megillah	Story of Esther
Minyan	10 men necessary for a service
Pesach	Passover Festival
Pirke Arvot	Ethics of the Fathers
Purim	Festival celebrating Queen Esther
Rosh Hashanah	New Year
Shavuot	Feast of Weeks
Semicha	Attaining title of Rabbi
Shool	Synagogue
Sherut	A shared taxi

Seudah shleshit	Third meal
Shabbat	Sabbath
Shomer	Guardian
Seder	Service for first night of Passover
Sidra	Portion of the Law
Simchot	Celebrations
Shiva	Week of mourning
Shochet	Ritual slaughterer
Shechita	Act of slaughtering
Succah	Tabernacle
Siddur	Prayer book
Shofar	Ram's horn blown on New Year
Tephillin	Phylacteries
Würst	salami
Yeshiva, pl. Yeshivot	Jewish religious Seminary
Yom Kipur	Day of Atonement
Yom Tov.	Festival
Zemiroth	Sabbath songs

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Isaacs, Edward,
All in a lifetime



"All in a Lifetime" tells the story of a Sheffield born Jew spread over some 75 years, who became a successful and highly respected business man, a family man, a communal worker, a genealogist, and a world-wide traveller.

The cover, designed by his artist daughter Elizabeth Morris, BA, depicts on the front the old building in Button Lane, Sheffield, once reputedly a notorious public house which lost its licence, and which housed the business of Julius Isaacs & Co. Ltd., between 1928 and1940 and 1946 to 1959. The back cover shows the house at 15 Montgomery Road, Sheffield which was the family home between 1923–1940 and which was converted to a factory after the 'blitz' and was used as such until 1946.

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