Episodes



Edward Isaacs



'Episodes' is really a continuation of the autobiography of Edward Isaacs FBHI – 'All in a Lifetime'.

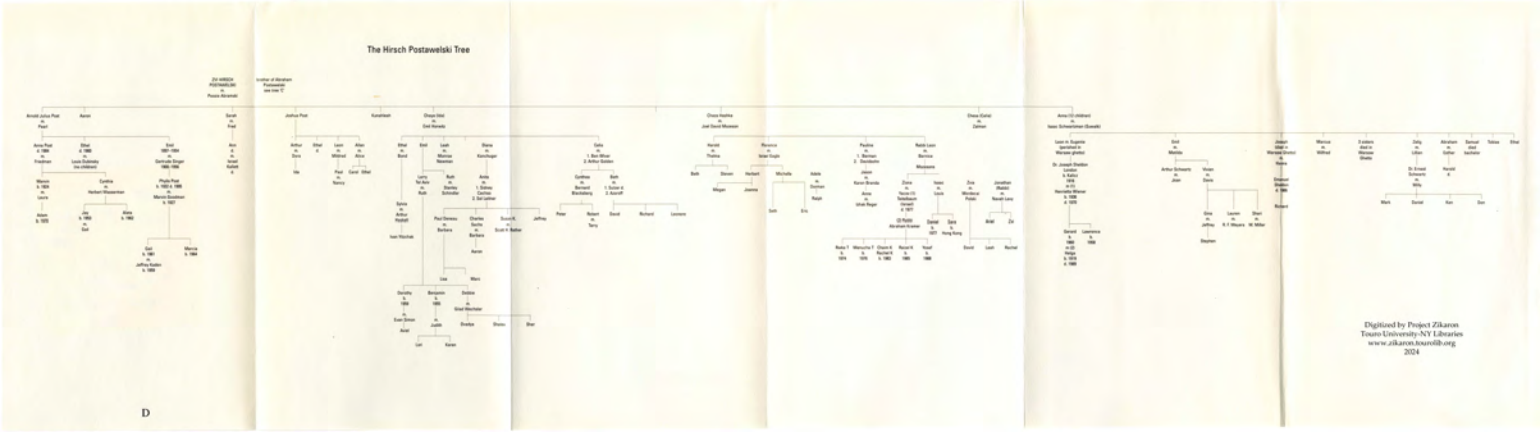
The various episodes which make up this book each relates facets of a life in which diverse interests, whether business, genealogy, travel or communal activities have all contributed to a book which hopefully will prove to be a fascinating read as much to local historians as to those whose interest in genealogy make the family trees and photographs of particular note.

Although primarily intended as a book for his family, as with 'All in a Lifetime' it is likely to have a much wider appeal.

The photograph on the front cover shows Rosemary and Teddy Isaacs on the doorstep of their home on Ecclesall Road South, Sheffield together with daughters Jill and Elizabeth. February 1991.

The drawing on the back cover is by artist daughter Elizabeth Morris B.A. and shows the family home at 15 Montgomery Road, Sheffield 1923–1940 which became a wartime factory for Julius Isaacs & Co. Ltd 1941–46 after the 'blitz on Sheffield in December 1940.

The Hirsch Postawelski Tree



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EPISODES

by Edward Isaacs

Dedicated to my wife,
our daughters and their husbands
as well as to our grandchildren
whose enthusiasm for this project
encouraged me to complete it.

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Maisie, Phyllis, Teddy and Edna – 1919



Dayan Arye Leb Barnett
My great-grandfather
1798–1878



Albert Hart
My grandfather
1831–1889



Matilda (Tillie) Hart
My mother
1875–1942



Julius Isaacs
My father
1872–1954

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FOREWORD
to the updated edition of
"ALL IN A LIFETIME"

After the publication of "All in a Lifetime" in 1983, I had many letters of appreciation, some with suggestions as to what I might include if I chose to write an updated edition at some subsequent time, and indeed I was so delighted with the success the book achieved, that in 1986 I began what was to be the next edition.

I had retired, and one might have thought that I could have set about this new venture with firm intent, but my retirement was really a very gradual one, and I found myself fully occupied with a wide variety of other activities. In consequence, writing a book was once again relegated to the time when I could write on long distance flights.

Meanwhile, I began to have grandiose ideas of producing a book which had complete details of the many members of the family who have achieved importance in their careers, but when I realised how many of them there were, I decided to give up that idea except for the chapters I had already written about my immediate family, whilst at the same time referring to others in a comprehensive chapter on family achievements.

I offer my apologies in advance if in the process someone may be overlooked. I hope however that that may not apply.

In the years which have passed since the last publication, the family has seen happy and sad occasions, weddings, barmitzvahs, batmitzvot, brit milahs, silver and golden weddings, and many important birthday celebrations, whilst sadly there has been the loss of some of the senior members of the family, but that is life. What I have been delighted to see is the interest being shown by members of the family around the world in the carrying on of the aim I had established of maintaining the family links. It has helped in my researches that my father and Rosemary's grandfather Henry Isaacs were brothers, and I must refer to the magnificent computerised effort of cousin David Hackman in Los Angeles. Hi Post in West Hartford, and now my own son in law Terry Morris, daughter Elizabeth and grandchildren Adam and Debbie in Ra-annana Israel who are linking their efforts with Bet Hatefutzot for a permanent record.

My daughter Jill in London and her children also show a keen interest in all I am doing, and I am quite confident that what I have done will continue to bear fruit as the years go by. In a class of his own of course, is Dr Neil Rosenstein. We both consider ourselves as remote cousins because of our joint family connection with the Saul Wahl story and in consequence Katzenellenbogen descendancy. Neil's latest 2 volume edition of the "Unbroken Chain" is a most remarkable genealogical record with which I was glad to be associated. Along with Neil I must refer also to John Nathan of New Zealand and Israel – another remote cousin who has spent 12 years on 5 volumes of some superb genealogical research.

This latest publication of mine, apart from the new family information it contains, is also bolstered by a number of new photographs, the majority of which are the result of Rosemary's expertise. They certainly serve as a remarkable record of our family which one would hope will be of interest to future generations, especially because unlike so many photographs of yesteryear. they do have the date, place, and the names of the people recorded.

The book contains up-dated family trees, and a family tree of the Hirsch Postawelski families a branch we discovered only after the publication of "All in a Lifetime".

This book is not necessarily to be read consecutively. If any one chapter should not be of particular interest, turn to the next!

Once again I am indebted to Rosemary for her constructive comments, and her assistance in the proof reading, as well as to my daughters and my grandchildren for the interest in all I have been doing. My hope is that they will carry on that interest in family which I have established for them.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS/COMMENTS ON FAMILY TREES

28th October, 1996

This book contains many more family trees than did 'All in a Lifetime' These trees should not be considered as comprehensive. They are included more as a guide to show family connections. I apologise in advance to any member of the family who provided me with information which I have been unable to incorporate in the trees of the book. Such information however, will find its way in due course on to the computerised records of Terry Morris (Ra-annana) David Hackman (Los Angeles) Herman Post (West Hartford) USA. Meanwhile I have it all in my files and I will be pleased to answer any queries.

I am especially indebted to the following for supplying me with extensive family trees:–

1. The late L. D. Barnett CB, who started me off so many years ago with information on the Barnett Family which enabled me to draw up the original tree.
2. Neil Rosenstein for the vast amount of information contained in his two volumes of the "Unbroken Chain".
3. The late Abe Abrams for Postawelski records.
4. Bertha Crawford for the records of the Mattison family.
5. Ethel Levine for details of the Levine, Scharf, Friedman and allied families.
6. Evelyn Mazor, Chicago, for details of the Ocknoff-Postalwelski connection.
7. Herman Post for his computerised records of the Postawelski and Sternfeld families.
8. David Hackman for his computerised records of the Postawelski and Sternfeld families.
9. Nechama Amidror and Siva Kraus for records of the Kreistman-Keren families.
10. Hazel Marcus, USA for detailed information of the Nathan-Marcus-Till connection.
11. Phyllis Taylor, USA for the Goodman-Isaacs-Postawelski tree.
12. The late Lori Gittelson for the information on her family and showing how she also linked with the Saul Wahl story.
13. Joe Bachrach, Chicago, husband of Rose (Gittelson) showing his link also with that tree.

14. The late Phyllis Post-Goodman, USA, for the Hirsch-Postawelski details.
15. Professor Larry Horwitz, Israel, for the Hirsch-Postawelski-Horwitz details.
16. Professor Norman Nathan and Helene Altman for details of the Kurtzman-Altman-Nathan families.
17. Princess Ceril Birabongse for details of the family of Sir Benjamin Phillips.
18. The Hon. Julian Aylmer for information on the descendants of Lord Pirbright.
19. The Hon. Lucia Whitehead for the Joseph Levy-Lawson families.
20. Jennifer Morris for the Goldstone and Simmons families.
21. Spooner Goldstone for the Simmons-Barnett families.
22. Dianne Taylor for the Millman-Selby-Pariser-Wolfe families.
23. Joe Pollitzer for the Pollitzer-Phillips connection.
24. Helen Barnett for the Theomin connection.
25. John Nathan for the Nathan, New Zealand connection.
26. Lady Barnett and Kathy Berends for details of the Barnett, New Zealand families.
27. David Hart and Penny Dell, USA, for Freddy Hart's family.
28. Mirra Visson for information of the family of Sol Hurwitz.
29. Joan Stutchner for information also on the Hurwitz family.
30. Lilian Slesinger for information also on the Hurwitz family.
31. Judith Samuel (Bath) for information on George Samuel.
32. Dr. Anthony Joseph for the Haldin-Daubney information.
33. Harold Lewin for the details of the Hart-Lewin family.
34. David Solomon (Liverpool) for the Bright-Casper-Solomon tree.
34. Pamela Brunel Cohen for the Cohen-Levy families in England and Australia 1660–1990.
36. The Jewish Chronicle for the obituary notice of Dayan Aryeh Leb Barnett.
37. Sheffield Newspapers for the Kelham Island article, and for the report of when my sister Maisie was caught up in the Spanish Civil War.
38. Sheffield Jewish Congregation News Letter for reprint of the Earthquake story.
39. The C.C.J. for the photographs at 10 Downing St, and Lancaster House.
40. Joe Wolfson (Liverpool) and Blanche Norman, Brisbane (Australia) for details of the Rev. Raphael Barnett and Bertha and Joseph Levin.
41. King Edward VII School for the photograph publicising the 90th anniversary publication 'Tha'll never gerr in theer'.

I hope I have not omitted anybody from this comprehensive list, but if I have I offer my apologies. I hope they will nevertheless, enjoy reading the book.

SOME FURTHER REMINISCENCES OF THE PRE-WAR AND EARLY POST-WAR SCENE

March 28th 1996

Perhaps because most of "All in a Lifetime" was written during our extensive world travels, it is not surprising that this continuation of the current story should be resumed as we fly on March 26th. 1986 with British Airways to Tampa, the first stop of quite extensive travelling in USA over the next 14 days. Before our departure from London, we had spent the night with the Shaw family, enjoying the opportunity of celebrating Purim with them and listening to the reading of the Megilla at Stanmore synagogue. A new experience awaited us at Heathrow when going through security. In my hand baggage I had packed a silver handled paper knife intended as a gift which showed up on the X-ray machine and resulted in me being directed to another security section where the knife was taken away from me, being told that it would be returned to me in Tampa which indeed it was. We appreciated this security precaution, but it is a sad indication of the problems besetting air travel to-day.

So much for the introduction to this chapter which is written in response to the many requests for more of my youthful activities.

Only those who have experience of life without radio and television will appreciate to the fullest extent the way in which those of my generation made much use of the leisure time which to-day television claims. In my youth one of the occasions to which I looked forward was a Sunday spent at the meeting of the Sheffield Jewish Students' Association. The prerequisite for membership was that one had to have attained a certain academic standard – it would have been no use having a society purely for Sheffield Jewish University students as the numbers were so few, but the standards for membership were high enough to ensure that lively and intelligent discussions took place at the various meetings when the speakers were many personages who in later life made headlines in Jewish and national affairs. The Society had been founded on the initiative of Mr. S. H. Finklestone Headmaster of the Talmud Torah, and Mrs. Hetty Feinhols, an indefatigable communal worker, and it continued successfully right up to the outbreak of war in 1939. Meetings were for the most part held at the Angel Hotel in Angel Street which was destroyed

in the 'blitz in December 1940. The coffee and biscuits interval at these meetings was always an entertaining time to socialise, and more than a few romances emanated from these occasions indeed my younger sister Edna, who at that time was the Secretary of the Association, met her husband Robert Halle at one of the meetings. He was a refugee from Germany studying Glass Technology at Sheffield University. "Group 62" in our current Sheffield society has taken its place in some ways. That group came into being following the cessation in 1962 of a series of remarkable lectures given by the Director of Education for our Hebrew classes Dr. M. Friedlander, between 1952 and 1962 on the Books of the Bible and Post Biblical history.

To revert to the Students' Society, the autumn programme always began with a social evening at the home of Hetty and Solly Feinhols. It was an event to which everybody looked forward, and it was the occasion when very talented members who were accomplished pianists, violinists, and vocalists appeared before an appreciative audience. The social highlight of the summer was the Tennis Tournament at the home of Dr. & Mrs. H. Finklestone-Sayliss in the days before Greenwood Tennis Club, to which I will refer later. It was remarkable that in all the years that event took place, I cannot recall it ever being rained off. An event of a different nature was the Summer Dance at the Brincliffe Oaks Hotel with Ellis Blaskey and his band as the orchestra. An admission charge of 3/6d. which included refreshments still managed to produce a useful profit for the funds.

Summertime was also the occasion of rambles with the Manchester and Leeds societies. The Church Hotel at Edale became a venue well known to the Manchester and Sheffield contingents, and I well recall making a minyan in the garden of the hotel so that a Manchester boy could say Kaddish, whilst on another occasion finishing the last lap of the ramble prior to catching the bus back to Sheffield with Harry Glass, Maisie Meyer, and Maisie Fineberg, both the girls limping along after a day spent wearing most unsuitable footwear.

If I have written so much on the social activities, it was in part because I was at one time the Social Secretary when Harry Glass was the General Secretary. However, now returning to the Autumn/Winter scene, debates provided an excellent platform for those who had an argumentative and methodical approach to the various topics for discussion, whilst members evenings when two members presented papers on subjects of their own choice were always popular. A short while ago I came across a paper I had

given in 1931, and reading it again after so many years I thought it could well be included now, and it is appended at the end of this chapter, as well as the programme for 1933/4.

Altogether the Sheffield Jewish Students' Society played an important part in the social life of the community and I am pleased that this chapter will now record some details of its activities

This chapter remained incomplete until February 7th 1995 when we set out on a world trip which had as the first city where we were to stay Perth, Australia – an 18 hour flight with only a short fuelling stop in Singapore.

Now to continue therefore with the story.

I referred earlier in this chapter to the annual Summer Dance of the Students' association, but dancing generally played an important part in the social life of my pre-war days especially, and indeed in my early married life. I had learnt to dance at the Constance Grant School of dancing which held regular sessions during the winter at the Grand Hotel to which I went in 1926/7 with Harry Glass and Bernard Pearson. If I never developed the expertise of Harry as an exponent of the tango, in other respects my style became a very polished one, and I never lacked equally good partners. When the occasion arises to-day Rosemary and I will still step out on to an empty floor and show that we have not lost the zest for the dance scene. Whilst to-day in Sheffield a Ball arranged on the grand scale of years gone by as a fund raising effort for communal charities has little chance of success, such occasions for over 50 years were major sources of income for the Talmud Torah, the Board of Guardians, and the Ladies Benevolent Society.

Until the opening of the City Hall, all the Balls were held in the magnificent surroundings of the Cutlers' Hall, then the City Hall as the location began to be used, but the Cutlers' Hall with its splendour, for the most part retained our affection.

The question of which band to have was always a bone of contention. In the 1930's there were in the community two bands with Jewish leaders – Ellis Blaskey and Ernest Friend, whilst the band of Conri Tait which was nationally known had Lionel Blaskey as the leading violinist. All were engaged on different occasions, but when, after the war, these bands no longer existed, the way was open for the Education Board to bring the big names in bands to Sheffield and Joe Loss, Victor Sylvester, Ted Heath, and a number of other top class bands all played at our balls until it became no longer a profitable way of raising funds.

The Board of Guardians Ball, where there was a dinner, was always attended by the Lord and Lady Mayoress, and the Master and Mistress Cutler, and indeed that function had an air about it which made it the social occasion of the year. When Harry Morris – subsequently the first Lord Morris of Kenwood was President of the Board of Guardians, and his wife – my first cousin Flo was unfortunately ill, Harry asked Rosemary, then an 18 year old to come over from Leeds and act as his hostess which was duly reported in the Sheffield Telegraph the next day. Similarly just before the first World War our cousin Lea Daugiljacki was visiting us in Sheffield, and attended that Ball, her presence was noted and duly reported in the Sheffield Telegraph the next day.

The catering at these functions was always a problem – whether to include refreshments in the price of the ticket which was automatic in the case of the Board of Guardians Ball, or to charge for them separately which was usually the case for the other balls. The caterers – the Strauss family went to the lengths of having meat and dairy refreshments in different rooms which the Cutlers' Hall facilities made an easy task.

Many of these balls, and especially those after the war had an almost 50% attendance of non Jewish patrons brought about by the fact that advertising brochures had begun to play an ever increasing part in the fund raising, tickets for the occasion being given with the advertisement.

Dress for these Balls (other than the Ladies Benevolent which was fancy dress) necessitated white tie and tails – a dinner jacket was only worn for secondary functions – whilst the ladies all wore long evening dresses. It was usually 2.0am before the band played the last dance, after which there was generally an invitation to someone's house for coffee and sandwiches. Dawn would be breaking when we arrived home, and one still had to be at work for 9.0am.

I still have, and indeed wear, the tails which Barney Goodman made for me in the 1930's but they are certainly no longer de riguer at any of the functions we attend these days, unless perhaps the annual dinner of the Clockmakers' Company at the Guildhall or Mansion House, and even there nowadays a dinner jacket is acceptable. The beautiful adornments I had, onyx and pearl waistcoat buttons, shirt studs and cuff links are things of the past, but I have retained the Rolex Prince pocket watch which my father gave me for my 21st birthday with its dress chain, and which I used to show off with considerable pride. Similarly, I have my gold cigarette case which I carried around for many years, not because I smoked – I never did – but because I liked to carry cigarettes to offer around, as well

as to see the interest the cigarette case aroused with its ingenious slide action.

Now to the story of Greenwood Tennis Club. It was founded in 1934 initially only as a Tennis Club. Whilst a number of us were members of non Jewish clubs, when the opportunity came for us to buy the three tennis courts and club house which became Greenwood, the necessary funds were quickly raised, and the club was established. It became not only a tennis club with inter-matches with Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds, on Sundays from time to time, but also with matches with local non Jewish clubs on weekday evenings. Socially the dances which followed the Sunday matches with the Jewish clubs were always very popular whether at home or away. Indeed the away fixtures invariably attracted a large body of supporters not only to encourage our teams, but also to enjoy the subsequent activities which were usually a dance in the club house of the respective host team. More than a few romances were the end products of those gatherings. Although I attained quite a reasonable standard as a player, there was such keen competition to get into the teams from players far better then me, that I never attained my ambition to do so. I think back to the stalwarts of pre-war days – Eli Simons – Bill and Sam Pearson – Ruben Viner, Jack Newman and Lionel Blaskey who made up the mens' team, whilst the ladies team included Rhoda Viner, Milly Blaskey, Cora Laitner, Miriam Pearson, Rene Newman, Ena Brown, Kitty Lewis and Tiby Goodman. The extent to which tennis and the club played such an important part in our lives is evident from the fact that when I was not away from Sheffield, I would go up to the club and play 2 or 3 sets on a week-day evening, whilst on Saturday afternoon, my equipment already there, I would walk up, play a few sets, have tea, and subsequently a leisurely walk home always with interesting company. Sunday afternoons similarly, except that I drove there and back, and there were the matches which would occasionally alter the programme.

Our rabbi at the time – the late Rabbi Barnet I Cohen – of blessed memory – was quite rightly concerned that the club was open on Saturdays even if there was a notice prohibiting smoking that day, but it was of course a private tennis club – not a communal one – and the way it was run was how the clubs were run in Liverpool, Leeds and Manchester. The club carried on very successfully until the outbreak of war in 1939, but then with so many members in the armed forces it was decided to close it down for the duration. The club house was in fact requisitioned by the local authorities, and the courts became derelict.

Shortly after the end of the war, a group of us still remaining from the original subscribers decided that it would be well worth while to bring the courts and the club house back to a useable condition. Funds were quickly raised to do so, and the club re-opened. For a while it functioned almost as it had done in pre-war days. Imanuel Bergman, Bernard Miller and Cyril Cantor became new names in the mens team, whilst Rosemary, Stella Blaskey and Nancy Leon were additions to the ladies. The weakness of the postwar membership however, was that there were few young unmarrieds. The tendency for the adolescents to go away to University coupled with a general lack of interest amongst them in tennis eventually led to the decision to close down. As an original subscriber, with little thought of getting anything back, it was a pleasant surprise to receive a cheque for the proceeds of the sale. Nevertheless, there was a genuine feeling of sadness in seeing the end of a club which had been such a success in its heyday.

So I could go on writing of those times which now seem so long ago, but with these additions to my previous writings, there is now at least a further picture of the social scene as it was in the Sheffield Jewish community in years gone by.

COPY OF TALK TO
SHEFFIELD JEWISH STUDENTS
1934
THE QUESTION OF TIME

Before ever clocks were invented there were various devices for reckoning the time. One of the earliest was to fix a stick in the ground and mark the spot reached by the shadow. This moved round the stick becoming shorter before noon, and longer afterwards.

As a matter of fact the Jews are credited with being the originators of this idea. Another device was to place in water a small round basin with a hole bored in the bottom which allowed the water to flow in and gradually sink it. This would always happen in the same period of time so that one knew the time when the basin sank.

This method which with improvements became known as the water clock appears just to have been used in the Athenian Courts of Justice to limit the time during which persons were allowed to speak.

Everybody has seen an hour glass at some time or another and this works on the same principle as the water clock, one measuring time by the fall of water and the other by the running of sand. Sand glasses are known to have been used in 200 B.C. and are still used to-day in some houses to reckon the time for boiling eggs.

These methods of time telling were all very well for use by day, but something else had to be devised for use in the darkness, and the first idea of which there is any trace is of a candle marked in equal sections in black and white so that each section burned in a given time.

Alfred the Great was responsible for this idea, which however, for various reasons was never satisfactory.

A similar method was to knot a hempen rope in regular spaces, and set light to the bottom, so that it smouldered slowly and regularly, and this arrangement is still used in some parts of China and Japan.

We now come to consider the next step in the progress of horology, namely the invention of the clock, Who actually was the inventor no one really knows, but the first clock of which there is any reliable information is that erected in 1364 in the tower of the palace of Charles V of France by a German named Henry de Wick. This is still to be seen in the Palais

de Justice in Paris.

In 1371 a clock was erected at Glastonbury Abbey which had been made by a monk named Peter Lightfoot. The dial of this clock was divided into 24 hours and showed the motion of the sun and moon as well as the hours.

With the dissolution of the monasteries this clock was removed to Wells Cathedral where it has remained ever since.

It became necessary however, in 1835 to get new works, for the original ones, having gone for nearly five centuries were practically worn out. They are however, still to be seen in action in the South Kensington Museum.

The clock at Hampton Court is one of the most ancient in England, and certainly the oldest in London, for it was erected over 400 years ago,

All that remains to-day however, of the original, is the dial, which is well worth inspection.

In Strasbourg there is a celebrated old clock, a product of the early 15th century. The quarter hours are struck by four figures symbolic of the ages of man – the first being struck by a child with an apple – the second by a youth with an arrow – the third by a man with a staff – and the fourth by a man with a crutch. The hour is struck by Death, this to remind the observer that his last hour must eventually come, and on top of all this a cock is fitted which crows three times at noon daily.

With alterations and additions the clock is still to be seen in Strasbourg, and those of you who have not actually seen the clock will perhaps remember it being shown in the Emil Jennings film "The Blue Angel".

During all this time the only portable timepiece had been an arrangement similar to the sun-dial, but on a scale small enough to be put into the pocket.

The pocket dial, as it was called, was in regular use during the sixteenth century and it is of a dial, such as this that Shakespeare must have been thinking when in "As You Like It" Jacques describes his meeting with the fool in the forest in this way.

"Good morning fool quoth I, No sir, quoth he, call me not fool till heaven has sent me fortune and then he drew a dial from his poke, and looking at it with lack lustre eye says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock".

However, the discovery during the middle of the sixteenth century of a method of driving clocks by means of a coiled up spring enclosed in a barrel began the manufacture of mantelpiece clocks and also watches.

The other day I was shown a very interesting type of watch – not the

first – which was made in 1540, but still one old enough to be interesting.

This one had been made in 1676 by a London watchmaker and like most of the watches of that time, had only one hand, and this indicated the hour. You may wonder why no minute hand was fitted, and the reason was because watches of this era were by no means accurate enough to measure time in such small divisions as minutes.

The peculiarity of this actual watch was an arrangement by which the time could be told in darkness. This was managed by releasing a small lever on the outside of the case, when the hour just past would be struck.

This type of watch eventually became very popular and its popularity actually lasted until the beginning of the present century.

At this same place I was also shown one of the very earliest of spring driven mantelpiece clocks which had been made in 1600. It still goes and keeps remarkably good time.

Both these articles are in the collection of a customer of mine in Leyburn. He is a recognised authority on old clocks and watches, and his collection is one of the most valuable in this country.

Well toward the middle of the 17th century the production of watches and clocks in England had so far advanced that in 1630 the Company of Clockmakers was incorporated by Charles 1 who granted them a charter prohibiting the importation into this country of watches and clocks of any description.

It was about this time that the English clockmakers began to construct those grandfather clocks which to-day are sought and treasured all over the world, for there is something about the design and construction of these old clocks which invest time with the dignity which it has been impossible to reproduce.

Between 1650–1800 London was the centre of the clock making industry. This was chiefly due to the fact that London was the only large town at that time and it presented unequalled advantage for the sale of the clocks produced.

The centring of the industry in London had a remarkable good effect on the early products for not only were the makers situated in a good market, but they were surrounded by many great cabinet makers of marvellous skill and excellent taste.

There is no doubt that the early London made clocks left nothing to be desired in workmanship and design.

This was due partly because cost was a minor consideration, but mainly because of the powerful influence of the Clockmakers Company, which

could not only seize and destroy any second rate article, but could ruin any man who did not consistently turn out first rate work.

One peculiar feature about the clocks constructed during this period was that everyone was fitted with an arrangement for showing the day of the month, in fact the calendar was considered of far more importance than the minute hand.

To-day this appears almost incredible, but it must be remembered that 200 years ago no-one had a train to catch and the general public had no printed calendars or daily newspapers to refer to when they wanted to date their letters.

At first these grandfathers clocks or long case clocks as they are technically called, were only purchased by the very wealthy, but later on people with more slender purses required them, and the natural result was that clocks and clock cases had to be produced at a much lower figure, and many refinements had to go.

In consequence towards the end of the eighteenth century there began to appear in place of the beautiful designs of former years, clocks with cases of ugly proportions, and with common looking dials instead of the beautifully figured brass dials of earlier times.

Some of the worst examples came from Yorkshire where there was a demand for something big and massive, and even antique dealers who will buy almost anything at a sale are reluctant to give more than a few shillings for such atrocities.

By the middle of the nineteenth century clock making in this country had degenerated to such an extent as to be almost negligible.

Turrets clocks however, were still being made and in 1858 "Big Ben" whose chime is known the world over, was erected. The career of this famous clock had not been altogether smooth, the original bell on which the hour was struck weighed 16 tons, and very soon after it had been put in position it cracked.

The hammer was too heavy and the resultant jarring was the cause of the trouble.

The same thing happened again. The second "Big Ben" smashed and for a long time the bell hung silent.

At last however, it was twisted round in its tower so that the hammer could strike a part of the bell which had not been cracked. Then a smaller hammer was fitted and for the last 50 years everything has gone smoothly, despite the crack in the bell.

Here are some interesting facts about this clock. The bell weighs 13½

tons, the hammer 450 tons, and the cost of erection was £22,000. The manufacturers of "Big Ben" are still in existence to-day, and erect turret clocks in all parts of the country.

I have told you a short while ago that by the middle of the nineteenth century the manufacture of English clocks had fallen to such a low level as to have been practically a dying industry.

So much so that by the end of the nineteenth century 95% of all clocks sold in this country were of foreign manufacture and these conditions prevailed until two years ago, when with the assistance created by the devaluation of the pound, the English clock industry came to life again.

True enough there had always been a certain number of clocks made here, but they had been beyond the pocket of the average person and made for purposes other than domestic use. Ships chronometers have always been an English product, for the first chronometer of sufficient reliability and accuracy for a prolonged sea voyage was invented by an Englishman called John Harrison in 1736. So impressed was the British government of the time by this invention that Harrison eventually received £20,000 for it.

England has practically had a world monopoly for these instruments and whilst for several years now foreign manufacturers have been producing them too, the English manufacturers have found little difficulty in maintaining their pre-eminence in this branch of the clock industry.

By returning to the clock industry proper, it is amazing to see just how it has developed in the last two years.

In this country four and a half million clocks are sold every year, and in 1931 England produced only 30,000. Last year production rose to 850,000 and in 1933 it is estimated that production will have reached two and a half millions.

Of these, 500,000 will be electric clocks, a new development which has revolutionised the trade.

After the expert clock maker has striven for years to produce a perfect escapement, for this is the part of a clock or watch which controls its timekeeping, the electrician has come along and eliminated the escapement altogether.

Moreover the entire responsibility for winding, regulating, in fact correct timekeeping, has been shouldered by the suppliers of electricity.

Where there were previously thousands of independent clocks to be looked after or neglected according to the mentality of the user, there is now one, a master clock of the highest precision continually under the observation and supervision of skilled personnel.

Whilst here we call electric clocks new, in America and Canada they have been in general use for several years, but now the electric supply in this country is time controlled, electric clocks have jumped to popularity.

The fact that people in this country are becoming daily more electrically minded tells greatly in support of mains driven electric clocks.

There is a time ahead – probably not far distant – when few spring driven clocks will be made. How long this will be is just a question of time.

Postscript in 1996 – Mains driven clocks for the home never became really popular but instead battery operated clocks became the success story proving to be easy to produce, inexpensive and reliable.

GENEALOGY

From "All in a Lifetime"

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 our 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 that field 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 Katzenellenbogen/Phillips/Barnett (my mother's family) are the most documented, the Postawelski/Sternfeld (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.

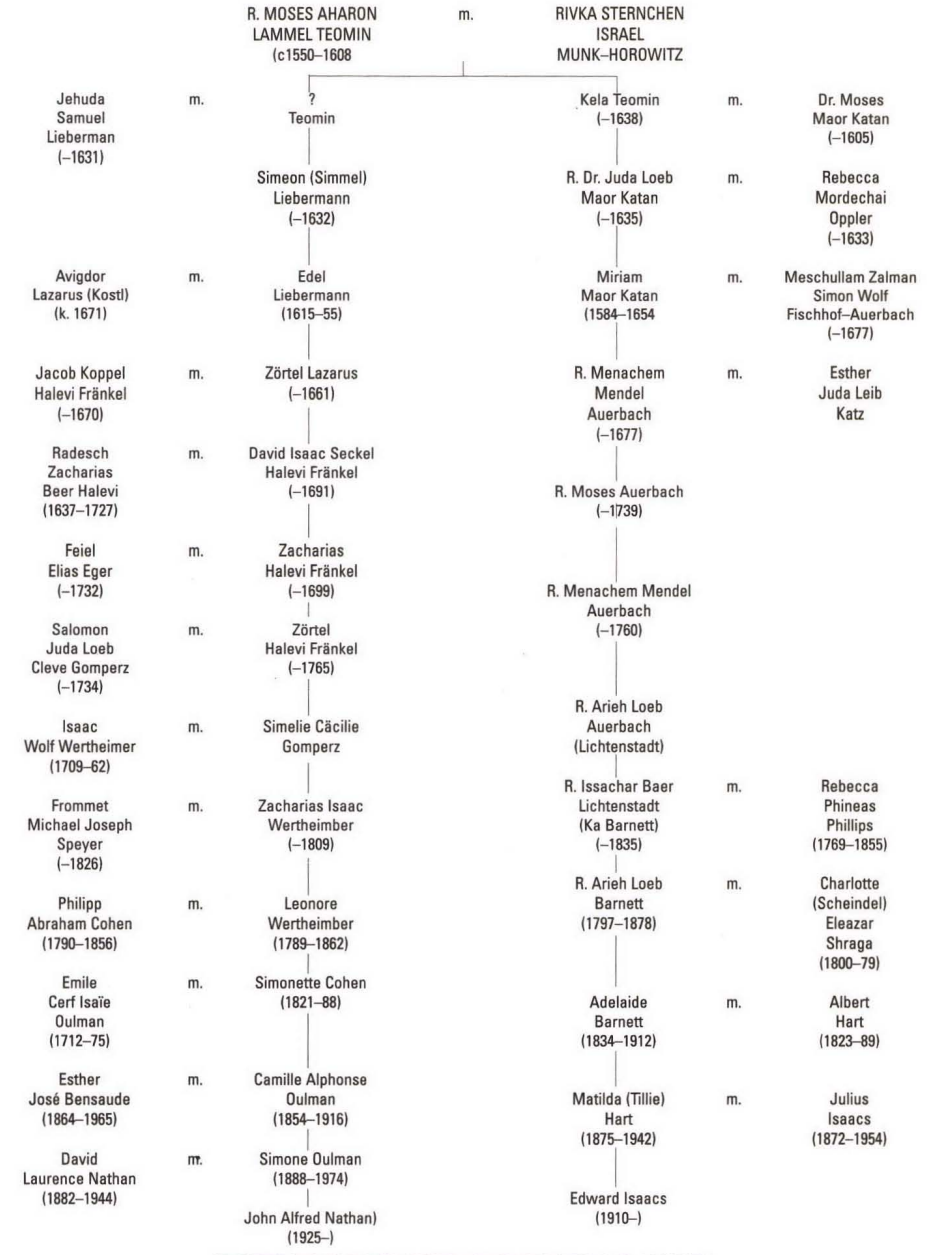
It is however in the Italian city of Padua that my genealogical story really starts.

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

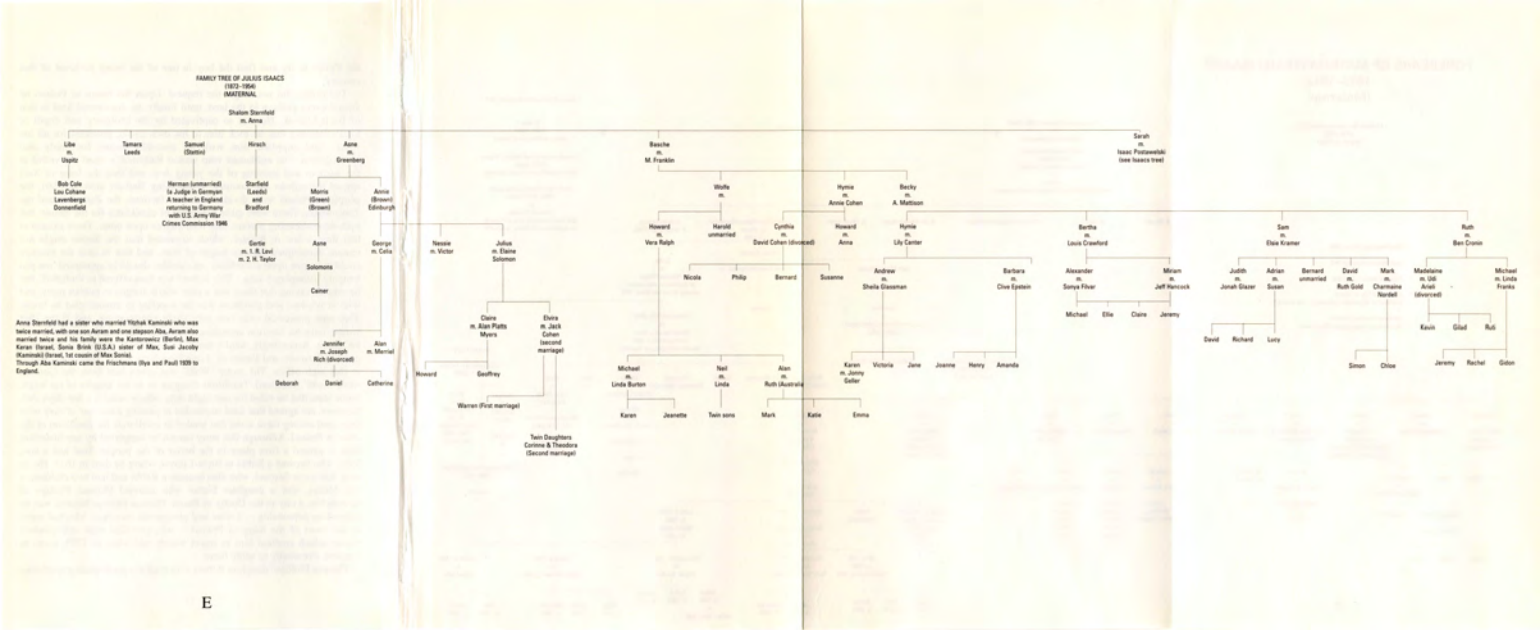
Katzenellenbogen family. The name itself has interesting origins – it is derived from the locality of Katzenellenbogen in the Prussian province of Hesse Nassau. In 1312 Count Dietler received permission from Emperor Henry VIII to keep twelve Jews there, and Ludwig the Bavarian in 1330 allowed Count Wilhelm 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 today 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 temporary 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.

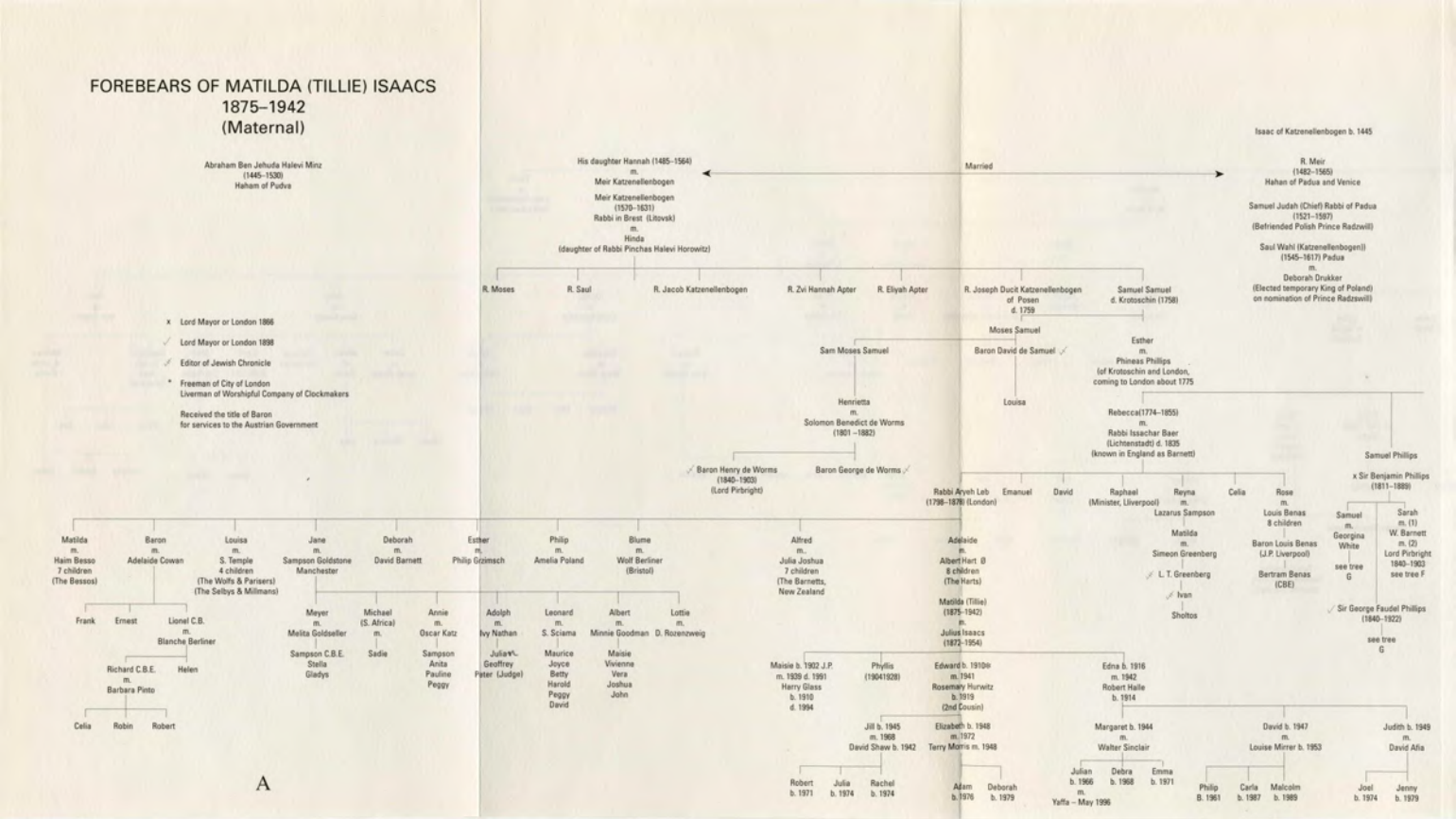
The story of Saul Wahl is documented in the Jewish Encyclopedia, and is well known to most members of the family – it is as follows:- Prince Nicholas Radziwill, surnamed the Black, who lived in the sixteenth century. desiring to do penance for the many atrocities he had committed whilst a young man, 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



THIS TREE SHOWS THE CONNECTION OF EDWARD (TEDDY) ISAACS WITH THE NATHANS OF NEW ZEALAND AS RESEARCHED BY JOHN NATHAN (Ramat Gan Israel)


FAMILY TREE OF JULIUS ISAACS
(1872–1954)
(MATERNAL)
Shalom Sternfeld
m. Anna
Libe
m.
Uspitz
Tamars
Leeds
Samuel
(Boston)
Hirsch
Anne
m.
Greenberg
Bob Cole
Lou Cohane
Lavenbergs
Donnenfield
Herman (unmarried)
(a Judge in Germyan
A teacher in England
returning to Germany
with U.S. Army War
Crimes Commission 1946
Starfield
(Leeds)
and
Bradford
Morris
(Green)
(Brown)
Annie
(Brown)
Edinburgh
Gertie
m. 1. R. Levi
m. 2. H. Taylor
Anne
George
m. Celia
Solomons
Cainer
Nessie
m. Victor
Julius
m. Elaine
Solomon
Jennifer
m. Joseph
Rich (divorced)
Alan
m. Merriel
Claire
m. Alan Platts
Myers
Elvira
m. Jack
Cohen
(second
marriage)
Howard
Geoffrey
Deborah
Daniel
Catherine
Warren (First marriage)
Twin Daughters
Corinne & Theodora
(Second marriage)
Anna Sternfeld had a sister who married Yitzhak Kaminski who was
twice married, with one son Aaram and one stepson Aba. Aaram also
married twice and his family were the Kantorowicz (Berlin), Max
Keran (Israel, Sonia Brink (U.S.A.) sister of Max, Suvi Jacoby
(Kaminski) (Israel, 1st cousin of Max Sonia).
Through Aba Kaminski came the Frischmans (Ilya and Pauli 1939 to
England.
Basche
m.
M. Franklin
Sarah
m.
Isaac Postawelski
(see Isaacs tree)
Wolfe
m.
Hymie
m.
Annie Cohen
Becky
m.
A. Mattison
Howard
m.
Vera Ralph
Harold
unmarried
Cynthia
m.
David Cohen (divorced)
Howard
m.
Anna
Hymie
m.
Lily Center
Bertha
m.
Louis Crawford
Sam
m.
Elsie Kramer
Ruth
m.
Ben Cronin
Nicole
Philip
Bernard
Susanne
Andrew
m.
Sheila Glassman
Barbara
m.
Clive Epstein
Alexander
m.
Sonya Fiver
Miriam
m.
Jeff Hancock
Judith
m.
Jonah Glazer
Adrian
m.
Susan
Bernard
unmarried
David
m.
Ruth Gold
Mark
m.
Charmaine
Nordell
Madelaine
m. (34)
Arieli
(divorced)
Michael
m. Linda
Franks
Michael
Ellie
Claire
Jeremy
David
Richard
Lucy
Simon
Chloe
Kevin
Gilad
Rut
Jeremy
Rachel
Gideon
Michael
m.
Linda Burton
Neil
m.
Linda
Alan
m.
Ruth (Australia)
Karen m. Jonny
Geller
Victoria
Jane
Joanne
Henry
Amanda
Karen
Jeanette
Twin sons
Mark
Katie
Emma

FOREBEARS OF MATILDA (TILLIE) ISAACS
1875–1942
(Maternal)



x Lord Mayor or London 1866

✓ Lord Mayor or London 1898

✓ Editor of Jewish Chronicle

* Freeman of City of London
Liverman of Worshipful Company of Clockmakers

Received the title of Baron
for services to the Austrian Government

A

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-Litovsk. 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 lengths 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 Baer, 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 1n 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 who 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, this 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. N. Schmeltzer 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.

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 Phillips, had given him, including his great grandfather's

beautifully engraved 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, aunt and uncle, children of Sir George Faudel Phillips, whilst in the entrance hall were Tudor portraits of his famous ancestress, Anne de Clifford, who owned four castles in the North of England, two of which still remain – Skipton and Appleby.

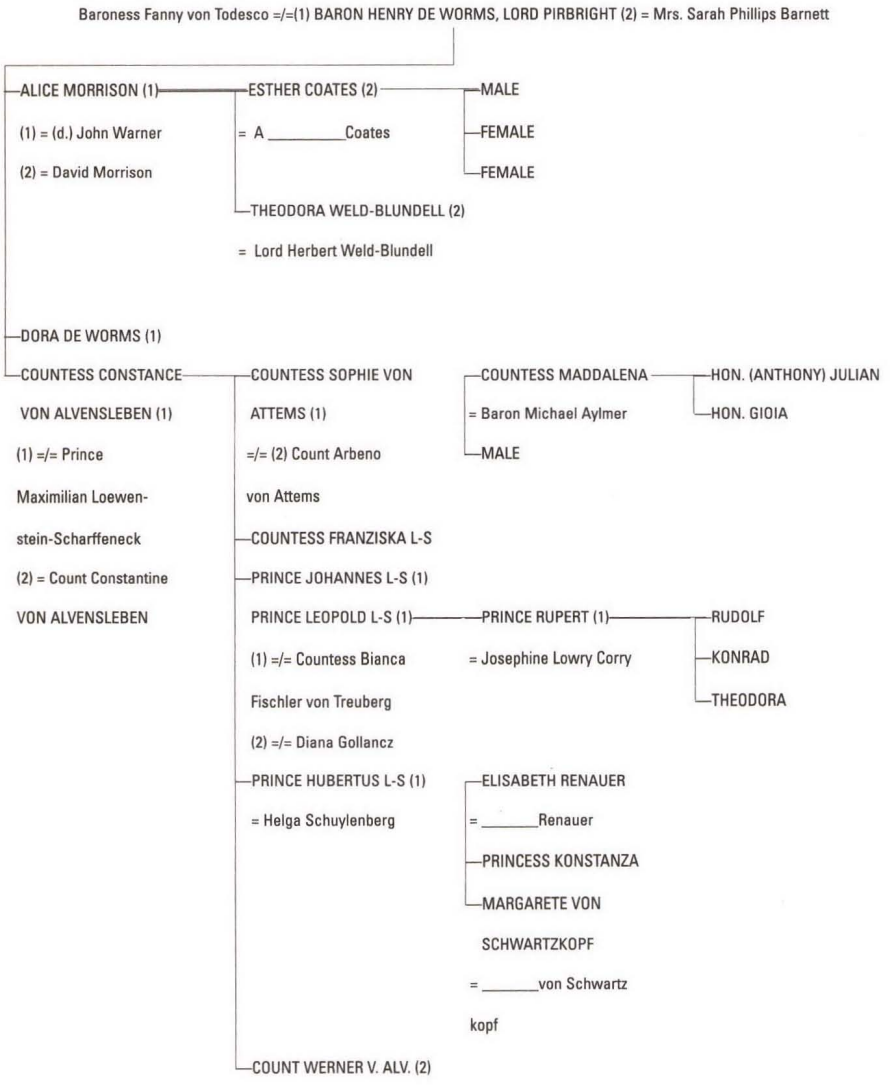
Francis is currently engaged on research into the family of Joseph Levy, his great grandfather, whose daughter had married Sir George Faudel Phillips. Joseph Levy was, as I have already mentioned, the founder of the Daily Telegraph.

Yet another Phillips descendant, Raworth 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 candlesticks 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 Benjamins' 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

LORD PIRBRIGHT AND HIS DESCENDANTS



This tree was produced by the Hon. Julian Aylmer showing the descendants of Lord Pirbright. It was given to Edward Isaacs with a covering note indicating that the Hon. Julian Aylmer and Edward Isaacs were 5th cousins.

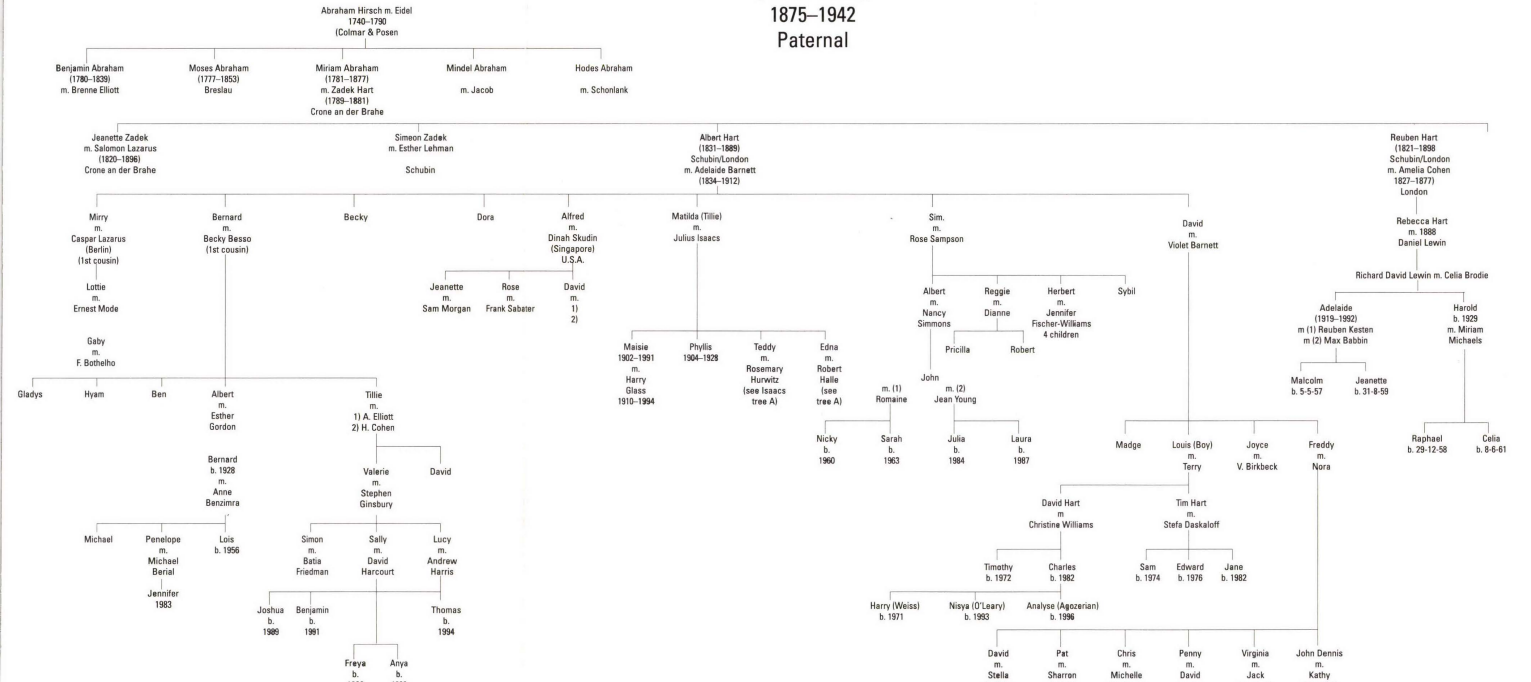
Cooper, referred to in the obituary as Sir Benjamin's actor brother, did not get past some slight information from the Theatre Museum records which showed that such a person appeared in various plays between 1856 – 1860, and that was all.

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. She spent the latter years of her life living with my parents, and 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 herself a kindly person, but a stiff collared and starched nanny whose task it was to discipline the children coloured the memories of our stay. Such discipline and sternness 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 a civil servant and Herbert became Principal of Brasenose College Oxford and Professor of Jurisprudence, and although he was not a religious Jew, he felt that his having a rabbinical background had played no little part in his ability to achieve the high position he attained, and he enjoyed being invited regularly to lecture in Israel.

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 Germany. 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

Family Tree of Matilda (Tillie Isaacs) 1875–1942 Paternal



B

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 both of his sons, Timmy, who with his wife runs an extremely successful country hotel on Rutland water – Madge never married, and spent most of her working life with the BBC, and one often heard 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 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 wedding 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 our 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, continues to live in Lisbon, but paying 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 met 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 known to Gaby but not to me.

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 who passed away in her 90th year, 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 was the youngest of the family – Tilly – who so closely resembled my dear mother, with whom I 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 the 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 with 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 headed until his retirement 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 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 did his wife Fritzi, their children and grandchildren, Abe was 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 used to 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 very well in her later life when she had settled in Israel, 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 was 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 likable 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 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, Moore and Boyers 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 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 found much material on the European towns and villages where our families lived – Stallupünen, Vystitis and Eydtkühnen 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.

GENEALOGY
(Continued)

There has been no flagging in my genealogical activities and certainly since my retirement, I have been able to devote more time to this intensely interesting hobby. The formation in 1993 of the Jewish Genealogical Society of Gt. Britain created additional activity, whilst the conference in London arranged by Dr. Anthony Joseph and his wife Judith not only brought over to England for the occasion Dr. Neil Rosenstein and his wife Mavis, but also introduced us to Dr. Sally Ann Sack from Washington who we met subsequently again there and also in Jerusalem at a conference of World Jewish genealogists in 1994.

It was as a result of entries in Neil Rosenstein's first edition of 'The Unbroken Chain that I first made contact with descendants of Phineas Phillips who came to England in 1775 and whose daughter Rebecca had married my great great grandfather Rabbi Issachar Baer Lichtenstadt whose name was subsequently changed in England to Barnett as already mentioned. The Phillips family produced two Lord Mayors of London in the form of Sir Benjamin Phillips and his son Sir George Faudel-Phillips. Sadly those branches of the Phillips family have disappeared as Jews completely, but I have made contact with many of those descendants who all show a keen interest in their Jewish background. One who we have seen with great regularity if only once a year, has been Princess Ceril Birabongse a great granddaughter of Sir Benjamin who had married the son of the King of Siam in the 1930's – a University friend of Ceril's brother Raworth Heycock. Prince Birabongse became a Siamese diplomat, but was better known as a racing car driver of international repute under the nickname 'Bira'. His activities, and his life with Ceril are recorded in a book which she wrote largely at my instigation under the title 'The Prince and I'. It proved to be a very successful publication. Ceril's brother Raworth we met only on one occasion when he was most helpful with family information. What was interesting to find with him was that his wife was also of Jewish descent, and indeed I eventually made contact with a member of her family – a family who had been stone masons in Vienna with the name of Steinhauer who established a business of Jewish stone masons in London which at the time I came into contact with it in

the 1980's was trading under the name of B. Harris & Sons Ltd. I met Barrie Harris who was able to add quite considerably to my story, and in fact I found myself trying to track another branch of the Steinhauers in New York who had become old established stone masons in USA, but I never had any success in this respect.

On the other hand, when I did meet the Hon. Lucia Whitehead, a descendant from the marriage of Helen Levy whose father was Joseph Levy founder of the Daily Telegraph as a penny newspaper, and Sir George Faudel Phillips, it was a fascinating meeting. We met for lunch together with her cousin Francis Tufton at Reubens restaurant, and in Lucia, I found another genealogist who had gone to great lengths to research the Levy/Lawson Burnham story.

She provided me with some comprehensive family trees which linked with those I had obtained from Joe Pollitzer. I have remained in touch with Lucia and Francis Tufton if only occasionally.

Recently we were in the area of Laverstoke where Julian Sheffield to whom I have referred in my earlier chapter on genealogy lives. I had thought we might have been able to get together at that time, but it didn't work out. On the other hand Julian extended an invitation for us to make an overnight stay with him the next time we might be in the area, and perhaps that may one day materialise. In the meantime Portal Industries, of which Julian was the Chairman has been taken over by De La Rue. When I had first made contact with Julian, and seen Laverstoke and its mills, I bought shares in Portal Industries, which as a result of the takeover by De La Rue proved to be a most profitable investment.

The ramifications of the Phillips line are unending. When we were in USA on one occasion for a wedding in the Rosenstein family, we met a friend of Neils, Charles Bernstein – another keen genealogist. Although not a family connection he is fascinated with the Katzenellenbogen story, and he wrote to me one day with a long list of queries relating to Lord Pirbright and his marriage to the daughter of the Austrian Baron Tedesco. He was interested to know what happened to the children of that marriage – a marriage which ended in divorce when Lord Pirbright's wife went off with another man. Lord Pirbright subsequently married Sarah Barnett the divorced daughter of Sir Benjamin Phillips.

Tracing the descendants of the marriage of Lord Pirbright and his first wife led to a lunch meeting again at Reubens with Prince Rupert Lowenstein, of British nationality himself but with German antecedents. He proved to be most friendly and interested in family history. He himself

is now in his 60's is amongst other activities a financial adviser to the Rolling Stones a pop group of some affluence and popularity, a fact which duly impressed the younger members of my family, and is undoubtedly of some importance to Prince Rupert.

From this meeting with Prince Rupert, I arranged the following week a meeting with the Hon. Julian Aylmer – a London lawyer, also interested in genealogy. He had gone to some lengths to line up our relationships, and provided me with a fascinating family tree of Lord Pirbright and his children.

Subsequently he and his wife and his father and mother came to the home of our daughter Jill and David Shaw in Edgware for tea. Julian's father Baron Aylmer is blind, but managed nevertheless to become a successful solicitor – his wife of Italian birth, and with the title of Countess was most charming, and we were intrigued with the ramifications of this branch of the family.

We were subsequently invited to a family party of the Aylmers where we were happy to find ourselves being introduced as the Jewish side of the family. Baron Aylmer's title itself is an Irish one which he inherited but I was interested to find that he had Sheffield connections, and that one of his close relations, a Dr. Barber, had been our family doctor when I was a child, What a small world it is.

A short while ago I received a long letter from Germany with various Phillips family trees from a certain Angus Fowler. He had been put in touch with me by Anthony Joseph as being an authority on the Phillips family. Certainly I was glad to be able to assist Angus Fowler who I have yet to meet and who is investigating into the history of a Clara Phillips whose father was a first cousin of Sir Benjamin. Clara's parents had died when she and her brother were quite young. They were left well provided for, but placed under the care of Sir David Salomon an uncle and the first Jewish Lord Mayor of London.

As soon as it became possible for Clara to obtain control of her funds she took herself on a European tour and met and married a German aristocrat despite the orthodox Jewish upbringing she had had. Undoubtedly her wealth was an attraction. It seems that the family castle to which she went after marriage proved to be cold and draughty and did not appeal to her at all. In consequence she decided to build a new family home 'Das neues Schloss' which she did at a cost of £11000 a figure which Angus Fowler had unearthed in the State archives as well as the plans of the building. German descendants of Clara Phillips are still

around, and we may perhaps meet them one day. I am certainly interested to visit that 'Neues Schloss' the address of which I have from Angus Fowler. That family despite the Jewish blood in its veins evidently survived the Nazis by lying low during the war, whereas the family of Prince Loewenstein all left Germany in the early 1930's settling in USA and England.

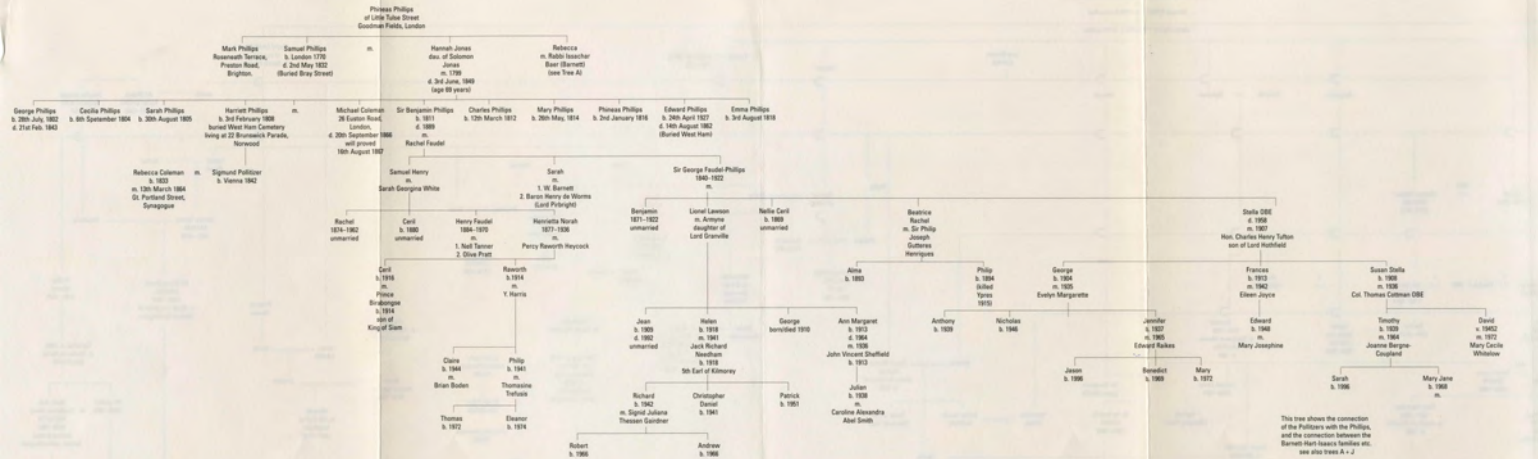
Further ramifications in the Phillips family led us to Paterson New Jersey, where there is a statue to Nathan Barnert, who appears to have been a brother in law of Sir Benjamin Phillips, and although I have not been able to establish how, although probably through marriage to Sir Benjamins sister Mary (Miriam) when I contacted a descendant of Nathan Barnert in New York – Douglas Barnert – following our visit to Paterson, he told me that he was aware of the Phillips connection. We were unable to meet at the time, but that is on the agenda for out next visit to New York.

I have made a separate chapter of the Nathan Barnert story, and our fascinating experiences in consequence of it.

My late cousin Jeanette Hart Morgan who we used to see from time to time on our USA visits used to speak of her affluent cousin Shepard Broad in Miami, for 21 years Mayor of Miami and a nephew of my Aunt Dinah.

On one occasion when I mentioned to my cousin Freddie Hart that we were en route to Miami he said we must make an effort to contact Shephard Broad and his family who he said we would find both friendly and hospitable. He was absolutely right, and when we telephoned Shepard Broad on arrival in Miami, although we could only fit in a breakfast date with this remarkable man, he ensured that his son and widowed daughter went out of their way to entertain us.

On another visit to Miami we were able to spend more time with Shepard by now in his 88th year and he was delighted to be able to show us with some pride of his achievements in the area. His daughter Ann Bussel provided me with much Skudin family information which led me to make contact with Captain Kemp Skudin of the US Navy who at the time I contacted him was a Commander of a US battleship. He was fascinated with my detective work which enabled me to trace him, and especially how the US Naval Department had so easily given me his whereabouts. The upshot of our correspondence was a meeting in London again at Reuben's in December 1994 when we entertained Kemp and his wife and family to lunch on their first visit to London. We subsequently met again in October 1995 in New Jersey when we were staying at the


Phineas Phillips
of Little Tulse Street
Goodman Fields, London
m.
Mark Phillips
Roseneath Terrace,
Preston Road,
Brighton.
Samuel Phillips
b. London 1770
d. 2nd May 1832
(Buried Bray Street)
Hannah Jonas
dau. of Solomon
Jonas
m. 1799
d. 3rd June, 1849
(age 69 years)
Rebecca
m. Rabbi Issachar
Baer (Barnett)
(see Tree A)
George Phillips
b. 28th July, 1802
d. 21st Feb. 1843
Cecilia Phillips
b. 6th September 1804
Sarah Phillips
b. 30th August 1805
Harriet Phillips
b. 3rd February 1808
buried West Ham Cemetery
living at 22 Brunswick Parade,
Norwood
m.
Michael Coleman
26 Euston Road,
London.
d. 20th September 1866
will proved
16th August 1867
Sir Benjamin Phillips
b. 1811
d. 1889
m.
Rachel Faudel
Charles Phillips
b. 13th March 1812
Mary Phillips
b. 26th May, 1814
Phineas Phillips
b. 2nd January 1816
Edward Phillips
b. 24th April 1827
d. 14th August 1862
(Buried West Ham)
Emma Phillips
b. 3rd August 1816
Rebecca Coleman
b. 1833
m. 13th March 1864
Gt. Portland Street,
Synagogue
m.
Sigmund Politzer
b. Vienna 1842
Samuel Henry
m.
Sarah Georgina White
Sarah
m.
1. W. Barnett
2. Baron Henry de Worms
(Lord Pirbright)
Sir George Faudel-Phillips
1840–1922
m.
Rachel
1874–1962
unmarried
Cecil
b. 1880
unmarried
Henry Faudel
1884–1970
m.
1. Nadi Tanner
2. Olive Pratt
Henrietta Norah
1877–1936
m.
Percy Raworth Heycock
Benjamin
1871–1922
unmarried
Lionel Lawson
m. Armyne
daughter of
Lord Granville
Nellie Cecil
b. 1869
unmarried
Beatrice
Rachel
m. Sir Philip
Joseph
Gutteres
Henriques
Stella DBE
d. 1958
m. 1907
Hon. Charles Henry Tufton
son of Lord Hothfield
Cecil
b. 1916
m.
Prince
Birabongse
b. 1914
son of
King of Siam
Raworth
b. 1914
m.
Y. Harris
Alma
b. 1893
Philip
b. 1894
(killed
Ypres
1915)
George
b. 1904
m. 1925
Evelyn Margarette
Frances
b. 1913
m. 1942
Eileen Joyce
Susan Stella
b. 1908
m. 1936
Col. Thomas Cottman DBE
Jean
b. 1909
d. 1992
unmarried
Helen
b. 1918
m. 1941
Jack Richard
Needham
b. 1918
5th Earl of Kilmorey
George
born/died 1910
Ann Margaret
b. 1913
d. 1964
m. 1938
John Vincent Sheffield
b. 1913
Anthony
b. 1939
Nicholas
b. 1946
Jennifer
b. 1937
m. 1965
Edward Rakes
Edward
b. 1940
m.
Mary Josephine
Timothy
b. 1939
m. 1964
Joanne Bergne-
Coupland
David
c. 1945/2
m. 1972
Mary Carole
Whitelow
Claire
b. 1944
m.
Brian Boden
Philip
b. 1941
m.
Thomasine
Trefusis
Julian
b. 1938
m.
Caroline Alexandra
Abel Smith
Jason
b. 1996
Benedict
b. 1969
Mary
b. 1972
Sarah
b. 1996
Mary Jane
b. 1968
m.
Richard
b. 1962
m. Signid Juliana
Thessen Gaindner
Christopher
Daniel
b. 1941
Patrick
b. 1951
Thomas
b. 1972
Eleanor
b. 1974
Robert
b. 1965
Andrew
b. 1966
This tree shows the connection
of the Politzers with the Phillips,
and the connection between the
Barnett-Hart-Isaacs families etc.
see also trees A + J

G

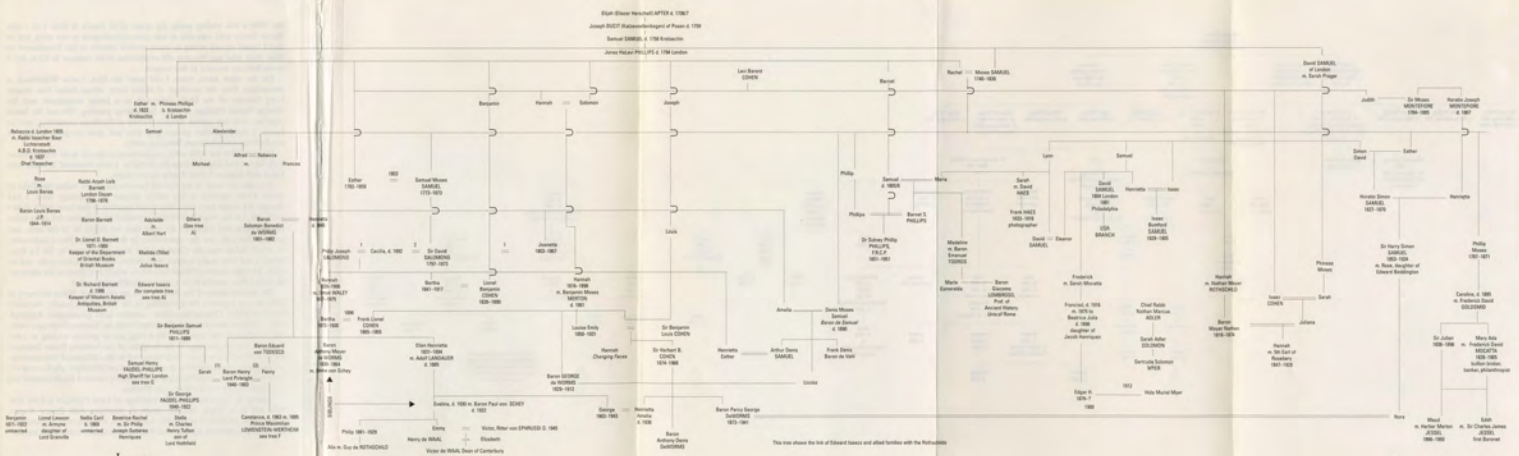
Marriott at Newark Airport N.J. for the Moshe Rosenstein wedding.

Kemp and his wife came to see us, and he told us of him being transferred shortly to a base in Virginia, that he was being raised to the status of Captain and that he would have responsibility over a wide area in his field as a specialist in deep sea diving.

Someone much more closely associated with the Harts came on the scene in 1993 quite by chance. Doreen Berger with whom I had made contact through the Jewish Genealogical Society wrote me about a certain Harold Lewin in Jerusalem with whom she thought I might have a family connection. I immediately wrote to Harold, and we quickly established that there was indeed quite a close relationship – Harold's great grandfather Reuben being a brother of my grandfather Albert. Harold eventually came to see us in Sheffield, and I was able to provide him not only with a photograph of Reuben Hart, and much other family information. Since that time we have met Harold and his wife Miriam on many occasions in Jerusalem, and indeed they joined us for Seder in 1995 when we were at the Windmill with our family for the first days of Pesach.

Harold and Miriam are orthodox which is particularly interesting as far as Hart descendants are concerned, and we have been delighted to be able to get to know this branch of the family especially as we also share a genealogical interest.

So the never ending genealogical saga continues and even as I write this chapter another name is appearing which may yet lead to a further story.



Elijah (Eliezer Herschell) APTER d. 1736/7
Joseph DUCIT (Katzenellenbogen) of Posen d. 1759
Samuel SAMUEL d. 1758 Krotoschin
Jonas HaLevi PHILLIPS d. 1794 London
Levi Barent COHEN
Barnet
Rachel
Moses SAMUEL 1740–1839
David SAMUEL of London m. Sarah Prager
Benjamin
Hannah
Solomon
Joseph
Judith
Sir Moses MONTEFIORE 1784–1885
Horatio Joseph MONTEFIORE d. 1867
Esther m. Phineas Phillips
d. 1822 Krotoschin
b. Krotoschin d. London
Rebecca d. London 1855 m. Rabbi Issacher Baer Lichtenstadt A.B.D. Krotoschin d. 1837 Ohel Yissacher
Samuel
Alexander
Michael
Alfred
Rebecca
m.
Frances
Rose m. Louis Benas
Rabbi Aryeh Leib Barnett London Dayan 1796–1878
Baron Louis Benas J.P. 1844–1914
Baron Barnett
Adelaide m. Albert Hart
Others (See tree A)
Dr. Lionel D. Barnett 1871–1960 Keeper of the Department of Oriental Books British Museum
Matilda (Tilla) m. Julius Isaacs
Dr. Richard Barnett d. 1986 Keeper of Western Asiatic Antiquities, British Museum
Edward Isaacs (for complete tree see tree A)
Baron Solomon Benedict de WORMS 1801–1882
Henrietta d. 1845
Esther 1782–1859
1803
Samuel Moses SAMUEL 1773–1873
Philip Joseph SALOMONS
1
Cecilia, d. 1892
2
Sir David SALOMONS 1797–1873
1
Jeanette 1803–1867
Louis
Hannah 1814–1906 m. Simon WALEY 1827–1875
Bertha 1841–1917
Lionel Benjamin COHEN 1826–1890
Hannah 1816–1898 m. Benjamin Moses MERTON d. 1881
1896
Bertha 1873–1930
Frank Lionel COHEN 1865–1955
Louisa Emily 1850–1931
Sir Benjamin Louis COHEN
Hannah Changing Faces
Sir Herbert B. COHEN 1874–1968
Sir Benjamin Samuel PHILLIPS 1811–1889
Baron Eduard von TODESCO
Baron Anthony Mayer de WORMS 1830–1864 m. Emma von Schey
Ellen Henriette 1831–1894 m. Adolf LANDAUER d. 1885
Samuel Henry FAUDEL-PHILLIPS High Sheriff for London see tree G
Sarah
(1)
Baron Henry Lord Pirbright 1840–1903
(2)
Fanny
Sir George FAUDEL-PHILLIPS 1840–1922
SIBLINGS
Evelina, d. 1930 m. Baron Paul von SCHEY d. 1922
Baron GEORGE de WORMS 1829–1912
Louisa
Benjamin 1871–1922 unmarried
Lionel Lawson m. Armyne daughter of Lord Granville
Nellie Caril b. 1869 unmarried
Beatrice Rachel m. Sir Philip Joseph Gutteres Henriques
Stella m. Charles Henry Tufton son of Lord Hothfield
Constance, d. 1963 m. 1895 Prince Maximilian LOWENSTEIN-WERTHEIM see tree F
Philip 1861–1929
Emmy
Victor, Ritter von EPHRUSSI D. 1945
Henry de WAAL
Elizabeth
Alix m. Guy de ROTHSCHILD
Victor de WAAL Dean of Canterbury
George 1863–1943
Henrietta Amelia d. 1936
Baron Percy George DeWORMS 1873–1941
Baron Anthony Denis DeWORMS
Amelia
Denis Moses Samuel *Baron de Samuel* d. 1890
Henrietta Esther
Arthur Denis SAMUEL
Frank Denis Baron de Vahl
Phillip
Samuel d. 1865/6
Maria
Phillips
Barnet S. PHILLIPS
Dr Sidney Philip PHILLIPS, F.R.C.P. 1851–1951
Lyon
Samuel
Sarah m. David HAES
Frank HAES 1833–1916 photographer
David SAMUEL
Eleanor
David SAMUEL 1804 London 1881 Philadelphia
USA BRANCH
Henrietta
Isaac
Isaac Bumford SAMUEL 1829–1905
Madeline m. Baron Emanuel TODROS
Marie Esmeralda
Baron Giacomo LOMBROSO, Prof. of Ancient History Univ. of Rome
Frederick m. Sarah Mocatta
Francisd, d. 1916 m. 1875 to Beatrice Julia d. 1898 daughter of Jacob Henriques
Chief Rabbi Nathan Marcus ADLER
Sarah Adler SOLOMON
Gertrude Solomon WPER
1912
Edgar H. 1876–?
Hilda Muriel Myer
1900
Hannah m. Nathan Meyer ROTHSCHILD
Baron Mayer Nathan 1818–1874
Isaac COHEN
Sarah
Juliana
Phineas Moses
Hannah m. 5th Earl of Rosebery 1847–1929
Simon David
Esther
Horatio Simon SAMUEL 1827–1870
Henrietta
Sir Harry Simon SAMUEL 1853–1934 m. Rose, daughter of Edward Beddington
Phillip Moses 1787–1871
Caroline, d. 1885 m. Frederick David GOLDSMID
Sir Julian 1838–1896
Mary Ada m. Frederick David MOCATTA 1828–1905 bullion broker, banker, philanthropist
Nora
Maud m. Herber Merton JESSEL 1866–1950
Edith m. Sir Charles James JESSEL first Baronet
This tree shows the link of Edward Isaacs and allied families with the Rothschilds

J

RABBINICAL ANCESTRY

I have always had a sense of feeling for my rabbinical ancestry, and this may in part have accounted for my relative orthodoxy. Whatever the reason for that, there is no doubt that my maternal great grandfather and great great grandfather were rabbis of some distinction and I have been fascinated with such details as I have been able to discover about them.

Let us begin with my great great grandfather Rabbi Issachar Baer Lichtenstadt one of the most eminent rabbis of his time. He was Rosh Bet Din or Chief of the Ecclesiastical Court of Krotoschin in the Duchy of Posen and an intimate friend of the great Rabbi Akiba Eger, who frequently consulted him on difficult legal points. Through his literary activities he did much towards the eventual establishment of the celebrated Hebrew Printing Press of that city which caused its issues to be known throughout Europe. The Bibles and Prayer Books printed in Krotoschin indeed attained wide renown. In 1826 he published in Altona a volume entitled 'Ohel Issachar', a copy of which I found in the Jewish section of the New York City Library. The title page reads when translated from the original Hebrew 'Five essays on the books of Moses (Pentateuch), the first fruits of my literary labours by the youngest of his house – Issachar Baer, son of the distinguished Rabbi Aryeh Leb, Dayan of the Congregation of Krotoschin, a descendant of the commentator known as Atereth Zekenim, and of the distinguished chief amongst his people, Benjamin David de Trieste, Parnass and Chief of the Congregation of Prague'. Benjamin David de Trieste was a scion of Issac Abarbanel, minister of Finance at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and reputed descendant of the Royal House of David.

Benjamin David de Trieste himself was financial adviser to the Kings of Bohemia, and a man of great social influence in Prague, where the congregational records attest to his wealth, his distinguished piety and learning, and his unbounded philanthropy.

Rabbi Issachar Baer Lichenstadt laid the foundation stone of the beautiful Synagogue which became the chief attraction of Krotoschin. He died and was interred at Krotoschin in 1835, and a large concourse of citizens of all denominations followed this distinguished Rabbi to the grave. In the Hyamson papers at the Mocatta library where I discovered

this information it is recorded that in 1887, when more than half a century had passed, his grave was still being visited by many of the residents of Krotoschin on the anniversary of his death. At that time his memorial stone was referred to as being kept in good preservation and repair by members of the community who reverenced his memory. To what extent the cemeteries of Krotoschin were desecrated by the Nazis I do not know, but I hope still one day to be able to make a pilgrimage to Krotoschin to find out.

It is through the wife of Rabbi Issachar Baer – Rebecca Phillips that the Phillips link with our family originates as well as the link with Moses Samuel. He was an uncle of Rebecca and brother-in-law of Phineas Phillips, father of Rebecca as well as Samuel Phillips, who was the father of Sir Benjamin Phillips. It is related of Rebecca Lichtenstadt that she was of extreme beauty with a fair complexion, auburn hair, and blue eyes and became known to the congregation as the pretty English maiden. Her portrait in oils, painted in London in 1849 when in her 80th year by the Hungarian artist Bing, showed even at that advanced age traces of her wondrous beauty. She died in London in 1855 some 20 years after her husband and is buried in the Brady Street Cemetery. The portrait apparently found its way into the hands of the Benas family, and my attempts to locate it led me up various interesting paths including a visit to the offices of the Duchy of Lancaster who handled the estate of Bertram B. Benas, a visit to the University of Leicester where Dr. Cottrell was in possession of some interesting Benas banking records, and a long telephone conversation with a Benas family connection in New York – now Catholics – but undoubtedly of Jewish origin – however, all to no avail either in the discovery of the portrait or its whereabouts.

Nevertheless, following my visit to the offices of the Duchy of Lancaster, I received a most interesting document which detailed the marriage settlement of a sister of Baron Benas (father of Bertram B. Benas) who married Maurice Cohn a London banker in 1875. There were two sons from this marriage, and when one of these sons – Albert – married Nellie Haldenstein in 1905 the Jewish Chronicle filled a whole page with details of the wedding including the names of people who were there and the presents they gave. It was with this family that I thought I might find the portrait, but attempts to locate members of that family proved unsuccessful.

It was by chance when in conversation with my friend Dr. Anthony Joseph a Fellow of the Society of Genealogists, that he was able to put me

in touch with descendants of a brother of Nellie Haldinstein-Cohn – Sir Philip Haldin – whose daughter Ann had married Ronald Daubney. It was their older son with whom I finally made contact. We had lunch together at Reubens and it was most interesting to meet this charming man, son of a Jewish mother and a non Jewish father, who was fascinated with my story, told me of his keen interest in Judaism, but could not help me with the portrait. What he did was to pass me on to a family connection of his – John Lumley – a director of Christies art department who he thought might be able to be helpful.

It was good to be able to make contact with John Lumley – himself of Jewish extraction who had become keenly interested in researching his family history. His great great uncle Benjamin Lumley – formerly Levy – had been a Director of His Majesty's Theatre Drury Lane, from 1841 transforming the whole system of opera.

John Lumley could not assist me with the portrait, but suggested I visit the National Portrait Gallery where there was a department which might help. They in turn passed me on to the Courtauld Institute who in turn passed me on to another gallery. There I thought I might find what I was looking for when a most helpful assistant produced copies of works by a certain Hungarian artist by the name of Byng and suggested that the portrait of a lady – now in an art gallery in Rotterdam might be the one I was looking for. I had a copy made but I am doubtful as to whether this is the one I want, but for the present I have given up the search.

Now let us turn to my great grandfather Rabbi Aryeh Leb ben Issachar Baer Lichtenstadt who became known in England as Dayan Barnett. He had been born in Krotoschin in 1797 and came to England in 1805. He married in 1820 Charlotte Schraga and subsequently returned to Krotoschin to study. In 1834 he returned to London with his family, now a rabbi of some standing and was immediately appointed a Dayan of the Bet Din by Chief Rabbi Herschell. In that year my grandmother Adelaide (Hart) and her twin sister Louise (Temple) were born in London.

Despite my great grandfather's long involvement with the Jewish religious establishment he does not seem to have made his name as a public speaker, but rather as a figure of learning at a time when there was already beginning to be a move away from strict orthodoxy, and his signature appears as one of the three dayanim who aligned themselves with Chief Rabbi Herschell to authorise the document of

excommunication against those who established the West London Synagogue. Perhaps in appreciation of that spirit of co-operation between his dayanin and himself, Chief Rabbi Herschell left in his will £10.00 to each of them.

From the records of the Bet Din of which I have photocopies, produced for me through the good offices of Dr. N. Schmelzer at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York I have been able to note the signature of my great grandfather appended to many of the adjudications of the time. One interesting document which he signed is that relating to a lady who desired to convert to Judaism, and who was engaged to one of the Rothschilds in 1850. At that time, English law did not permit a Christian to convert to Judaism and a non Jew who wished to do so had to go to Holland or other places on the Continent to undergo the ceremony, the London Bet Din only confirming the act. That my great grandfather had a close connection with the Rothschild family seems certain in that my great Uncle Philip was the teacher of Hebrew to the Rothschild children, and that my grandmother and her sisters were each recipients of £150.00 from the Rothschild family on their marriage. I thought I might have been able to find confirmation of that detail in the Rothschild archives at New Court into which I was allowed to delve, but without finding anything of material family interest. However, I was told that there was still much work to be done on the archives covering the period in which I was interested, and perhaps therefore, I will return to them one day to find confirmation of this story.

In 1858 my great grandfather applied to become a naturalised British subject. I have copies of the papers relating to the enquiries which were made as to his worthiness to be accepted as a British citizen which indeed he eventually became.

In the latter years of his life failing sight necessitated him giving up his duties as a Dayan, but there is a reference in the Jewish Chronicle of 1871 of him carrying a Sefer Torah behind Chief Rabbi Dr. Adler at the opening of the Central Synagogue in Gt. Portland Street, whilst some two years later there is reference to a meeting presided over by Chief Rabbi Adler at which it was agreed to grant Dayan Barnett a pension of £156.00 per annum.

His obituary notice from the Jewish Chronicle of 1878 following his death on February 10th 1878 provides the best insight into the life of a man who was an important figure in London religious life for over 40 years.

It reads as follows:-

"THE LATE REV. A. L. BARNETT – On Sunday last there passed away peacefully, after a long and painful illness, at the patriarchal age of 81, the oldest member of the London Jewish clergy, the Rev. A. L. Barnett. He was the last of the trio of Dayanim, whose venerable forms were for many years familiar to the Jewish Community. He did not long survive his venerated and much attached colleague, Rabbi Aaron, both of whom discharged the duties of Dayanim for nearly half a century. He was a rabbi of the old orthodox stamp. The Talmud and its Commentaries formed his constant study. He was a native of Krotoschin, in the Grand Duchy of Posen. His father was for many years head of the Beth Din of that town. The deceased was stricken with blindness about five years ago, and he bore his affliction with pious resignation. He leaves behind him to lament his loss a widow, to whom he had been united for the period of sixty-one years, and a very large family of children, grandchildren and great-children. His funeral took place on Tuesday at West Ham Cemetery."

When reading the next chapter the reader will find that some facts have been repeated for the sake of clarity.

SOME FAMILY ACHIEVERS (1)

My older sister Maisie was a charismatic personality who achieved much in a varied career becoming a highly respected figure in the Jewish and wider community and in the theatrical world. Born in Sheffield in 1902, her early school years were spent with her sister Phyllis, born in 1904, at the private school of Mrs. Swift a few doors away from the family home in Abbeydale Road. At this school the emphasis was on reading and writing which probably helped to formulate an interest in literature at an early age. From there Maisie was successful in gaining a place at the old Central Secondary School where, over the years, Miss Cussins, the headmistress, was instrumental in guiding her towards the academic career she was to follow.

Maisie succeeded in gaining a scholarship to Sheffield University where she became the first Jewish woman graduate, obtaining a 1st class honours degree in English. In the process she was active in student life being the Vice-President of the Union, as well as becoming Editor of the University magazine, Floreamus. She was also very active in the affairs of the Inter-University Jewish Students Federation, and our home became one to which many of the friends that Maisie made at summer schools became our guests – one in particular – Leah Becker (née Goodman) from Manchester who passed away recently in her 95th year, and who had lived in Jerusalem for some 65 years. She always kept in touch with us, visiting us whenever she was in England, whilst our visits to Jerusalem would not have been complete without seeing her. It was Leah, at that time assistant head of the Evelina de Rothschild school in Jerusalem, who in 1934, was largely responsible for Maisie deciding to go to Palestine, whilst it was her friend from Sheffield University, Norah Fowler, a lecturer in English at Cairo University who attracted her to Egypt.

Although Maisie was offered the opportunity of joining the staff of the Hebrew University as a lecturer in her own field, she felt herself unable to adapt to a very different regime, and eventually moved to Cairo. There she was able to indulge in her journalistic abilities whilst enjoying the life of the exclusive English colony in which the Gezira Sporting Club was an important element. Maisie also entered into the life of the Jewish Community becoming almost a protégé of the wealthy de Cattaui family,

a family who were the lay readers of the community. Maisie subsequently kept in regular contact with Simone de Cattaui, whilst when Harry and I were in Cairo in 1937 the Cattauis were also most hospitable. Simone subsequently visited Sheffield and stayed with Maisie and Harry, and it was sad that through the machinations of Nasser the Cattaui family had to leave Egypt and finally settle in Rome.

In the early days of her University life, Maisie had the responsibility of adopting a maternal position following our mother's illness, and although Phyllis subsequently took over, the tragic death of Phyllis in 1928 returned the responsibility to Maisie.

Prior to having travelled to Palestine and Egypt, Maisie had, in 1930, visited U.S.A. in the company of Eva Marks, sister of Lady Burton and Tillie Hart (no relation to my mother), but the mother of Maisie's close friend Trixie, who in turn was the older sister of Bernard and Mildred. On this trip Maisie became known to many members of our extensive family in New York, and paved the way for me when I went for the first time a few years later.

Maisie had gained her Ph.D. in Mediaeval Elizabethan literature under Professor C. G. Moore Smith, and after graduating, lectured extensively on that subject especially to classes organised by the Workers' Educational Association. She subsequently accepted an offer to become business manager of the Sheffield Repertory Co. Ltd. a position to which she applied herself intensely becoming in no small way responsible for the fact that the Playhouse kept afloat in very difficult times. As a tribute to her enthusiastic work for the organisation she was eventually appointed to the Board of Management and became Chairman of the Play Selection Committee. With the opening of the Crucible Theatre, and a new form of management, she maintained her interest for some time in the theatrical scene by becoming the theatre's Hon. Archivist. During her involvement with the theatre, numerous actors and actresses, who spent part of their early careers as members of the Sheffield Repertory Co. became well known to her – to name but a few – Sir Bernard Miles, Keith Barron, Ann Stallybrass, Peter Barkworth, Paul Eddington and Nigel Hawthorne. In addition to actors and actresses, a succession of producers made their names at Sheffield and all contributed to her continued attachment to the theatrical world. Her appointment in 1950 as a Justice of the Peace played an important part in her career, coming as it did when she was less occupied with her theatrical activities and she threw herself wholeheartedly into this new phase in her life eventually becoming

Chairman of the South Yorkshire Magistrates Association.

During the many years she was a magistrate, she was also a governor of Myers Grove School, as well as representing the Jewish Community on the local board of governors of BBC Radio Sheffield.

Those who knew Maisie in her later years, with her reluctance to travel abroad and a very definite unwillingness to fly, might be surprised to know that in earlier days she was indeed very much a world traveller. U.S.A., Palestine and Egypt have been mentioned, but Spain, Portugal, Italy, Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland and France were all countries she visited before she married. It was perhaps her adventures in 1936 on a visit to Spain, when she was caught up in the Spanish Civil War, which may have affected her keenness for foreign travel, because whilst she survived to tell the tale, she was not surprisingly, less than enthusiastic about foreign travel after those experiences.

Maisie's activities in Jewish Communal life began as Secretary of the Sheffield Jewish Students in 1922, becoming President in 1924. She was also active in an executive capacity in the early days of the Sheffield Womens Zionist Association, much encouraged by Mrs. Hetty Feinhols, who had worked indefatigably for the organisation. In later years Maisie became Chairman of the local branch of the Friends of the Hebrew University, whilst overall, she was always ready to participate in communal activities.

In 1938, Maisie had married my best friend Harry Glass, who had just qualified as a solicitor and established his own practice. It flourished quickly, but shortly after the outbreak of war in 1939 Harry joined the RAF becoming an intelligence officer. For a while, although maintaining the home they had set up at 265 Ringinglow Road, Maisie joined Harry in areas where he was able to live outside RAF quarters. However, after the blitz on Sheffield when my father came to live with her, Maisie remained in Sheffield accepting the responsibility also of maintaining Harry's practice.

On Harry's return to civilian life in 1946, he was able to rebuild his practice becoming eventually President of the Sheffield branch of the Law Society, whilst through his interest in affairs of Sheffield University of which he also was a graduate he became Chairman of Convocation.

Sadly, Harry, unfortunately suffered a stroke in 1989 but was still active enough to remain as a consultant to his practice. It was a great pity that a joining of forces with a much younger lawyer, Bernard Miller, did not work out as planned in that Bernard decided to retire early, whilst Harry's niece, who had qualified as a solicitor and who Harry had also hoped

might join the practice, married and now lives in London. Similarly, Bernard Miller's son who also qualified as a solicitor is now working in a London practice.

For over 40 years, Harry was the Hon. Solicitor to most of our communal organisations and the costs which he saved those organisations in consequence of his professional services being so freely given must have run into a very substantial sum.

From the time of their marriage in 1939, a marriage which lasted for over 50 years, their home had invariably been a most hospitable one. Although they had no children, they were most thoughtful and generous towards their nieces and nephews who always had great affection for them. Whether it was family gatherings on Friday nights or festivals or as a home to which strangers to Sheffield were always welcomed, a spirit of friendliness unfailingly prevailed.

Sadly, Maisie's ill health in her latter years severely curtailed her activities, and when in 1989, Sheffield University wished to confer honorary degrees on both Maisie and Harry in recognition of the work they had both done for the University and the City, the ceremony took place in their home with all the pomp and circumstance there would have been had it taken place at the University.

This, coupled with the fact that a husband and wife, both graduates of the University, should be so honoured at the same time, was an occasion unique in its history.

Those who were present marvelled that Maisie was so much her old self during and after the ceremony and were happy that she had been able to appreciate the honour which had been conferred on her and her husband.

Maisie passed away later that year at the age of 89, and the vast number of tributes received were an indication of the esteem and affection in which she was held.

As a memorial to her theatrical activities the Dr. Maisie Glass Chair of Theatre/Drama has been established at Sheffield University.

After Maisie's death Harry decided to remain in the house at Ringinglow Road, and retained most of the staff, although for lesser hours, who had looked after Maisie.

It was remarkable how Harry coped with the disabilities with which the stroke had left him, the loss of the use of his right leg and arm. The fact that he could no longer drive his car caused him to look around for someone who would act as his chauffeur. He was fortunate that Connie

Jeffries who for 30 years had been his secretary and had retired, was agreeable to acting in that capacity again, but with somewhat different responsibilities.

With Connie as his travelling companion, they embarked on some remarkable trips. Connie was a very experienced driver, and I marvelled at her ability to negotiate the traffic in the capitals of Europe as well as the cities of USA, Canada and Israel. Such was the extent of the travels which Harry organised after Maisie passed away.

On the first visit made to Canada, the purpose was the Barmitzvah in Vancouver of his great nephew there. Edna and Robert accompanied him together with Connie, and a visit to the Rockies was included in the trip. Two years later he and Connie went again to Vancouver for another great nephew's Barmitzvah this time accompanied by Harry's sister Rita. Between the years, trips were made to Israel and USA. In USA they were marooned for 3 days in an hotel in Atlanta because of heavy snow falls, but eventually made it to New Orleans to meet Estelle Gervis there. The last major trip to Israel in April 1994 was for the 75th birthday of Rosemary in Tel Aviv at the Hilton. For that occasion apart from the London and Israeli family being there, Gaby came over from Lisbon and joined Harry and Connie in their travels around the country. I had made all the arrangements for that trip and it was gratifying to see how well it worked out.

It was as if it was a grand finale for Harry as shortly after his return he became unwell. Various extensive tests failed to find anything radically wrong with him, but eventually it was discovered that he had an incurable lung cancer. It was a death sentence which Harry accepted philosophically.

I continued to visit him every day, and although one could see him gradually deteriorating he maintained his sense of humour and sharp mental faculties right to the end.

He passed away on November 1st 1994 aged 84 leaving me as the sole executor of his estate.

At the request of Rabbi Golomb I delivered the address at the cemetery in a hall which was full to capacity, to pay a tribute to a man who both as a lawyer and a communal worker had commanded the utmost respect.

As for me, I lost not only a brother in law but a life long friend. The days are not the same without him but that is life, and although I mourn his loss as I did that of my sister Maisie, I am appreciative of the many years it was our good fortune to have so close a relationship.

ESCAPED FROM SEVILLE.

Sheffield Woman Now in Portugal.

Miss Z. May Isaacs, Ph.D., of 15, Montgomery Road, Sheffield, who was for several years business manager of the Sheffield Repertory Theatre, and was on holiday in Seville when the civil war broke out, has escaped to Portugal, although her exact whereabouts is not known.

Miss Isaacs was educated at the Central Secondary School, Sheffield, from which she passed to the Sheffield University where she took an English honours degree, and later a "Frederick Clifford" research scholarship. She received her degree of Doctor of Philosophy for a thesis, "Three Plays of Thomas Randolph."



Miss Z. M. Isaacs.

She was vice-president of the Sheffield University Union of Students for two years, Press secretary for the Union for two years, chairman of debates, and co-editor of the University magazine.

While at the University she was also a delegate to the Imperial Conference of University Students, and in 1923-4 was the first woman president of the Sheffield Jewish Students' Association.

Later, after a term of W.E.A. lecturing, she became Press secretary to the Repertory Company and ultimately took over the complete business management. She held the post of business manager for five years, retiring in 1934.

BY THE WAY.

AMONG local people who found themselves in Spain when the Civil War broke out is Miss Z. May Isaacs, whose name will be familiar to our readers as that of a frequent contributor to our columns, and who is known also to a wide circle of people through her work at the University, and in connection with the Repertory Theatre, of which she was business manager for some years.

She had recently been engaged in educational work at Stockport, and when that came to an end she decided to have a holiday in Spain. On her arrival in Gibraltar she learned that strikes in Malaga and Granada made it impossible to reach either place. She got as far as Seville, where she heard that the friends whom she was to join in Madrid were staying in Portugal.

They suggested that she should join them there, and that later they should travel together to Madrid, but the outbreak of Civil War prevented that. Her many friends will be glad to know that she escaped any actual trouble from being in the parts of Spain involved in Civil War, but the problem of getting home presents many difficulties.

An extract from a letter from her to a Sheffield friend appears in another column

HELD UP BY WAR.

Sheffield Lady's Experience in Spain.

Miss Z. May Isaacs, whose work at the University and the Repertory Theatre made her well known to many Sheffield people, was beginning a holiday in Spain when Civil War broke out.

In a letter to a Sheffield friend, dated from Estoril, in Portugal, on July 24th, she writes:—

When I reached Gibraltar, looking forward to travelling in the South of Spain, I learnt that strikes in Malaga and Granada made it impossible to reach either place.

I waited two days in Gibraltar hoping the strikes would end, but they didn't, so I went to Seville, where everything was reported clear.

Seville is the only bit of Spain I have seen, and it is delightful. However, it was still impossible to get to Granada, and to make me a little more uneasy I heard talk of a general strike throughout the country.

While I was in a state of uncertainty as to what to do, the friends I was to join in Madrid wired that they were staying in Portugal at Estoril, and that as it was impossible for me to travel in Southern Spain, I should join them at Estoril and later we should travel together to Madrid.

Civil War in Spain spoilt my plans.

There are certainly no stone walls and no iron bars in Estoril, but I have an idea what it feels like to be a prisoner.

It is impossible to get home. The trouble in Spain has closed the overland route, the air service is suspended, and ships are few and far between.

I had my name down for one Rotterdam-Lloyd leaving to-morrow, but it will be full when it arrives. English people are hurrying home from Tangiers, and the agents say one Royal Mail boat leaving Sunday will be full too. The next boat home isn't leaving until August 8th, and I have no guarantee that I'll get on that.

It's a very gloomy prospect, and it's not much consolation that I am one of hundreds of English people anxious to get home.

Estoril is packed with Spanish refugees, mostly of the "Right," though when it was announced that the Army was gaining control of Spain, many of the men returned to Spain to fight against the "Left."

Rumour is really our only news here. No papers or mails have come from England or France since last Saturday, and the Portuguese papers print news from Spain on one page which is contradicted on the next.

Most of the wireless news has a "Right" bias, because Radio Sevilla is one station everybody listens to here, and like all Spanish radio stations, except Madrid, it is under the control of the Army.

Every night the cafes in the little garden square here are crowded with Spaniards listening in to the cafe radios, and rumours fly about that Malaga is a mass of ruins, that the wonderful treasures of Granada have been destroyed, that Madrid is being looted and houses occupied by Communists, but that the Army is drawing nearer the capital, and all will be well when it gets there.

You can tell how ridiculous some of the rumours are by the one that got about when General Sanjurjo, the famous "Right" general, met with a fatal air crash as he was leaving Estoril to return to Spain.

The Spaniards here said that there was no doubt that the 'plane had been tampered with by Communists.

Later it came out that the 'plane crashed because it was overweighted. The general had insisted (against the wishes of the pilot) on taking a heavy trunk into the small 'plane with him. "Pride goeth before a fall," you might say, because the trunk contained uniforms and decorations.

When the Spaniards here talk of "traitors" they mean those who support the Government. It seems a strange use to English ears.

SOME FAMILY ACHIEVERS (2)
March 26th 1996

This chapter has been completed on the above date, but the bulk of it has been written flying between Chicago and San Diego on July 1st 1993, and between London and Seattle July 10th 1994.

I have already written of my rabbinical ancestry and of my late sister Maisie and her husband Harry. Let me refer now to my sister Edna, her husband Robert Halle, and their children as well as our own children and grandchildren.

Like Rosemary and myself and Maisie and Harry, we all celebrated our golden weddings. We have in fact already celebrated our 55th wedding anniversary, and Edna and Robert are looking forward to doing likewise shortly. This is certainly a noteworthy family record. Edna's placid nature coupled with a good sense of humour enabled her to take in her stride the ups and downs which beset her husband Robert during the war years.

Robert after qualifying in glass technology with a 1st class honours degree and becoming a PhD and also a Gold Medallist, was appointed as a lecturer at Sheffield University only to find himself interned as an enemy alien in the Isle of Man. However the strenuous efforts of Professor Turner obtained his speedy release and he spent much of his time subsequently furthering the war effort in this country. Their move after the war was first to Dudley where Robert gained an appointment as Technical Director of one of the famous Stourbridge crystal glass manufacturers, then to Birmingham and finally to London. There Robert changed his career from being a glass technologist to becoming a very successful hotelier also meant the moving to various London addresses quite apart from the country home they had at Steepholme on the Thames at Cookham which was the venue of many happy family occasions. Both Edna and Robert have played active parts in communal life, in Birmingham and London. In London in particular, Edna's work at Stepney amongst the old Jewish residents of that area has become proverbial, whilst Robert has pursued a consistent policy on behalf of Jewish students through the Hillel Foundation and Bnei Brit. Of their children, their eldest daughter Margaret – a linguist – married Walter Sinclair an accountant and a foremost name in the taxation field. His

annual Tax Guide which at the time I am writing has been appearing regularly for 23 years has proved to be immensely successful.

Their son David after graduating at Oxford moved to USA where he has remained, and married. He is now very much of a family man with 3 children. Both David – now a Professor of Sociology, and his wife Louise – a Professor of Spanish held important positions at New York universities, but Louise was tempted to take up the position as Deputy Provost of the University of Minneapolis, and David by an offer from U.C.L.A. They have settled in Minneapolis and David commutes to Los Angeles for 3 days each week. He has in addition been the author of two very successful publications 'The American Working Man' and 'Inside Culture'.

Judith the younger daughter married David Afia, and they became carpet designers, and specialists in their field receiving the Royal Warrant, and having the satisfaction and prestige of seeing their carpets in Buckingham Palace, Balmoral and other royal residences.

Our own daughters have had diverse careers. Jill after leaving school studied at Geneva University and at the watchmaking school of the Federation Horlorgère in Lausanne, subsequently working in the Julius Isaacs business where she showed great aptitude and ability.

However, she eventually married David Shaw a London surveyor who for a while did indeed join Julius Isaacs, but Jill had no wish to come back to Sheffield which would have been necessary had David remained in the business. It was in consequence fortuitous that the opportunity arose to buy the old established estate agency / estate management business of Frederick George in Edgware which enabled David to return to his profession as a surveyor. Jill joined her husband in this business, acquiring professional qualifications in estate management which became an important part of the practice.

Of their three children, all of whom spent the major part of their school life at Haberdashers. Robert after a successful life at Liverpool University where he became President of the Union as well as obtaining a first class honours degree in Geography, immediately joined one of the leading firms of accountants in London with the aim of becoming an accountant. However, he found accountancy was not to his liking and after 12 months he moved to Unilever who had wanted him to join them initially. With the work he is doing and the prospects it now offers, he is very happy.

The twins – Julia and Rachel having spent a year of travel before going to University – Rachel like Robert spent a year in Israel whilst Julia spent

6 months in Israel and 6 months at a language school in France – obtained places at Birmingham for Julia to study History, and Leeds for Rachel to study civil architectural engineering. As I write, both the girls are in their 3rd year and looking forward to obtaining their degrees. (1996 Julia is now a B.A. History and Rachel a B.Eng.). Jill as well as being a very responsible mother and housewife and working full-time with Frederick George has also devoted a good deal of time to work for WIZO and like her mother has become a popular lecturer both to Jewish and non Jewish audiences on Israel and to non Jewish audiences on the Jewish way of life, David aside from his work enjoys demonstrating his ability to cook, and incidentally making for me when we stay overnight at their home a specially prepared and most artistically decorated Bircher Muesli.

Elizabeth after leaving school studied initially at Leicester University a course in art and design and then transferred to Manchester University where she obtained a B.A. degree and subsequently a teaching diploma. Initially after qualifying she worked in industry designing raincoats for one of the major raincoat manufacturers in Manchester. After 2 years in this field she moved over to teaching then married Terry Morris – a Manchester boy. Terry a member of the Casket family had originally joined the Casket business – a public company – but subsequently decided to take an economics degree which he did at York University. They married when Terry obtained his degree and settled in Manchester. Terry decided not to return to Caskets but instead eventually set up his own printing business.

Both Elizabeth and Terry each with well established families living in Israel felt very strongly themselves the urge to go on aliyah, and spurred by the fact that some of their close Manchester friends had taken that step, did so themselves in September 1983 when their children Adam and Debbie were 7 and 4 years old respectively.

Such a step needs amongst other things great determination to settle as well as they have done. They are certainly to-day very much a part of the Israeli scene, and their home in Ra-annana is a meeting place for family and friends from all over the world.

Elizabeth has been able to use her talents both as a fashion designer and her teaching experience as a seminar leader at Bet Hatefutzot and the Ha-aretz Museum. She is now on the permanent staff of Bet Hatefutzot, and enjoys the work she is doing.

Terry was fortunate in finding a position with an organisation in Tel Aviv marketing paper worldwide. He has remained with this firm

becoming a director and a key member of it. As for their children, it is hard to believe that Adam is 19 and has been in the army now for 1 1/2 years as part of this stint of compulsory service. Currently he is in Beersheba on a course for sergeants. Debbie – almost 17 has developed into an attractive and bright young lady who very shortly will also have to do her stint in the Israeli army. Both the children are completely bi-lingual, and we certainly derive a good deal of pleasure from their ability in this respect.

It has been very nice for Elizabeth and her family that in the same road where they live in Ra-annana, also reside cousins from England in the form of Madie Arieli and her children. Madie is one of the Mattison family with whom we have maintained close contact over the years, and so once again my efforts to encourage the intermingling of cousins have been successful. Indeed when it comes to the Seder, Elizabeth and Madie have alternated as to where the Seder should be held, Elizabeth and Terry have on one occasion having a record 34 participants with Ben Cronin – Madie's father as the celebrant and her brother Michael and family joining the gathering.

From another angle it has been interesting to see the developments which have taken place in the Sinclair family. Their son Julian with a first class honours degree from Balliol and a Masters from Harvard is currently at a Yeshiva in Jerusalem studying to become an orthodox rabbi, and as I write, we are looking forward to being in Israel very shortly for his wedding to Yaffa Aronoff a religious girl from New York studying in Jerusalem. His sister Debra with linguistic degrees, and an M.A. from Jews' College has, like her brother also made aliyah and is teaching English.

It is an interesting development, and I am looking forward to there being another rabbi – orthodox too – in the Postawelsky – Isaacs – Barnett chain.

Emma has qualified as a medical doctor at Manchester University where she is now currently doing her hospital training.

Of Judith and David's two children, Jenny has grown up into a most attractive young lady with a deep feeling for Judaism albeit of a Liberal nature, her parents being members of the Liberal synagogue in St. Johns Wood. Her older brother has unfortunately moved away completely from Judaism and been influenced by Moslem theology – a strange happening but a fact. Perhaps one day however, he may return to Judaism. In the meantime, Julian Sinclair becoming an orthodox rabbi will help to redress the balance.

I have so far written little about Rosemary to whom I have been happily

married for 55 years.

It is hard to believe that Rosemary is approaching her 77th birthday. Her energy is proverbial, and she continues to pack into a day activities which make me feel tired when looking at her programme. She has looked upon her life as a mother and a housewife as being an immensely worthwhile career. At the same time however, she has been a most energetic worker for WIZO, and a highly successful lecturer to non Jewish audiences on Israel and the Jewish way of life. Her lectures on Israel are illustrated with her own slides, and indeed over the years she has become known as a photographer of some renown.

She has been a constant companion on our world travels, and in the days when those travels were business travels, Rosemary found the opportunity between times of visiting some of the most important art galleries in the world, becoming quite an art connoisseur. In another direction her interest in books has resulted in our building up a most extensive library. She has a shrewd eye for bargains and in consequence our library to-day has become quite a valuable one. Similarly our collection of original paintings has made our home an interesting one to visit.

Her outdoor recreation as a gardener has ensured that our garden benefits from her expertise, and in the summer months she is never happier than when she is in the garden.

Rosemary is an excellent cook, but with me as a vegetarian over the last 20 years, she is a somewhat frustrated one, as whilst she does provide some most enjoyable vegetarian dishes, she herself is not a vegetarian, and so it does make for complications. On the other hand she still enjoys entertaining friends and family so that she can experiment and show her culinary ability as she does especially when the family are here for the Festivals.

From time to time we still offer Shabbat hospitality to students, and she is disappointed if there are not 10 – 12 at the table.

She is adored by her grandchildren who she encourages to use our library, whilst from the treasures she has stored in dress wear from years gone by she can produce for the girls the latest fashions of the day.

She is altogether a a remarkable personality who I am fortunate to have had as my wife for over 55 years. May that state of affairs long continue.

SOME FAMILY ACHIEVERS (3)

Elsewhere I have referred to the fact that it was my original intention to produce a comprehensive Who's Who of the family, but I quickly realised that this would be well beyond the scope of this book, and as a result I reduced my sights very considerably. In consequence, this chapter will pick up just a few more of those to whom I have so far not referred or to whom I may not have made mention in 'All in a Lifetime', and I apologise in advance to anyone who I might now omit, and who might perhaps feel aggrieved that I have done so.

There is no doubt that the family both on my maternal and paternal sides have produced very many achievers. In England both my father Julius Isaacs and his brother Henry built up businesses in Sheffield and Leeds which became important and highly respected names in the world of watchmakers and jewellers of this country, whilst from the Julius Isaacs angle, the branching out into the manufacture of pewter opened up another new dimension altogether, and resulted in the development of an international business with the resultant need for world wide travel which became part of my way of life.

Our older daughter Jill together with her husband David are well established in London in the field of estate management and surveying, whilst their children, Robert, Julia and Rachel have all obtained good university degrees, with Robert already embarked on a business career with Unilever, Julia intending to become a lawyer, and study for a further 2 years, whilst Rachel now a B.Eng. an unusual degree for a girl in a field normally dominated by men has a position which is both interesting and satisfactorily remunerative.

I have already written of the family in Israel without referring especially to the success Elizabeth and Terry have achieved. Terry has remained with the firm with whom he started after Ulpan, and is now in a managerial position which involves frequent travels abroad as well as meeting a decidedly international range of suppliers and customers. Elizabeth has established herself at Bet Hatefutzot, and uses her experience there both as an organiser of seminars and as a guide as well as with her work with graphics. Of their children, Adam is in the army for a 3 year stint as is the duty of every young Israeli, and has risen to the rank

of sergeant in the Givati Brigade. Debbie is still at school showing a similar artistic bent to that of her mother, but before long will also be doing her military service.

Walter Sinclair, Margaret's husband and Edna and Robert's son in law continues to be in the public eye with his very successful annual taxation guide, whilst David and Judith Afia with the success they achieved with the awards of the Royal Warrant as suppliers of carpets to the Queen have maintained their importance in this field. Now to the USA to which several members of the Postawelski family emigrated from Russian Lithuania in the 1880's including one of my father's older brothers Sam who took the name of Post, and established a business which was successful enough to support orphaned nephews Sam and Abe Friedman and nieces Anna and Tillie. They subsequently ran a successful business of their own. Sam Post's daughter Anna married Harry Zalkin who from the humblest of beginnings built up one of the foremost legal practices in New York. We have kept in touch with their families. Anna's brother Al was an important store buyer, but also made some profitable property deals. He married a Catholic by whom he had one son Mal with whom we also have kept in touch. As for Sam and Abe Friedman, Sam's son Stanley married and had three daughters all of whom have had interesting careers. Stanley himself after obtaining a brilliant university degree, founded one of the most successful legal practices also in New York, and it was sad that he should have passed away at the height of his career. His sister Elaine who became a teacher married Joe Marg and moved to Cleveland which was the best location for Joe's engineering activities.

Both of Abe's sons, Sam and Jerry became household names in their respective spheres, Sam as a theatrical entrepreneur, who also passed away at an early age, and Jerry – Dr. Gerald J. Friedman whose work in the field of medicine made him renowned especially in New York where one of the buildings at the Beth Israel Hospital is named after him.

Jerry's wife Dorothy before her marriage was a cabaret artiste of some note, but retired from the scene when she married and devoted her time to her husband and charitable works. Of the two sisters of Abe and Sam Friedman, Anna never married, but Tillie married Ralph Bernstein and had two children Vivian and Lewis. Tillie was left a widow at quite an early age, Vivian married, had no children and also died quite young. Lewis graduated from Columbia and had a business career, but really devoted himself to looking after his mother, his Aunt Anna and cousin Lori Gittleson, who although fiercely independent found it useful to be able to

call on Lewis's aid from time to time. He remains a good looking and very charming bachelor.

The success of Herman Post in building up from very small beginnings an electronics company which grew to become a public one from which he eventually retired, was another success story. Herman proved to be somewhat elusive in getting to know, but, we could not have wanted to have as cousins a more hospitable, friendly and family orientated couple than Herman and Blanche Post. In his retirement, he continues to add to the many profitable inventions for which he has been responsible.

Their family of four children, all successful in their respective spheres, we have also been glad to get to know.

I have to thank the late Lori Gittleson, herself a cousin and a remarkable personality who found her way to USA via Shanghai in 1939 with those members of her family who escaped from the clutches of the Nazis, for bringing us together with this branch of the Post family. She did also with Abe and Fritzi Abrams with whom we became on the closest of terms, as well as with their children -son David and his wife Cynthia, and their children, and daughter Ruth and her husband Alan Goldberg and their children. All have had successful careers in USA.

David Hackman, a nephew of Abe Abrams has been immensely successful in a variety of fields, and his activities in electronics led him to produce comprehensive computerised records of the family to which I have referred elsewhere. Herman Post has in fact done likewise, and the work of these two cousins coupled with the work of our son in law Terry Morris in Israel has relieved me of the necessity to become computer orientated myself.

The Marcus family in California and Oregon, became better known to my cousin and mother in law Elsie initially because of her frequent visits to Los Angeles to visit her sister Hilda Goodman. Abe Marcus who was a prominent L.A. lawyer and his wife Hazel – a daughter of Arthur Abrams, came frequently to London, but it was not until we became regular visitors to USA that we really came to know them and their families. Abe passed away some years ago, but Hazel, a contemporary of mine has remained remarkably youthful enjoying her hobby as an artist, and living in close contact with her daughter Jane Beth and her husband. They have visited us in Sheffield, Hazel's son Michael is a judge in Portland Oregon who we also came to know, and indeed saw in action as observers in his court.

Our original family settlers in Los Angeles Hilda and Sol Goodman had some ups and downs, the Wall St. crash in 1929 being a major contributor

to the down side. They were however eventually joined by their son in law Harold Fleischer who had married their only child – Gladys – and after a spell in New York they settled in Los Angeles where they rebuilt their fortunes. Sol passed away in the meantime, but Hilda proved to be an astute business woman and worked well with her son in law. We have remained close to the children of Gladys and Harold Fleischer – Phyllis Taylor and her brother Frank and their families who we have met from time to time. One of the sons of Phyllis a very likeable young man spent some time in Israel where he found it useful to have the Morris home as a base.

Our party at the home of Herman and Blanche Post brought together many cousins which whom I only had occasional contact. Leonard Shrager – a bachelor – who we first met in Israel, a successful pesticide manufacturer in New York – the Meyricks and the Levines – Jay Myers and his family who surprised us by telephoning us from London one Christmas day and arriving to stay with us the next day – a visit which we thoroughly enjoyed as we think they did too. Certainly we have maintained contact with them and one of their sons David has since stayed with Jill in London and Elizabeth in Ra-annana.

The Kurzmans, and Altmans and their families are ones with whom we have remained in regular contact. – Janet Altman in particular has become a popular figure on the scene both in USA, England and Israel. In Israel especially she became a part of the family of Elizabeth and Terry and their children, and it was a pity that she has so far not achieved her aim to settle in Israel. She works very successfully for an Israeli company but markets for them largely in USA. Her uncle Sol Kurzman recently retired from a government post in Washington. He and his wife were with us in London last year visiting one of their sons – an accountant with an assignment in London.

The home of Elizabeth and Terry in Ra-annana has become a meeting place for the USA family – I have mentioned Janet Altman, there has also been Jessica Friedman – eldest daughter of Stanley – who worked for a year in Israel as a lawyer – returned to USA to marry and have a family, and now returns to visit. Similarly with Barbara and Bob Lubran. We were at the wedding of this couple in Washington – Barbara the daughter of Estelle Gervis – sister of Sam and Jerry Friedman – we came to know well as a result of the time she spent in England, as well as the time she has spent in Israel when again the home of Elizabeth and Terry was a popular venue. Barbara has recently revisited Israel with her husband, and

this time with their three children to introduce them to Israeli life.

Only the other day Barbara telephoned us from Washington to tell us to make a note of May 17th 1997 for the Barmitzvah and Barmitvah of two of her children. We hope we may be able to make that date.

I have so far made no reference to the maternal side of my family in this chapter, largely because some are referred to elsewhere in a separate chapter, and there was appreciable reference to them in 'All in a Lifetime'. It is sad that since that book was published Professor Herbert Hart, his brother Reggie and sister Sybil have passed away as have Sampson Goldstone and Dr. Richard Barnett. Obituary notices relating to Herbert Hart filled columns in the Times, Telegraph, Independent and Guardian, and we did in fact attend a special service in his memory in Oxford which brought together a remarkable gathering of scholars from all over the world as a tribute to a man whose work in the field of jurisprudence has made him an international authority.

Of all my cousins only Albert Hart now in his 94th year and Freddy Hart about whom I have written elsewhere remain. We made a special effort to visit Albert last year (1995) at the farm where he now lives in a village in Hampshire with his son John and John's second wife and their two young children. Albert remains remarkably cheerful and mentally alert.

The two sons of Freddy's brother 'Boy' warrant special mention, David because after a decidedly flamboyant youth and adolescence eventually learnt from some of his earlier mistakes and settled down to become a novelist, playwright, and political adviser. Between 1981–1989 he was a political adviser to Margaret Thatcher, and during that period he played a prominent part in the settlement of the coal strike. In a recent conversation with him, he told me that to-day amongst his aforementioned activities he had the title of Independent Adviser to the Ministry of Defence, and their is no doubt that he does indeed have the ear of a variety of members of the present political scene.

In marked contrast is his brother Tim who having trained as a banker, on the death of his father, who himself had been a very successful banker, decided to become an hotelier. He purchased Hambledon Hall, at Rutland Water, and turned it into one of England's foremost small country luxury hotels, He also became the owner of the famous Ram Jam Inn on the Great North Road quite close to Hambledon Hall, but run in a very different way. Tim spent many thousands of pounds to bring the Ram Jam Inn up to its present very high standards, but offering accommodation and meals

at moderate prices. He has been as successful with the Ram Jam as with Hambledon Hall.

In the Goldstone family, the only ones I came to know well were Sampson and his sister Stella, although we later met members of their families too. Sampson and Stella did indeed have many cousins. One Julian Goldstone – a lawyer I met initially when I was President of the Sheffield Representative Council, came as a delegate from Manchester to Sheffield for a Representative Council conference.

We met again subsequently when he married a friend of Dorothy Fleming, and came over to Sheffield to see Dorothy and Otto. His brother Judge Peter Goldstone, we came to meet later with his wife when we found they were living in Stanmore quite near to Jill and David and we were able to meet one evening for dinner. Selbys, Millmans, Parisers, Barnetts, and other sections of the Goldstones are all parts of the family on which I could have elaborated, but which would have necessitated a good deal more research than I have done already, and I am anxious to complete this chapter. In consequence the apology which I offered at the beginning to any who I have omitted will I hope be accepted, whilst at the same time finding the information this book contains of general family interest.

This chapter cannot be concluded without reference to my late cousin Gaby Mode Bothelho who like me was an intrepid traveller.

Gaby was actually my second cousin, her mother Lottie Mode was the daughter of my Auntie Mirry – an older sister of my mother, and Uncle Casper Lazarus. Gaby was born in Madrid in 1914 and lived there until 1919 when she and her parents returned to Berlin. Her father Ernest Mode an engineer, was a director or Orenstein & Koppel – one of Germany's major engineering firms with ramifications all over the world. When the Nazis came to power Gaby came to London and went to University College where she graduated in 1937 with a degree in languages, and immediately obtained a position with the BBC with whom she remained throughout the war, subsequently joining her parents in Lisbon in 1947. Her parents after leaving Berlin in 1937 had first moved to Teheran and then Istanbul her father still representing Orenstein & Koppel in these cities, but pressure from the Nazis eventually resulted in him losing his position with them and moving on to Lisbon where he had good connections, and where he was able to re-establish himself. Sadly Gaby's grandmother (my aunt) who was also now in Lisbon passed away in 1947, and Gaby's parents both died in the following year. For a while she was

completely devastated, but my sister Maisie and her husband Harry went over to Lisbon to help her sort herself out. She eventually purchased an hotel at San Martinho do Oporto, a seaside resort popular with the Portuguese. It was open only for 3–4 months in the year, and she ran it very successfully for a number of years before disposing of it. In the meantime she married Frank Botelho a Catholic and another hotelier, but within 12 months he had passed away and she was again left alone. Frank Botelho however, had a large family and Gaby was also a well established member of the Lisbon Jewish community and her mother's friends rallied round her. For a while she debated with herself as to whether or not she should now make her home in England, but she was attracted to the life in Lisbon, and decided to remain there whilst at the same time becoming an inveterate traveller. Occasionally she would meet us in Switzerland or Israel or in London when on the way back from one of her extensive trips. Invariably we exchanged travelogues, and in any case carried on a regular correspondence for over 60 years. She passed away in November 1995 leaving me as the sole executor of her quite extensive estate, the bulk of which is going to one charity WIZO – which will result in there being a permanent memorial to her in Israel. I miss her and the regular correspondence which passed between us.

FREDDY HART

The following chapter is one I have felt impelled to write following a visit to San Diego in July 1993, and meeting again my cousin Freddy Hart, now like me in his 84th year.

We were both in our early 50's when business interests brought us together. Freddy with a business based in New York was looking for a source of supply for pewter tankards made in Sheffield, and that interest resulted in me becoming an exporter in quite a substantial way, especially to North America. It necessitated regular visits to USA and Canada which not only developed business, but also enabled me to get to know our family scattered all over North America.

On this occasion in July 1993, Freddy had travelled from Phoenix where he now lives, to see us, and spend a few days with his family in San Diego, and during that time, I was able to ask Freddy to tell me the facts about his life of which I had only been vaguely aware.

I was intrigued to learn that in his youth he had been a choir boy in the Brondesbury Synagogue – a synagogue he used to attend regularly with his father – that at the age of 16 he had been sent to school in Paris to obtain fluency in French, and that whilst he was there his father – my Uncle David had passed away suddenly at the age of 56. His body was brought back to London where he was buried in Willesden cemetery. Boy, who was 20 at the time, and about to complete his articles as a lawyer assumed responsibility for the family, and as if vying with Freddy as a synagogue choir boy, on one occasion when I visited him many years later recited to me the Friday night kiddush. This he told me he had done regularly after his father passed away, and for as long as he remained in the family home in Fitzjohns Avenue.

Uncle David had been an accountant, and Freddy followed in his footsteps whilst Boy, after qualifying as a solicitor quickly established himself, becoming very successful due to his astuteness and entrepreneurial activities. He had many girl friends, but it was his secretary – Terry – he eventually married.

His sister Madge, although in love with a non-Jewish New Zealand boy, would not marry him because she knew how upset her father would have been had she done so, and so she immersed herself in her work at the

BBC and never married.

His sister Joyce was less concerned about marrying out and did so, eventually being helped by Boy to buy a hotel in Keswick together with her husband Vernon Birkbeck.

Freddy having qualified as an accountant and wanting to travel, secured a job with a firm of international accountants who placed him in their office in Buenos Aires. Freddy said that Gaby's father Ernest Mode was very helpful in giving him an introduction to the manager of the office of Ornstein & Koppel (of which Ernest was a director) in Buenos Aires. The firm subsequently transferred Freddy to their office in Manila where he met and married Norah of Spanish-Irish descent and a Catholic. David and his brother Pat were born there, and when the Japanese in 1941 captured the Phillipines Freddy and family were interned. Initially only Freddy was interned and Norah and the two children were allowed to live outside the camp but eventually Freddy felt that they would be safer inside rather than outside of it, and so Norah and the children joined him there. Freddy had brought into the camp a large amount of tinned food which he thought would last for the duration, never thinking that the war would continue for so long, but eventually food became the problem, as whilst they were not ill-treated by the Japanese who were confident of being the victors, they were kept short of food. When the Americans defeated the Japanese and repossessed the Phillipines, Freddy and his family were transported on a U.S. warship to San Francisco where Freddy's firm provided him with funds but no job. Norah however, had a brother living in Chicago who suggested they come there and with his introduction Freddy obtained a position as an accountant with another large firm. He was able to rent a nice house in a good part of Chicago and settled there. Meanwhile, the firm for whom he was working eventually decided to transfer him to their St. Louis office, and whilst the work was congenial enough Freddy found that St. Louis at that time was a very anti-semitic location. In consequence he decided to look round for another position. A fluent speaker of Spanish, he applied and secured a job in Mexico City as the accountant for the distributors for Mexico of Studebaker Cars and all went well there until Studebaker Cars went into liquidation.

At this stage Freddy changed course and bought an hotel in Aculpolco, but sold it when Boy asked him if he would take over the running of a business in New York with which he was involved – the Ellis Barker Silver Co. Inc a USA subsidiary of Barker-Ellis Silversmiths Ltd. of Birmingham which was having administrative problems with their New

York office. As a result, Freddy and his family came to New York. The Ellis Barker Co. imported exclusively from its parent company Barker-Ellis, and so Freddy formed another company – the Exclusive China Co. so that he could import independently as well which was where I came on the scene in 1964. At that time, Freddy was looking to import large quantities of pewter tankards from Sheffield at a time when there was an unprecedented demand for Sheffield made pewter beer mugs in USA.

Apart from shipping large quantities of pewter tankards (beer mugs) to Freddy I also subsequently shipped substantial quantities of Sheffield made flatware of a specialised nature – silverplated turkey forks and spoons, sauce ladles, salad servers with ornamental bowls, salad tongs etc. as well as pearl handled fruit knives and forks, and stag handled steak knives and forks.

Eventually, Boy decided that he wanted to dispose of his assets in the Ellis Barker Silver Co. and Freddy subsequently negotiated a very satisfactory deal with Towle Silversmiths to take over Ellis Barker and the Exclusive China Co. a deal for which Pat Hart, who had worked continuously with Freddy in the business was largely responsible.

For a while Freddy and Pat remained in charge of the business under its new owners but when they decided to close down the offices and showroom in 11 East 25th Street and transfer them to the Towle offices outside of New York, Freddy and Pat quit.

Pat started a business making pottery, whilst Freddy, who had always been a keen gardener at his home in Summit New Jersey and which had a large garden and a greenhouse opened a business in nearby Chatham. There he started marketing some of the produce from his own garden. The business, under the name of China and Garden was an attractive one, and from there Freddy with his son Johnny hit on the idea of marketing greenhouses as a U.S. houseowners status symbol. The greenhouses were imported from England and the idea worked well until the market had become saturated, and at that stage Freddy and Johnny decided to get out of the business. Johnny moved into stockbroking whilst Freddy and Norah decided to leave the Summit house and retire to Clearwater, Florida where their eldest son David and his wife Stella had bought property after a successful sell out of David's advertising business in Mexico City. After a few years in Clearwater, where we twice visited the family, David and Stella decided to live in San Diago where they had many Jewish friends from Mexico City.

Freddy and Norah moved to Phoenix where their youngest son Dennis

and his wife live. Sadly, Norah passed away in 1994 whilst Freddy – now 85 – and badly stricken with arthritis is living with Dennis and his wife.

I have already referred to the interest Boy had in the business in New York, and its subsequent disposal. In consequence of his involvement with that business, and my involvement with it through Freddy, I came to have quite frequent contact with Boy in his London office. During World War II he was in the Royal Navy becoming a Lt. Commander. After the war he was invited to join the board of merchant bankers Henry Ansbacher & Co. of which he subsequently became managing director. I had first met Boy in 1929 after I had been in Berlin visiting Auntie Mirry, Lottie, Ernest and Gaby. Lottie had particularly asked me to go and see Boy which I did and found him most friendly.

We did not meet again until after the war and then only when I became involved with Freddy and the business in New York. During that period Boy asked me if I would be interested in taking over the Barker Ellis business in Birmingham. This was after he had learnt something about the Julius Isaacs business and the take over I had made of the business of John Satchwell & Co Ltd. who had been customers of Barker-Ellis.

I did go down to Birmingham to have a good look at Barker-Ellis but I could see far too many problems with it, and opted out.

A few years later, he approached me with a much more interesting proposition in the form of the Northern Goldsmiths Co. made up of an up-market group of jewellery businesses mainly in the North of England and with impressive headquarters in the centre of Newcastle upon Tyne. The business was controlled by a family who were the major shareholders in the company which was a public one. A client of Boy had the idea that the family might be prepared to dispose of their holdings. Boy suggested to me that in any case the shares as they stood would be worth buying on the open market, and we both bought, and subsequently sold at an appreciable profit, but not before I had done quite a lot of work investigating the potential of the various shops in the group.

Being a shareholder, I was invited to attend the Annual General Meeting of the company, and I decided to attend one of them. There at the end of the meeting I made myself known to the managing director telling him that I felt the profits of the company might be materially improved if they bought from the Julius Isaacs Group. He proved to be surprisingly friendly, and shortly afterwards I went up to Newcastle to see him.

Whilst initially I only opened the account with pewter tankards which as manufacturers through our subsidiary George Lee & Co. appealed to

them, it paved the way at the same time to open with watches, and it was not long before I went up again to see him and convinced him that they should have their own brand of watches – a field in which Julius Isaacs & Co. had made a speciality. The upshot was an initial order for £25,000 with subsequent repeat business.

Meanwhile, I had also begun to visit other shops in the group where the manager had the possibility of buying in a limited way, and it gave me the opportunity of advising Boy on how I viewed the potential of these businesses.

Boy had thought that his client might now be ready to go ahead with his idea of obtaining control of the company, and in the event of him succeeding that I should join the Board of Directors. In support of my investigations, I took with me to meet Boy on one occasion Alec Fishberg – one of the most respected men in the diamond world of Hatton Garden. I had come to know Alec well through his close association with the business of his late brother-in-law Harry Chalfen whose son Brian joined the business on the death of his father, and was under the expert tutelage of his uncle.

Alec, we had thought might be interested in joining in any possible Northern Goldsmiths deal, which indeed he was, but in the end, the whole idea came to nothing, and so we all subsequently sold our shares, and pocketed the profits. It was only some years later that Northern Goldsmiths were taken over by a Swedish Group. Our business with them continued, and when the Julius Isaacs Group merged with Pinder Bros. Group I took David Pinder up to Newcastle to meet the new Managing Director, and business with the group has continued.

On another occasion I took Ruben Viner to meet Boy as both had expressed an interest in meeting one another. All these meetings had taken place at the Ansbacher building in Bishopsgate, a prestigious, but small building fully occupied by the Bank. Subsequently, a move was made to new and most impressive offices in Gresham Street and there I visited Boy on a number of occasions usually to meet Freddy on his bi-annual visits to England when he would also be visiting the parent company of Barker Ellis in Birmingham.

It was in the new offices that I met Boy's younger son Tim who I had last seen as a little boy in St. Moritz when we had been there also with our children. At that time there was a quite remarkable facial similarity, as a photograph we took shows – between Tim and our younger daughter Elizabeth. Tim trained as a banker, and exhibited a steadiness in his

character very much in contrast to his older brother David who developed a lifestyle of extravagance which from time to time landed him in financial difficulties.

It was sad that Boy developed Parkinsons disease which finally made it necessary to retire from the Bank. He passed away shortly afterwards.

His two sons were not inconsiderable beneficiaries from his estate, and David subsequently regained quite considerable affluence becoming a political figure, frequently writing articles for 'The Times' and at one stage being an adviser to Mrs. Thatcher, which was not denied. He did in fact play an active part in helping to settle the coal strike in 1984 through his friendship with Ian McGregor who had been a close friend of Boy and who David had met at his father's home.

Tim became the owner of two hotels in the Midlands, one an old established road house on the A1 – The Ram Jam Inn, which he completely refurbished to become one of the best stopovers on the A1 and Hambledon Hall – a mansion on Rutland Water which he converted to an upmarket hotel which has received many recommendations for its excellence.

It is interesting to me that I am in touch with so many of Uncle David's grandchildren and that some of them at least are known to my children maintaining the family connection.

I have found it very sad that so many of the Harts have married out of the faith, and to some of my family who know my strictly orthodox outlook, it may seem strange that I have maintained contact with these families.

In doing so however, I have wanted to keep them reminded of their Jewish ancestry, and in the case of Freddy's seven children one development has been most interesting. David Hart – Freddy's eldest son and his wife Stella – a lapsed Catholic – have mainly Jewish friends and Stella is now working hard to become Jewish whilst their son – another Freddy, a dentist in Miami – I am told is only wanting to marry a Jewish girl.

Such is the saga of Uncle David's family.

OUR FAMILY IN ISRAEL
May 1988

Our links with Palestine and Israel as it became in 1948 go back to 1930 when my Uncle Henry (my father's oldest brother) and his second wife Auntie Fanny decided to settle there and had a spacious apartment on Rothschild Boulevard Tel Aviv for some years. Shortly afterwards the family in Königsberg and Leipzig and also Auntie Anna from New York arrived and it was they who became the nucleus of the family there to-day. Uncle Henry and Auntie Fanny eventually returned to England as the climate did not agree with Auntie Fanny, but the rest of the family stayed.

Our daughter Elizabeth with her husband Terry and their children Adam and Debbie are the latest arrivals, and as I write they have already been there for 12 years and are now happily settled in their home in Ra-annana. When our family from Germany came to Palestine as it was then in 1933, the younger members were all still of school age and had to continue their studies. For my cousin Dr. Kolef Daugiljacki however, there was a compete change. He had been involved in the family business of furriers at Königsberg. Now with his academic qualifications in Economics and already Hebrew speaking, he was recommended by the Hebrew University to become secretary of Ben Shemen the agricultural village headed by Dr. Lehmann, who in Germany, had already established himself as an educationalist. Kolef remained as secretary until the death of Dr. Lehmann when he became the head, continuing in that position until he eventually reached retirement age. Kolef was always very reticent about his efforts at Ben Shemen, but he did one day tell me of the incident when the British discovered an arms dump in the village. In consequence both Dr. Lehmann and Kolef were arrested and imprisoned for some months in Jerusalem. It was at the time when there was considerable tension between the British administration and the local Jewish population and Kolef told me that he was fortunate not to have been accused of being a terrorist and executed as had been the man who was in the next cell to him in the Jerusalem prison which we on one occasion had visited.

It was some years later that I discovered that we had another family link with Ben Shemen through the remarkable and fascinating personality Wilfred Israel who had indeed been responsible for its foundation.

Through his efforts a vast number of Jewish children were enabled to escape from Nazi Germany and have the benefits of life in this agricultural village which acquired an international reputation, and which became famous for producing some of Israel's foremost citizens. My link with Wilfred Israel came through out mutual link with the legendary Saul Wahl. He was a great grandson of the founder of the famous Berlin store bearing that name, and had been born in England but brought up in Germany, which placed him in a unique position to assist his fellow Jews who were being hounded by the Nazis. Sadly he was killed during World War Two when the Germans shot down the plane in which he was flying from Lisbon – London on a British Government mission. The British film star Leslie Howard perished on the same flight. Wilfred Israel is remembered in Israel especially on Kibbutz Hazorea with the foundation of which he was also involved, and where his magnificent collection of Chinese ceramic treasures are housed in a beautiful museum – a remarkable tribute to an outstanding personality.

Of the family who came in 1933 other than Kolef and his wife Sonia who was a teacher at Ben Shemen, Nechama and Siva also became teachers as did Kolef's daughter Miri. It was however, the brother of Nechama and Siva – Zvi (son of Lea and Alter) who I first recall as a little boy at the apartment in Eliahu Saphir in 1936 (Siva still lives there) who became largely responsible for the success of Netafim – a method of irrigation now marketed world wide and one of Israel's major exports. It was sad that Zvi did not live to see the immensely successful results of his efforts, but certainly if he had been a businessman and not a kibbutznik he would have seen himself today a multi millionaire. As it is Netafim has enabled Kibbutz Hatserim to become one of the most prosperous of Kibbutzim after going through many vicissitudes since its foundation in 1946 as a strategic kibbutz. Zvi was a founder member of the kibbutz in a location where it was to serve an important political purpose. It determined the United Nations map as the de facto border of the Jewish state. During the war of independence Hatserim was an outpost settlement which became the springboard for the conquest of Beersheba and later for the liberation of the entire southern Negev.

Having seen the kibbutz at various stages of development, one remembers with what pride we were shown the new dining hall, and the swimming pool which had been constructed even in the early years, but which, with the scarcity of water at the time, necessitated the water also being used for irrigation purposes.

Today, the kibbutz is a very self-contained society, and the older members of the family now have individual homes with every facility, in marked contrast to the early days.

I began writing this chapter whilst sitting by the pool at the Hilton Hotel in Tel Aviv which we have over the years made our base when in Israel, and yesterday, we had been at Hatserim for the wedding of Yftach and Maya. Yftach – the youngest son of Ruth and Zvi Keren had met Maya at Tel Aviv university where they were still both studying.

The wedding took the same pattern as that of Rhon and Tirza, which I described in the first edition of 'All in a Lifetime', and we were again impressed by the manner in which everything was conducted. We were pleased to see Elizabeth's husband Terry as one of the four who were invited to hold up the canopy, and the occasion gave us the opportunity of seeing almost all of the Israeli family together including Lea who although then in her 91st year had made a great effort to be present. It was sad that Nechama's husband Juval Hopenko-Amidror died at an early age.

He came from a musical family who were amongst the first settlers in Tel Aviv, and the famous Guttman mosaic at the entrance to the Shalom Tower depicts amongst other details people standing under the balcony of the Hopenko apartment listening to Juval's parents, who had a musical academy, playing the piano and violin. Of Nechama's and Juval's two children, Elan followed into a musical profession and manages the Israel Chamber Orchestra, whilst Yael married David Lowidt from London. They have settled in Hatserim, now having 3 lovely children.

I referred earlier to Auntie Anna, one of my father's sisters. She was in her 95th year when she died and she was looked upon as the matriarch of the family.

She had been married three times to husbands all of whom predeceased her, and had no children of her own. She had however, accepted the responsibility for the upbringing of four children of a sister and brother-in-law, both of whom died young, and Abe, Sam, Tillie and Anna Friedman all treated her with the respect and affection which her devotion to them warranted.

When she decided to join the family from Germany in Israel she came from the U.S.A. as an emissary for the Hadassah movement and did much to help to build up the organisation in Israel. At one stage she was persuaded to invest in an apartment building in Tel Litvinsky at the time an area which was expected to develop, and I remember her writing to my father about it and enlisting his financial support. For years we used to

visit her there, only to find that the development was not taking place, and indeed Auntie Anna found herself becoming quite isolated because of that and eventually moved to Shikun Dan where a purpose built apartment was made for her attached to the bungalow of another nephew she had helped. There she spent her latter days peacefully, although she missed the activities of the very busy life she had led.

When she died, Kolef had the responsibility of disposing of the apartment building in Tel Litvinsky, but it was at a time when there was no sign that any development would ever take place. In consequence, there was difficulty in selling it, resulting in only a relatively low price being obtained.

To-day Tel Litvinsky has become a thriving area, and it is hard to believe that it was once the backwater we had come to know so well.

Perhaps one of the problems which I generate with my genealogical interest is that I keep finding additions to the family, and quite recently with the discovery of a hitherto missing Postawelski branch in the U.S.A., this has proved to have Israeli connections. Professor Larry Horwitz and his wife Ruth, who we met for the first time in 1986 is Professor of Mathematics and Astrology at Tel Aviv University, a very religious but modern and likeable personality. A descendant of Hirsch Postawelski, brother of my great grandfather Abram Postawelski, he follows in the footsteps as a mathematician and astrologist of another member of the U.S.A. family, Professor Emil Post who was the Professor of Mathematics and Astrology at City College in New York, and became known as the 'father' of computer sciences. From the same branch of the family we also discovered Rabbi Leon Mozeson and his wife Bernice living at the time in Telshe Stone near Jerusalem as already mentioned.

Zvi had written a book Naveh Bamidbar on the story of Hatserim which I had finally persuaded Ruti to have translated and published in English. I have a copy of the translation as well as the original book, but the English version has yet to reach the bookshops. Meanwhile, I append at the end of this chapter a page from this book which brought back to me how it was when I had first seen Hatserim – a strategic outpost in the region, and to-day the beautiful and flourishing location it has now become.

25th June, 1993

There has been a long lapse in the continuation of this chapter, but I am writing now on a flight for London – Chicago.

Since Yftach and Maya's wedding they have settled on Maya's kibbutz

Lochamai Hageteot which has had immense success with its vegetarian food production under the name of Tivall. We have visited them on their Kibbutz which like Hatserim has to-day excellent facilities for its members in consequence of the success it has achieved with Tivall.

It is now almost 13 years since Elizabeth (Liz) and Terry together with their children Adam and Debbie settled in Israel and their home in Ra-annana has become a location visited by members of the family from all over the world. Adam's Barmitzvah in 1989 was celebrated in the synagogue of the Accadia Hotel where the family gathered together for the weekend. I negotiated very good terms indeed with Dan Hotels for the accommodation of the large number of family and friends who came over from England for the occasion. The reading of the law was conducted by Jeremy Cronin, Julian Sinclair and Adam, who, as well read the Haftorah most confidently. It was indeed a unique occasion not the least of which was the address I gave to Adam on Friday evening in Hebrew, with which I have to admit I had been assisted by one of the Israeli students in Sheffield with whom I had been working on my spoken Hebrew for the event.

Debbie also has celebrated her Batmitzvah in 1991 at the Masorti Synagogue in Ra-annana. Again a number of the family came out from England for the occasion and the party on the Sunday in the gardens of the home of Liz and Terry was a huge success.

In the same setting I celebrated my 80th birthday in May 1990 when our Israeli family together with Edna and Robert and a number of our friends gathered together in the garden of 32 Gordon Street for a buffet dinner. Five years earlier for my 75th birthday the venue had been the Hilton Tel Aviv coinciding with the publication of the first edition of 'All in a Lifetime'. For that occasion our party from England had included Elsie then in her 91st year, Edna and Robert, and of course Jill, David, Robert. It was a remarkable gathering in that apart from the numbers there, Elsie and Lea, both in their nineties had made great efforts to be present. We had also gathered together two cousins from the U.S.A. studying in Israel who did not know one another – Leya Abrams and Jessica Friedman.

Our grandchildren also excelled themselves with a remarkable tribute in verse and song to their grandfather.

In April 1993, we were in Israel for the Barmitzvah of Juval Amidror (Nechama's grandson) and that was followed by the gathering together of Jill, David, Robert, Julia, Rachel, Elizabeth, Terry, Adam and Debbie, the

Sinclairs and Esta Shaw to celebrate the first four days of Pesach in Jerusalem at the Windmill Hotel, and the last days at the Moriah Plaza in Eilat. Making all the arrangements for this epic gathering in Israel was no easy task for me, but I enjoyed overcoming the occasional difficulties, and was delighted that all went off without a hitch.

One of the interesting phenomena of present day life amongst many Jewish youngsters in the diaspora is the popularity of spending a year in Israel between the end of school life and starting at university. Our London grandchildren have all done that as have the Sinclair children Julian, Debra and Emma. Julian indeed is well on the way to becoming an orthodox rabbi. Semicha coupled with the Oxford and Harvard degrees he already holds should stand him in good stead in whatever career he may eventually follow. Both Julian and his sister Debra have both meanwhile decided to make aliyah strengthening still further the family links in Israel.

June 17th, 1996

As I conclude this chapter, we have just returned from Israel having been there for the wedding of Julian Sinclair and Yaffa Aronoff to which I refer elsewhere. Our grandson Adam Morris already now 1 1/2 years in the army has just been promoted to the rank of sergeant in the Givati Brigade. If he chose to remain in the army for a period of four years instead of the compulsory three, he would undoubtedly have the opportunity of attaining officer rank, but he will be happy to return to civilian life at the end of three years. In the meantime, we hope that he will come through the next 1 1/2 years unscathed in a period when problems on the Lebanese front look set to continue for yet a while. As for Debbie, she is nearing the completion of her school days and preparing herself for a 1 1/2 year stint in the army. She has grown into an attractive and intelligent young lady, and we are happy that our two bi-lingual grandchildren have come through so well the trauma of settling in a country so different from the one where they were born.

With the decision of Julian and Debra to make aliyah as I have just mentioned, our Israeli family continues to grow, and the efforts I have made over the years to ensure that the links in the chain are maintained seem to have been fruitful, in that not only do our children but also our grandchildren know everybody there. So it is also with Edna and Robert and their grandchildren. As a result everything does look remarkably well set for the maintenance of our family connection. I hope that the next generations will think that my efforts have been worth while.

Excerpt from 'Naveh Bamidbar' by Zvi Keren
(pages 139–140)

Because of the large workload which every worker at Netafim undertakes, I would usually return from my travels throughout the country in the evening and reach home when darkness has already descended upon our settlement and all of its surroundings. One day, to my luck and joy, I returned early while there was still daylight. As I arrived in the car, the sun was just beginning to set in the eastern sky and was hanging over the kibbutz reflecting off the central silo, tall and proud, in view of all who came from the direction of Beersheva.

I began to descend along the road between the surrounding hills and the 'valley' to the east, and opposite me I saw a group of high school children riding their younger brothers and sisters on bicycles. I stopped to greet them and after a short discussion, they asked me to tell them about the trenches which they had noticed on the adjacent hill. I willingly agreed.

We made our way to the top of the hill. Whilst walking along together, we jumped among the trenches which covered the hill in a zig-zag pattern. The Turks, who had lived in Beersheva, had dug these trenches about sixty years ago to defend the city against the troops of General Allenby, who were approaching from the south and from the west. These trenches still exist, almost complete, and one can learn from them of the defences which the Turks had set up on the hills surrounding the capital of the Negev.

Whilst I was still telling the youngsters the story of the Turks, we reached the top of the hill. Standing there, we looked westward to our home. Our cultivated 'valley' stretched out before us in all its glory. The lines of sprinklers crossed it in parallel lines from north to south, the nearly horizontal late afternoon sun rays mixed with the spray of water in a rainbow which added a range of colours to the wonderful green of the fields of carrots and potatoes. The sun was slowly setting over the shadow of our kibbutz, whose buildings were barely visible between the high tree tops. The last rays of light seemed to be playing hide-and-seek and flickering here and there among the tall palm trees, shaking in the light evening breeze.

For the thousandth time, I looked with pride and love at the well-kept village with cultivated fields and the green patches of the orchards



Golden Wedding of Teddy & Rosemary – February 2nd 1991
L. to R. Julia Shaw, Terry, Adam, Debbie & Liz Morris, Teddy & Rosemary, Robert, Rachel, Jill & David Shaw
Kingfield Hall, Sheffield



The Six of Us
L. to R. Maisie & Harry Glass, Rosemary & Teddy, Edna & Robert Halle



Shaw grandchildren in the 'DEN' at Ecclesall Road South



Teddy & Sister Edna
Hyatt, Jerusalem – May 1996



With Joe & Esta Shaw
April 13th 1986



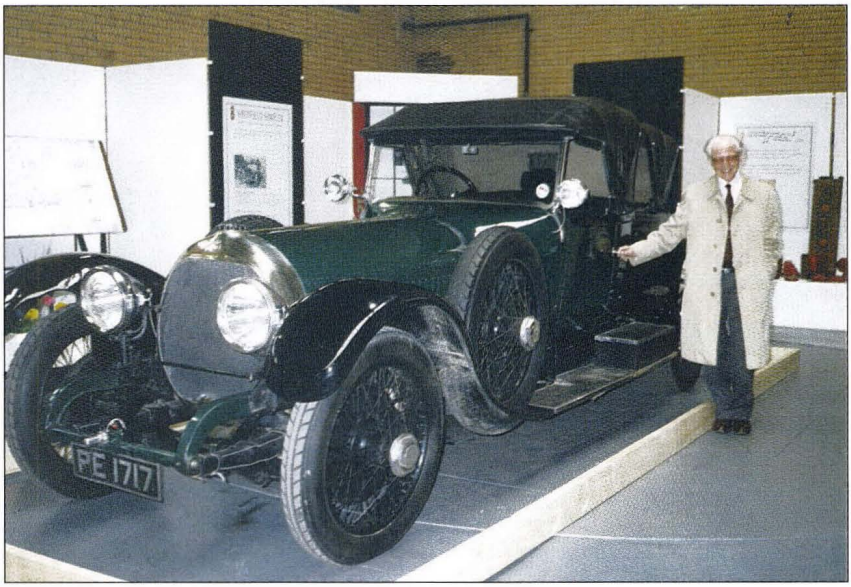
King Edward's School, Sheffield – 90th Anniversary 1996
Teddy Isaacs with Peter Chandler



Teddy Isaacs with Stephen Isaacs, Grandson of Martin – Leeds
June 23rd 1996



Kelham Island Industrial Museum.
Julius Isaacs Workshop with Rachel & Debbie – 1993



The Sheffield Simplex belonging to Norman Adsetts
on display at Kelham Island – 1995



Julius Isaacs Staff Group at Swiss Industries Fair – April 1973.
L. to R. L. Wiseman, A. T. Bools, M. Howard, E. Isaacs, R. Burkinshaw, N. Churchill,
J. Winter, A. K. Lievesley



Staff Lunch at Beauchief Hotel Sheffield 1995 for Teddy's 85th Birthday
L. to R. Jill Shaw, Betty Burkinshaw, Jean Jackson, Anne Jones, Winston Yeomans, Patricia Crump,
Vera Stubbs, G. McGaffin, Vera Wardle, Jack Winter, Ron Burkinshaw, Jean Churchill,
Frank Davies, Alec Bools, Norman Churchill, Teddy, Rosemary, Mrs Winter.



Tea at Grandy's July 1986
Grand-daughter Liz, great grand chldren, Debbie, Julia, Rachel, Adam



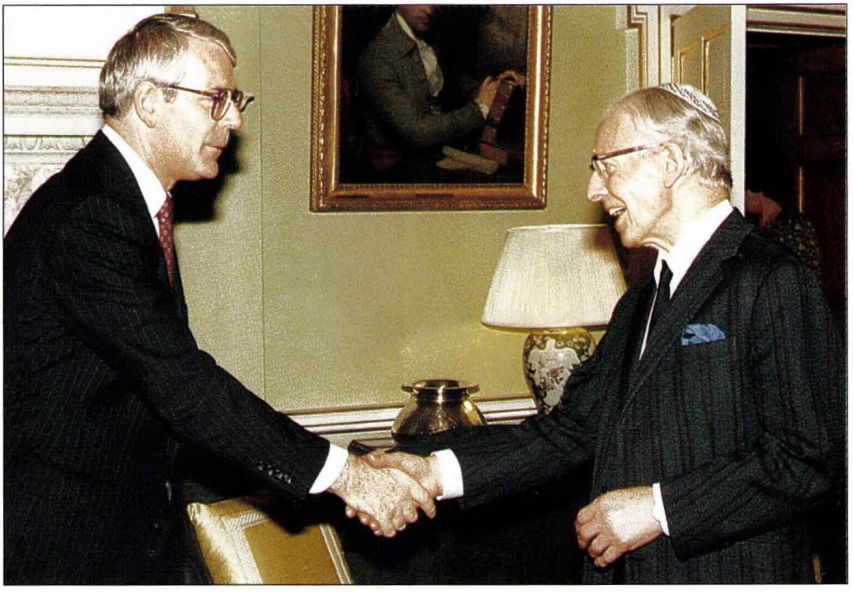
In Harrogate with newly found relations Phyllis & Marvin Goodman. USA.
L. to R. Jill, Adam, Liz, Marvin, Phyllis, Robert, Rosemary, Teddy, Debbie & Rachel – July 1986



Robert Shaw
President of the
Guild of Students
Liverpool University
1992



Conferment of Honorary degrees on Maisie & Harry Glass
at home 4th February 1991.
Maisie D.Litt, Harry LLD – Professor Gareth Roberts, Vice Chancellor,
David Maclean, Public Orator



Evening Receptions for the Council of Christians and Jews.
Downing Street with the Prime Minister John Major – 1995



CCJ at Lancaster House with Malcolm Rifkind,
Foreign Secretary – 1996



Teddy & Francis Tufton
1993



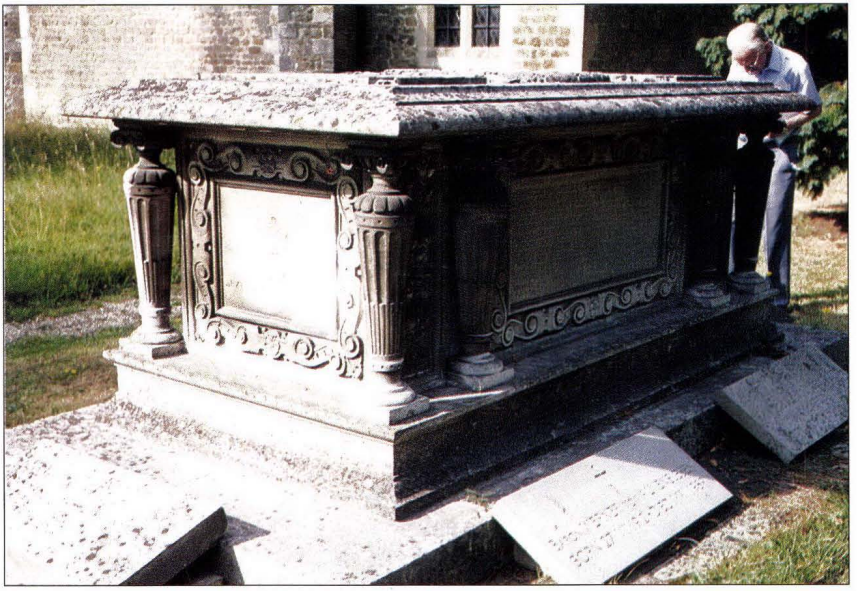
Jill, David & Teddy in Douglas Road, Canonbury.
1993 Birthplace of Tillie Hart (My mother)



Lunch at Reubens, Baker Street, London.
Seated – Teddy, Princess Ceril Birabongse, Rosemary
Behind – Jill, Ruth and Alan Goldberg (Charlotte U.S.A.) – October 1989



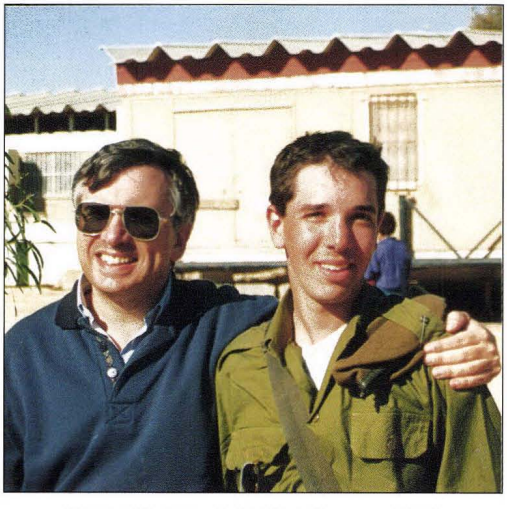
Ball's Park, Hertfordshire. Home of Sir Benjamin Phillips,
Sir George Faudel Phillips, Sir Lionel Faudel Phillips – 1978



Normandy churchyard near Guildford. Tomb of Lord Pirbright,
and second wife Sarah with surrounding memorials relating to his children – 1995



Front row –
David, Liz, Rosemary, Julia, Teddy, Rabbi Lapian, Jill, Adam, Siva, Lea, Elsie, Alisa
2nd row – Iftach, Jessica, Gad, Sonia, Robert, Debbie, Terry, Rachel, Lottie Lapian, Rachel Gerstenhaber, Nechama, Yael Wachtfogel, Ruthi, Ron.
3rd row – Dan, Leya Abrams, Miri, Zippy, Ilan, Madie, Michael, Frankie, Mendel, Mollie and Alec Fishberg, Susie, Palti Wachtfogel.
Back row – Julian, Benny, Arik, Edna and Robert – 1985
Teddy's 75th Birthday – Hilton, Tel Aviv



Terry with Adam in the Israeli army – 1995



Debbie – 1995
Ra'anana, Israel



Gaby with Rosemary and Teddy on Mount Scopus
at the Hebrew University – Jerusalem 1994



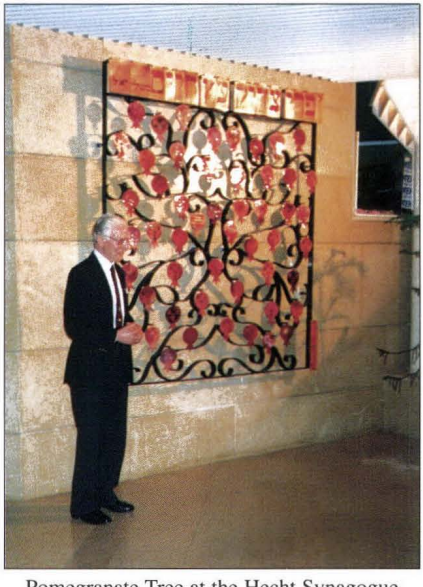
Harold and Miriam Lewin and Anthony Joseph
at the World Conference of Jewish Genealogists – Jerusalem 1994



Keeping the family together – Nechama, Tel Aviv
Janet Altman, Boston USA, Teddy, Barbara Lubran USA, Terry, Ra'annana, Israel – 1994



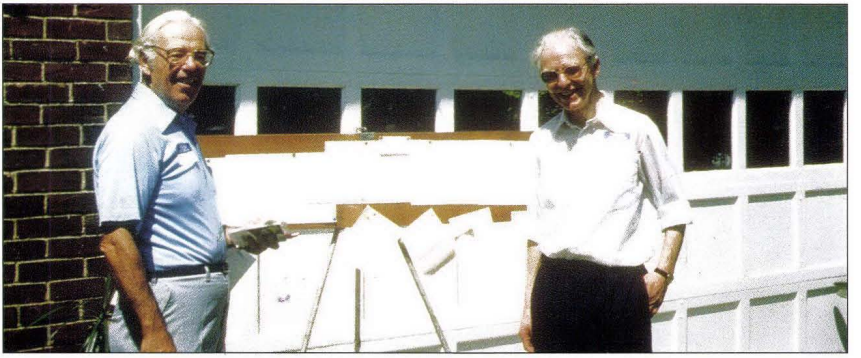
Family group at Eliahu Saphir, Lea in her Hundredth year with daughters Nechama, Siva plus Teddy and Liz – Tel Aviv – 1995.



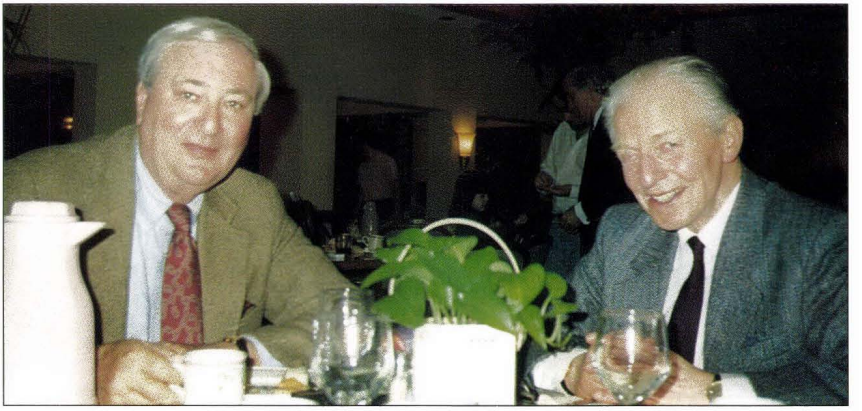
Pomegranate Tree at the Hecht Synagogue Hebrew University on Mount Scopus. Jerusalem – 1995.



3 FAMILY
GENEALOGISTS –
Neil Rosenstein and family
at wedding of son Moshe
to Leah
New Jersey, U.S.A. –
October 1995



Herman Post at his home in Great Neck U.S.A. – 1987



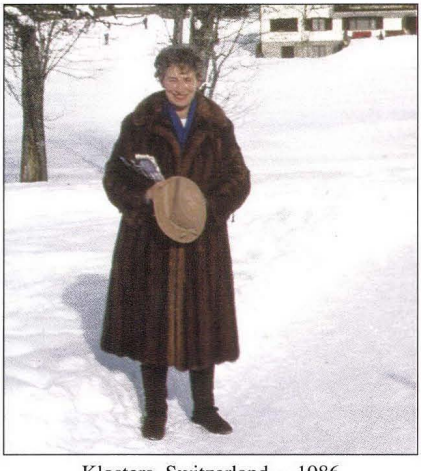
David Hackman at Airport Marriott – 1992
Los Angeles, USA



Dressed for Clockmaker's Dinner – 1986



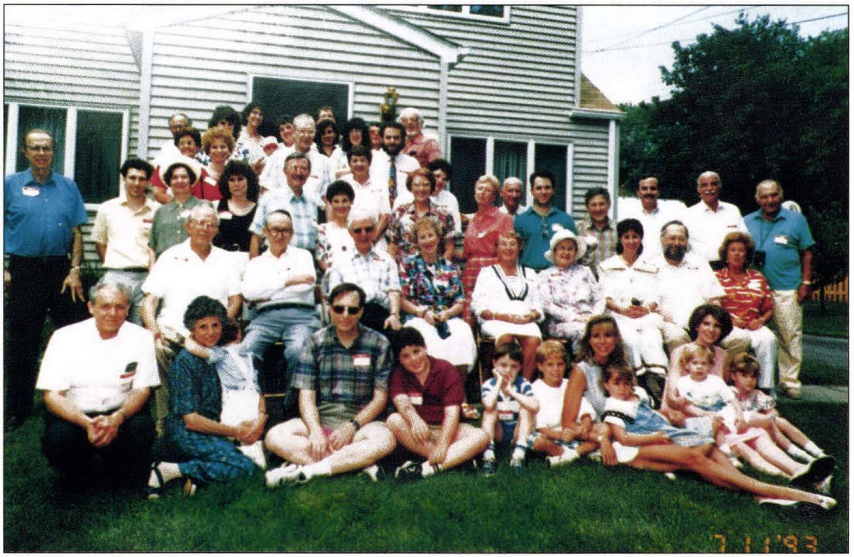
Theomin family home Dunedin
New Zealand – 1992



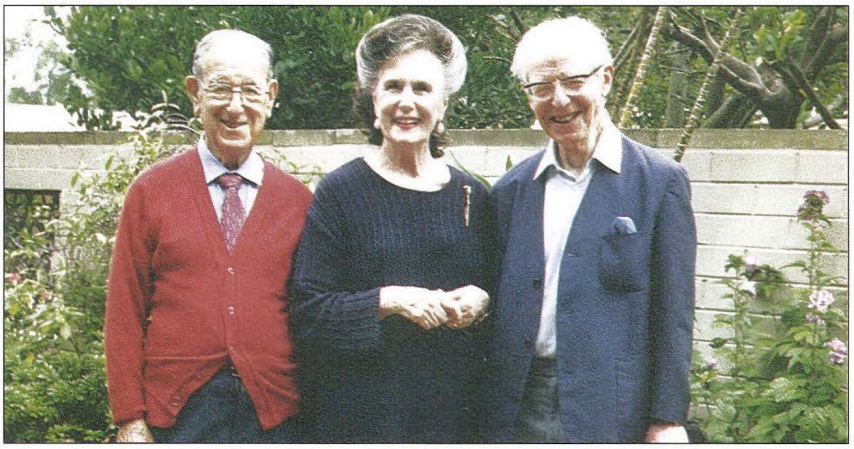
Klosters, Switzerland – 1986



Lighting the Chanukah Candles
Tel Aviv Hilton, Israel – 1990



Postawelski Reunion at the home of the Blacksbergs, Elmsford, U.S.A. – 1993.
Front row l. to r. – David Abrams, Cynthia Abrams, grandson Kanofsky, Bob Blacksberg, Daniel Hillel (son), Aaron David (son) Grandson of Vivien, daughter of Vivien, Grand-daughter of Vivien Mother of two children.
Seated – Bernie Blacksberg, Leon Mozeson, Teddy Isaacs, Rosemary Isaacs, Celia Golden Berenice Mozeson, Susan Myers, Jay Myers, Dorothy Friedman.
3rd row – Ernest Schwarz, Josef Kanofsky, Millie Schwarz – Marvin Goodman, Phyllis Goodman, Cynthea Blacksberg – Cynthea's sister Beth Leonid Azaroff, Adam Friedman, Marvin Friedman, Lewis Bernstein, Jerry Friedman, Arthur Golden.
4th row – Ruth Goldberg, Vivien Davies, Arthur Schwarz, Mona Abrams, Charles Abrams.
Back – Alan Goldberg, Laya Abrams, Sari Kanofsky, Blanche & Herman Post, Shelley (Michelle) Blacksberg, Richard Azaroff. Behind Cynthea, Terry (Teresa).



Sir Asher and Lady Sybil Joel, Sydney, Australia – 1995



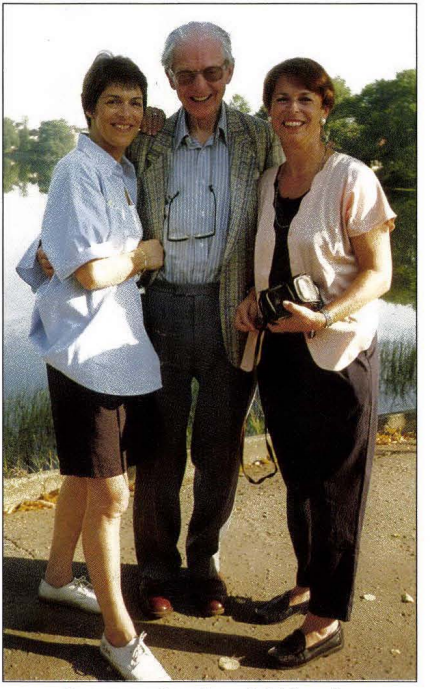
First meeting of cousins Penny Dell (daughter of Freddy Hart and Kemp Skudin, great nephew of Dinah Skudin Hart.
L. to R. Debbie Skudin, David Dell, Penny Dell, Teddy, Kemp Skudin.
October 1995, New Jersey



Miami – Shepard Broad at his law school – 1994



Lake Tahoe – one of many places visited on our American travels



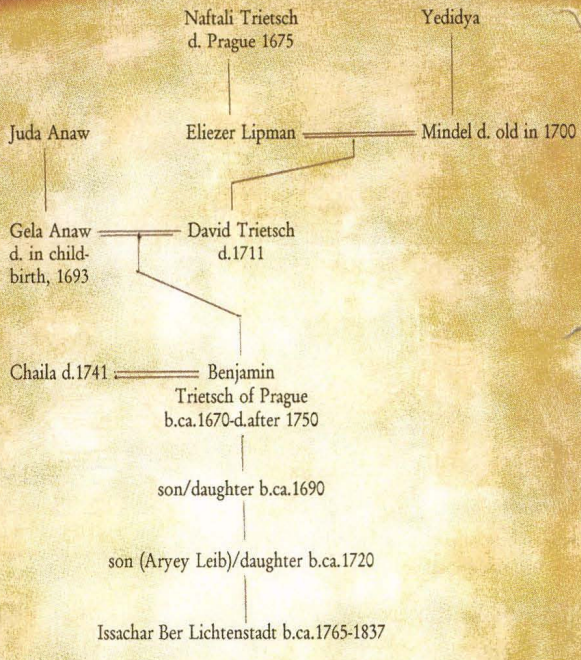
Journey to Latvia and Lithuania.
Lake Trakai, Lithuania with our daughters
1996



1996 – Village of Vystitis – Birthplace of Julius and Henry Isaacs.
Lithuania

see tree A

ANCESTRY OF ISSACHAR LICHTENSTADT



SOURCE: Hock, The Jewish Cemetery of Prague, page 161.
NOTE: Anaw family is very ancient stemming from Rome. See Encylopedia Judaica.

Genealogical Research By
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surrounding it like a frame.

A red tractor came up the hill, bringing home the last of the workers, who had just finished preparing the irrigation equipment for the night. Cars were speeding back and forth along the road. You could actually feel how this vast expanse, which years ago, when I arrived here, had given me a feeling of awesome solitude, had been reduced and before my eyes, had become a lively patch, in a densely populated area.

While I was deep in these thoughts, one of the young children grabbed my hand and naively said, 'You know, you chose a lovely spot on which to settle.'

AN ADVENTURE INTO FAMILY HISTORY

My enthusiasms for genealogical research has led me down many interesting paths, but none more fascinating than those recently traversed. The journeys began with a visit to Guildford where the Bishop – John Gladwin – is an old friend of mine from the days when he was the Provost of Sheffield Cathedral and an active participant in the work of the Sheffield branch of the Council of Christians and Jews.

He was particularly intrigued with the story I had related to him of the reason for our proposed visit to two parishes in his diocese. Indeed the story of how Lord Pirbright and his uncle George Samuel – both English born Jews from orthodox roots, and both staunch workers for the Jewish community in the second half of the nineteenth century came to be buried in village churchyards and not in Jewish cemeteries are mysteries which over the years have remained unsolved.

Both men appear on the maternal side of my family tree and I had always been fascinated by the stories relating to them, but until now had never found the opportunity of visiting the churchyard of Wyke St. Mary Normandy where Lord Pirbright and his second wife, the daughter of Sir Benjamin Phillips, lie buried – on to the village of Pirbright from which Lord Pirbright, who also had the title of Baron Henry de Worms – had taken his English title, and where he had been a major benefactor to the village – and from there to Easthampstead and its Parish churchyard where George Samuel and his daughter lie buried and where, for good measure, the current vicar – Oliver Simon – told us that he had a Jewish father and that his grandmother was a member of the Henriques family.

To return to Lord Pirbright – he had been born in London in 1840, the third son of Baron Solomon de Worms. In the 1860s he became a barrister, an M.P. and a J.P., subsequently a Privy Councillor and in 1895 elevated to the House of Lords in recognition of his valuable political services.

In Jewish affairs he had been active in many ways being President of the Borough Jewish Schools from 1867–1875. He then served for two years as warden of the Central Synagogue as well as one of the treasurers of the United Synagogues subsequently being appointed a Vice President of that organisation. For twelve years he was President of the Anglo-Jewish Association and in that position there were a number of occasions

when he had to lead deputations to the Foreign Office to draw their attention to the atrocities of the Russian pogroms. In March 1882 he had eloquently initiated a debate in the House of Commons drawing the attention of the House to the plight of the Jews in Russia at that time.

In 1864 he had married his first wife, a daughter of Baron von Tedesco of Vienna – a prominent wealthy Jewish philanthropist. From this marriage there were three daughters. The marriage was dissolved in 1886 with much publicity in the London papers when his wife became involved in an adulterous association with a certain Austrian Baron. When one of his daughters married 'out' and the marriage took place in a church, Lord Pirbright attended the wedding. In consequence he felt he could no longer hold any of his communal offices and resigned from everything, distancing himself from the community.

Nevertheless, on his death in 1903, it was a shock to the community to find that he had left instructions that he should be buried in the churchyard of Wake St. Mary Normandy near Guildford, despite the fact that he had reserved a space in Willesden Jewish cemetery. It was curious also that he had chosen to be buried in Normandy and not in the Parish churchyard of Pirbright where he had his estate and where he had been such a benefactor to the village, providing a fine village hall – known as Lord Pirbright's Hall, presenting the church with a new organ, having the church bells retuned and building some very desirable houses for the workers on his estate.

However, he had crossed swords with the vicar of Pirbright, a certain Arthur Kraus, and it was perhaps not surprising on his death that the vicar refused to allow the tolling of the bells initially – which was the custom in the village. This greatly incensed the local inhabitants to whom Lord Pirbright had greatly endeared himself by his philanthropy and the vicar was severely censured for his action by the local populace. Indeed, the Woking News on January 23rd 1903 filled a whole page with details of the lively events which eventually culminated with the resignation of the vicar.

In the churchyard of Wyke St. Mary Normandy we found a huge mausoleum where Lord Pirbright and his second wife lie buried. Additionally, around the base of the mausoleum are plaques relating to other members of the family. His daughter Constance had married into German aristocracy and her family linked also with Italian aristocracy. The advent of Hitler caused the family to leave Germany, some coming to England and others going to the USA. A member of the English branch –

English born Prince Rupert Loewenstein – recently had lunch with me in London at a kosher restaurant and it transpired that he had been responsible for the additional plaques around the Pirbright mausoleum in memory of members of his family who might well have been classed as Jewish but who, in fact, had been brought up as Catholics.

The Italian link proved to be equally interesting. The Hon. Julian Aylmer who also had lunch with me at this same kosher restaurant produced for me a great deal of information as well as a family tree he had drawn up showing how we were related. We subsequently met his mother, a grand daughter of Lord Pirbright – Countess Madalena von Atems married to Baron Michael Aylmer (an Irish Baronetcy).

As for George Samuel, he had been born in London in 1805, his father being Samuel Moses Samuel son of Moses Samuel, who had been a prominent member of the Great Synagogue, as well as his son. George, who was the eldest son, joined the Diplomatic service in the 1840's and became a private secretary to the British Ambassador at Constantinople and also Vienna. Amongst his activities in this capacity was to present an appeal to the Sultan of Turkey on behalf of the Jewish community of that country for which he received a letter of grateful thanks from the Board of Deputies signed by Sir Moses Montefiore.

He was a man of considerable means and obviously lived in great style in a house in Park Crescent, Portland Place which had been left him by his father and where the 1851 Census shows that he employed a butler, a valet, an under butler, two footmen, a cook, two housemaids, a kitchen maid and a scullery maid – quite a household for a bachelor.

A question arises, however, as to whether or not he was a bachelor, because although he appears on the family tree as unmarried, he did in fact have a daughter – Georgene – who died at the age of seventeen and who was buried in the churchyard of the Parish church of Easthampstead in 1867, whilst George himself was buried in the same grave in 1891. It could be that George married 'out' – a marriage the family did not recognise – or that Georgene was illegitimate. She is certainly shown as carrying the name of Georgene Samuel. Why George wanted to be buried in a churchyard and why Easthampstead are unsolved mysteries. I am now trying to obtain copies of the birth and death certificates of Georgene which should give a lead.

And so the genealogical research goes on with even wider ramificactions.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE INTO FAMILY HISTORY
October 1995

On one of the many occasions we visited the home of a cousin in Tel Aviv, I happened to pick up a volume of a Jewish Encyclopedia of which I had not been previously aware. I automatically turned the pages to see if my illustrious great grandfather, Rabbi Aryeh Leb Barnett was recorded, which indeed he was. What especially caught my eye however was a reference just below his entry to a Nathan Barnert which included a photograph of his statue outside the City Hall in Paterson, New Jersey.

His story was fascinating, but what particularly interested me was the fact that in the last line it stated that he was a brother in law of Sir Benjamin Samuel Phillips, Lord Mayor of London in 1866, who in turn was a first cousin of my great grandfather.

Nathan Barnert was a truly remarkable personality as is evidenced from the following which is extracted from the entry in the Universal Jewish Encyclopedia, New York.

He was a civic leader and a philanthropist born in Sante Michel, Germany in 1838 who died in Paterson, New Jersey in 1927. Eleven years old when brought to America by his parents, he was put to work in the little tailoring shop which his father opened on New York's lower east side. Evenings, after the store closed, he attended school. At the age of 14 in 1852, severing all family ties, he set out on the hazardous journey to California in search of gold, selling candles part of the way there. Once there, however, he turned to peddling, made money and lost it gambling. He quickly recouped his fortunes through hard work and in 1856 left for New York where he engaged in the manufacture of clothing.

Improving and expanding on this enterprise, he moved to Paterson in 1858. A commission to supply uniforms to the Union Army during the Civil War enabled him to acquire a considerable fortune. In 1878 he retired from the clothing industry and devoted himself to real estate operations. The owner of valuable property in New York State and Long Beach NY, he also entered the construction end of the business and erected numerous silk mills. He was one of the first to build large factories, of which the Barnert Mills in Paterson were considered among the finest examples in the United States.

All the while interested in civic affairs, he was elected Mayor of Paterson in 1883 and served two four year terms, In 1870 he was delegated by the Board of Aldermen to make a special investigation of the City's finance and tax accounts. In 1912 Mayor Andrew McBride appointed him to the Finance Commission, in which post he served until 1917. His salaries for these services were distributed by him amongst various local charities.

In October 1925, a magnificent statue of Nathan Barnert was unveiled in City Hall square. Twenty five feet high, it stands with the monuments of Garret V. Hobart,Vice President of the USA and Alexander Hamilton, founder of Paterson, as a token of the esteem in which he was held by the citizens of the city. The fund for its erection was raised by public subscription. Barnert was the first American Jew to be honoured by the erection of a statue during his lifetime.

A noted philanthropist, he donated more than a million dollars to Paterson charities. He was the founder of the Nathan and Miriam Barnert Temple of Congregation Bnei Yeshurun, the Hebrew Free School and the Nathan & Miriam Barnert Memorial Hospital as well as the Nathan & Miriam Barnert Home for the Aged. Additionally, he established a fund in perpetuity to be used as a dowry for poor girls.

I was always fascinated with this story and when the opportunity arose recently for us to be able to visit Paterson it was an unbelievable experience. Through a cousin living near Paterson who knew the Mayor, we were put in touch with two old and knowledgeable residents of the city who went out of their way to be helpful.

We were first escorted to the Falls – Niagara in miniature – which were a source of water power and which were responsible for Paterson becoming the first highly industrialised area in New Jersey. From the Falls we went to Civic Centre Square to see the magnificent statue and then to the Nathan Barnert Hospital for lunch.

There we were received in a most welcoming manner and entertained to a kosher lunch. Nathan Barnert had laid down in the Trust Deed of the Hospital that the food served throughout the hospital must always be kosher, and whilst the hospital today has grown to enormous proportions, there has been no deviation from the principles laid down by its benefactor. The present shomer who had been in his position for the last thirty years attested to that.

Subsequently, the President of the Hospital, Fred Lang, gave us a personally conducted tour, outlining the history and development of this

outstanding hospital, provided us with the names and addresses of members of the family who are Trustees and presented us on departure with various souvenirs of our visit.



On our arrival in New York that evening, I was able to contact a member of the family living in Manhattan who proved to be both knowledgeable and keenly interested in family history and well aware of the Phillips connection. Whilst we were unable to meet this time, we both look forward to doing so in due course. Meanwhile we are exchanging family trees and other information and so opening up yet another link in that seemingly unending family chain.

THE HIRSCH POSTAWELSKI FAMILY
May 8th 1996

Some years ago following the spending of a Shabbat with Abe and Fritzi Abrams and on Shabbat afternoon going through a box full of old family photographs with Abe he subsequently sent me a comprehensive list of that section of the family in USA with which he himself was familiar. That list included many names new to me, and when a short while later he sent me a copy of an article from the journal of New York City College relating to a certain Professor Emil Post, and his important achievements, I was very interested to find out more about that section of the family. Abe was able to confirm that as a boy he used to visit with his father the family of Emil Post who he knew as a cousin, and with whom he had subsequently been at City College. He recalled that at one time Emil had coached him in mathematics, and he also recalled that at the time of his barmitzvah, Emil had lost an arm in an accident.

The upshot of all this was to arrange with Herman Post who since we had come together had shown considerable interest in the family, that he should try and track the author of the article, a certain Dr. Glasser, and two members of the family of Emil Post mentioned in the article – a daughter Phyllis Goodman, and a nephew, Professor Marvin Friedman.

He eventually succeeded in tracing all three, and was passed by Marvin Friedman to Phyllis Goodman as being the one who knew most about the family. I made contact immediately with Phyllis explaining how I considered the relationship between our respective families existed, namely that her great grandfather Hirsch Postawelski was a brother of my great grandfather Abram Postawelski. She was sceptical, as she had never heard of any of the New York family I mentioned to her as being descendants of Abram Postawelski. It so happened that shortly after that letter Phyllis and her husband Marvin came to England. We went to meet them first in Harrogate, and subsequently in London when they were able to join in a family gathering to celebrate the Batmitzvahs of Julia and Rachel Shaw. Phyllis gradually became more convinced that there was a family connection, whilst her husband Marvin readily accepted the fact. We came to know this couple very well over the years, and always enjoyed being in their company. It was sad that Phyllis passed away in

1995 shortly after she and Marvin had retired from their work as teachers and administrators in the New York educational system.

Through Phyllis we came to know a whole new family – the Schwartz cousins – Ernest and his wife Milly – Arthur and his wife Joan as well as their children. Both Ernest and Arthur are eminent medical men as is their cousin Dr. Joe Sheldon in London who we subsequently traced, and who we meet for lunch from time to time. Joe Sheldon, a great grandson also of Hirsch Postawelski, was a mine of information to me about life in Kalisz in Poland where he had spent his youth. He had been sent to train as a doctor in France because of rabid anti-semitism in Poland. He would return to Kalisz for holidays, but by 1937 he could see that there would be no opportunity to practice as a doctor in Poland, and so he decided to settle in France. He failed unfortunately to persuade his parents and the rest of his family to leave Kalisz, and all perished in the Holocaust.

When we had the grand party at the home of Herman and Blanche Post in 1987, many members of the Hirsch Postawelski family came including one of Joe Sheldon's sons, one of the sons of Rabbi Leon Mozeson and a sister of Professor Larry Horwitz, the Schwartz cousins and some of their families, and of course Marvin and Phyllis Goodman.

It was a good start to getting the families together, and Herman ensured that every one signed a book to say who they were and where they lived, and then made sure that they recorded themselves on a massive family tree which he had extended from the initial Abram Postawelski tree which I produced for 'All in a Lifetime'.

Phyllis spoke often of the 5 elderly sisters in Florida all in their 80's and 90's who she and Marvin visited from time to time, and persuaded us on one occasion to do likewise. These ladies were descendants of Hirsch Postawelski, and all remarkably sprightly – one Celia Golden told us that we must contact her daughter Cynthea Blacksberg in New York, and immediately picked up the phone and spoke to her about us.

We arranged to meet in New York, and subsequently the Blacksbergs who we came to know well visited us in Sheffield for a long week-end. It was later at their home in New York that another Postawelski get together was arranged.

Phyllis and Marvin Goodman had by now become keenly interested in researching the history of the family of Hirsch Postawelski. He had obviously been an adventurous personality, as he and his two sons with whom he came to USA in the early 1880's trekked across USA to Nevada where gold and silver mines were proving a source of great prosperity.

They settled in Goldhill close to Virginia City – the metropolis of the area – and opened a general store which was very successful. When the mines became exhausted and people left the area, Hirsch Postawelski and his family came to New York in 1896 and opened a mens outfitting store in Union Square in a building they erected, and which is still there although no longer a family property.

In a year when Phyllis and Marvin had a sabbatical, they decided to go out west to follow the Hirsch Postawelski trail. In Virginia City they were able to find the tax records relating to H. Postawelski, and more interestingly some newspaper cuttings relating to one of his married daughters as follows:

To the Public

Krasnapoly Nov. 6th 1890.

To my dear father H. Postawelski

I beg of you to give the within letter to my husband Abraham Fried in Virginia City, or his address Box 128. Post Office.

My dear husband A. Fried,

I inform you with this that me and our daughter Annie Fried are thank G–d very well. I hope to G–d that my lines will find you in the best of health.

It is a wonder to me that you don't write to me at all. My dear husband when you were at home five years, you lived happy and contented, and now you forget me and your daughter, Annie and not write a line. If you were to listen how our child speaks and prays to G–d for you. When she reads in the Bible about Abraham and Sarah she consoles me, because your name is Abraham, and mine is Sarah, and she says that on receipt of this letter you will surely answer. Remember my dear husband that for the last 3 years you did not send anything for our support. What are you thinking about? You are my husband and I am your wife for ever. Me and our daughter are now prepared to travel to Virginia City, and expect every day passage money to accomplish such – but in vain. The Russian Government will not give me such. It is you who has to provide me with the same. Your mother told me that you transferred your business to your father's name. What is the reason? Please send me the passage money, and I will at once leave for Virginia City with your daughter Annie.

From me your devoted wife Sarah Rebecca Fried."

"This is to show that A. Fried has received letters from his wife and child, and refused to acknowledge them.

H. Postawelski."

What the outcome was I do not know, but it is a fascinating item of

family history.

In 1907 Hirsch Postawelski decided to return to Russia for a family wedding, and unfortunately became ill and passed away there. There is now a perpetual record at Ellis Island of those immigrants who passed through there, and the names of Hirsch Postawelski and his family are recorded on a wall plaque. We took our granddaughters Julia and Rachel there to show them the start of the family in USA.

The five sisters in Florida to whom I have already referred had one brother Emil Horwitz, a very successful business man who in the 1930's established in England the Richard shops, a chain of popular priced ladies gown shops. Their ideas were way ahead of their time in England, and when Emil Horwitz decided to return to USA with his family for health reasons, the shops became part of the Clore empire.

It is with the son of Emil Horwitz – Larry a Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at Tel Aviv and Bar- Ilan Universities with whom we have become very close. Following the death of his father, Larry became influenced by orthodox tradition, is now kipah wearing, and no longer a Conservative but an Orthodox Jew. He and his wife Ruth live quite close to our daughter Elizabeth and her family in Ra-annana, Israel.

The rabbinical strains in the Hirsch Postawelskis come via the marriage of one of his daughters to a Rabbi Mozeson. That family produced two more rabbis – one Leon, orthodox, and the other Harold, Conservative. Sadly he passed away in 1987 before we were able to make contact. Rabbi Leon and his wife Bernice Mozeson, we first met at a lunch I arranged at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem when David and Cynthia Abrams, their daughter and son in law – the Kanefskys – and our daughter Jill were there. Leon and his wife who had actually made aliyah and were living near one of their married daughters in Telshe Stone near Jerusalem eventually gave up their home in Israel and returned to USA to resume the position he had vacated with his old congregation in West New York. Leon although strictly orthodox, has no beard nor does he have his tzitzis on display, but conforms to the general pattern of an orthodox United States rabbi – a pattern not acceptable in the ultra orthodox location in which they had decided to set up a home in Israel.

His old congregation in USA had found it impossible to replace Rabbi Mozeson – a position which he had held for many years with distinction and from which he had retired, and begged him to return if only for 12 months. Accepting the offer, the Mozesons closed up their apartment at Telshe Stone and returned to the spacious home they had which belonged

to the congregation in West New York. Once back, they decided to stay, and we have twice visited them in the very attractive location they have facing the Hudson river and looking towards the sky scrapers of New York.

When we were in New York with the twins we arranged to fly up to West Hartford so that we could visit Herman and Blanche Post in their home. We stayed at a delightful country hotel near the Post home where Hi and Blanche arranged a party for us to meet his family as well as Paul Post a widower in his 60's and another Hirsch Postawelski descendant who had travelled some 60 miles to meet us, and who was fascinated about all the developments in his family about which he knew little or nothing.

I have so far made no mention of the activities of Professor Marvin Friedman. He has in fact just retired as Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at Northeastern University in Boston. When Julian Sinclair was at Harvard I put him in touch with the Friedmans who were most friendly and hospitable.

For our part, we were delighted to welcome to Sheffield their son Adam a law student when he came to England with a friend. Subsequently Adam came especially to New York to meet Julia and Rachel and ostensibly to show them around New York. We ended up being the guides, but it was a great pleasure to have Adam with us, and to see how the family had integrated.

We hope that integration will continue. If so, I will indeed have achieved my aim.

FAMILY GATHERINGS
June 7th 1996

Many and varied have been the family gatherings over the last 12 years. Birthdays, Barmitzvahs, Batmitzvahs, weddings and anniversaries of all kinds. We have travelled all over the world to be present at some of them, and certainly we have built up a remarkable photographic record of these varied events some of which are reproduced in this book.

My 75th birthday gathering at the Hilton Hotel in Tel Aviv in May 1985 brought together not only the Israeli family but family from England and U.S.A. and the tribute to me by our grandchildren was a high spot of the evening, as well as a tribute from Rabbi Lapian which almost made me blush.

The gathering in 1987 of Postawelski cousins from all over USA together with – unexpectedly Lord and Lady Morris (Philip and Ruth) their son, two of their daughters and Hilary at the home of Hi and Blanche Post in Great Neck was the result of the spontaneous offer of their home for such an occasion when we met for the first time in Florida in 1985.

It was something which both Hi and I found it hard to realise had actually come to fruition, but only after many transatlantic telephone calls between us. All went remarkably well, Hi and Blanche going to great lengths to ensure the success of an occasion which attracted some 75 Postawelski cousins. It was an extremely hot day, and the most difficult part was to get this historic gathering together on the lawn for a photograph when the air conditioned rooms inside the house were so cool and tempting.

A similar function took place several years later after we had become well and truly integrated with the members of the Hirsch Postawelski family, this occasion being at the home of Cynthea and Bernie Blacksberg at Elmsford who we had also come to know well. Again transatlantic calls helped to get the function organised. Again it was a very hot day, but this time with a gathering slightly smaller than the previous one Rosemary was able to get the group together more easily. Everybody was impressed by the way in which the two branches of the family who had remained out of contact for so many years had now come together largely through the efforts of Hi Post and myself.

Get togethers in the Hart and Barnett families have been few and far between, and so after the successful Postawelski gatherings in New York in 1987, I arranged with Jill and David that we should try and arrange a Hart and Barnett gathering in the form of a tea in their garden; This we did, bringing together not only the Harts and Barnetts, but Valentines, Goldstones, Millmans, Parisers and Barnards. It was a fascinating gathering because many of those there did not know of the family connection, but in any case I was glad to have made the effort to bring this side of the family together.

Adam's Barmitzvah in Israel was a major event to which I have referred elsewhere. Similarly with the Batmitzvah of Debbie. Both brought together large family gatherings as did the Bat Chayil ceremonies of Julia and Rachel in London.

Golden wedding celebrations in the family have abounded – that of Maisie and Harry in 1990 followed by our own in February 1992 and that of Edna and Robert also in 1992 (August).

Our own occurred at a very difficult time.It was when the Gulf war was at its height, and many members of the U.S. family who had intimated that they would be coming took the advice of the U.S. government not to travel to Europe. Only David and Cynthia Abrams from Silver Springs and Phyllis and Stan Taylor from Los Angeles ignored the warnings and came, and we were very appreciative of their efforts. Meanwhile it was touch and go as to whether Elizabeth and Terry and Adam and Debbie would make it, but they did at the last minute, and Terry and Elizabeth in fact were fêted both in Sheffield and Manchester, and subsequently spent much of their remaining time in England speaking to groups on the events as they were occurring in Israel.

Our Golden Wedding week-end was enhanced when on the Monday following, the investiture of Maisie and Harry with Honorary Doctorates by Sheffield University took place in their home at Ringinglow Road because of their ill health. It was with all the pomp and circumstance as if it had taken place at the University with the Vice Chancellor and his colleagues and Maisie and Harry in their robes. It was something our USA visitors had certainly not expected to see and indeed it was a quite remarkable occasion.

The many gatherings arranged by Edna and Robert when they had their weekend home at Steepholme (Cookham) were always most enjoyable – the attractions of the garden, the river and Robert's boat quite apart from Edna's catering all made for most enjoyable occasions. Birthday parties

for Elsie also played a great part in our celebratory events. From the age of 70 we arranged a special party for her every 5 years, her 90th in Sheffield being the most outstanding one, and sadly the last.

For that occasion we arranged a marquee in our garden and a coach to bring her friends and relations from London. It so happened that quite a few of our USA family were in England at the time and this included David and Phyllis Hackman, Phyllis and Stan Taylor and Norman and Freda Nathan. The party also included younger members of the family who we are always anxious to bring into the fold in the hope that in later years they will have the same feelings for family connections as I have.

Rosemary's 75th, birthday party at the Hilton Tel Aviv in April 1994 followed on the lines of my 75th birthday party some nine years earlier. Harry Glass despite the stroke he had suffered made a tremendous effort to be there as well as cousin Gaby from Lisbon. Edna and Robert and Jill and David were able to be there and of course our Israeli family. It was the last family occasion which Gaby and Harry attended. Harry passed away later that year and Gaby the year following.

My 80th birthday party was arranged again in Israel this time in the garden of the home of Elizabeth and Terry in Ra-anana. It was most successful and brought together family and friends from all over Israel as well as Edna and Robert and Jill and David and family.

Family weddings in USA have been occasions for us to make an extra effort to visit USA. We have attended 3 of the 4 weddings in the family of David and Cynthia Abrams, and we were glad to be able to take Julia and Rachel with us for the wedding of Lowell Abrams.

As an 18th, birthday present we had offered them a week in New York at the Waldorf Astoria with their Isaacs grandparents, an offer they accepted with alacrity. Not only did they have a personally conducted tour of New York, they also had a family dinner party at Lou Siegels where they were able to meet members of the family. I was able to arrange escorts for them in Adam Friedman who came over specially from Boston to meet them, and Ari Rosenstein and his South African cousin. The week culminated in the wedding of Lowell Abrams which again gave them the opportunity of getting to know the US family.

Subsequently, so that Robert did not feel left out, we took him to another Abrams wedding that of Leya Abrams, and again I arranged a family gathering at Lou Siegels for Robert to meet as many of the family as possible. Robert later spent a few days longer in New York with a friend from University, Neil Cosgrove, and they both spent Shabbat with the

Rosensteins, Neil on the Sunday taking them in his boat for an excursion on the Hudson River which was quite a high-light for them.

Apart from Abrams weddings, we have attended the weddings of the three sons of Neil and Mavis Rosenstein. The story or what happened on the occasion of the wedding of Ari Rosenstein in Los Angeles is the subject of a separate chapter. The earthquake on the day of the wedding played general havoc and in particular with the arrangements for the wedding. We and the respective families and all the guests who had assembled from far and wide in the Century Plaza Hotel were lucky to escape unscathed.

The marriage of their third son Moshe in October 1995 was much less eventful and we were glad to be able to combine that wedding with a long deferred visit to New England in the Fall. The 100th birthday of Lea Kreistman in August 1995 was a event for which we made a special trip to Israel. Lea although hard of hearing and physically somewhat frail was in remarkably good form, and it undoubtedly gave her a lot of pleasure to have some 50 members of her family around her for the occasion. Sadly she passed away two months later.

In May 1996 we were at the wedding of Julian Sinclair and Yaffa Aronoff to which I have referred elsewhere. In July 1996 we were at the wedding of the Hon. Jonathan Morris to Melanie Klein, and now as I conclude this chapter we are looking forward to a family gathering in London to mark Edna's 80th birthday and the 55th wedding anniversary of Edna and Robert.

We are hoping to be present at many more family celebrations. With all the attractive young members of the family there are around there should be no shortage of them.

OUR CONTINUED TRAVELS
June 14th 1996

With all the travelling we have done over the years, we have come to be looked upon as world travellers, and indeed when one reflects on the many countries we have visited, which have included two round the world trips, three visits to Australia and New Zealand, as well as Japan and Hong Kong, innumerable visits to USA, Canada, Israel and Europe, one might feel that the title accorded to us is justified.

On the other hand, there are indeed considerable parts of the world we have not visited. India, Thailand, Malaya, have been countries where we have only seen airports, because our flights stopped there to refuel, when we have been en route to Hong Kong and Australia. South America and South Africa remain virgin territory as far as we are concerned. All these countries have been avoided largely because of the need for a variety of inoculations, and with so much of the world being open to us without such need, we have concentrated our travels in those areas. We have of course also been influenced by business and family connections which has resulted in USA, Canada, and Israel appearing so frequently in our travel schedules.

Israel has seen us present at several weddings and birthday parties. The weddings of Rhon and Tirza, and subsequently Rhon's brother Yftach with Maya, both at Hatserim. The Sarig wedding daughter of Rosemary' Hurwitz cousin Pamela, the wedding of Debbie Pinto in Jerusalem, and as I write this chapter, we are here in Jerusalem with 20 other members of the Sinclair, Halle, Isaacs and Shaw families to celebrate the wedding of Julian Sinclair and Yaffa Aronoff on May 12th 1996 at the Hyatt Hotel.

Barmitzvahs in Israel have included that of our grandson Adam Morris in 1989 to which I have referred in another chapter.

Whilst we could not go to the synagogue when Juval Amidror had his barmitzvah, we were able to be present in the evening at the party at the house of Madie Arieli in Ra-annana. That visit to Israel coincided with 17 members of the family all being together in Jerusalem for the first days of Pesach. We were able to enjoy having our own Seder at the Windmill Hotel in a party which included Jill, David, Robert, Julia and Rachel, Elizabeth, Terry, Debbie and Adam, Margaret, Walter, Debbie, Julian and

Emma, Esta Shaw, and ourselves.

Birthday celebrations have been numerous. My 75th birthday party at the Hilton Tel Aviv in 1985, my 80th birthday party in the Morris Garden in Ra-anana in 1990, Rosemary's 75th birthday party also at the Tel Aviv Hilton in 1994. Debbie's Batmizvah in Ra-anana whilst Lea Kreistman's 100th birthday party in 1995 gave us yet another reason for travelling to Israel.

One visit not connected with any birthday or wedding, but yet made specially was for Chanucah 1991 just prior to the Gulf War. The Hilton Hotel in Tel Aviv at which we were staying was almost empty, and overall, there was quite an eerie feeling. However, this was the occasion when Elizabeth arranged for us to accompany her to a Samaritan home in Tel Aviv as well as visiting a Samaritan synagogue and listen to a lecture on the Samaritan way of life, a thoroughly fascinating experience.

USA and Canada presented a somewhat different picture. Initially business had been the main reason for the trips, but even so, I had usually been able to combine such trips with meetings with various members of the family. When I retired we made one trip specifically to introduce David Pinder to my United States and Canadian contacts, and it has been gratifying to see how he has built on that first introduction to business travel in North America. So much so that world wide exporting, and in particular to North America has become a very important part of the activities of the Pinder Bros Group which these days includes those companies which were formerly part of the Julius Isaacs Group.

Since my retirement, it has been largely weddings which have been the reasons for our USA visits. These have included the occasion in July 1989 when we attended the wedding of Charles Abrams in Washington and the wedding of Joel Rosenstein in New York.

In July 1992, as an 18th birthday present we took our twin granddaughters Julia and Rachel Shaw to New York for the wedding of Lowell Abrams, and also to show them around New York coupled with life at the Waldorf Astoria.

In January 1994 we were in Los Angeles for the wedding of Ari Rosenstein and were caught up in a major earthquake there. This is the subject of a separate chapter.

In July 1994 we were in New York again this time taking our grandson Robert Shaw to show him around the city, as well as attending the wedding of Leya Abrams in Baltimore.

October 1995 saw us in USA and in particular New England for the

Fall, at the same time attending the wedding of Moshe Rosenstein in New Jersey.

Other visits to USA which did not include weddings have also had their high lights – the stay at Lake Tahoe and our subsequent visit to Goldhill where Hirsch Postawelski had had his store in the 1880's and Virginia City which had been the Mecca of the area at the time. Our visits to San Francisco, San Diego, Salt Lake City, St. Louis New Orleans, Charleston, Louisville, Atlanta, Charlotte, Minneapolis, Chicago, Detroit, Dallas, San Antonio, Houston and Austin, Miami, Tampa, Boca Raton and Orlando, West Hartford, Albany, Boston, Newburyport, Cape Cod, and Martha's Vineyard, Rhode Island, Atlantic City and Philadelphia, Washington and Williamsburg, all this might read like a travelogue, but at all these places we have stayed, either because of business or because we had family connections there. As for Canada, Montreal and Toronto were always on our agenda for business reasons. We also visited London Ontario. Ottawa, and Quebec, Edmonton and Banff, covering the Rockies en route to Vancouver, which we visited twice. On the second occasion a stay on Vancouver Island enabled us to visit the famous Butchardt Gardens as well as the historic synagogue.

Visits to Switzerland which had become so much part of my business life, had two particular points of note after my retirement – the occasion in April 1984 when I took David Pinder with me together with John Pickard and Vera Wardle to the Basle Fair to introduce them to our various suppliers, and to see the extent of this well organised and very prestigious Fair.

The other occasion was when we made a nostalgic trip with our daughters to Flims in January 1990. Elizabeth flew from Israel to meet us in Basle from where we went on to Flims to spend a few glorious days there returning via Zurich from where Elizabeth took her flight back to Israel and we returned to London.

Since we made our epic trip round the world in 1979 we have made two similar trips, one in 1992 which took us to Australia, New Zealand and USA, travelling out via Los Angeles and returning via San Francisco with a stop over in Honolulu. On that trip we visited Brisbane, Cairns, and the Barrier Reef which all went to plan, but our efforts in New Zealand to reach Mount Cook had to be abandoned because of bad weather. Similarly, we were unfortunate in Queenstown where we spent two nights hoping to visit Milford Sound, but again the weather prevented us doing so. We made another world trip in February/ March 1995 making our first

port of call Perth Western Australia, and we were luckier in New Zealand to which we subsequently travelled, in being able to reach Mount Cook, a trip which was well worth the effort.

It has been my custom for many years to write a travelogue covering all our long trips, and circulating it with the aid of photocopies to Jill, Elizabeth, Edna, and until their demise, Maisie and Gaby. A copy of the travelogue covering the 1995 world trip is presented as a separate chapter.

When British Airways arranged their programme of Air Miles, it provided us with an excellent way of visiting places in Europe which were new for us, and because these flights could be arranged without the need to spend a week-end away, we were able to make Sunday to Thursday trips which took us to Paris, Madrid, Helsinki, The Hague, Antwerp, Prague and Berlin. The latter was not new for me but for Rosemary who wanted to see where her Isaacs grandmother – my Auntie Gusta had been born. At the same time I was able to show her the Mode home in Kurfürstendamm which I had visited in 1929 with Harry Glass and Bernard Pearson, and where Maisie and Edna stayed the following year. It gave me a strange feeling to be in the re-united city and to visit with Rosemary the sights which I had visited over 65 years earlier.

Not all our travels have been abroad. We made a number of trips with the car in England, Scotland and Wales, taking Elsie with us. On one occasion we spent two weeks in Wales, organising the first Shabbat in Llandudno. There during the summer months one could still find a minyan in the little synagogue which used to be a regular rendezvous for families from the North in the days when the Lazars had a kosher boarding house in the town.

On the second Shabbat in Cardiff we davened at the imposing Cathedral Rd. synagogue shortly before it finally closed because a regular Shabbat minyan was no longer viable in that vicinity. Between times we covered Wales very widely.

Similarly we spent two weeks in Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex spending one Shabbat in Norwich – a beautiful small synagogue which replaced one which had been destroyed by bombing, and where I not only helped to make the minyan, but read the haftara too. The second Shabbat we spent in Westcliff where in the synagogue we were able to meet again an old friend Dr. Barry Spain who 30 years earlier when attending a conference in Sheffield had been our guest over Shabbat. We were also able to meet again the Burns who during the war we had met at the New Bath Hotel in Matlock where we were spending one of the few week-end

breaks we were able to get during the war. More recently, Rosemary and I set off on a nostalgic trip for me to revisit some of those places in North Yorkshire where I began my business travelling days, and where I made many friends who also became very good customers. Sadly most of them have passed away, but in many instances, the businesses are still there albeit in different hands. It was interesting to see the business of the Horne Bros. in Leyburn still in the same position in the Market Place now under new ownership and very much smartened up. Similarly in Richmond, the shop in King St. which in my days had been in the hands of William Mack, and subsequently the Scotts, and having as its window attraction a running ball clock, is still in the same position, but again under new ownership, very much smartened, and with no running ball clock. In Thirsk, the shop of George Manfield is still in the same place, again under new ownership. A few weeks after our visit, I received a message via Gus Fyne who still calls there, that George Manfield's son who took over the business from his father, and eventually retired, had called into the shop, and heard about my visit, and sent back through Gus his special regards.

Bedale where in my day, Wheldons ran an old fashioned watch and clockmakers shop, no longer has a watchmaker, but in Northallerton and Ripon the old accounts still thrive.

That trip was more than nostalgic. It showed me how times had changed, but had yet in some ways remained the same.

Overall, we still hope to be able to continue to travel. As I write this chapter, I am working on a visit to Latvia and Lithuania, – virgin ground for us – but a trip with a purpose to research family roots. We look forward to these plans materialising, and many more besides.

TRAVELOGUE TO THE FAMILY DESCRIBING THE AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, USA TRIP IN 1995

Friday February 10th 1995

Dear Jill/Elizabeth, Edna & Robert

This seems to be a good time to start my usual travelogue, as we sit in the lobby of this hotel (Sheraton, Perth) waiting to be collected by Rabbi David Freilich with whom we are going to spend Shabbat. He is the older son of our Freilich friends in Sydney and has been the Rabbi here of the orthodox congregation for some 10 years. We met him first in Leeds when he had just graduated from Jews College and was at the Wedding of Alan Franklin who was marrying an Australian girl from Sydney, and the girl's family were close friends of the Freilichs. We met him again at the home of his parents, and then again when he came with his wife to Sheffield to visit David Katanka, the Rabbi we had a few years ago, with whom he studied at Jews College. He is a very likeable personality and his wife is very charming.

We have arranged to return to the hotel after Shabbat for a further two nights stay. The hotel itself is one of the best of the Sheratons, very spacious, good location – our room looks out on to the Swan River which runs through this most interesting city: a good coffee shop which served me so far each morning with a very good Bircher Muesli, quite up to the best Swiss standard, and excellent salads, whilst aside from the breakfasts, which these days seem to be almost universally the same in what is offered, if one wants it, has in the evenings provided a variety of fish which have strange sounding names, but had fins and scales, and Mummy said were also very good.

So now back to the start of our travels. We left Sheffield on Monday afternoon, February 6th, our Friday afternoon man driving us in my car to the Forte Crest at Manchester Airport. The next morning we caught the Manchester – London shuttle at 9.30 a.m. and by 12 midday we were on our B.A. flight to Perth. Changing from Terminal 1 to Terminal 4 was a somewhat lengthy process, and we seemed to walk miles before we then

got on a bus which transported us for the next two miles to Terminal 4. On this trip we are travelling Club Class or in the U.S.A. First Class. It is an excellent Round the World ticket with B.A. Qantas and U.S. Air, and certainly the first leg of our considerable travelling went very well. We made a stop for refuelling at Singapore only for 45 minutes, and so we stayed on the aircraft for that time. The actual time spent on this journey of 18 hours in the plane went remarkably quickly, but the 8 hour time change is a little disconcerting and mealwise the airline has not got it really right for the passengers, even if it suits the airline. We were served with lunch shortly after we got on the plane – the kosher meals (mine was kosher vegetarian) were little better than what would have been served in Economy, although we had table cloths and linen serviettes, and offerings of all kinds of drinks. 12 hours went by before breakfast was presented at what was local time 7.30 a.m. and then at 8.15 we landed at Singapore. Prior to breakfast I had been able to arrange to daven in the compartment the crew use for a rest during the flight, but they did not need it when getting ready to serve meals. The flight from Singapore to Perth was relatively short – some 5 hours during which time we were served lunch – this time both meals were poor – my vegetarian one (with a kosher label on it) was smoked salmon and halibut which was uneatable – so Mummy said, but at least she was able to have a feast of smoked salmon, of which, however, she had had enough already, it being a major part of her breakfast and lunch the previous day. I survived on rolls and fruit and my own fruit bars.

I can see that getting the meals right on all the flights we are to do is going to be a problem, but we shall see.

Just after 3 p.m. **Wednesday February 8th** we landed at Perth and by 4 p.m. were in the Sheraton Hotel, which proved to be a good choice. I telephoned the Freilichs and confirmed our arrangements with them for Shabbat, arranged a tour for Sunday for the day to Freemantle and around, as well as a boat trip on the Swan River for Thursday morning. Then, having also telephoned all the vegetarian restaurants, and finding that they were not really vegetarian, except one, which was way out in a distant suburb, we went to the hotel coffee shop, where Mummy was very satisfied with the fish, and I with the salad a jacket potato and fruit salad. *(Continued on our flight from Perth to Ayres Rock, Feb 13th)*

Thursday morning. Well refreshed after a good night's rest and a satisfactory breakfast (an excellent muesli) we set off to walk to the nearby harbour for a trip on the Swan River, which in beautiful weather

was most enjoyable. We met up with a couple of obviously well-to-do farmers and their wives from Lincolnshire. One had known my old friends and costumers, the Clarks of Horncastle – his farm was nearby. It was interesting to learn at first hand the real problem of the live calf exports to the Continent. These two farmers agreed that it was an easy and profitable way for them to dispose of calves they did not want, whilst at the same time, being unhappy about what happened to them on the Continent. They were resigned to the fact that the law was likely to be changed to prevent the export, which they said would create problems on the home market. It remains to be seen what will happen in this respect.

By the time we got off the boat at 12.30 p.m. which had taken us up and down the river, and shown us how Perth had spread and developed, the temperature was in the 90's, but it was not humid and a breeze made it bearable. We made our way on foot – a short walk from the harbour, into the town, and were most impressed by the standard of the shops and the shopping malls and arcades. I purchased a new cap and a hat which Mummy persuaded me I needed, and is certainly smart and useful. I found a very good health food store, and stocked up and we then found a restaurant which suited us both. After lunch we explored the rest of the main shopping areas, being even more impressed with all we saw, and eventually took a taxi back to the hotel.

An evening meal in our coffee shop and an early night enabled us to make an early start for our **Friday morning** bus tour of Perth on one of those old fashioned style trailer buses, which took us amongst other places to Kings Park from which one has a panoramic view all around Perth. We have been impressed by the spacious lay out of the city and the extent of the green open spaces with Kings Park, the jewel in the crown.
(Continued now Feb 14th in the Executive Lounge at Alice Springs whilst we await our flight to Adelaide)

Friday afternoon after lunch I had a sleep whilst Rosemary packed in preparation for our move to the Freilichs for Shabbat. David Freilich called for us at 5.15 p.m. – he is one of the sons of out friends the Freilichs in Sydney – is a graduate of Jews College and the rabbi of Perth Hebrew Congregation. The accommodation he had arranged for us proved to be a house in the shool grounds, belonging to the congregation, which is kept for visiting ministers and others, but was originally intended for the Freilichs who, however, have had their own property built, to which I will refer later. Meanwhile, our accommodation which was a bungalow, had 3 bedrooms, two bathrooms, a dining room, lounge and enormous kitchen.

There was a large basket of fruit awaiting us, soft drinks in the fridge etc. which was all very nice seeing that we were going to eat over Shabat with the Frelich family. The house was air conditioned, but the shool which is very imposing and well appointed, did not have air conditioning and the congregation is currently raising the A $100,000 which the installation will cost (approx. £50,000). Rosemary came with me to the Friday night service, after which we walked to the Rabbi's home with the Rabbi and 4 others who were guests with us for dinner. Aviva Freilich, David's wife, proved to be very charming and friendly as did the three children who were home (a girl of 17, a boy of 16 and a girl of 12) – the eldest child, a girl of 19 already away at university in Melbourne. 12 of us sat down to an excellent meal (there were 4 other vegetarians) in a very spacious dining room which adjoined an equally spacious lounge. Rabbi Freilich is not a Lubavitch, but he certainly has some of the characteristics of the one we have in Sheffield. We sang vociferously a variety of Zemirot, but I was surprised that when we came to bensching, that apart from Shir Hamalot, the rest was said quietly. I asked the Rabbi why, and his answer was that bensching after a meal was something to be done after every meal, but that on Shabbat, Shir Hamalot was the extra. We walked back to our house with 4 of the guests – a French couple from Lille, visiting their son who runs a kosher bakery and delicatessen for the community and who had recently married a girl from the congregation.

Saturday morning. I was in shool by 9 a.m. for the start of the service, with some 50 people already there and a subsequent congregation of 300 – 400 men and women. We had been welcomed both on Friday night by the President and again this morning by the Rabbi, and of course, I received an aliyah. There was to be a wedding next day, and the kiddush was an aufruf similar to the better Sheffield ones. Back to the Rabbi's for lunch and this time with some very strange guests, a Jewish woman in a wheel chair, from Sydney, with her husband who looked like a Lubavitch, but was in fact a convert, and two children. They had met at university – married and gone to live in Israel, and only returned because the wife developed M.S. and wanted to return to Australia to be near her family. The other 3 people were the Rabbi of the Reform Congregation and his wife and mother-in-law. Since Rabbi Freilich had come to Perth members of the Reform had gradually drifted back to the orthodox congregation of Rabbi Freilich, so much so that the Reform Rabbi had been sacked by his congregation as they could no longer support him. He had known Rabbi F. when they were both students in London, and Rabbi F. now felt sorry

for him, and thought he might even bring him back to orthodox Judaism. The interesting thing was that when I was introduced to the Reform Rabbi Charles Wallach, I recalled having met him before when he was a minister in Brighton, and when he officiated at the funeral of Ilya Frischman. After a very good lunch with Zemirot and bensching, we strolled back to our house, slept and played scrabble and read. I went to mincha, seuda shlishit and maariv and Rabbi F. then ran us back to our hotel.

Sunday morning we set off on a day tour which took us to various parts of Perth we hadn't seen, and then on to Freemantle one of the places where there had been initial settlers from England, and where one of the features was a formidable gaol now only a show place. The town which is made up largely of Victorian buildings is immensely popular on a Sunday as there is a big market, and so we spent an entertaining few hours. That evening I took Rosemary to a restaurant in Kings Park – one of the landmarks of the city which made a very pleasant ending to our stay in Perth.

Monday at 4.30 a.m. we left our hotel for the airport and a flight to Ayers Rock departing 5.45 a.m. At the airport it was light enough for me to daven and the receptionist in the Executive Lounge allocated to me a private room where I was able to daven without disturbance. By mid-day with a change of planes in Alice Springs, we were in Ayers Rock, a man made resort in the desert, with the immense rock there as the reason for the resort. The temperature was in the 90's and so after a snack we rested in preparation for our visit to the rock to see the sunset. It was a marvellous picture that we saw, and we marvelled even more at the number of people around to see it besides us.

The next morning, Tuesday, we were out and on the bus at 5.45 a.m. this time to see the sunrise at the rock. 18 other busloads made a very impressive number of people who got up at an unearthly hour to see this truly beautiful sight.

At mid-day we left the hotel, the Sails in the Desert, the 5 star hotel of the complex in which our accommodation had been a very attractive chalet in the beautiful grounds, but to which ants had been very partial, and it had only been after a lot of spraying that we were free of them. It had reminded me of how it was when we had stayed in Alassio and ants were all over our room.

From Ayers we went to Adelaide and there opened up a whole new section of the family tree. Via Anthony Joseph from Birmingham, a friend, remote relation and very knowledgeable genealogist, I had been put in

touch with three Jewish members of the Adelaide community, all of whom wanted to meet us. In addition we had another contact, Barbara Krill – a sister of Hilary Mendelsson from Sheffield. The upshot of all this was that Barbara came in next morning and gave us an excellent morning tour of Adelaide – a delightful compact city, and included a visit to the magnificent community complex, where she has an office, as secretary of the JIA, and we also met Alan Zinobar's niece from South Africa, who is the wife of the Rabbi of Adelaide. In the afternoon we took a tour to nearby Hansdorf, an old world settlement of German immigrants from some 160 years ago, which today is a showplace.

Then in the evening, His Honour Mr. Samuel Jacobs came to see us, a retired judge, and a very eminent figure in Adelaide, as had been his father, Sir Roland Jacobs. The family connection came via the Joshua family, Sam's grandmother being a sister of my great aunt, Julia Joshua Barnett, who went to New Zealand, whilst her sister married a Charles Jacobs and went to Australia. Sam Jacobs, a man of 74, had married out, and for years had had little to do with the community. In consequence the next person to join us, Hilda Hines – herself a widow, with a very eminent son, both very active in the community, was amazed to meet Sam Jacobs and to find him so interested in his family history, the more so as he provided me with the names and addresses of his cousins in Sydney – all Jewish with whom he was anxious I should get in touch – which I did subsequently. As for Hilda Hines, she was a mine of information and gave me a contact in Sydney which proved to be most useful. Hilda has a daughter in London married to Judge Callman, a colleague of Bernard Rix.

Thursday Feb 16th, we set off for Sydney, arriving in the late afternoon at the Sheraton on the Park Hotel, at which we had reserved because of it being next door to the school in Elizabeth Street.

(This story is being continued Feb 21st in this very pleasant hotel (Hermitage Hotel, Mr. Cook) at the foot of Mount Cook, the highest mountain in New Zealand)

Our Sheraton on the Park Hotel in Sydney had only recently become a Sheraton, and indeed had changed hands twice previously since its opening 4 years ago. It is well located and very splendid, being classed as 5 star de luxe, but we found so many faults with the hotel, and with some of the staff, that in the end we decided to see the manager, who came up to our room to listen to the list of complaints and faults which Mummy had drawn up. He was most appreciative of our constructive comments

and as a parting shot to him I suggested he might credit us with the cost of our first night's stay, which had been in a most unsatisfactory room. I was pleasantly surprised to find when I came to pay the bill, that we had stayed at this very upmarket hotel for 4 nights for nothing, a saving of some £375, which shows how valuable the 'consultants' can be.

As usual, the first thing I did on arriving in the hotel, was to start ringing up people. There were already messages from the Freilichs, Raymond Apple and with the Freilichs we arranged for motzei Shabbat, and with the Apples, Shabbat lunch. Then I spoke to Rabbi Golomb's aunt, Ray Cameron for whom I had photographs from our rabbi, and she and her husband came into the hotel in the evening, and spent some time with us. Ray Cameron proved to be a most charming woman and her husband a very interesting man, who had been hidden in Belgium, as a child, when the Germans occupied the country, by a family that wanted to convert him to Catholicism. Eventually he escaped and found his way to Australia where he had family.

Friday morning, apart from making a lot of telephone calls, we did our Shabbat shopping in nearby David Jones store, which has a food department, which has everything, had a stand up lunch at a health food bar, in the shopping mall adjoining the store and then took a taxi up to the home of newly found relations Sir Asher and Lady Sybil Joel to whom we had been directed by Sam Jacobs in Adelaide. We were most cordially received into a beautiful home at Point Piper with views of Sydney harbour in the distance – a house full of treasures collected on their world wide travels. Sybil is the connection via my great aunt Julia Joshua Barnett, who married grandmother Adelaide's brother Alfred, and went with him to New Zealand in 1850. Asher (Sir Asher) however, is the one keenly interested in genealogy – an 83 year old man, who had had an amazing career as a journalist, M.P., successful businessman and an impressive war record. Both Sybil (71) very smart and attractive and he could not have been more friendly and we were both presented with different inscribed publications (I had given them one of mine) of Asher's one of which Rosemary is still busy reading. An enormous plate of all kinds of fruit, kosher biscuits, tea and fruit juice were offered and enjoyed, and we were delighted to have made contact with this very eminent couple.

(Continued now at Wellington Airport, Feb 24th, as we wait for our flights to Aukland.

From our visit to the Jacobs, we returned to our hotel, and I then went

to shool right next door and met Rabbi Apple who had invited us both for Friday night and Shabbat lunch, but as the Apples live quite a lengthy walk away, we accepted only for Shabbat lunch & Rosemary put on one of her usual excellent Friday night meals in our room, after which we had a game of scrabble and an early night.

Saturday morning we were both in shool. I had an aliyah and the service was enhanced by the beautiful singing of the choir and chazan, but it did certainly prolong the service. We had been welcomed from the pulpit on Friday night, as we had also been in Perth. A kiddush followed the service and then we walked home with Marion Apple, the rabbi and his son having gone ahead by a short cut which involved climbing 140 steps, which Mummy did not fancy. The guests besides us included another mixed up couple, a Jewish girl from Ilford – very pregnant, who had married a non-Jewish boy – a geologist who was converting to orthodox Judaism. He subsequently walked back part of the way with us and we were very impressed with his determination to succeed in his aims. As for the lunch, Rabbi Apple is a vegetarian, and so I was well catered for, as indeed was everybody else. Here benching was as we do it – a great contrast to the previous week when I forgot to mention Rabbi Freilich, apart from wearing his long tailored coat (kapote), actually put on a round fur trimmed hat (shtreimel) in place of his black hat, something I had only previously seen when we sat down in a kosher hotel in Locarno, Switzerland, owned by a family of Chassidim.

Back at the hotel we had a rest, a game of scrabble – a snack in our room, and there being no afternoon or evening minyan at the shool next door – the rabbi has the minyan in his house, I davened in our room. After Shabbat we were collected by Diana Freilich and taken up to their home at the top of Bellvue Hill in the Bondi area – another house full of treasures. Theo Freilich, a retired lawyer and J.P. had been seriously ill, but was delighted to see us again and to hear about our activities in Perth with the Freilich family there. Diana had put on an enormous spread which was very enjoyable and eventually ran us back to the hotel. The Freilichs could not have been more hospitable and are certainly good people to know.

Sunday morning which was somewhat overcast, and quite cool found me busy telephoning more new family contacts, and arranging for them to come to the hotel that evening – then a walk across the road to Hyde Park and a visit to the Barracks – now a very interesting historical museum, where we also had lunch, after which we took a taxi to the recently

reopened Jewish Historical and Holocaust Museum, a beautifully put together history of the Jewish contribution to Australia.

I must say that I did not realise that between 1790 and 1852 some 1000 Jews came to Australia as convicts, but most became highly respected citizens, and in many instances building up important businesses, quite apart from achieving important political positions. Two Jewish Governor Generals and a 1st World War Army General are no mean achievement.

From the Museum we took a taxi to Darling Harbour – a redevelopment just like the redevelopment in Baltimore, which we had seen last year with Robert – then we returned to the hotel to meet more new relations, these from the Benas side of the family – they were Saalfeds, an Alfred Saalfeld having married an Esther Benas, sister of Baron Benas of Liverpool, and a first cousin of my mother. I had come across these people of whom I knew from Lionel Barnett, only a few weeks ago, after my meeting with Philip Halden in London, who showed me a book put together by his cousin, Pamela Brunel Cohen, entitled the Cohens and Levys of England and Australia, in which amongst others I found the Saalfelds. I contacted Pamela Brunel-Cohen, who I have yet to meet, but have lined up for a Reubens lunch on our return, and she provided me with the addresses of the Saalfelds in Sydney. The ones who came to see us were Dr. John Saalfeld with his non-Jewish wife, and Aline Symonds and her husband Dr. Bruce Symonds (both Jewish). Aline and John are brother and sister – another sister was away.

Both the Symonds and the Saalfelds were quite intrigued by this meeting, Aline in particular, who like her brother and sister, had been born in England but evacuated to Australia during the War with their mother, formerly Nina Cohen of Sydney, was so excited to find someone who could tell her in more detail the Saul Wahl story. After the War in which Aline's father was a high-up officer in the British Army, he decided with a little pressure from his Australian wife, to settle in Sydney. All were very friendly and delighted that we should have made contact. Bruce Symonds hearing that we came from S heffield, enquired if we had known the Berman family, and in particular Max Berman. I told him that I had known them well and that Max had been a contemporary of mine. Bruce said he had been a medical officer in the Australian Navy during the War, and that on one occasion his ship had docked at one of the Pacific Islands and shortly afterwards a destroyer captained by Max Berman, who was a Lt. Commander, also docked alongside. Bruce's ship had plentiful supplies of food, but no one aboard who knew how to bake bread. Max's ship was

short of food. A deal was struck – Bruce's ship would share their supplies with Max's ship, and Max who was a master baker, would bake bread for everyone – which he did. Bruce said that the sight of a ship's captain working in the bakery had to be seen to be believed, but it had certainly made for a never to be forgotten meeting. Bruce worked after the war in Huddersfield and Bradford and kept in touch with Max, who settled in London, and passed away there some 20 years ago. The Bermans were the Sheffield kosher bakers, and Lou Berman who died recently at 94, had remained a dapper figure to the end. I was always in touch with him, and he was a regular visitor to Uncle Harry.

Monday morning Feb 20th we set off for Christchurch and on our arrival there were met by Dick Barnett, a nephew of the late Air Marshal Sir Denis Barnett, who didn't want to know anyone who might remind him of his Jewish origins.

His father was Jewish, his mother a strong churchwoman, did not convert and her children were brought up as Christians. Dick Barnett, his nephew, said that he thought that the only reason he could have been the way he was over his origins, was because he felt that they might impede his progress in the R.A.F., which in 1927 he had decided to make his career, and in which he indeed did rise to the highest rank.

Dick (62) a retired farmer (the farm is now run by his son) could not have been more friendly. His wife, Lesley, had also been keen to meet us, as she is intrigued by everything to do with the Jewish religion. She, however, had had to go to Denver U.S.A. a few days earlier to be with her married daughter there, who had just had her first baby. Dick waited for us whilst we checked in to our hotel and freshened up, and then took us our for the evening to one of the new sights of Christchurch. This was in the gondola (cable car) to the top of Mount Cavendish. from which there was a panoramic view of Christchurch, followed by dining in the restaurant. He had brought with him a lot of family photographs and indeed from him I gleaned quite a lot about the family, which was new to me, especially that it seemed that his grandfather, Sir Louis Barnett, must have been wealthy, judging by the large sums he gave away for charitable purposes. I was impressed by a very fine library at Christ College – the most celebrated school in New Zealand, around which the took us with great pride and to which 4 generations of Barnetts had gone, and where the library had been given by Sir Louis Barnett in the memory of Dick's older brother Ralph, who had been in the R.A.F., and was killed in 1940.

As we drove back to our hotel, after our evening out, we remarked on

the quietness of the streets. It reminded me particularly of Bienne (Switzerland) around the same time, 10.30 p.m., with seemingly no one about. Dick, who is a J.P., said, however, that Christchurch had the worst crime rate in New Zealand, and the local paper the next morning was full of the crimes which had been committed the previous day! I quizzed Dick on his farm activities and asked him how many people were employed. To my surprise, he said only him and his son. They farm 2500 acres with sheep and beef cattle. With the aid of sheep dogs which they train themselves, they keep everything under control. The animals feed off the land, and there is water in abundance. Lambing is no problem, the animals look after themselves, and when I asked him what they did with the calves, which are such a source of controversy in England at present, he said they sold them off almost immediately to other farmers. I got the impression that he was a very shrewd farmer, and certainly he proved to be a very pleasant new member of the family to get to know.

(This letter is being continued after Shabbat in Auckland, Feb 2nd. It has gone out at 8.50 p.m. and has been a very pleasant day to which I will refer in due course).

On **Tuesday morning** we were back at Christchurch airport en route for Mount Cook. This was the 3rd time we have tried to get there. On our two previous visits to N.Z. bad weather had prevented it, but this time after a 40 minute flight, we landed at the Mount Cook National Park at the foot of the mountain, were picked up by the hotel bus, the Hermitage Travel Lodge and after registration immediately looked for an afternoon tour. We found a man with a Jeep who together with a Japanese couple and ourselves, took us for a 2 hour adventurous drive over rock strewn roads – really nothing more than rock tracks, over which only a vehicle like a Land Rover/Jeep could possibly travel. We marvelled at the way in which he manoeuvred his vehicle, and indeed at one stage we got out and walked, clambering over rocks the Jeep couldn't negotiate. We were interested to learn from him that 70% of his clients were Japs and he had a running commentary in Japanese (with earphones) for the two Japanese passengers. The weather was warm and sunny and when we went back to the hotel, we took a stroll into the village – shopped at the village 'super market' and thought how much the surroundings were like a Swiss mountain village. That evening we ate in the hotel Panoramic dining room, which with its vista reminded us of the lounge at the Tschuggen Hotel in Arosa. The standards of the restaurant could not have been more first class. For me an excellent salad and jacket potato, and a basket of

every kind of fruit, strawberries, berries of all kinds, kiwis and paw paw are in season, whilst Mummy was delighted with her fish selection and a fabulous looking creamy dessert.

The **next morning, Wed Feb 22nd,** after a buffet breakfast – every kind of cereal and an immense variety of fruit, we had another stroll round the village, took photographs and at midday set off back to Christchurch, where we had to change planes for Wellington, which we reached in the late afternoon, in what seemed like a deluge. Our hotel the Park Royal proved to be a good choice.

There were numerous messages waiting for me and a nice newsy FAX from Jill. One message was to telephone Penny Barnett, another newly found cousin, which I did immediately immediately and arranged for her to come and meet us at 9 p.m.that evening in the hotel, as that fitted in with her plans. Another message was from Kathy Barnett Berends and with her I arranged that she should pick us up at 1 p.m. the next day and take us to see her parents, and then out to her home and to see to those of her children and grandchildren who live nearby. She also hoped to introduce us to yet another Barnett cousin who she had come to know, and lives in the area, who also had been anxious to pick up on the Jewish background of the family. Another message was from the secretary of the shool to whom I had written as I had jahrzeit that night, and at 7 p.m. we took a taxi to the shool for a minyan at 7.30 p.m. I was sorry to find that they did not have a minyan in the morning, but there was no problem with the evening minyan. Back to the hotel, and a quick snack in time for the arrival of Penny Barnett. Penny proved to be a dark haired pretty and vivacious girl who certainly did not look her age. She is a fashion designer, and took a degree in Art/Design. She works on her own account and sells to the fashion houses in Australia and N.Z. We were amused when she told us that her boy friend is a man of 34 from Sydney who is a customer for her styles. He is, she says, a very orthodox Jew and he has told her that he would never marry out. She looks very Jewish and one can certainly see the features of her Jewish great great grandfather in her, and she is already pondering on what becoming orthodox Jewish might involve. It's amusing as I said, but sad too. At least she is not a strongly entrenched Mormon as the Berends family are, about whom I will be writing.

(This letter is being continued as we fly from Auckland to Los Angeles having boarded the flight at 11.30 p.m. Feb 26th).

Thursday morning we watched the rain pelting down so heavily that

the street was awash, but by 11.30 a.m. it stopped and we walked round the corner from the hotel to buy some flowers for Malcolm and Audrey Barnett. We were most impressed by the smartness of the shops in this street. The problem with Wellington is that it is terribly windy and that certainly doesn't suit Rosemary. Back to the hotel we were called for by Kathy and Herman Berends, who drove us straight to see Audrey and Malcolm Barnett at their home in Eastbourne, which is beautifully located looking out onto the water at the bottom of the garden. They are, however, a problem couple to Kathy and her sister, as they really need 'round the clock' help and won't have it – in any case not easy to get. Kathy wants them to come and live with her. She has a big house and can offer them a self-contained flat, but at the moment her father, who is exactly the same age as me to a day, says he can cope. We spent a very interesting hour with them and Malcolm was certainly right on the ball, whilst sadly, Audrey has Altzheimers. She sat quietly and seemed to remember us.

From there we drove another 20 miles up to Paraparuma along a coastal road mixed with motorway, to reach the Berends home – very spacious with a large garden and nicely located. Paraparuma when the Berends went there, was little more than a village and they were able to sell their home in Wellington very advantageously and move to P. into a much better property, and still have money in the bank.

Now P. has expanded with the commuters from Wellington. This time some of the 8 children who we had first seen as youngsters in 1978, came to meet us with their children. One of the sons is married to a beautiful Maori girl who came with their 5 children, 3 of them look Maori and two are blond European. She is very proud of her Maori family and brought a family album to show us.She told us how when her mother was at school she could be punished for speaking Maori, but that now the position has changed and Maori is an accepted official language. One of the daughters was married to a Maori accountant, but was already divorced. She wanted to give us a copy of the Mormon Bible, but I told her that we already had a copy which her mother had given us and one was enough. However she had written a most touching letter with it which I kept. The youngest daughter who had been to see us in Sheffield only a month ago (she had been in England on an exchange and had been living in Chester) was there, a pretty 17 year old who had to dash off to her part time job as a waitress in a local restaurant. Another Barnett cousin living not far from P. had heard of our visit and had wanted to meet us and learn something about her Jewish ancestry, but couldn't make it. I telephoned her

subsequently and found her very pleasant, and just another lost soul! Kathy and Herman ran us back to Wellington and by 7 p.m. we were back in the hotel for dinner and for Rosemary to pack up in preparation for our departure to Auckland the next day.

I omitted to mention that wherever we have been I have been making phone calls to customers of Pinders who have ramifications all over Australia and N.Z. for their products, a fact for which I was initially responsible. That business of pewter manufacturing which I came to only in 1964, has proven enormously successful whereas the Julius Isaacs watch import etc. is a shadow of its former activity, but exports are booming.

Friday Feb 24th we were at Wellington airport for our flight to Auckland and had been apprehensive that the flight might be cancelled because of the problems Air New Zealand were having with the Boeing 737's which they use for their domestic flight, which have grounded the bulk of their fleet. We were lucky – the flight before us to Auckland had been cancelled, but we were to be carried on a 737 of Air Nauru which N.Z. had borrowed from that airline. We had never heard of Nauru, but it proved to be a Republic with its Embassy just round the corner from our hotel, and with an airline which services the many small islands in the Pacific. We were an hour late reaching Auckland but still in good time to do our Shabbat shopping after checking in at the very pleasant Sheraton at which we have stayed on two previous occasions. I had intended to go to shool on Friday night, but had to agree with Rosemary that the sleaziness of the streets down and up I would have had to walk alone in the dusk was potentially hazardous. When we saw Dennis Nathan on Sunday we were horrified to learn that his nephew had been attacked by hooligans and had died from his injuries. The extent of this kind of crime in N.Z. is something which has surprised us.

On checking in we found messages awaiting us, one from Diana Freilich's sister, Rae ben Porath, inviting us to lunch on Sunday and another from Louis Harris from Leeds, Chairman of Hillel House in Leeds, who we had recently met at the JIA dinner in Leeds, at which Kissinger had been the speaker. I had been negotiating with Louis over a £10,000 donation to the Sheffield Hillel which I had been able to get from the estate of the late Billy Morris with help from Valerie and Lawrence Newman. I had told Louis that we would be going to Australia and N.Z. in February & he said he and his wife would also be in N.Z. around the same time as part of a fly-cruise trip. He subsequently found out from our

domestic help, Elaine, where we would be and he and his wife came and joined us after we had had our Friday night repast in our room, and we spent a very interesting evening together in the very spacious and pleasant lounge of our hotel.

Shabbat morning Feb 25th we were in shool, a 15 minute walk from our hotel, but down a decidedly sleazy street to begin with, which was why I had not gone on Friday night, in view of what we had been reading and hearing in regard to crime in N.Z. Josh ben Porath met me in the synagogue, I had an aliyah, Rosemary met Rae ben Porath and also Judy Glucksman, a niece of Dennis Nathan and a 'cousin'. She has a married twin sister in Jerusalem who we shall try to look up when we are there – another pretty girl – she was with her 14 year old daughter. Saturday afternoon we both had a rest then went for a walk. It looked as if there was a park across the road from our hotel, but it turned out to be the first cemetery in Auckland. We walked alongside it and it eventually extended to another section off which a section had been allocated as a Jewish cemetery, and that section is right at the top of a street that leads into the main shopping street of the city.

Dennis Nathan told us his grandparents and great grandparents were buried there, but there is now a new cemetery further out of the city. After our walk we went to have a look at the swimming pool and sun deck of our hotel – a very pleasant location where we had our afternoon game of scrabble. Later on in the lounge we sat and watched the guests of a Maori birthday party. Some of the apparel of the guests was fascinating and unusual. Men in skirts looked strange but perhaps no more unusual than men in kilts, and Auckland abounds with people of Scottish ancestry.

Sunday morning Feb 26th Josh & Rae called for us at 10.30 a.m. and took us to Devonport where, like in Plymouth, there is a naval dockyard. The town, about the size of Bakewell, has a constant in and out flood of people because it is a ferry terminal. The terminal has been rebuilt into a fine shopping complex whilst much of the old world atmosphere of Devonport has been retained.

We drove to the top of Victoria point from which there was a magnificent panoramic view, and from there to the Porath home nearby, and also with a fine view – a very attractive house where we enjoyed wonderful hospitality. Rae had gone to town with her vegetarian catering. There were two other Jewish people there – retired, who had originated from Glasgow, a very pleasant couple, who like so many other people had a fascinating life story to tell, as also had Josh ben Porath, who had been

born in Jerusalem, had come with his parents, who were born in Russia, to N.Z. at the age of 6. As a youth he had worked on the family farm. At 18 however, he was disillusioned with farming when he saw a year's work destroyed by adverse weather, and decided to become a pharmacist, which he did very successfully. He was an officer in the N.Z. Navy during the War, and confirmed the story we had heard in Sydney about the problems of getting bread on board ship, because although they had the ingredients, on one of his ships no one knew how to bake bread.

After lunch we were taken to the annual garden party and tea of the Auckland Jewish Old Age Home – a beautifully appointed set up with 20 residents. There was a very nice tea to which we really could not do justice, as we had had such a good lunch, but it was interesting to meet many more people and to listen to the problems of Auckland Jewry which in many ways are like home. At 4.15 Dennis Nathan called for us to take us to his home, which we had visited before when we had been in Auckland 3 years ago. It is beautifully situated and the house itself is spacious and comfortable with all sorts of treasures. His wife, May – very charming – was having trouble with a leg and was going to have an operation on it the next day, but despite this problem, could not have been more friendly as of course was Dennis, who is just a year younger than me, whilst May is 81. They are, however, no longer world travellers and are content now to remain largely in the confines of Auckland where Dennis is very much involved in various charitable organisations, and is also fond of playing bowls. I noticed on Shabbat that the foundation stone of the very impressive synagogue/community complex had been laid by his older brother, Lawrence, who had lost both legs during the war, but still subsequently managed to sail his yacht round the world.

Dennis presented me with a copy of the Nathan story, with its many photographs – a story which Lawrence had written not only for the family, but telling the story of one of N.Z.'s first settlers – his great grandfather L. D. Nathan. I am delighted to have it as a welcome addition to my family library.

Back at the hotel by 7 p.m. there was just time for a quick snack before taking a taxi to the airport for our flight to Los Angeles. When we got to the airport we found ourselves being subjected to a most rigorous security inspection because there had been a threat from some source that flights across the Pacific to U.S.A. could possibly be targets for terrorists. I had my toothpaste and hair lotion taken away, but managed to convince them that the Johnsons baby oil which I find very effective for skin irritation

was just that. Mummy was relieved of a variety of other items, including her toothpaste, all of which we were supposed to get back in L.A., but did not. It was 11.30 p.m. when the plane finally took off – only 1/2 hour late despite the palaver – we had, however reported over 2 hours before departure. Despite the lateness of the hour, we were served with a meal, which we didn't really want, but by 1 a.m. we were able to settle down to a night's sleep. When I woke up it was broad daylight and the sun was shining through the cabin. I got the steward to screen off, with curtains, a corner where I could daven. Then we set our watches on 3 hours and before we knew where we were, found ourselves being prepared for landing at Los Angeles, still the same day as when we left Auckland, namely **Sunday Feb 26th,** but 2.30 p.m.

We were quickly in the airport Marriott Hotel at which we stayed 3 years ago, and found very good. As usual I was straight on the phone to arrange a date with Phyllis and Stan Taylor and David and Phyllis Hackman. I showered and changed and at 4.30 p.m. Phyllis and Stan were in the lobby waiting for us. I had already set up what I wanted to do when I had spoken to both parties before we left England, namely to take them to the kosher restaurant of Mrs. Spielberg, mother of the famous Spielberg of Schindlers List fame.Neither had been before and in fact, Phyllis and Stan came to dinner, whilst David & Phyllis came for lunch, bur both parties insisted on our being their guests, which was very nice, but not what I intended. Both were intrigued and impressed with the place, especially as Mrs. Spielberg greeted us so effusively and remembered us from our visit last year, just before the earthquake. The food is excellent and everybody enjoyed the occasions.

We had loaded our bags into David's car before setting off for lunch on **Monday Feb 27th** as we had a flight at 4 p.m. to St. Louis Obispo, but had been advised to check in 2 hours before departure as our tickets had to be rewritten to enable us to fly to San Francisco via St. Louis. That job done, we were able to sit in the Executive Lounge until our flight was called, but when we had embarked on a small twin engined propeller plane, and set off down the runway gathering speed for the take off, the pilot suddenly slammed on the brakes and announced that he did not consider it safe to fly that plane and was returning to base for it to be checked. We eventually took off an hour late in another plane, but it certainly had looked at one stage as if we might not get to St. Louis Obispo that night, and would have to cut out the Hearst Castle visit. As it was it was dark when we reached St. Louis and did not have an

opportunity of negotiating a price for being taken by car to San Simeon, but had to take the only available taxi available on which we had to pay the meter price for the 42 mile drive. However, it got us there and by 7.30 p.m. we were comfortably installed in a spacious and well equipped room in the Cavalier Inn – a Best Western, right on the ocean.

We had been well received at the hotel and found a FAX from Liz awaiting us which was a pleasant surprise. Less pleasant was to be told that San Simeon did not have any taxis and we would have to wait until the morning to see what ideas the owner of the Inn might have. Meanwhile we went across the concourse to the hotel's restaurant and were very well looked after there. I have had some excellent salads and jacket potatoes, whilst Mummy has had a variety of fish, although salmon seems to have predominated – in Australia and N.Z. from the Tasman Sea, and in California from Alaska.

Tuesday morning Feb 28th the proprietor of the hotel proved to be most helpful and ran us up to the Castle in his car and subsequently brought us back. We spent the major part of the day there – were suitably impressed – we only did Tour 1 which Mummy agreed was enough, and then returned to our hotel in time to be able to walk along the sea front, to view this very fine coast line.

In the meantime enquiries had been made on our behalf for modes of transport back to the airport, and we finally engaged a man who was prepared to take us for about half of what we had paid the taxi the previous evening. Dinner, a game of scrabble and packing finished off a long anticipated and enjoyable day, even if the planning of it had had its complications.

Wednesday March 1st at 7.45 a.m. our driver called for us and we were amazed to find that his car was one of those stretch limousines. This one was most luxuriously equipped with T.V. Telephone, a bar etc. whilst the driver, before we set off, offered us orange juice and doughnuts, the latter not of interest to either of us, but still an indication of the service.

(This letter is being continued as we fly on March 2nd to New York).

Our drive back to the airport was excellent. The driver gave us a conducted tour of Morro Bay and we stopped for a short while by the huge rock in the Bay which resembles the rock of Gibraltar although smaller and not inhabited, except by some protected species of birds. Then on to the airport where we had breakfast and then waited for our plane which again was delayed an hour. It looked very much as it we would not make our connection to San Francisco, but that plane was also delayed and we

just made it. By 2 p.m. we were installed in the Westin Hotel at the airport. David Klein came in and spent an hour with us over drinks whilst Mal Post came in for dinner. Michael Goldberg with whom I had a long conversation, couldn't make it. Mal showed us some very good photographs of his family with Jill and David, when they had been there last October, and he recalled the visit of the Morris family. In all his travels, he has never been to Israel, and I doubt whether it is really very high on his list, although I might be wrong in this respect.

Thursday March 2nd we left the hotel at 7 a.m. in pouring rain for our flight to New York, and this time our U.S. Air flight has left right on time. We did indeed arrive also on time, but there was a 3 hour time change and it was already dark when we reached La Guardia and there was a long queue for taxis. However, by 7 p.m. we were in the hotel – our usual residence in N.Y., the Waldorf Astoria. Almost invariably we find ourselves being shown to a room we don't like, but eventually, after viewing 2 others, one with someone already occupying it – a definite minus mark for the hotel – we settled for a very nice room on a low floor overlooking Park Avenue, which is what we had requested in the first instance. I spoke to the Guest Manager the next morning, pointing out that we have been coming annually to the hotel for the last 30 years, and that it was time they were able to get our requirements right. She was full of apologies and explained that normal reservation arrangements had been badly disrupted because there had been a fire the previous evening at the Helmsley Palace Hotel, just round the corner from the Waldorf – the guests there had to be evacuated hurriedly – many in their night attire and the Waldorf took them in.

Having settled into our room, we went out to the nearby vegetarian restaurant and on our return, I started on my long list of telephone calls, arranging first for Lewis Bernstein to come for breakfast on Friday morning, and for dinner with the Rosensteins at the kosher vegetarian Chinese restaurant at Columbus Circle (near the hotel) on Saturday night, also with Marvin Goodman. Sadly Phyllis is seriously ill and is in hospital – I spoke to her in the hospital subsequently and the prospects for her are not good.

(Continued now aboard our flight back to Manchester March 6th)

Friday March 3rd after breakfast with Lewis, Rosemary who had developed a cold, not perhaps surprising after the extremes of temperatures we had experienced over the last 3½ weeks, decided to have her hair done, whilst I did a little Shabbat shopping and made more

telephone calls.

We came together again for lunch at the very good (for me) kosher vegetarian restaurant round the corner from the hotel, after which we continued our Shabbat shopping at the nearby supermarket, and were glad then to get back to the hotel from the biting cold. We had a nice Friday night including our usual game of scrabble and then a relatively early night.

Shabbat morning I went to shool (the 5th Avenue orthodox) but Rosemary decided to stay in which was perhaps just as well, as the walk to shool which is only a mile and flat was in a fine drizzle and an icy cold wind. It was on the other hand a pity she didn't come as she missed seeing David and Cynthia Abrams, who were in N.Y. staying the weekend with Charles and Mona who live at E 70th & had invited us for lunch, which we had already refused, because of Rosemary's cold. However, apart from the Abrams, the service was like a concert in that there was Cantor Malovany who is the regular chazan of the shool together with a 20 strong male voice choir from Tel Aviv who put on quite a performance.The service, which had started at 9 a.m. (I got there at 9.40 a.m.) did not finish until 12.15 p.m. The shool was packed and I must say the singing was superb, and certainly something I was very glad to have experienced. There was the usual kiddush afterwards, but after a chat with Malovany who I know and who is known also to David and Cynthia, as he coached their younger son, Lowell, who has an excellent voice, and takes a job as a chazan during the High Festivals . . . I hurried back to the hotel, just 3/4 hours later than my expected arrival. However, all was well – we had a nice lunch – then a rest and at 4 p.m. Jessica and her 2 year old son Aaron, came to see us. A really lovely little boy, full of fun, very intelligent and keeping us thoroughly entertained for the next hour.He managed to drench himself in orange juice, but gobbled up a packet of raisins and some very nice chocolate chip cookies we had bought – a speciality of one of the kosher bakers of whom there are so many.

We were surprised to hear from Jessica of the cramped conditions under which she and Bob and Aaron are living as it appears she is carrying on her consultancy from the same accommodation. However, she said they were shortly taking possession of the adjoining apartment and that would make things much better for everyone. Her mother, Shari is in Los Angeles visiting Jessica's youngest sister, also married, but I subsequently telephoned her sister Alex (in Brooklyn) leaving an invitation on her answerphone for breakfast on Sunday, but never heard from her.

Saturday night Neil and Mavis called for us and we went for dinner to the vegetarian Chinese restaurant, to which we had been also with Robert last July. The mashgeach there recognised me immediately as the man from Sheffield and started telling me of his interest in Sheffield cutlery and its manufacturers, which fascinated him, and wondered if I might come and talk to a society of which he was a member who were enthusiasts of Sheffield flatware and pewter. I cannot see myself doing it, but we were amused. We had a very enjoyable dinner and were glad that Marvin Goodman had been able to join us. The Rosensteins said how much they had enjoyed having Robert and his friend.

Sunday morning March 5th Penny and David Dell came in for breakfast. Alex didn't come, nor did Johnny Hart (Penny's brother and his wife, as she wasn't well). We were however, very pleased to see the Dells. Penny is producing a community magazine and is responsible for organising a variety of other things for this organisation which serves all facets and needs in the area where the Dells live. David is some form of business consultant, obviously doing well and travelling widely both in U.S.A. and internationally. We were sorry to learn from Penny how her father had deteriorated – mentally O.K. but now in a wheel chair continuously. He and I are almost exactly the same age as Penny said Freddy was about to celebrate his 85th birthday.

She was intrigued to hear the story her father had told me of how, up to the age of 16, he had sung in the choir of Brondesbury shool. David said that his best friend was Jewish and the Dell family and Freddy, when staying with Penny, were always invited for a Seder! What a mixed up state of affairs.

I had also been in touch with Commander Kemp Skudin and invited him and his family also for breakfast, as I wanted them to meet the Harts/Dells as they live nearby, but the daughter, Felicity, who was with them when they came to London, wasn't well, so they cried off with regrets.

After breakfast, the Shulmans same in and spent an hour with us in the very attractive lounge, which overlooks Park Avenue. We were interested to learn of their activities since returning to N.Y. and Nisson described to me in detail the work he is doing at Yeshiva University, in a position where there is no retirement age – so far less stressful than being the St. John's Wood Rabbi, and he commented that he is already 63 and would have had to retire from his job with the United Synagogue at 65. They had also invited us for Shabbat, another invitation which we had also to decline.

Rivka is teaching at the University and is also glad to be back so that she can keep a closer eye on her mother, and see more of her children and grand children, most of whom are in N.Y.

After they had gone, we took ourselves down to Gramercy Park to have a look at the Gramercy Park Hotel at which we were to have stayed, had we gone to N.Y. for the Halle Barmitzvah. We didn't think we would have been very happy there although the hotel does have the private use of Gramercy Park for its guests and it did seem to be very busy if somewhat down at heel. We returned to the hotel for a short rest and then took ourselves to an Indian kosher restaurant at which we were to meet the Abrams family for an early dinner. This was quite a gathering of Mona and Charles with their baby, now 2 years old, Rabbi Josef Kanofski with 3 of his children, Leya (very pregnant) and her husband and Cynthia and David – a very interesting dinner – the food itself all Indian but kosher and vegetarian too – was very palatable if one avoided the dishes which were too spicy. It was an interesting experience to be able to try out Indian food, but I can manage very well without it, although I did enjoy what I had as did Mummy with her choice. The Abrams were returning to Washington that night and at 7 p.m. we bade everyone goodbye and took ourselves back to the hotel which was not far away. I had just remembered that I had not been able to contact Arik who had in fact been the first person I tried when we got to N.Y., but they were not there. This time I got him and he came in at 9 p.m. and we took him into 'Oscars' where he enjoyed the cheese cake and coffee. We were pleased to see him – he looks well, but has a long stint to get his psychology degree. His Tel Aviv girl friend Noga, who is with him and also studying, couldn't come in as two evenings a week she is a waitress at an Israeli kosher restaurant near their apartment and which they find very useful in any case. We were glad we had managed to see him as Miri had gone to great lengths to ensure that I had his address. Altogether a very full day.

Monday March 6th with no appointments Rosemary packed and we took ourselves down to City Hall. City Hall and the civic buildings around were built on a vary grand scale in the 1800's and it was certainly worthwhile to have trekked down to see them. Then to a newly discovered kosher meat restaurant, where we had a very good meal. I was able to get what I wanted and so did Mummy and if it is still there next time we are in N.Y. we will certainly aim to go. It was obviously very popular.

Then back to the hotel to pay the bill, pack our bags and go off to the airport. We are now well on the way to Manchester and the pilot is

predicting a 5.30 a.m. arrival.

Sheffield. March 7th, 1995

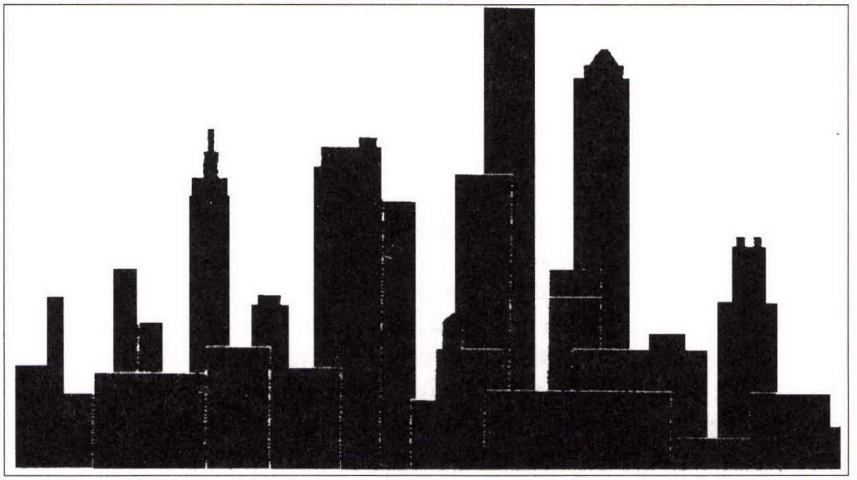
We actually did arrive at 5.30 am. 35 minutes ahead of time, and by 7.30 am. were at home. We had been concerned that the road to the airport from here would be blocked by snow, but it had largely cleared – it started snowing hard as we drove into our garage.

Altogether, this trip with some 20 flights and covering some 25,000 miles has gone remarkably smoothly, and it is only a pity that Mummy should have come back with a cold. However, both of us have had a couple of hours in bed now, feel refreshed, and we are both back at 'work' after a marvellous trip.

Love to you all,

Daddy / Teddy.

EARTHQUAKE IN LOS ANGELES
JANUARY 17th 1994



We little thought when we left Sheffield on January 10th 1994 for Los Angeles to attend a family wedding, making a stopover first to visit cousins in Portland, Oregon, that we would at some point find ourselves in the centre of an earthquake in Los Angeles. We had spent an enjoyable Shabbat in L.A. and on Saturday night we were the guests of cousins who live in an apartment on the 15th floor of a luxury block of flats on Wilshire Boulevard.

From that apartment, there were spectacular views over L.A. and one of the landmarks was a decorative Morman church. At one stage in the evening Rosemary noticed that a black cloud had completely obscured the church. It re-appeared and then disappeared again – covered by this black cloud. We might have looked upon this as a portent of the earthquake, but we never gave it a thought. We returned in due course to our hotel to await the arrival of family from New York coming for the wedding, the bridegroom and his family being amongst them. They were delayed by twelve hours because of the adverse weather in New York but by the time they arrived on Sunday, January 16th, we were able to get together for a celebratory dinner with the families of both the bride and the bridegroom.

We all decided to have an early night in preparation for the wedding which was to take place the next day, January 17th – a National holiday. It was at 4.30 am that we were rudely awakened by the beds in our room bouncing up and down and rocking from side to side. This was most disconcerting, but there was nothing we could do until the commotion which lasted only thirty seconds, but seemed much longer, ceased. Once the roaring had stopped, I got out of bed to switch on the lights, but none worked, went out into the corridor and found it in total darkness, tried the telephone and found that it also did not work. At this stage I started to look for some candles and matches which I carry in my dressing case for Havdalah, but I did not need them as at that moment, one of my cousins from a nearby room arrived with a torch which enabled us to gather together some clothes and pick up the shoulder bag I carry which contains our passports, tickets, cheques etc. which had been locked in a safe in a wall, and then get out of the room into a corridor. By now other people were in the corridor and in particular a man from the room next to us who had a battery television with a 2" screen which he had placed on a table in the corridor and was seated on a chair watching it. We joined him and saw fires raging, water mains bursting and damaged buildings, whilst the commentator referred to looting taking place.

We were amazed that a television crew had been able to reach the scene so quickly and it was a strange feeling to see what was happening in our immediate vicinity. However, eventually there came a voice over the hotel loudspeaker system in stentorian tones telling us that there had been a major earthquake, that the City of L.A. had declared a state of emergency and that some further announcements would be made as soon as possible. Meanwhile, guests were to remain in their rooms. We had been joined by an old lady from the room opposite to ours who had been terrified by the event in part because she had been in the earthquake in San Francisco two years earlier. We pacified her and she was shortly joined by her daughter who lived in an apartment near the hotel. She found that the telephone in her mother's room was working, spoke to her brother in San Francisco and then suggested that I use the phone to speak to our daughter in London. However, it didn't work for international calls and so our newly found friend suggester that we should telephone her brother again and ask him to telephone to London. He did so and with his conference telephone enabled me to speak to Jill and reassure her that we were alright.

Almost three hours had elapsed before another announcement was made around 7.30 am and this time it was to tell us to evacuate our rooms

and come down to the lobby via the fire escape with no baggage.

In the interim between 4.30 and 7.30 am when it became daylight, Rosemary had packed our suitcases whilst I davened with perhaps extra kavonah. And so by 7.30am we were able to leave the room, taking just our hand luggage with us. We were fortunate that we were only on the 8th floor. We felt very sorry for those who had rooms on much higher floors – something we had learnt not to accept many years ago.

Arriving in the lobby we were shepherded into a large hall where coffee but no food was available. The majority of people were fully dressed but there were quite a number around wrapped in blankets who presented a strange sight. We spent the next four hours sitting, waiting and chatting as well as listening to stories as they filtered through of the extent of the damage. In the meantime, the parents of the bride arrived with the sad story that their home had been damaged. Fortunately no-one had been hurt and the hope was that in some way the wedding would take place. The room in the hotel where the ceremony was to have taken place was flooded and the chupah which had been erected had collapsed. However, a suitable location in an undamaged section of the hotel had been found and it was arranged that the ceremony would take place at 5.30pm but without the party which was to have followed.

It was not until midday that the hotel management made a further announcement and then to advise guests that they were being moved to a newer section of the hotel which had withstood the earthquake better and which was safe, although in this section too there was no electricity and the elevators were not working.

At that stage, I decided to go up to our room which we had evacuated and pick up our suitcases. I managed to find a member of the hotel staff willing to accompany me. We climbed the eight flights of stairs and reached the room. The porter picked up the cases, whilst I tried the telephone and finding it working began to telephone one of several numbers I wanted to contact. As I began to dial the first one, the floor of the room began to move – down went the phone and I ran to the fire escape and down to the lobby where I gathered what I had just experienced was nothing more than an 'after shock' – something which is normal after an earthquake especially as strong as this one had been. By the time we left the hotel the next day, there had been two hundred of these 'after shocks' and we had become almost used to them.

We decided to leave our suitcases in the hotel storage room and only take our hand luggage to the room we had now been allocated on the

seventh floor of the safe section of the hotel, up to which of course we had to walk! Then at the invitation of the hotel management, we went for lunch in the only restaurant of the hotel where a kitchen was operative. This might almost have been specially prepared for the many orthodox Jewish guests in the hotel who had come to LA for the wedding and for whom plastic plates and cutlery and an array of salads and fruit was a very adequate arrangement under the circumstances. This being the only restaurant open to the whole of the hotel, staff as well as guests were making use of it. After lunch we sat for a while in the sunshine and tranquil atmosphere of the hotel garden from which there was no indication of the chaos around elsewhere.

We debated as to whether or not we would get changed for the wedding ceremony. Rosemary had brought with her a new dress for the occasion whilst I had my dinner dress. I decided that I did not want to be caught in another earthquake in my dress clothes and changed into a dark lounge suit, but Rosemary put on her evening dress as did most of the guests who eventually arrived for the ceremony.

The proceedings began at 5.30 pm as arranged with first a reception at which the bride was seated on a throne-like chair surrounded by her friends. Ordinarily this is the time when drinks and elaborate cocktail food is served, but on this occasion soft drinks and biscuits sufficed. In another room the bridegroom was being feted by his friends, the refreshments being the same. Finally, the ceremony took place with a young choir boy with an angelic voice leading the procession to the Chupah. There was a small orchestra and a Cantor who conducted the service with a magnificent voice whilst one of the three Rabbis who were present delivered the address, the couple in consequence being duly married with all the pomp and circumstance as if the day had been a normal one.

After the ceremony the bride and groom were carried on chairs held shoulder high by their friends and there was the usual dancing around to music played by the band which had played during the ceremony. Then the family in which we were included adjourned to a small room for sheva brachot – the recital again of the seven blessings – which normally would have been recited at the party following the wedding and which had had to be cancelled. Some forty people sat down in this room at which one of the rabbis pronounced a blessing over a loaf of bread, a portion of which was passed round to the assembled company after which 'Grace After Meals' was recited so that the seven blessings could be said. I recited one of these as a member of the family.

It was all very unusual, but the best had been made of a very difficult situation – one from which we all felt very grateful that we had escaped with no physical injury. The actual party was re-arranged for two days later by which time we were in Miami where relative peace and tranquillity reigned.

After the wedding, being very hungry, not having eaten since lunchtime, we went across to the one restaurant in the hotel which was operating to find that at 9.00 pm it was closed. A note on the door said that with the problems they were having, they had had to close but would re-open for breakfast the next day. We had food in our room left over from our purchases for the previous Shabbat and with what was available Rosemary, with her usual expertise put together enough to assuage our hunger. There followed a debate as to whether we should go to bed or merely doze in arm chairs in our room, dressed ready for emergencies. We decided to go to bed normally, but we did not sleep too peacefully as throughout the night, the floor of the room was rocking as if one was at sea. However, we managed to get some sleep and then enjoyed breakfast with family, again with plastic plates, cutlery etc.

Even before the earthquake, our plans had been to leave LA immediately after the wedding and so, having had breakfast, we made inquiries as to how we could get to the airport for our 2.15 pm flight to Miami which we had already been advised was expected to leave on time. The airport had been closed the day before but had now re-opened and we understood was fully operational. The main problem was how to get there, the main road leading to it having been damaged and was now closed.

We were told that the only way of reaching it was lengthy and tortuous and with that sort of information we checked out of the hotel immediately, got into a taxi and left it to the driver to get us there. It was indeed a somewhat lengthier journey than normal but we made it in good time and were not sorry to be leaving Los Angeles after a stay which will certainly long remain in our memory.

RETIREMENT AND CONTINUED COMMUNAL ACTIVITIES
June 6th 1996

I should perhaps append here something about how I have fared since retirement in January 1984. My intention for it to be a gradual retirement from business activities has certainly been fulfilled, in no small way due to the co-operation there has between myself and David and John Pinder. In merging with the Pinder Bros. Group it was agreed that I would have no financial or other responsibilities. On the other hand, I offered, and the offer was readily accepted to place my experience at their disposal without any question of remuneration, whilst on their part, an office was placed at my disposal which made it easy for me to come and go as I pleased. For a while I continued to go to the office for a few hours almost every day, but when the Julius Isaacs business was transferred to the Pinder Bros. building in Arundel St. whilst I retained my office there, my visits dwindled to 2 or 3 times a week, and only for an hour or two.

I finally gave up the office, and whilst I still call in once or twice a week to keep in touch with what is happening, after 12 years, I am inclined to say that I have retired at least from business.

On the other hand, retirement has given me time to do other things. We have travelled more than ever, and with no need to fit into a business schedule, travelling has been much easier to plan.

I have found myself increasingly involved in genealogical research, and my files are groaning with the volume of material I have continued to gather. So much so that I eventually persuaded one of my old employees – Vera Wardle – to come one morning a week to help me keep on top of filing, and a variety of other matters.In this respect the room we used as a nursery, and which subsequently became known as the 'den', has become virtually an office for me, and here is filed a vast amount of genealogical information, as well as information relating to the various communal and other organisations, with which I am connected. The addition of a Fax to my facilities has proved to be an immense boon. On the other hand I have avoided buying a word processor or a computer, and still plod along with a manual typewriter to the despair of my children and grandchildren who think I should really move with the times. I see no likelihood of my up-dating myself in this way, but am glad that I have mastered the use of my

Fax – indeed I would not want to be without it.

Communal activities have still remained something in which I have maintained an interest, especially the synagogue where apart from being a past president, I am a life member of the council. In recent times there has been considerable controversy as to whether we should retain our beautiful synagogue in Wilson Road opened in 1931 with such a sense of achievement and admiration by all who entered its portals, or concentrate our communal activities at the Centre, which has a magnificent communal hall convertible to a synagogue, a reception room, classrooms and meeting rooms. In a dwindling community there is much to be said for this plan, but my inclination is for the retention of both sites, converting Psalter House – the original building at the centre into student accommodation, and as a result providing the centre with the additional income it needs. At the moment a decision has been reached to put the synagogue on the market, but it remains to be seen as to whether any sensible offer comes forward. In the meantime, I have backed my own ideas with a substantial financial offer to the synagogue if eventually the decision is reached to retain both buildings, and follow my suggestions.

Hillel House in which I have always been interested since one was established in Sheffield in 1961, became a problem when the local authorities presented the Hillel Committee with building requirements which would have necessitated the spending of over £100,000. Such costs would have resulted from our application to convert the building into student flats. The Hillel Foundation in London advised us that there was a possibility that the Woolfson Foundation might part fund the cost – and if we would raise £50,000, we might expect a similar sum from them. I undertook to raise the £50,000, and with a great effort to comply with the requirements of the Woolfson Foundation an application was eventually submitted. After several months delay, we did receive an offer of £10,000 with strings attached, and with such a shortfall, it was decided to sell the house at 16, Collegiate Crescent which for over 30 years had been a most successful Hillel House.

An advantageous sale was eventually achieved, and for 2 years we looked around for another suitable property. A much smaller but well located and suitable house has now been purchased which it is hoped to have up and running for the 1996/7 years.

In the interim, we have done our best to maintain a Hillel presence in Sheffield, and for our part, although there did not seem to be the same desire amongst students for private hospitality, we have arranged and

funded two very successful Friday night dinners at the Centre each of which attracted over 60 students and for which Frada Wilenski did her excellent catering on a non profit making basis, and indeed added her own contribution.

Visits to the synagogue by school groups, has become an essential part of the curriculum of many schools. The upshot has been that not a week goes by without there being a request from a school to be shown round the synagogue and so receiving some insight into the Jewish religion.

I have been happy to assist the rabbi as has Rosalind Copeland and Elaine Jacob in this time consuming task, and have found it a rewarding if somewhat sobering experience to realise the lack of religious knowledge amongst the majority of school children these days. Rosemary has supplemented this work by coping with the number of requests she receives to visit schools to speak about Judaism.

My walkabout of old Jewish Sheffield has proved to be a very popular item in the communal programme. It is amazing how much of the history of the Sheffield Jewish community can still be told from an area which extends no more than one third of a mile around Paradise Square. In Paradise Square there still remains, virtually as it was, the building used almost 100 years age as a Talmud Torah. In the Square also is to be found at No. 5 – the shop of Julius Isaacs, now offices of an estate agent and little changed from how it appeared in 1896 when Julius Isaacs had his business there.

A short distance from Paradise Square is the building which housed the original synagogue in Figtree Lane, whilst in North Church St, the synagogue opened in 1872 with such fanfare and is today a listed building, externally looks as it was, but is now offices of the Royal Bank of Scotland.

It was the North Church St congregation which in 1931 moved to Wilson Rd. which itself is also now a listed building.

Returning to Silver St. Head which adjoins Paradise Square, most of the houses were destroyed in the blitz, but it was here that almost every house was at one time a Jewish one, and where my father lodged when he first come to Sheffield and lived with the Aronovitch family (grandparents of Hyman Brody and Sally Lewis, whilst I well recall going with Michael Blaskey from the North Church St. synagogue on Pesach and Succot to visit his widowed grandmother who lived in one of the houses – on Pesach to drink the mead which she used to make, and on Succot to make kiddush in her little Succah.

The site on Campo Lane where the Central Synagogue, destroyed in the blitz, once stood, is now offices occupied by a Jewish firm of solicitors Davidson, and Lewis. Nearby Solly St. Scotland St, and West Bar Green no longer have any Jewish residents, nor do any of the old buildings which still stand, nevertheless, it might be interesting to relate a story connected with the Swycher family one section of which lived in Solly St. in the late 1800's kept a grocery shop and a cow. Sarah Swycher the mother eventually of Frank, Fanny and Betty being the milkmaid who delivered the milk to the many Jewish residents of the immediate area. Sarah married her first cousin Leon at the North Church St. synagogue in 1902 which was how she came to retain the Swycher name. I have the fondest recollections of her. She was a most stately and good looking lady – nicknamed by her many cousins as 'the Duchess'. She was indeed very much a part of of Jewish Sheffield and its history.

One thing I found myself doing in association with my old friend and contemporary Myer Bloomberg in the interim which occurred when we were without a rabbi was to officiate at funerals, and even to-day although Rabbi Golomb has been here for over 4 years, and himself can and does deliver excellent hespeds, there are times when he will ask me to speak when the deceased has been someone of whom he has known little and where indeed as far as I was concerned it was an old friend.

An important job for the future will be the organisation of the Sheffield Jewish Communal Archives. We already have a room – the Doncaster room – for this purpose at Wilson Rd., and I have already obtained funds from the Hyman Winstone Foundation for the purchase of suitable filing equipment. John Samuels who has been looking after the archives until now, is gathering together a team of interested people including Neville Ballin who himself has done much communal research, and indeed is a notable local historian.

So the pattern of local activities continue with Rosemary as well, as active as ever with her efforts on behalf of WIZO. Despite the passing of time, we still look forward to remaining active members of this very live community of Sheffield for many years to come.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS IN SHEFFIELD & DISTRICT OVER 200 YEARS 1790 – 1990

Over a period of some 65 years, much of my life has been involved with Watchmakers and Jewellers, meeting many of them at the Julius Isaacs Material Counter, in the Showroom, or in their own shops. In consequence, I came to know a good deal about their activities and their way of life.

My particular interest in the writing of this chapter has taken me back some 200 years in the Sheffield and District area, and whilst I can hardly claim personal experiences over the whole of that period, I can certainly do so over almost three generations.

I am indebted to the research of Ian Wright, Chairman of the Sheffield Branch of the BHI, for his list of watchmakers of the period as well as his articles on J. G. Graves, to which I have been able to add my own personal experiences. I have felt that the story of quite a colourful period of life in this area of a particular trade, should be recorded, and I am glad I found the opportunity to do so.

Perhaps because I had done a great deal of research on the history of the Jews of Sheffield, I became especially aware of how many Jews there were who traded as Watchmakers & Jewellers in Sheffield over the period in question. We begin with the Bright brothers, Isaac and Philip, who came to Sheffield from Portugal in 1786. Isaac opened premises first at 85 Waingate and then in Market Place and traded there as a Watchmaker and Jeweller. He operated his business under the name of John Bright, and the possibility that he bought the business under that name and then took Bright as his own name is feasible.

Isaac Bright became prominent in Masonic Circles, being Treasurer of the Royal Brunswick Lodge. His younger brother Philip, who worked with him initially, eventually left to establish his own business in Doncaster. Philip acquired the skill and reputation which made him the leading Watchmaker and Jeweller in Doncaster, and in Weston Park Museum Sheffield there is a very fine Verge watch in a silver case which bears the Birmingham Hall Mark of 1813 and the name Philip Bright,

Doncaster.

To revert to Isaac Bright, he eventually left Sheffield and settled in Leamington Spa leaving the business to his two sons Maurice and Selim who in 1837 were shown as being in partnership and trading as Bright & Sons, Watchmakers & Jewellers, Silversmiths & Cutlers at 20 Market Place and also in Buxton, Buxton being where Selim Bright lived. Maurice Bright played an active part in civic affairs and represented St. Peter's Ward as a councillor.

A Benjamin Polak traded as a Watchmaker and Jeweller in the early 1800's and in 1807 had his mark registered at the Sheffield Assay Office.

Isaac Moss came to Sheffield from Grodno in Russian Poland in 1824 as a young man and a trained watchmaker. By 1845 he was in business in a substantial way as a Watchmaker, Jeweller & Silversmith at Bank Buildings, Angel Street. He is recorded as being a generous benefactor to Sheffield Infirmary, The Womens' Hospital, Cherry Tree Orphanage and both the boys and girls Choir School as well as to the Jewish Community.

In 1848, Maurice Bright died, and the business, which was then at 54 High Street, was closed by his oldest son Frederick who transferred the business to Scarborough where he lived with his mother and seven brothers and sisters. As a matter of interest the business of Brights at Scarborough was eventually sold to H. L. Brown & Son of whom more later.

In 1849 another young man came from abroad – Aaron Marks, already a Watchmaker and Jeweller, and opened premises at 21 Fargate. He prospered and is shown as being a generous benefactor of both Jewish and non-Jewish charities, as well as being head of the local community. Perhaps of particular interest as far as Aaron Marks was concerned, was his nephew Samuel, who came to Sheffield as a young man in 1865 to join his uncle, but decided in 1868 to go to South Africa, where he became not only very successful financially but also politically. The armistice between the Boers and the British was signed in his home in 1902, and in 1910 he became a Senator in the first Parliament. His philanthropic contributions to charitable causes in South Africa became legendary. A few years ago a grand-daughter of Samuel Marks came over from South Africa to see me, as Samuel Marks, 15 years after leaving Sheffield had come back to marry a Sheffield girl who he had met here. She was the daughter of another Watchmaker and Jeweller, Tobias Guttman who, in 1856 was in business at 22 High Street with his brother. My visitor wanted to see the graves of her Guttman great-grandparents who were buried at

the Jewish cemetery at Ecclesfield. I was glad to be able to take her there. In 1861 H. L. Brown arrived in Sheffield as a young man from Warsaw to escape the persecutions there at that time. He had introductions here because the business in Warsaw to which he had been apprenticed dealt in Sheffield goods. He initially did not set up as a Watchmaker and Jeweller, but obtained employment as a clerk and began selling watches to his workmates. He eventually opened his own business as a Watchmaker and Jeweller and in 1872 is shown as having his business at 24 Angel Street. The story of H. L. Brown could warrant an article of its own. Suffice to say that the business prospered. H. L. Brown was philanthropic as well as being a successful man, and the business, which is still in the hands of his family, has remained an important member of the trade, especially in Sheffield. It is interesting to note that it was not only Jews who came from abroad to set up businesses as Watchmakers and Jewellers in Sheffield but a number of non-Jewish ones too.

In particular, I would refer to W. Wichman who came from Hanover in Germany in the 1870's and opened a business in Gibraltar Streer to which in 1879 J. G. Graves was apprenticed.

J. G. Graves is, without question, the most famous of Sheffield watchmakers and as a philanthropist he was outstanding. His story was serialised in the Horological Journal a short while ago, but of him I would add my own experiences. He was a little older than my father of whom I will tell more later, but they became friends, the business becoming important customers of the Julius Isaacs business. When I eventually went 'on the road' I used to visit the J. G. Graves Buying Office which became one of my favourite calls. In 1932, when the Great Synagogue in Wilson Road was opened Alderman J. G. Graves was one of the guests of honour. Of the many watchmakers he employed, a number eventually set up their own businesses, but aside from his achievements in marketing watches and clocks, he also had a Gramophone Dept. and I well recall the man in charge of that department, a Scotsman by the name of Pozzi, who was a regular visitor to our Material Dept. for gramophone springs. The fitting of a new spring into the barrel of a gramophone could be quite a dangerous operation and I would marvel at the way in which an expert clockmaker could perform this operation. If one was not expert, damage to one's person could be untold.

Earlier I had referred to my father – he had come to Sheffield in 1890, but had arrived in England in 1886 as a young man with some experience as a Watchmaker and joined his older brother, also a watchmaker, in Leeds.

After a short while with his brother, and then with Greenwoods in Leeds, he decided to come to Sheffield, where he had a friend, Meyer Cantor who had come with him to England from his home town of Vystitis. In 1890 he began at Silver Street Head as a Watchmaker to the trade and a supplier of materials, moving to 5 Paradise Square, which is shown in the Sheffield street directories of the time as being his business address in 1896. Those premises are still there and from their appearance, I doubt whether they have changed much from my father's time. Just as the story of H. L. Brown could warrant an article on its own, so could the development of Julius Isaacs & Co. Indeed, the story of how Julius Isaacs & Co. grew to become a major force in the trade is related elsewhere.

I now move to the period of which I have personal recollections. I joined our business in 1925, at the age of 15, and at that stage began my apprenticeship encompassing bench work and counter work. By the time I was 18 however, I was becoming restless, and after much effort I persuaded my father to buy a car with which I could travel. I eventually agreed with my father that I should be inside and out alternate weeks, which gave me the opportunity of keeping a close watch on what was happening both inside and 'on the road'. There was no better way of gaining experience than that, especially as I was able to couple it with visits to Switzerland, France, Germany and the U.S.A. in which countries most of our suppliers were to be found.

It is fascinating to recall the number of watchmakers I could visit in Sheffield and district. Let us take Division Street/Devonshire Street as an example where, to-day, there is at present only one small jeweller. In the 1930's I could start with the business of W. Morris who was more of a fancy goods shop than a jeweller, then to A. Massie, who had been a watchmaker with J. Thorneloe, further up the street. Then to McKenzies who had been pawnbrokers, but now had a varied business, which included a good watch and clock section, then to J. Thorneloe, who like his former employee, A. Massie, was an excellent watchmaker. Then up to J. Hurst and Son who were pawnbrokers, but sold watches and clocks, and finally to Mrs. Yance, who sadly was killed in her shop, where she lived on the premises, during the blitz. She had a beautifully kept shop where her nephew, Mr. Lancaster, was the watchmaker. It was also one of my favourite calls, and it was a tragedy to see how it all came to an end. A similar scene was along West Bar to Turners, pawnbrokers, watchmakers and jewellers to Gibraltar Street, and Senior Bros., who were also pawnbrokers and jewellers with a busy shop, then to Meadow Street

where Hudsons, another pawnbrokers, also sold clocks and watches, on to Netherthorpe Place where little Mr. Shaw, whose wife had been a Miss Whiting – a well known family of watchmakers – had a small but very prosperous shop. Two doors away was another working watchmaker by the name of Kirner on whom I did not call, but who was regularly at our Material Counter. From Netherthorpe Place to St. Phillips Road where George Culley had a good watch and clock business. A few doors from him was Shirtcliffes – pawnbrokers, who sold watches and clocks – Mr. Shirtcliffe had been an old J. G. Graves employee, as had many of the watchmakers who were now our individual customers.

From there to Upperthorpe where Cartledge Bros., yet another firm of pawnbrokers, also sold watches and clocks and from there back on to Langsett Road to Fieldsends – Pawnbrokers, and Jewellers, onto Mrs. Crowther who sold carpets, but watches and clocks too and then to Laycocks (Keith Laycock's father) who had a small repair shop. Down to Unwins, also pawnbrokers with a good watch and clock window, then to Holme Lane where Tilsleys – a family of watchmakers had their business. Further along Holme Lane to Greaves & Son, where Bernard Greaves, who was a watchmaker like his father, became a well known optician as did his sister Vera, whilst Bernard's son, Desmond, became a famous Harley Streer ophthalmic surgeon. Returning to Middlewood /Hillsborough Corner one came to Parkers, one of the few of all the businesses which is still where it was, a little higher up was Veritys who were excellent watchmakers, but whose sales were small. Further up the road and round the corner near the Wednesday Football Ground was Binks on Catch Bar Lane, who was a regular Thursday morning customer in the showroom and would just receive a courtesy call from me.

The centre of the city presented an interesting picture. In Market Place stood a prominent business by the name of Beal – established in the 1850's, and in the 1930's run by two ladies – a Miss Renton and a Mrs. Cooke. The property and the business were eventually sold for development. Miss Renton retired, but Mrs. Cooke opened a business in Fulwood which was very successful. She was subsequently joined by her son Horace who had been working in Canada as a watchmaker. Across the road from Beals was Bell Bros. – a subsidiary of H. L. Browns which was destroyed in the 'blitz' – lower down the street was Bortners, and then returning to High Street one came to two H. Samuel shops – for a short while a shop of James Walkers – the Sheffield Goldsmiths – Pleasance & Son in Fargate, and H. L. Browns. Continuing along to Pinstone Street one

came to Stonefields, Jones in Cambridge Arcade, S. J. Myers who sold his double fronted shop to Woolworths for their new store and retired to Blackpool. He subsequently opened a shop in Blackpool which became another of my popular calls. From S. J. Myers, but lower down on the same side of the Moor was Eberlins, and on the other side of the road Varahs. If one returned via Union Street and Norfolk Street one came to Vickers' who were pawnbrokers and jewellers, Bruce and Co. who were watchmakers and jeweller as were Lewis's lower down the street, and then along Change Alley to Burrell's, who aside from having an up market watch and clock business, also eventually built a modern factory for the production of timing equipment and were pioneers in electronics.

The Wicker, Spital Hill, Attercliffe and on to Rotherham all had their interesting characters. Nixons the Wicker who were Jewellers, Watchmakers and Pawnbrokers was owned by Tom Nixon who had a very efficient and charming lady assistant. They were substantial buyers from us, and amongst their frequent purchases was a case of 100 Haller 'Baby' alarms at the keenly competitive price of 2/3d to be retailed at 2/11d. Alec Bools, who was with us for 50 years, when a boy used to wheel the case down to the Wicker from Button Lane on a sack barrow and be rewarded with 6d. by Mr. Nixon.

Across the road was Henry Wood also pawnbrokers and jewellers as well as selling watches and clocks. Their business was more varied than Nixons as they had a clothing and carpet section too. They were however, not at all prompt with their payments, and it was not until son Ronnie Wood – a self-taught watchmaker came into the business after the war that the pattern changed, and it became a very successful business where it was a pleasure to call.

Ronnie – a contemporary of mine – who retired some years ago, passed away recently, but I used to meet him frequently as he lived near me, and we would reminisce jokingly of the old days. R. & J. Shaw – Spital Hill, again pawnbrokers, sold watches and clocks in considerable quantities, and it was one of my most popular and friendly calls. There were many customers on Attercliffe Road. With two shops was Percy Senior Ltd. one of which was almost entirely given over to watches, clocks and jewellery and is still an active business under the control of Reg Senior, a grandson of the founder. Reg Senior, a few years younger than me, a wartime Lt. Commander, trained as a watchmaker as well as being involved in electronics and he again is one with whom I am able to reminisce of the old days when I used to sell him Roskopf pocket watches

for 1/4½d to retail at 1/11d or maybe 2/6d complete with a chain. At the corner of Attercliffe Road and Staniforth Road was Arthur Jarman who had a well stocked jewellers shop, he himself being a watchmaker, and along Attercliffe Road was Sol Caplan – a quiet self effacing watchmaker who seemed to be plagued with misfortunes, but somehow survived his vicissitudes. On the opposite side of the road were two pawnbrokers and jewellers – Mathers – who only had a small business in watches and clocks, and Naylors who made a feature of them, whilst further along on the same side but on Attercliffe Common was R. H. Shaw and Son again pawnbrokers, but with a good watch and clock business. Indeed they were amongst the first of our customers to take up Summit watches in a substantial way and were very successful with them. From there on to Rotherham where the first port of call was Smith Bros. in Market Place – a bright well stocked shop run by the two Smith Bros, who were watchmakers and who eventually parted company. When the brother who remained, who was a bachelor, died, the business was inherited by the Rising family, and Phil Rising who had entered the business about the same time as I had entered ours, found himself with the responsibility of running it at a comparatively early age. We became close friends, just as the two Smith Bros. had been with my father, and Smith Bros. remained throughout Phil's lifetime important customers. Phil, who was a champion swimmer, made a name for himself by swimming the English Channel both ways and was in constant demand as a speaker on his swimming exploits.

Round the corner from Smith Bros. was the business of Syd Wright in Church Street. Syd Wright. a bachelor, was a good watchmaker, but I never understood how he could work with a cigarette almost invariably in his mouth with the ash ready to fly into the movement he had just cleaned. His sister, who was a spinster, looked after the running of the shop, and I could always be assured of a good order when I called, especially if Syd, who liked to back horses as a sideline had had a successful day. Occasionally Syd would come to see us at Button Lane, and when he did he would invariably take my father on one side and tell him to back a certain horse the next day, which my father, who also liked the occasional flutter, would do, with on occasion, satisfactory results.

From Syd's shop I would make my way to Frederick Street to the shop of Herbert Brown & Sons, pawnbrokers who were a multiple concern with shops all over the area. The Rotherham shop had a good section for watches and clocks as did all the Brown shops. The managers were the

buyers for their own shops, and Frederick Street was a very good one for us.

Round the corner to Effingham Street where there was yet another firm of pawnbrokers etc. Fosters, also customers, and across the road Cliff Henderson who had originally had his business in a residential area, but when he moved to Effingham Street opened a well stocked watch and clock shop. He himself was a good watchmaker and amongst other things we used to supply him with special high quality stop watches. Cliff was a keen cyclist and sold the stop watches to the major cycling organisations in this country, and was himself responsible on occasions for the timing at various sporting events.

Then on to Lowes which was a magnificent shop run by the Lowe family. They were good customers, and had an excellent workshop where the head watchmaker was the older of the Whiting brothers alongside whom Norman Churchill also worked. In our workshop in Sheffield we employed George Whiting who was a younger brother of the one at Lowes, and because George, who had begun life with Lowes, wanted to go and work alongside his brother again we swapped him for Norman Churchill, which was how Norman came to us some 40 years ago. Terry Kimber, who had been an apprentice with us at the time also went to Lowes.

From Lowes, I would go first to Scotts in Wellgate who were watchmakers, then to Kendrick Fieldsends in High Street who were pawnbrokers, but had an an excellent watch and jewellery section, whilst across the road was Masons who were the oldest established firm of Watchmakers in the area, the business having been established in 1697. The business is run these days by Jeremy Mason, a descendant of the founder, and the watchmaker they have had there for years, is an old Julius Isaacs apprentice trained by Norman.

As a last call in Rotherham there was Whittakers on the road back to Sheffield, who were pawnbrokers with a good watch and clock business, and for good measure, as I came to Tinsley, Eglens who again were pawnbrokers selling watches and clocks in Upwell Street. How things have changed – now there are only one or two pawnbrokers in Sheffield altogether. I should really have extended my Rotherham activities to Parkgate where there were two pawnbrokers, both of whom were good customers although opposite one another, one of the shops being another Herbert Brown branch, and the other an independent pawnbroker by the name of Mason. Further up the street was B. Frost a small watchmaker, and nearby another watchmaker who was a brother of Cliff Henderson – both customers too.

Some years earlier there had been a watchmaker in Rawmarsh by the name of Turner who had retired, but whose two sons established two first class engineering businesses in Sheffield, the one with which I had close connections being that of Pneumatic Components Ltd. founded originally in John Street by Harry Turner who I came to know well. It was through Harry Turner that in 1939 Julius Isaacs & Co. became involved in the manufacture of aircraft components, but that and the war years are a story of their own. Suffice it to say that throughout the war and for some time afterwards, we worked under Air Ministry approval producing continually, despite the blitz, a wide variety of small components to fine limits which found their way onto almost every British aircraft.

Although not watchmakers, reference should be made to Wilson Tupholme Ltd. of Pitsmoor who had a large warehouse with a sizeable department selling watches and clocks where we were major suppliers. The reason for their inclusion in this talk is because Bert Tupholme, the Managing Director was himself a very capable horologist who built up a collection of interesting clocks which are now on permanent loan to the City in the Weston Park Museum and are well worth a visit.

When Bert Tupholme, who was a contemporary and a friend of my father, retired, I used to visit him from time to time and find him busy in his beautifully equipped workshop engaged in repairing a new addition he had discovered in some antique shop.

No story of the watchmakers of Sheffield would be complete without reference to W. J. Shaw, 21 Meadowhead, the first President of this Branch. He was a a meticulous watchmaker who enjoyed doing difficult work. Visiting him in his workshop, which I did occasionally, was an experience. There was also A. Rasmussen – a Swede, with a high pitched voice and fractured English, who had been a watchmaker with H. L. Browns, and then opened his own business on Ecclesall Road, and Raymond Beazley at Sharrow Lane, whose business after the blitz, was taken over by Sermins whose own business in Watson's Walk had been destroyed in the blitz.

Additionally I should mention the old established business of Osbert Skinner in Ecclesall Road with whose son Ernest I was at King Edward VII School. Ernest eventually joined the business and ran it successfully until his retirement.

I should also mention the watch and clock department of the Sheffield and Ecclesall Co-operative Society well managed by a watchmaker by the name of Cross.

Another business – that of A. E. Bray on Sharrow Vale Road was one where the son was one of my school mates at K.E.S. He chose not to become a watchmaker, and A. E. Bray sold the business and the property and retired.

I should also mention the watchmakers I remember who were in our employ over the years some of whom were colourful characters. Amongst those I recall was one, who when I was a schoolboy would come to our house to see to a grandfather clock we had in the hall with a Westminster Chime movement, which my young sister and I used to like to play with, thoroughly upsetting the chiming mechanism. My father would send him to see to it, and he would take the opportunity also of giving us a pianoforte recital. He was an excellent pianist, and as a sideline he played in public houses, which however, was his downfall as he would drink to excess – usually failing to turn up for work on a Monday, and then on Tuesday would already be subbing from my father against his next week's wages. He died at an early age from the effects of his drinking habits.

A much more sober personality was Walter Bird, who was apprenticed to my father, becoming a first class watchmaker. He subsequently opened his own business in Fulwood, eventually rejoining us in 1925 to go on the road as a representative where he was very successful, and in which capacity he continued until the outbreak of war, when his considerable abilities as a watchmaker were harnessed to our activities of manufacturing aircraft components.

Norman Allen – a clockmaker – was also an interesting personality. He had been apprenticed to the firm of Shindlers in Fulwood, and joined us as a clockmaker after the first world war. He was a slow but meticulous worker, and he never could adapt himself to the pressures of casing up strikes and chimes when we were buying movements and cases etc. and doing our own assembly. In London the rate was 6d for casing a strike and 1/-d for a chime. Our costs with Norman were at least treble, and eventually we had the assembly done in London, and left Norman to do the jobs where his ways would pay off.

Another personality was Bill Garrett – a Cockney originating from Brighton who used to work for us when we were in Snig Hill three days a week and for Eatons the pawnbrokers and jewellers across the road for the rest of the week. Eatons who were pawnbrokers with a high class jewellery business had a large number of repairs because of the watches they took into pledge. The arrangement worked well until we moved to Button Lane when Bill Garrett bought a business in Abbeydale Road from

which he continued to work for us as a trade repairer for many years.

He had a daughter who married a Sheffield man who bought an established jewellers business on London Road, which his wife Mrs. Minott – ran very successfully for a number of years until the death of her husband when she decided to find a manager for the business, and went back to Brighton where she had been born. At the same time as Bill Garrett was with us we had a second watchmaker by the name of Harry Bayman – another good man who eventually set up his own business in Broomhill. It was after Harry Bayman that Harold Singleton joined us. Harold came from a large family of which he was the youngest. One of his sisters was married to a watchmaker, H. Allen on Ecclesall Road to whom Harold was apprenticed.

Allen was an excellent watchmaker, but old fashioned in that he did not like to be disturbed by a customer who might, or might not, want to buy something, and he left that side of the business to his wife – Harold's sister. He trained Harold well, and when Mrs. Allen asked my father if we could give Harold a job, we did so without hesitation. Harold was first class at his work, and he remained with us some 40 years retiring eventually to live with his wife in Lincolnshire. When his wife passed away he went to live near his daughter in sheltered accommodation in Woking. I kept in regular contact with him and he remained active almost until he passed away at the age of 92.

All that I have related is truly of a bygone age, but one which I am glad that I had the good fortune to experience and survive to tell the story.

KELHAM ISLAND
March 31st, 1996

The Sheffield Industrial Museum at Kelham Island is the result of the efforts of a group of Sheffield industrialists to ensure that the history of Sheffield as a once important heavily industrialised city should not be forgotten.

Sheffield became famous for its steel which resulted in it becoming the centre of the heavy armaments industry, as well as acquiring a world wide reputation for the excellence of its cutlery. Watchmaking was not one of its major industries, yet the Julius Isaacs & Co. workshops in their way played an important part in furthering the war effort 1939–1945.

One of those workshops is a feature of 'Sheffield Street' at the museum – a street made up of workshops featuring traditional Sheffield trades. In the Julius Isaacs workshop is to be seen one of the several Pultra small bench capstan lathes which formed the backbone of the production machinery used in the manufacture of hundreds of thousands of finely machined parts which were made for a variety of aircraft instruments. Another exhibit is a typical Lorch watchmakers lathe operated by a treadle, of which several similar were in use, these all motorised. The third lathe on show is a Boley & Leinan clockmaker's lathe which I had acquired from a customer in Boston who had no use for it, and which we subsequently used in the production of some most intricate parts.

The manufacturers of Pultra lathes had only set up their factory in Manchester shortly before the outbreak of war, but the know how which they had brought with them from Germany from where they had been driven out by the Nazis, proved to be invaluable to the war effort in this country.

In addition to these small precision lathes, we had in use for larger items which had to be machined to very fine limits a No. 1 Herbert made by Alfred Herbert Ltd. of Coventry, and a Taylor from Birmingham on both of which one could produce excellent work. These lathes coupled with surface grinders and milling machines made us into a very self contained factory, in very unusual surroundings – namely the house at 15, Montgomery Rd. in which we had lived.

We worked as sub-contractors to the Dunlop Rim and Wheel Co. Ltd.

of Coventry. General Electric in Birmingham, Ferranti at Hollinwood, Dowty Equipment in Cheltenham, and Smiths at Cricklewood. For GEC. we made several parts for an aerial camera motor, for Ferranti bearings for a gyro compass as well as items for some of the first radar equipment, whilst for the Dunlop Rim & Wheel Co. Ltd, for their brake landing gear, we produced a large number of parts. That landing gear was fitted to almost every British aircraft, and it made us very much aware of the importance of the work we were doing. We came under the umbrella of the Air Ministry Inspection Directorate, and we achieved a high reputation for the quality of our work none of which was at any time rejected.

Recently we added to the workshop a figure of a seated watchmaker. To do this, the service manager of Julius Isaacs & Co. Norman Churchill who had worked with the company as a senior watchmaker for some 40 years came down to Kelham Island so that he could be photographed as the model for the figure we wanted to have made. The result has been most effective and lifelike, and made the exhibit even more of interest.

We would hope to see this workshop as one of the attractions of Kelham Island for many years to come.

Appended to this chapter is an article from the Sheffield Star when the workshop was officially opened together with a photograph of some of those who were part of the Julius Isaacs scene during the war, and although many years have passed since then are fortunately still around.

Flying in the face of Hitler



Family at war: from left, Ann Jones, Vera Stubbs, Edward and Rosemary Isaacs and Gertie McGaffin, who worked together at a disguised factory in Nether Edge

Family at war meet again

HITLER blitzed their factory . . . but he could not stop the workers of Julius Isaacs and Co, who built parts for almost every British warplane.

Bombed out of premises in Sheffield city centre they set up a disguised factory in the boss's house in Montgomery Road, Nether Edge.



The way they were: some of the Julius Isaacs staff at work in the city centre factory which was later bombed

Former workers got together half a century on to have another look at their lathes, which turned out parts for wheel brakes, gyroscopes and airborne camera motors.

The equipment is on display at Kelham Island Museum in a watchmaker's workshop, which is a permanent exhibition.

Edward Isaacs, aged 83, who in 1984 retired as managing director of the company set up by his father, was among the visitors.

Disguised

"Almost every British plane which flew in the Second World War had one of our parts in it," he said.

"My wife and I spent the first weeks of our married life in just one room of the house, because the disguised factory had been set up there.

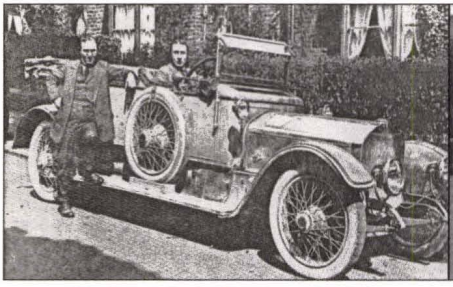
"There was heavy machinery in the cellar kitchen and other machines on all the floors," he added.

Vera Stubbs, of Batemoor, was one of the war-time workers. She said: "It is marvellous to see it again, it brings back many happy memories."

Ann Jones, now of Hoyland, near Barnsley, said: "It was very tedious, exacting work. But we were like a family, a good team, and we still are."

CARS

One of the most popular chapters in 'All in a Lifetime' proved to be the chapter on cars in part because so many of the readers were of a generation which could recall the cars to which I had referred, and may well have driven similar cars. Whatever the reason, I am appending this short chapter because I recently came across this wonderful photograph of the Armstrong-Whitworth belonging to Abe and Reuben Swycher in which I used to ride from time to time in the early 1920's together with my close friend Frank Swycher. Seated at the wheel is 'Uncle Reuben', whilst standing proudly on the running board is 'Uncle Abe' – both



Reuben and Abe Swycher with their Armstrong-Whitworth – 1921



Teddy Isaacs with his Austin 16, at Gleneagles 1934

bachelors – Reuben a somewhat severe personality, but Abe full of fun when Frank and I used to call in at Clarke Square on our walk back from the synagogue in North Church St on Saturday mornings. That car was a very up-market example of cars of the period, and compared very favourably with the Sheffield Simplex. Of this car there is also a photograph with me standing beside it taken at the Kelham Island Transport exhibition of cars produced in Sheffield. The car belongs to Norman Adsetts which he loaned to Kelham Island for the exhibition. It is in pristine condition and a wonderful example of a very fine motor car of its time.

Since my last book, I personally have only had one new car. My 4.2 Jaguar which was new in Dec. 1983 I kept for 7 years, during which time I covered some 65,000 miles completely trouble free. However, I decided to change it for a 3.6 Sovereign which is my current car and if it does not

have the performance of the old 4.2 is certainly much more economical and I have been amazed to find that on the runs we make to London we can average 28 mpg. at a steady 70 mph. With a mileage which is only just now reaching 40,000, I intend to keep it yet a while perhaps to await the arrival of a smaller Jaguar in due course.

Meanwhile as far as Rosemary's car is concerned, her 12 year old Acclaim finally reached the stage that whilst mechanically perfect and with only 30,000 miles on the clock, the body work although being regularly painted began to wear thin, and we decided to change it. The problem was to find something which was acceptable to Rosemary who wanted the equivalent of her old car with just the addition of power steering, and that was just not to be found. We ended up by buying a K registered Honda ESI automatic which had done 19,000 with one owner – a beautiful looking car which was much admired. It had one big fault as far as I was concerned – because of it being an ESI it was placed in category 14 for insurance purposes, and I initially found that it was costing me more to insure than my Jaguar.

Rosemary found that whilst it handled easily, and had much more power that her old Acclaim, the rear design of the body made it difficult to get the car our of the garage and reverse down the drive. Additionally the car was slightly wider than the previous one, and that made for difficulties for me to get my Jaguar in and out of the garage. After 12 months, we changed the Honda for an N registered Daihatsu Charade 4 door automatic, which had been a demonstration car and had covered only 7000 miles, and with this car we are both delighted. The insurance category is back to normal, the car is just that little less wide than the Honda, and overall has a very lively performance. We look forward to this car giving us several years of trouble free running. With an annual mileage of less than 3000 miles it should do so.

From the business angle I continued to find myself being called upon to negotiate deals for the representatives who still came under the Julius Isaacs & Co. umbrella, and for John Pickard I purchased a series of Montegos which was very reliable, but had a poor second hand value. When John Pickard decided to become self employed, he also decided he did not want the Montego he had been driving, and it was disappointing to see the relatively low figure his car achieved in the trade admittedly with a high mileage, but in very good condition.

More successful were the deals I could do for Gus Fyne who liked to change his car yearly, and for whom the Vauxhall Cavalier was an ideal

car. However, when the price of that model jumped quite considerably, Gus was quite happy to have the slightly smaller Astra which proved to be very adequate for the work he was doing. At 86, Gus is still going strong as a traveller going out on Mondays and Tuesdays and sometimes Thursdays to see old friends in the trade who continue to be very happy to see him, and give him orders. One day he will have to call a halt to his activities, but in the meantime so long as he can carry on without hassle, that is fine.

With one of the other travellers Tony Gannen, I had a new experience. When he joined us he had been used to driving a Diesel engine because of its economy and because he was covering some 50,000 miles in a year. He suggested I obtain for him a Citroen Diesel which I was able to do very successfully within the limits of the money I had to spend. That car was indeed a remarkable one. After covering 100,000 miles with it, Tony Gannon wanted to change it for an Audi Diesel which I was able to do for him again very advantageously. The Citroen had been absolutely trouble free, and it certainly introduced me to a form of motoring which was quite new to me, and obviously with many good features.

The only other deal with which I have been involved was to purchase a Vauxhall 1.8 automatic with power steering for my daughter Jill in London which has so far covered 40,000 miles, is ideal for motor way driving as well as London traffic, and remarkably economical.

Whilst I have just said that this was the only other deal with which I have been involved, my grandson Robert Shaw did seek my help when he wanted to buy a new car, and I was delighted to be able to achieve an exceptional deal for him in the purchase of a 306 Peugeot with which he has been delighted.

I am glad to have been able to retain my interest in cars, and look forward to continuing to do so even if I find myself to-day beginning to drive less and less, and being quite happy to leave the car in the garage and take the bus there and back to town – something that I would have thought myself never being willing to do. How things change.

SYNAGOGUES AROUND THE WORLD

Amongst the many appreciative comments I received after the publication of 'All in a Lifetime' in 1984 were suggestions of what I should include if I ever wrote an updated edition. One of those suggestions was that I should write about the many synagogues which we have visited all over the world. Having listed the places at which we have spent a Shabbat, and attended a synagogue, it was obvious to me that I could do no more than make a selection from our experiences. I had already written of how we had fared in Hong Kong, Tokio, and Kingston Jamaica. I do however, have more than enough material to fill a sizeable chapter, and I am beginning on – August 23rd 1987 in Vevey on a very wet Sunday afternoon, and where on Shabbat we had visited the beautiful little synagogue attached to the Old age home at Les Bergues du Leman.

The home had been a sizeable hotel, and was purchased after World War 2 with reparations from Germany, becoming a home for 100 victims of Nazi concentration camp atrocities who had managed to survive. The synagogue – an orthodox one – with its beautiful stained glass windows, and simple yet attractive lay-out was built subsequently, and is well used. I read the Haftara in a congregation largely made up of men and women in wheel chairs, with a chazan who had himself suffered severely at the hands of the Nazis. It was indeed a salutary experience, but an occasion which in itself was was a most rewarding one.

Now having started this chapter in Switzerland, I will continue with some of our experiences there, not the least of which have been the many times we have davened at Kahn's Hotel in Grindelwald, and where on one memorable occasion the upper floor of the hotel had been taken over completely by an ultra religious group from Antwerp who had their own rabbi with them and made their own minyan. It was an off season time, and in our synagogue we could only muster 9 people. With great reluctance the other group allowed one of their members to join us, but I recall that he stood in the doorway most of the time more as an observer than a participant.

On another occasion we were at an hotel in Locarno owned by an Chassidische family from Lugano who on Shabbat made up a fascinating minyan of streimel, kapote, and white stockinged worshippers. I was

certainly almost the odd man out – the other was another clean shaven man normally dressed, who seemed to be around my age, to whom I spoke. To my surprise he turned out to be an orthodox rabbi from Chicago, about to retire and considering Locarno for the benefit of his wife's health. He was Rabbi Harold Smith, a well known personality in Chicago and who was very cogniscent of the activities of my cousin Joseph Bachrach, Librarian of the Hebrew Theological College of the city. Elsewhere, I have davened in the synagogue in Biel where the rabbi arranged a minyan for me when I had jahrzeit which included two watch manufacturers with whom I subsequently did business. On another occasion I actually interviewed the rabbi there on behalf of the Sheffield community as he had applied for the position, at that time vacant, to be the rabbi of our congregation. For another jahrzeit I davened at the famous synagogue in Leimanstrasse Basle which Herzl had attended on the occasion of the Basle Congress in 1897.

We have attended both the Löwenstrasse and Freigutstrasse synagogues in Zurich on a number of occasions, one occasion being Tisch B'Ab at Löwenstrasse where I was impressed by the size of the congregation.

When Jill was about to become a student at Geneva University, I came with her to meet the Goldschmidt family with whom she was to stay. We attended the main Askenazi synagogue over which Rabbi Dr. Saffran held sway – a very attractive synagogue where I was quite at home. Less so at the minyan for mincha and maariv to which I went with Dr. Alex Goldschmidt – a stiebel – where the congregation had a great similarity to the one in Locarno.

In contrast at the synagogue in Lausanne congregants arrived on Shabbat morning with their newspapers and brief cases. At least they helped to make up a sparse minyan in what is a traditional synagogue. Baden and St. Gallen have provided additional Swiss experience as well as the old age home in Davos. Elsewhere in Europe, the synagogues we attended in Luxembourg, Strasbourg, Amsterdam, Copenhagen and Florence have all been most impressive. That in Luxembourg where I read the haftara was a beautiful post war building. Here we were guests for lunch at the home of Rabbi Dr. Bulz and his wife who were most friendly and hospitable.

In Strasbourg, the main synagogue is part of a community complex which also houses a kosher restaurant at which we were able to arrange Shabbat meals. It was here that we met Judge Aron Owen and his wife and son for the first time, subsequently meeting them again elsewhere in

Europe and in London at meetings of the Jewish Historical Society and of the Council of Christians & Jews.

The main synagogue in Copenhagen at 12, Krystal-gave has a special seat for the King of Denmark for his visits from time to time. We attended a service not only on Shabbat for also for Tisch B'Ab and where the voice of the Chazan was both plaintive and haunting. It was in Copenhagen that on Shabbat we ate at the home of a Mrs. Apelt a very charming elderly lady who provided most excellent meals. In the afternoon we were guests of Rabbi Dr. Melchior – father of the present Rabbi Dr. Bent Melchior who we also knew from the days when he was a student at Jews' College.

The Joachimstraat synagogue in Amsterdam, a fine building, and a service akin to ours in Sheffield, the Florence synagogue, a truly beautiful structure built to harmonise with the surrounding buildings of an earlier period both provided memorable visits.

Attending the beautiful restored synagogue in Seitsttengasse in Vienna provided us with impressive services both on Friday evening and Shabbat morning. We had arranged to eat at the nearby kosher restaurant for which I had paid for the meals beforehand, and on coming out of the synagogue on Friday evening I was approached by an American couple who asked if I knew where they might be able to find a kosher meal that evening. I suggested they accompany us feeling sure that the proprietor would accept our surety that payment would be made after Shabbat. He requested however, that the wife of the couple should leave her wedding ring to ensure that they would return to pay which she declined to do, and they left. The proprietor explained to us that he had acted in this way because of the number of people who did not return to pay after Shabbat. This surprised us, but of course it is a problem.

A short while after our visit to this synagogue which had been so beautifully refurbished, there was a bomb incident when there was a barmitzvah, and a number of people were injured. It was our good fortune not to be there that Shabbat, but it confirmed to us the strange feeling we had in Vienna that anti-semitism there was far from being a thing of the past.

Our regular visits to USA and Canada over the last 30 years invariably involved us in spending a Shabbat in some location where there was a Jewish community. In New York, we were almost invariably at the 5th. Avenue orthodox synagogue with lunch subsequently with Rabbi Dr. Nissan and Rywka Shulman during the time that Rabbi Shulman was the rabbi of that synagogue. They subsequently moved to Sydney and then to

the St. John's Wood synagogue in London and finally back to New York. They have visited us in Sheffield and we have remained in friendly contact with them over all the years.

The Touro synagogue at Newport Rhode Island left an indelible memory. This beautiful Colonial style building which had as its Rabbi when we were there – Rabbi Theodore Lewis – has been declared a national shrine by the US. government. The rabbi to whom I had written earlier of our proposed visit, insisted on our being his guests for all our Shabbat meals – a bachelor – one of his congregants had made herself responsible for the catering, but is was certainly an unusual experience. I read the haftora in this synagogue, and I found myself not only being complimented from the pulpit for the way I did it, but also being thanked by the rabbi for confirming to his congregation that the nusach I used, and which he also used, was not one of his own making.

When we were in British Columbia over a Shabbat, we davened on one occasion at the Oak St orthodox synagogue in Vancouver, where immediately we walked in I was directed to a front seat, whilst Rosemary went to a similar seat with the ladies on the same level but separated by a mechitza. We were guests of the congregation to a very nice lunch, and I was invited by the rabbi to lead the benching.

The following year we were again in British Columbia and decided to spend Shabbat on Vancouver Island, and go to the historic synagogue there. On this occasion we witnessed a strange barmitzvah, the grandfather of the boy we were told was an Indian chief – certainly a very imposing figure, and a unique barmitzvah at which we enjoyed the hospitality of the subsequent kiddush.

Shabbat in Charleston and at the orthodox synagogue had an interesting sequel. We were guests of the rabbi and his wife for lunch with a couple from Savannah. The rebbetsin apologised that one of her children had chicken pox, and she hoped we all had had it, which as it happened we had, and so we enjoyed the hospitality. Some years later we were able to remind Rabbi Gorelinsky of the instance when we met again at the wedding of the younger daughter of David & Cynthia Abrams, her husband being a nephew of Rabbi Gorelinsky.

Our experiences of shool going in Australia and New Zealand were many and varied. We have been twice at the Elizabeth St synagogue in Sydney, the first occasion being in 1978 when Lord and Lady Jakobovits were visiting, a visit to which I referred in detail in my previous book. We were there again in 1995 and were glad to renew our acquaintance with

Rabbi Raymond Apple and his wife at whose home we were guests for lunch. I had not needed to warn Mrs. Apple that I was a vegetarian – as indeed is her husband.

The synagogue in Brisbane, and the magnificent complex in Adelaide added to our experiences, but it was our stay in Perth in February 1995 where we were guests of Rabbi Freilich and his wife which quite overshadowed our experiences anywhere else. We were accommodated over Shabbat in a spacious bungalow in the grounds of the synagogue – used for special guests, and ate with the Freilichs who lived a short distance away. A large basket of fruit was in our kitchen, and the refrigerator was full of soft drinks. In the imposing synagogue itself, we were as happened in so many places, welcomed from the pulpit. I had an aliyah which again happened almost invariably wherever we have been, with the subsequent invariable donation to the synagogue which I am always very happy to make.

In New Zealand we have spent Shabbat in both Auckland and Wellington, and strangely enough Purim in Christchurch – the latter a strange coincidence especially in this very small community which is fighting for survival, but yet has recently moved to a most attractive communal complex having received a very substantial sum for the old synagogue which was in the centre of the city.

I would conclude by just referring to the synagogue in the Hilton Hotel in Tel Aviv were we have davened on so many occasions frequently arranging for our daughter Elizabeth, son in law Terry and their children Adam and Debbie to come and stay with us at the hotel over Shabbat. The shool is a well run one with its President Yehuda Fried and his colleagues conducting the proceedings in a most dignified manner. For many years the chazan was Rev. Joseph Cohen who on his retirement from the Finchley synagogue came to live in Tel Aviv and then for the next 20 years served as chazan and reader for the Hilton synagogue. I have read the haftara there on a number of occasions, and we are always made very welcome in this friendly synagogue which is undoubtedly one of the hotels important assets.

We look forward to being there from time to time for many years to come.

As I write this additional paragraph the last occasion we were in Israel – January 1996 we spent Shabbat with Elizabeth and Terry in Ra-annana going to the synagogue of which they are members – a Masorti congregation – where the service is almost identical to our own in

Sheffield – men and women sitting apart if not behind a very high mechitza. Since out first visit there some years ago, the synagogue has been transformed into a very nicely appointed one, and I am inclined to agree with Elizabeth that in comparison with some of the orthodox congregations which I have visited in Ra-annana, the Masorti one has much to commend it, even though I am not an advocate of Masorti.

We have davened in a number of synagogues in Jerusalem, but the most impressive has been the Hecht synagogue on the Mount Scopus campus in which we became particularly interested after we had presented an annual scholarship to the study programme of the synagogue to mark our Golden Wedding, and subsequently being instrumental in the erection in the foyer of the synagogue of the beautiful wrought iron 'Tree of Life' which is proving to be a very successful source of income for the study programme. We are glad to have become involved with the activities of this synagogue which is under the ministry of the rabbi of the campus Rabbi Dr. Natan Ophir, and we are looking forward to being there on May 13th 1996 for sheva berachot following the wedding of our great nephew Julian Sinclair, the dedication of a memorial on the 'Tree of Life' to our brother in law the late Dr. Harry Glass, and the presentation of the Isaacs scholarship to the best student of the study programme.

THE COUNCIL OF CHRISTIANS & JEWS
April 28th 1996

The Council of Christians & Jews came into being during the darkest days of World War 2. In 1942 when the evils of intolerance and discrimination were rife in Nazi Germany, the Council was inaugurated as a great act of faith following a meeting of Church and Jewish leaders under the Chairmanship of the Archbishop of Canterbury Dr. William Temple in association with the Chief Rabbi D. J. H. Hertz. They were joined by the other leaders of Christian faiths in this country, whilst to-day the organisation has as its Patron the Queen. It has moreover become an international one. In Sheffield there has been a well established branch for many years, the Provost of the Cathedral Rev. Frank Curtis and the Rabbi of the Sheffield Jewish Community Rabbi Isaac Chait being responsible for its formation.

For some years now, I have been joint Chairman with Father Peter Cullen who is the Chaplain to the 1500 Catholic students at Sheffield University and is a frequent visitor to Israel.Our Branch holds four well attended meetings during each year with speakers which have included the Bishop of Oxford, the Rt. Rev. Richard Harries and Sister Margaret Shepard, and our Rabbi Y. Golomb in discussion with Canon Dr. G. Tolley.

In order to expand its programme of education, fund raising has been an important need, and in recent times there have been some most interesting events.

The first of these was a gathering at Lambeth Palace in July 1994 which Rosemary and I attended. Apart from visiting the extensive gardens of the Palace, and viewing some of the rooms, there was a buffet supper – kosher catered – and it was whilst we were sitting on a settee, plates in hand, that the Archbishop George Carey asked if he might join us. We were delighted to have the opportunity of speaking with this eminent personality, and I made use of the occasion to refer to the problem which both Rosemary and I had noted from our work with school groups of the lack of basic religious knowledge amongst so many children to-day. The Archbishop expressed his concern over the problem of which he said he was fully aware, but for which he had not yet found a solution. Then

changing the subject he asked me what I had done during my business life, and on learning that I had been in the watch industry remarked that his son in law was a watchmaker in Wells where he himself had been the Bishop. On enquiring the name of his son in law, I was able to tell him that the firm were old and valued customers of Julius Isaacs & Co. at which stage the Archbishop said he must speak to his daughter that evening and tell her of this fascinating coincidence.

We have subsequently met the Archbishop at other CCJ functions, and he obviously has a memory for faces, as we are always greeted with that friendly manner which has helped to make him so successful in his present position.

The next event was a visit to No. 10 Downing St. as guests of the Prime Minister John Major. Not surprisingly there was extremely tight security before we could move into the house, but once in, and beginning the walk up the staircase of the reception rooms, we were able to admire the portraits of past Prime Ministers which had been assembled in this way by Margaret Thatcher. The extend of No. 10 is most deceptive from the exterior of the building, and we were surprised by the size and number of the rooms. We were duly presented to John Major an occasion marked by a photograph which I have, as well as another photograph of Rosemary and myself standing alongside a desk which had been used by William Pitt. We met again people to whom we had been introduced at Lambeth Palace, as well as others we already knew, and subsequently listened to a very moving address by John Major. It was altogether a very worthwhile evening. The special occasion which followed was a visit to St. James Palace as guests of the Queen.

It was an unexpected telephone call from the secretary of the CCJ asking if we would like to be presented to the Queen which turned that occasion into one of the highlights of our multifarious activities. We had naturally accepted the invitation, and were at St. James Palace in good time to be able to mingle with the others who were being honoured. We were duly instructed as to how we should behave, and only speak to the Queen if she spoke to us. When my time came for presentation I broke protocol by telling her something of Sheffield CCJ without upsetting the proceedings whilst at the same time receiving a friendly acknowledgement from Her Majesty.

April 26th 1996. I am writing this last paragraph as we wait at St. Pancras Station for our train back to Sheffield having just missed a train we had planned to catch because of traffic hold-ups. This time we have

been in London over night to attend a CCJ gathering at Lancaster House hosted by the Foreign Secretary Malcolm Rifkind. Once again the surroundings were immensely impressive. What intrigued us was the fact that this magnificent residence had been donated to the nation by Lord Leverhulme head of Unilever, who had been host to our grandson Robert Shaw when he had been President of the University of Liverpool Guild of Students. Indeed Robert has now embarked on a career working for Unilever.

Now to revert to the reception – walking up the impressive staircase and admiring the magnificent ceilings and decorations, we were quickly in the reception room being introduced to Malcolm Rifkind to whom I brought greetings from Rev. A. Brysh our retired Minister who prior to coming to Sheffield had been Minister in Edinburgh and taught Malcolm Rifkind for his Barmitzvah. He asked me to convey his good wishes to Rev. Brysh who he well recalled.

The others in the receiving line included The Chief Rabbi Dr. J. Sacks, The Bishop of Oxford, the Rt. Rev. Richard Harries who had been in Sheffield as our speaker only 2 weeks earlier, Sir Michael Latham, and Sir Sigmund Sternberg. Once again it was a kosher catered function as indeed have been all the others. We marvelled at the facile speaking of Malcolm Rifkind and the fact that he appears to be able to cope so well with the stresses of his position as Foreign Secretary whilst still finding time to host this particular function. Again we met people we had met on previous occasions as well as making new contacts, and from the conversations we had, we felt that the CCJ was doing most successful work in engendering greater understanding between Christians and Jews. One would hope that one may see the CCJ becoming an even greater influence in religious life throughout the world, combating the rise of Islamic fundamentalism which has begun to raise problems for the future. Hopefully they will not materialise.

Amongst many other important occasions was the formation of the Parliamentary Branch which included members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons.

It took place in the members dining room of the House of Commons, and we had the pleasure being looked after by our own local M.P. Sir Irvine Patnick who went out of his way to introduce us to many of his colleagues, as well as subsequently showing us around his domain.

Since then we have met on a number of occasions Sir Rhodes Boyson, Sir Michael Latham, and Viscount Tonypandy, and this branch does

indeed seem to be firmly established. One other interesting personality with whom the CCJ has brought me into contact has been the Archbishop of Thyateira and Great Britain a very impressive personality who attends the meetings in his resplendent robes. I had introduced myself to him and learnt that he was responsible for the Greek orthodox men and women in this country especially, and that from time to time he did in fact come to Sheffield. I am hoping that he may be agreeable to coming to speak at one of our meetings.

The most recent reception has been at the Palace of Westminster when we were received by His Eminence Cardinal Basil Hume. As on all the other there was a well attended gathering, and we look forward to attending many more similar occasions.

ON BEING A LIVERYMAN OF THE CLOCKMAKERS COMPANY
June 6th 1996

During the time I was actively engaged in running the Julius Isaacs Group of Companies, I had little time for extraneous activities other than my work in the Sheffield community but as I approached retirement, I welcomed the opportunity of joining the Clockmakers company. My sponsor D. W. Barrett who I had known well through his activities over many years as the driving force in Smith Clocks and himself twice master of the company commented at the time that it was a pity that I was joining so late in life as it left me little opportunity to progress in the work of this eminent Livery Company. However, I was quickly raised from being an ordinary member to Livery status, and there I have purposely remained, apart from also becoming a Freeman of the City of London in line with my grandfather Albert Hart who in 1858 also acquired that title.

I have enjoyed meeting many old friends from the horological trade in which I spent all my working life, and it is a feature of the company that so many of its members are connected in some way with clocks and watches. During each year there are opportunities when husbands and wives are able to join together, and the annual dinner – a very prestigious event at which the Lord Mayor of London and other dignitaries are present have taken place on different occasions at the Mansion House, the Goldsmiths Hall, and the Pewterers Hall. We used to meet amongst others at these functions Stanley Burton and his wife Audrey. Stanley who was a keen amateur horologist always greeted Rosemary with the utmost affection, perhaps not altogether surprising in view of the close association there had been between Stanley's and Rosemary's parents. He left, on his demise in 1993, a part of his valuable clock collection to the company.

Similarly, it has been interesting to find that Sheffield is actively represented by Michael Frampton, and indeed by the time this article appears in print, Michael should have attained the office of Master.

Visits to places of historical interest organised by each Master in his year of office have provided many unusual venues not the least of which was the visit to the home of Viscount Falmouth near Penzance where amongst other treasures is a wonderful clock collection.

On the day of our visit the weather was at its worst. Fortunately the major attractions were in the house with George Daniels giving an exposition of the clock collection. At lunch in a marquee we found ourselves at a table with the Burtons and Sir Hugh Wonter Chairman of the Savoy Hotel Group – a friendly and interesting personality. Lady Falmouth a keen gardener took us all complete with umbrellas on a guided tour of the grounds.

On another occasion we stayed at an hotel overnight on the edge of grounds of the country house we were to visit the next day. On the way there we had called in to see Francis Tufton at his home some 30 minutes from our venue. There we were entertained to tea by Francis now unfortunately a widower, and caught up with the latest news in that section of the family.

The tour of Knebworth House the next day both of the house and the grounds were most rewarding and the friendliness of the family who spent time chatting to all their guests indicated the desire to make the day a success.

An event of a somewhat different nature was the occasion of the Swan Uppings at Marlowe where we embarked on a boat on which we subsequently travelled up and down a section of the Thames where the swans were supposed to be seen. Initially they proved to be somewhat elusive, but eventually we caught up with them and we were able to watch the tagging of these royal creatures. Other events have included visits to Anglesey Abbey, Oxford, Kedleston Hall and Ironbridge all very well organised and enjoyable.

I have not normally attended any of the church services which are a feature of the annual Programme, but when Roy Mellor was Master the venue was Bevis Marks synagogue, and on that occasion I attended together with Jill. It was quite a sight to see that synagogue entirely lit by candles, and to feel the extent of Jewish history in this country which the synagogue represents. Shortly after that event, an IRA bomb devastated a wide area of the City of London and Bevis Marks suffered quite considerable damage. Fortunately no one there was injured, and the damage was eventually made good, but having survived all the bombing which destroyed so much of that area during the last war, it would have been ironic if Bevis Marks had been destroyed in peace time.

There have been two occasions when I volunteered for the manning of exhibition stands arranged by the company at the Goldsmiths Hall. The first occasion brought me into contact with Desmond Siberry who I found

a most pleasant personality and with whom I have maintained contact at subsequent functions. Similarly at another exhibition I found myself in association with Dr. Colin Lattimore – another long standing liveryman with whom I have also maintained contact.

Overall, I have enjoyed being a member of the Company even at so late a stage in my life, and it is good to see that this company, one of the oldest of the Livery Companies continues to enjoy a prestigious existence. May it long remain so.

THE YOUNGS

In contrast to some of my other writings this chapter is being composed as Rosemary and I return from London to Sheffield on the 'Master Cutler' having been down for the day to be present at a 'celebration' of the life of Stuart Young organised by the B.B.C. and hosted by the City of London at the Guildhall.

Stuart Young, the younger brother of Lord Young of Graffham, Jill's brother-in-law had passed away in 1986 at the early age of 52 after three years as Chairman of the B.B.C. a most prestigious appointment in which he achieved universal approval. His wide experience as an accountant, a keen intellect, and a sympathetic approach to people enabled him to be remarkably successful in the office which he held for all too short a period, and under the considerable stress of ill health which he steadfastly refused to allow as far as possible to interfere with his aims for the B.B.C.

The scene in a packed Guildhall was enhanced by the presence of the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, the Chief Rabbi, Lord Jakobovits, the Israel Ambassador Yehuda Avner, the Chairman of the B.B.C. Alastair Milne, Bill Cotton, Sir William Rees-Mogg, Earl Spencer, Lord Whitelaw, Lord Goodman, Lord Woolfson and many other notables, all of whom had come to hear tributes to an obviously much loved man who had been not only unwavering in his adherence to orthodox Judaism, but had brought the feeling that goes with that way of life into his everyday practices. This, coupled with his remarkable abilities, brought him the acclaim he so richly deserved.

The celebration opened with the playing of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, followed by a delightful and appreciative address by Bill Cotton, Managing Director of B.B.C. Television, and then the singing in Hebrew of the 23rd Psalm by the London Jewish Choir, conducted by our friend Rabbi Dr. Julian Shindler.

Then followed a Biblical reading by the Chief Rabbi which he ended with a short tribute in memory of Stuart.

There was then a further Psalm by the Choir, a reading by Lord Woolfson and a tribute by Sir William Rees Moggs, who had been Vive-Chairman of the B.B.C. during part of the Chairmanship of Stuart Young, and was now Chairman of the Arts Council with which Stuart had been

closely connected.

A short recital by the Orchestra was followed by a reading by Alwyn Roberts the B.B.C. National Governor for Wales. Then came as address by Alastair Milne Director General of the B.B.C. making a feeling tribute to a man with whom at times he had differed, but whose judgement he respected, and whose friendship he enjoyed. A further recital by the Orchestra led up to the address by Lord Young of Graffham who spoke most feelingly of childhood and wartime schooldays with his brother, his prowess as a golfer, his success in his business life and his devotion to his wife and children and to his parents – a man who in the success he achieved in his business life always had time for people, and always felt that in his success he had a duty in the Jewish sense of giving back to the Jewish and wider community what he could in service. As Chairman of the B.B.C. he felt it not only an honour, but something where his talents could be used to the benefit of a great national institution.

David Young's address, brought tears to the eyes of many of those with whom Stuart had been associated.

A further short recital by the Orchestra ended a remarkable occasion which had been stage managed with such precision that what looked from the programme as if it would well have lasted for considerably more than an hour did indeed move with such conciseness – yet without seeming to be in any way way hurried that it was precisely of one hour's duration.

1,000 people had attended the occasion which had been made one in which the general public could participate by application for tickets, and whilst we obtained our tickets through our family connection, many members of the general public were amongst the audience and accepted the subsequent hospitality of the City of London at a buffet where the organisation had taken particular care to observe Jewish dietary laws in a further tribute to the manner in which the whole event had been conducted.

The outstanding feature of the proceedings was the manner in which this tribute was being paid to a Jew who achieved such high honour, and whose achievements for Jewish organisations were referred to on the same line as his achievements for the important national organisation to which he had also devoted his talents. Stuart Young was indeed a man it was a privilege to have known.

I should have perhaps prefaced this chapter on how we came to know the Youngs – indeed David Young – now Lord Young of Graffham proposed the toast to our daughter Jill and David Shaw when they married

in Sheffield in 1969. David Young had married David's older sister Lita some years earlier, and their two daughters were bridesmaids on the occasion of Jill and David's wedding.

David Young, a lawyer, by profession, had a remarkably successful business career. In the process he became actively involved in ORT, the Jewish Youth Vocational Training Organisation and his success with ORT and the ideas which he introduced led to him being appointed by the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, as her adviser on employment outside of the government without a salary. His success in this sphere subsequently led to him being created Lord Young of Graffham with a seat in the government as Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, a position which with an unemployment figure of over 3,000,000 at the time, presented a daunting problem. In this office he introduced far reaching schemes which, on a long term basis, lead to general improvements in industrial training in this country, and whilst there is no magic formula which will reduce unemployment figure very substantially, David Young's efforts did appear to have immediate beneficial effect.

He subsequently withdrew from political life on the defeat of Margaret Thatcher and returned to business life becoming chairman of Cable and Wireless.

Our Shaw grandchildren can, and do, look with pride at the achievements of their Uncle David. The twins Julia and Rachel were bridesmaids at the wedding of David and Lita's daughter, Karen, which was also the occasion when Rachel introduced her great grandmother Elsie Hurwitz to Margaret Thatcher who was most charming to them both. Our grandchildren have found that David is both friendly and approachable, and is always willing to offer sound advice. He is a man I am indeed pleased to have been able to include in this family narrative.

THE STORY OF HOW WE WENT TO LATVIA AND LITHUANIA
Aug. 12th – 19th 1996
August 26th 1996

For years it had been one of my ambitions to visit Russian Lithuania where my father as well as his brother Henry – Rosemary's grandfather, and the rest of the family of Isaac and Sarah Postawelski were born. The area from which they came was constantly changing hands. At the time my father left Vystitis (Wistinitz) in 1885 it was a part of Russia. In the 1st World War it became German. From 1920 – 1940 it was in the independent state of Lithuania, but then it was invaded by the Russians, and very shortly afterwards the Germans attacked the Russians, and the area became under Nazi Germany control. Then at the end of the 2nd World War, it became part of the Soviet Union, but when the Soviet Union broke up, it became again in 1991 the independent state of Lithuania. As a result not only Vystitis, but Verbalis and Kibarti were amongst the places which one could visit on a British passport without a visa, all locations where members of the family had lived. On the other hand Stallupönen (Nesterov City) to which Isaac and Sarah Postawelski and those members of their family who had not emigrated to USA or England, moved in the 1890's and where he died in 1907 as did his wife a few years earlier and where both were buried – remained in Russian hands, as also did Eydkühnen (Cherneskevskoye) where some of the family had also lived. Königsberg (Kaliningrad) to which the family moved from Stallupönen in the 1st World War similarly remained in Russian hands, and to visit these three places a visa was required, obtainable only after a good deal of hassle or not at all.

Latvia and its capital Riga could also now be visited without a visa. Riga was where Rosemary's father was born which was why visiting Riga also became part of the plan.

The idea of making a trip to Latvia and Lithuania became a reality when I received a letter from the Manchester Association for Soviet Jewry advising me of a trip being organised to Vilnius which would be led by my friend Sir Sidney Hamburger. Whilst the itinerary submitted did not fit in with my ideas, nevertheless it looked as if I could work out a plan enabling me to link up with the Manchester party for Shabbat in Vilnius.

A letter and a subsequent telephone conversation with Sidney eventually ensured that kosher arrangements for our Shabbat together at the Hotel Lietuva in Vilnius would be made.

Having worked out a plan of my own which allowed us to visit Latvia and in particular Riga from where Sol (Hurwitz), his sisters and brothers and his parents had emigrated to England in the 1890's. I then invited our daughters and their husbands to join us on the trip, an offer which was readily accepted.

Now the plans for the trip began to be set in motion. I had gained a good deal of information about Latvia and Lithuania after a visit to the World Trade Fair in November 1995 in London. As a result after numerous Faxes to hotels in Riga and Vilnius, accommodation was very satisfactorily arranged at the Hotel Riga in Riga, and the Hotel Lietuva in Vilnius which was also being used by the Manchester group.

Arranging the flights was rather more complicated. There proved to be a wide variation between the prices quoted by the airline and travel agents, but in the end I landed on the right agency through a chance conversation with our daughter Jill who had seen an article in the Times on Lithuania mentioning the name of the travel agent who had arranged the trip for the writer of that article. That agent proved to be a man who knew his way around the intricacies of travelling from London to Riga and then from Vilnius to London which were the flights we wanted.

He dealt with the reservations for our party of 6 efficiently and expeditiously as well as at a price well below other prices I had been quoted.

Having organised the hotels and flights the next problem was how we would travel between Riga and Vilnius, Vilnius and Vystitis, as well as seeing Riga and Vilnius and their surroundings.

Contacts I had made proved to be useful, and Faxes to agents in Riga and Vilnius provided information on the cost of hiring a minibus for our various travels as well as the cost of an English speaking guide. The most useful information however, came from Dr. Saul Isroff who I had met at the World Conference of Jewish Genealogists in Jerusalem in 1994. He had built up a comprehensive list of informative details on organisations and people in Latvia and Lithuania, and he was able to recommend guides and researchers. This coupled with information from a variety of other agencies enabled me to plan our arrangements as far as possible.

So it was that on August 12th our party consisting of Jill and David Shaw, Elizabeth and Terry Morris and ourselves set off for Riga. The day

previously, Jill and David and Elizabeth, who had arrived from Israel on August 9th had joined us at the 55th wedding anniversary lunch given by Edna and Robert for the family – a very enjoyable occasion at which we were able to meet again Julian Sinclair and his wife (we had been at their wedding in Jerusalem 3 months earlier – as well as David and Louise Halle and their children who had again crossed the Atlantic for another special occasion in the family.

That evening Elizabeth had joined Terry at the Sheraton Heathrow where he had arrived from Israel on the late evening flight.

We all met up again at the check-in desk on Monday morning at Terminal 3 and travelling with SAS we made the journey to Riga via Stockholm in 3½ hours, a journey which involved a two hour time change. We were met as arranged at Riga airport by a smart chauffeur with a minibus, and we were quickly transported to the Hotel Riga. There we were installed in very spacious and well appointed rooms.

As usual I immediately started telephoning – first to Roman Blumenthal, the Jewish guide and businessman who was making arrangements for our journey from Riga to Vilnius, but he was out, and it was not until the following evening, that I was able to reach him to confirm that those arrangements would be going ahead.

The next call was to the travel agent with whom I had been in touch to enquire about tours in and around Riga. I was somewhat staggered by the price I was being quoted for what I wanted and eventually I was telephoned to say that the original quotation was indeed a mistake, and a more reasonable figure was put forward. However, in the meantime I had spoken to Julia Selinzova, a researcher to whom I had written some months earlier, and who had already advised me of some success she had had in tracing the family of Rosemary's father. Although not an official guide – she is an English teacher – she agreed to act as our guide to Riga itself as most of this could be done on foot without the need for a minibus, the more so as our hotel was strategically placed close to the old city.

Having arranged out plans for the next day, Rosemary and I set out to explore our immediate location, the others having already set out exploring on their own. A stroll across the road took us to a well kept park where we found a very attractive looking restaurant with fish well featured on the menu. Back to the hotel our party came together again and set off for dinner at the restaurant we had just seen – the weather being ideal for eating in the open.

Having been warned that food might be a problem both in Riga and

Vilnius, we had travelled with one bag full of all sorts of provisions, and I was very happy to make use of those provisions, joining the family at the restaurant later.

We found it intriguing that in the hotel we had to hand in our keys when we left our room to a sort of concierge sitting at a desk on our floor, and we gathered on all the other floors – who then handed us a receipt for the key which we produced when we wanted to get the key back to re-enter our room. All our comings and goings appeared to be recorded. We felt this must be a throwback from the days when the hotel was under Soviet control, but it certainly seemed strange.

Tuesday August 15th saw us meeting in the lobby our guide for the day. She proved to be a charming young married woman with two children and a third on the way. She had a Jewish mother and a Jewish husband, but sadly with little if any knowledge of Judaism, her husband had decided that the children should be brought up as Christians. The practice of either Judaism or Christianity under the Soviet regime had been almost outlawed, and although since the break up of the Soviet Union, this had changed, certainly the large number of Jews now again living in Riga seem to have little interest in the one remaining synagogue, although in conversation with the Chabad rabbi to whom I subsequently spoke, he together with the official rabbi who is not from Chabad, do manage to gather together an evening minyan.

In contrast to Julia, Roman Blumenthal who we met later on, told us that he was 100% Jewish, had a Jewish wife, and that his children were amongst the 100 children going to the Jewish school which had been re-established in Riga.

Julia proved to be an excellent guide, speaking English fluently, and drawing our attention expertly to the salient features or our walk through the cobbled streets, all within the vicinity of our hotel. We saw the synagogue in a narrow side street protected by a chained gate. An Chanukyah similar to the one which we have here in Sheffield and which since the arrival of Rabbi Golomb has been erected annually in Tudor Square, indicated the Lubavitch influence. We wondered why this synagogue had not been destroyed with the rest of the synagogues of Riga, and it transpired that because of its location in a narrow street, other buildings might have been destroyed by the fire, and so it was saved. It is now the Chabad Centre as well as the synagogue.

Returning to our hotel, we then took two taxis to the address in what had been a ghetto area where Julia had discovered in a street directory of

1886 the names of several members of the Gurwicz (Hurwitz) family including a Meir Gurwicz who we took to be the father of Sol and his brothers and sisters. We took photographs of the stone built block which probably had not changed from the days when the family had lived there. The street was wide and tree lined. Other people with the name of Gurwicz lived in the street and it seemed more than likely that these names could also have been family. I doubt whether we will ever know, but we were glad that we had got so far.

We were able to walk back to our hotel parting with our guide to return to her home quite near our hotel to see how her husband was coping with the children, whilst we had a picnic lunch in our room. At 3.0 pm Julia returned to continue our tour. This time we began by walking through the park to 6 Skolas St. a fine stone building belonging to the community where most of the communal activities take place. Here I had first to deliver some photographs and a letter for the head of WIZO handed to me by Joyce Fraser of Leeds who had recently been in Riga with her husband. Unfortunately the lady I was supposed to see was not available,, and so I left them at the WIZO office. We then visited the Jewish Museum – only opened some 2 months earlier. It is quite small but well put together. The lady who showed us round spoke excellent English and had survived the war in Tashkent. The photographs and documents showed us how the Jews of Latvia had virtually been destroyed by the Nazis and in some instances not without a good deal of co-operation from the Latvians. It was a sickening introduction to what we would see more of in Riga and subsequently in Vilnius, Kaunas and Vystitis.

From the Jewish Centre, Julia took us to the site of a destroyed synagogue known as the Choral synagogue because of the magnificence of the choir which sang there. It was a synagogue which attracted even non Jews because of the singing. This was a synagogue which the Nazis burnt to the ground when it was full of worshippers none of whom escaped.

Back to the hotel, I settled with Julia who had proved to be a delightful guide, and then strolled with Jill and David to the information bureau through a labrynth of cobbled streets neat the hotel whilst Elizabeth and Terry tried to telephone Debbie back in Ra annana.

The evening saw everybody except me returning to the restaurant in the park, and again I joined them later. The weather had remained warm and fine, and I gathered that salmon had proved to be the best fish on the menu – but no matter – worse things could happen, whilst I had continued to

use up the very considerable provisions we had brought.

Wednesday August 14th at 10.30 am, we were called for by the customer who David Pinder had asked me to meet. Terry joined us whilst Elizabeth decided to spend the morning sketching, and Jill and David making a walking tour of the town. The business we visited was an interesting one. To reach it we drove through the main shopping area of new Riga. We found Pinders pewter tankards and flasks prominently displayed in a very attractive shop/showroom, and we were intrigued to learn that the man who had called for us was in fact a Latvian – Australian who had left Latvia in 1945 and settled in Perth in Western Australia where he had built up a very successful business from where he had now retired. The business we were visiting belonged to a cousin who he was helping.

We were curious to know who might be the customers for our pewter which after all is a luxury item, and we were told that they were bank officials and embassy officials quite apart from the new wealthy people amongst some of the inhabitants of Riga. Certainly from the appearance of the shops the locals appeared to have spending capacity, but even so we were told that people such as teachers and for that matter doctors received very poor salaries.

Terry took a photograph of us together with the customer, his wife and the cousin, and I will prepare for David Pinder a report of what I consider the potential of this company to act as their agents not only for Latvia but for Lithuania and Estonia which they outlined to me they could do very well.

Then back to the hotel for a picnic lunch again. Jill and David and Terry and Elizabeth decided to spend the afternoon together exploring Riga whilst we took a taxi to the Motor Museum. We were quite fascinated with what we saw there.

Most of the cars were either German or Russian, but British cars were represented by one Rolls Royce of the 1930's with a Berlin built body, and another Rolls Royce in a wrecked condition which Breznev had smashed up but from which he had escaped unscathed. The armour plated Russian built Zis are vehicles based on a Packard pre-war design, we were interested to see, as we were with some beautifully designed pre-war German cars other than Mercedes – such as Porsch and Steyr.

The entrance to the museum was designed in the style of a Rolls Royce radiator, and so if nothing else the name of Rolls Royce was well to the fore.

Back to the hotel we joined with Jill, David and Elizabeth but not Terry

who had decided to watch football on television, whilst we went to an organ concert in the cathedral which had been highly recommended to us. I must say that I was not too keen, but decided to go along nevertheless as the organ is the largest in Europe, and it would be interesting to see who were there. There was indeed a large gathering of obvious locals, and the music coming from the organ was very impressive, but after half an hour I had had enough and Elizabeth walked back with me to the hotel. As it happened the concert only lasted just over an hour and I gathered that the last part of the programme was popular light music.

Having inspected the restaurant and the menu on the 3rd floor of our hotel it was decided that would be a good place to eat that evening despite the fact that salmon appeared to be the best bet on the menu as far as fish was concerned.

The 3rd floor of our hotel was really another hotel which in another country would have been no more than an Executive Floor of a 5 star hotel. As it was the 3rd Floor of the Riga it took on a different name and was known as the Eurotel and offered much more luxurious service. We were on the other hand perfectly satisfied with the service we were getting on the lower rated 2nd floor.

This time I didn't join the others later, but remained in our room consuming yet more of our provisions, and watching television news in English.. There I coped with a stream of telephone calls including Roman Blumenthal and Chaim Bergman who was to be our guide on Friday and Sunday in Lithuania and provide the bus and driver. In any case I was ready for an early night as Roman B. was to meet me at 7.30 am in the hotel lobby the next morning, in preparation for an 8.0 am departure to Vilnius.

I should also refer to the visit we had from Dr. Alexander Feigmanis. This was a researcher to whom I had written 6 months earlier on the recommendation of Saul Isroff to try and track the Hurwitz family in Riga. I had had a reply from his sister to say that he was away studying in France and would not be back until August. Just when we were about to leave for Riga I had a letter from him which I answered immediately telling him to contact me at the hotel which he did without warning, and fortunately caught us there. We were surprised to find that he was a very young looking man. He said he was 27, but looked no more than 17. He came with a rucksack on his back and with his bicycle on which he told us he had ridden from Dijon in France back to Riga with an occasional train ride. At this time he was busy with an assignment from an American

client for whom he was visiting cemeteries throughout Lithuania and noting various names. He offered to undertake further research for us and seemed very knowledgeable. Walking with us and his bicycle down to a nearby part of the old city which we wanted to see we gained the impression that he would be a very thorough researcher who deserved the recommendation he had received not only from Saul Issroff, but from others who had also mentioned him to me.

Thursday August 15th. At 7.30 am. I was in the hotel lobby to meet Roman B. who had come as arranged initially to apologise that he would not be our guide for Vilnius, but had made alternative arrangements for us with which he was sure we would be satisfied. He handed me a package which he said contained 500 dollars which he wanted me to deliver to the President of the Jewish Community in Kaunas – a Mr. Zack. He said Mr. Zack would be expecting me, and we were to meet in the synagogue at 6.0 pm. for mincha, and where we would join with the Manchester party who had Chaim Bergman as their guide for the day.

He said that Chaim B. would introduce me to Mr. Zack, and at that stage I put the package in my pocket and eventually handed it over to Mr. Zack.

At 8.0 am. our minibus and guide arrived – a 14 seater Mercedes of uncertain vintage, but certainly in need of some internal maintenance. It proved however to be perfectly comfortable and if not particularly quiet, brought us without a hitch to Vilnius. Our guide proved to be a 19 year old attractive non Jewish English student from Kaunas University who had been trained by Chaim B. and was on her first assignment. She and the driver had actually left Kaunas at 2.0 am. reached Riga at 6.0 am. with just time to walk round, present themselves and to take us on our journey. Their early start did not seem to affect the guide or the driver who for the whole of our long day behaved impeccably. Roman B. stayed to see us off and safely on our way, and within 1½ hours we were at the Latvian – Lithuanian border. I had been warned that the crossing could take 5 minutes as it did when our driver and guide had crossed in the early hours of the morning,or 5 hours as we feared it might take us. We were lucky in that it only took 2½ hours. Once into Lithuania we took the opportunity of visiting the toilets at the frontier post – quite revolting and especially for the ladies, but we were told that more civilised conditions would not be found until we reached Kaunas. Now in Lithuania we made our first stop at Paslyvs from which we were told the name of Postawelski – the Isaacs real family name – had originated. Then on to Ponichev famous for

its Yeshiva – now re-established in Israel. Here we changed some dollars into Lithuanian currency, our driver bought some nuts, and we shared our picnic lunch with the guide and the driver. Then on to Kaunas where we visited first the 9th. fort – one of a series of forts built by the Czars, and this one used for many years as a prison. Here Jews had been imprisoned by the Nazis, and eventually murdered. We visited room after room to find the contents ever more harrowing except for one where there was a memorial to a Japanese diplomat based in Kaunas between 1940–45 who was instrumental in enabling many thousands of Jews to escape into Russia. When he returned after the war to Japan he was dismissed from the diplomatic service ostensibly because the service was being considerably reduced in size, but actually because he had acted against official instructions in providing documents for Jews to enable them to get out of Lithuania.

The memorial to him in that room is a very moving one.

Rima our guide had been well instructed by Chaim Bergmann and on her first assignment was determined to ensure that we missed nothing. She left us just enough time to get to the synagogue for 6.0 pm. to meet the Manchester party. The 500 dollars were duly handed over to Mr. Zack who after mincha welcomed the visitors in Yiddish to which Sir Sydney Hamburger replied admirably also in Yiddish.

We then made a quick drive through Kaunas and headed for Vilnius on what seemed to be a never ending journey. We seemed to travel mile after mile and not get any closer, but eventually after a drive of almost $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours which we had been told should take around one hour we made Vilnius by 8.15 pm. – a long but most interesting day.

The Hotel Lietuva proved to be a spacious hotel downstairs, but with bedrooms which were in sharp contrast to what we had had in Riga. However, they were quite well equipped, and apart from the fact that they were small we had no reason to complain. Our party decided to see what the hotel restaurant had to offer, and found that smoked salmon was the best bet and settled for that. I continued to use up our provisions now supplemented by excellent fruit, tomatoes and carrots purchased in Riga remarkably cheaply – about half of the cost here.

Friday August 16th. At 9.0 am, our minibus and driver from yesterday together with Chaim Bergman as our guide called for us, and we set off for our first stop at Trakai – some 15 miles away. This had been the original capital of Lithuania – beautifully situated amidst 4 lakes and a restored castle which we visited and where we spent a considerable

amount of time, there being 20 rooms well set out which our guide was determined we should see. Not that we minded as it was all of considerable interest, and outside it had begun to rain.

However, by the time we left the castle the rain had stopped and we made for the synagogue of the Karaites. We were intrigued to learn that some 100 Karaites still lived in Trakai to which they had come centuries earlier at the invitation of one of the Grand Dukes. The synagogue was scaffolded and undergoing repairs, and we were unable to enter, but to us it was something of a surprise to learn of the existence still of a Karaite group. We gathered that there were a few thousand still in Russia who had survived because they had claimed in 1863 when Jews were being rounded up by the Czar for military service, that they were not Jews as they did not accept the Talmud. One way or the other the sect has certainly survived.

Now back to Vilnius and a picnic lunch in the bus, and our first stop in Vilnius to buy fruit. There was every conceivable kind at the supermarket at which we stopped, indeed this supermarket was quite an eye opener considering the warnings we had been given about food problems. Rosemary decided to take some photographs, and was somewhat disconcerted to find herself quite roughly challenged by a guard as we were leaving the market who wanted to grab her camera. Fortunately our guide was with us, and his efforts extricated us from this little contretemps with unexpected authority.

From the market to nearby Slabodka where the Nazis had murdered some 100,000 people of whom 70,000 were Jews. There is an imposing memorial to this massacre with inscriptions in Russian, Hebrew, Lithuanian and English. It was disconcerting to say the least to find that the English inscription had recently been daubed with red paint. The paint was still wet, and our guide tackled a group of boys sitting on a bench nearby who however, denied all knowledge of this incident. Certainly it would seem that anti-semitism is still around in this area.

From here we moved on to the main cemetery in Vilnius where the Vilna Gaon is buried. We were very pleased to see the excellent state of this huge cemetery. The memorial to the Gaon was not the original one, but what is there is large and impressive. Those people who are aware of their grandparents or great grandparents or earlier as having been buried in this cemetery stand a good chance of being able to find the memorials. We were told that throughout Lithuania many of the cemeteries were in a good state. Our guide told us that he was responsible for the care of the

cemeteries in the area which we were to visit on Sunday.

From the cemetery we then set out to explore the old part of Vilnius where the one remaining synagogue is situated and which was in fact a ghetto area. On the other hand in this area is a small but elegant and beautifully appointed hotel where we had cold drinks, and where we enquired the price of rooms which proved to be more than twice what we were paying. I had contacted this hotel originally, but received no reply, but our guide told us that he used this hotel for people who wanted to be near the shool, and it would indeed have suited us and the Manchester party to be there, but we gathered from them, that the hotel could not accommodate the group.

This hotel the Staklai is in Staklai St. which adjoins Gaon St. and a warren of other small streets. By this time it was 6.15 pm. and we were expected to be in the synagogue for 7.30 pm. We drove back to the hotel, and kept the bus to take us to the synagogue together with some of the Manchester party who were glad to accept our offer of a lift. At 7.15 pm. we were in the bus on the way to the synagogue arriving there right on time. We sent the driver and the bus back to Kaunas whilst our Jewish guide remained with us having arranged to stay with the rabbi over Shabbat.

The shool was dimly lit, the congregation had a bare minyan of locals, and the Shabbat tunes seemed mournful rather then melodious, and I must say that I wondered what might have happened to the original owner of the siddur from which I davened which showed that it had been published in Vilna in 1935.

After the service the Manchester group and the 6 of us and our guide set off for the Rabbi's house without knowing where and how far it was. My pedometer which I wear attached to the top of my trousers recorded that we walked 3 miles from the synagogue and eventually back to our hotel via the rabbi's house. The rabbi had insisted that we should all go to his house for Shabbat and I must say it was a wonderful experience to find when we entered the flat and saw this long table set for some 20 people for us all to sit down together and enjoy a traditional meal with zemirot and bensching. It was a little strange to find myself separated from Rosemary indeed to find that all the men were assembled together – me at the top next to the rabbi with Sidney opposite and then the 5 ladies all at the bottom of the table. However, they were useful in helping the rabbi's wife with the serving, and all went well.

We were all invited for lunch the next day, and until we realised how

far it was going to be we had every intention of being there. However, by the time we returned to our hotel we decided that it would be too much walking especially for Rosemary who over the week had done remarkably well as she had done that evening, and so we gave a message to one of the Manchester party who said he would be going to apologise that we would not be there.

There was no other way in which we could have sent a message, and we were horrified to learn on Shabbat afternoon when we were all sitting together in the garden of the hotel, that this message had not been delivered as the person to whom we gave the message himself did not go.

We davened in our room on Shabbat morning and had an interesting discussion on the sidra. We followed that with a stroll along the river bank opposite our hotel, and then back to our room for a Shabbat lunch which Rosemary is adept at preparing when we are on our travels. We had come prepared for such an eventuality and had brought a bottle of kosher wine with us from home and so we had kiddush and subsequent bensching for the 6 of us only marred by the fact that we had not taken up the rabbi's offer of hospitality.

After Shabbat I wrote him a note apologising for our seeming discourtesy, and enclosing 200 dollars as a donation and gave it to Sydney to pass on to him. Sydney had told me that he was coming in after Shabbat, but he did not arrive, and it was Monday before Sydney was able to hand him my letter and enclosure by which time we were leaving for our flight home.

In other respects our Shabbat passed very pleasantly, and gave us the opportunity for a much needed rest in preparation for another strenuous day on Sunday.

Sunday August 18th. At 8.0 am. Chaim Bergman arrived with a minibus and the same driver we had had previously, ready to take us on our journey to Vystitis and other places on our itinerary. We were not impressed with the vehicle in which we were expected to travel a long distance and for a whole day. It was roomy enough, but looked in poor condition. However, we did not want to delay setting off, so we accepted what had been provided and off we went. We were not altogether surprised when after travelling for some 45 minutes and we had reached Trakai, the engine was boiling, and after trying to find the cause we gathered from our guide that it required a new pump. He said that the driver would request immediately another vehicle from the garage in Kaunas, but that it would delay us for 2 hours.

We had broken down opposite a beautiful lake where there was a cafe on the edge of the lake. With 2 hours to spare David and Chaim went a walk round the lake, Terry remained in the bus playing with the lap top computer on which he was recording our day to day travels, whilst the rest of us sat at a table of the cafe by the lake, had soft drinks and used the very civilised toilet facilities.

We had broken down at 9.15 am. A replacement vehicle which turned out to be the old Mercedes in which we had already travelled for 2 days – arrived within 2 hours, and by 11.30 am. we were on the move again. What had happened was decidedly aggravating, but there was no point in grumbling, but instead reckon on our good fortune in breaking down at such a convenient spot.

Our travelling now got under way rapidly covering mile after mile of countryside where from time to time we would see a field with a cow in it which had a chain attached to its neck so that it could not stray far. Sometimes there would be a milkmaid with a pail milking one of these cows. Sometimes there would be a milkmaid on a bicycle with 2 cans, and sometimes one would see a milkmaid with a car. It was interesting to see that there were no hedges, small yellow painted farm houses, and small clumps of trees for shade. Horses and carts seemed to be the major form of transport.

The first town through which we passed was Majorimpol – quite a sizeable place which our guide told us had electricity, telephone, T.V. and water from wells. From there on to Vilkovisk – much smaller and a place of which I had heard, but never thought I would see. I had come across it in a mention in the Hyamson papers or Collyer Ferguson papers – I am not sure which – of a man who had a red beard, and was recorded as a Laitner mensch of that place. Laitners come into our family through the marriage of one of the Goodman sisters to a Laitner whilst Sol Goodman – a brother of the sisters married my first cousin Hilda Isaacs – Rosemary's aunt.

From Vilkovisk on to Verbalis, Kibarti and finally Vystitis. In Kibarti


ISAAK POSTAWELSKY

FELLE UND RAUCHWAREN

GEGRÜNDET 1860

Fernsprecher: Amt Pregel 41037 / Adresse für Pakete: Königsberg Klapperwiese 17
Postscheckkonto: Königsberg Pr. 290 / Bankkonto: Stadtbank Königsberg Pr.

KÖNIGSBERG PR., DEN 15/8/30

KLAPPERWIESE 17

Copy of business notepaper heading of Isaak Postawelski from a letter written from Konigsburg on 15/8/30

our driver saw a signpost to Vystitis and took that road. It was appalling – more like a cart track than a road, but eventually we joined the road we should have taken which was a made road and found ourselves at the lake of Vystitis. The sun was shining, and the lake side was like a Lido with bathers in the lake and yachts on the lake too. A delightful scene with one major drawback – there were no proper toilet facilities, and as we had hoped to have a picnic there, that was a disappointment. Our guide said however that at the other side of the lake we would find a series of holiday homes and proper facilities, and so we got back into the bus and set off for that spot. It seemed as if we would never reach the place but when we did the initial loos we looked at were not any better than the ones we had left. However, those in a nearby kiosk were civilised, and so we bought some drinks and used the toilets. Then we had lunch in very pleasant surroundings, after which we set off for Vystitis itself – just a few minutes away.

It is a pretty village with a big market place covered with trees and houses all round the market place. Over the years the place had been burnt down three times, and its proximity to various borders – Russian – German – Polish whilst to-day being a part of Lithuania had contributed to the problems Vystitis had experienced. A young man to whom our guide spoke said the Russian border was just 500 metres down the road and adjoining the one up which we had travelled to enter the village. We found a man sitting on a bench under the trees of the market place with whom I was able to talk in German. He said he had been born in Vystitis in 1920 and could remember some of the shops and people who had been there in his youth. He could not recall the name of Postawelski which was not surprising as the family had already left for Stallupönen in the 1890's. It might have been embarrassing for him to be quizzed as to what he did when the Nazis arrived especially as the next thing we did was to visit the cemetery – about a mile outside the village – a sizeable one with an enormous number of small gravestones on which when one could read them was the name of the person and the date of death and that was all. We gathered that this was the maximum size of stone permitted at the time, but later there must have been some change as we then saw a number of larger stones, and at one time David thought he had come across an Abram Postawelski – my great grandfather who in all probability was buried there – he had seen the name Abram and –ski but it was not a Postawelski. The whole place was like a grass field with no buildings around but our guide had known of it as it was one of the cemeteries for

which he was responsible in the area.

In 1941 when the Germans had taken control of Lithuania, 700 Jews from Vystitis and around were marched into the nearby forest, shot and buried in a mass grave – yet another of the massacres of which we were to hear more when we visited the Jewish Museum in Vilius the next day.

Back into the village of Vystitis we took photographs, and I walked around that market place where my father and his brothers and sisters must have once walked and where the nearby lake like to-day had been a place for recreation. It was a strange feeling, but I was glad we had made it.

Back into the bus we now set off for the 3½ hour drive back to Vilnius. We stopped on the way at the border crossing Kibarti – Eydkühnen (now Chernyskovkye in Russia).

In my book 'Memorial to Ilja' there is a photograph of this border point and of the road opposite it which is in Kibarti. My father crossed that border one Saturday night in 1885 when he – at the age of 15 and his friend Myer Cantor also from Vystitis had decided to escape over the border into Germany and make their way to England, knowing that on Saturday night the border guards would be drunk and thus facilitating their escape. My father came to Leeds where he already had his brother Henry and an uncle from the Sternfeld family too, whilst Myer Cantor went to Sheffield where he had contacts already.

At the border, I wanted to walk across as my father had done, and our guide persuaded the Lithuanian customs officers to allow us to walk up to the Russian side and so clutching our British passports, this is what we did photographing the Lithuanian side, but being careful not to point the camera at the Russian on the other side.

Back into the bus, we then made a non stop run to Vilnius which we reached at 8.10 pm. We thought ourselves lucky that we had done so well in view of the difficulties we experienced at the start. I settled with our guide who was very pleased with his tip as was the driver.

All except me decided that they wanted to visit a restaurant nearby which some of the Manchester party had already visited and recommended. I gathered it was sophisticated and with music and a good fish menu and so that is where they wound up the evening whilst for myself after still having more than enough provisions from Sheffield and using them, I joined Sidney who was expecting the rabbi, but who once again did not arrive. We were joined by other members of the Manchester party, and it was interesting to compare notes as to what we had achieved on this trip.

Monday August 19th. Having paid our bill we arranged a minibus to take us to the Museum and then to the Airport. In comparison with the old Mercedes, this one was like a Rolls Royce. At the Museum we were met by Rachel Kostanien for whom I had a letter and photographs to deliver from Joyce Fraser. Rachel had been the guide for much of the time for the Manchester party and we had been warned of her intenseness. She was however, very charming, and appreciated that we only had 1 1/2 hours to spend with her, when she would have liked us to spend much longer. However, I explained to her how much we had already seen in the week during which we had been travelling around, that I had written a book about a cousin who had been a refugee to England from Kibarti and how he had fared under the Nazis and I was very cognisant of what had gone on in the area. Even so, we found it traumatic to have pointed out to us documents found when the Russians had captured the area from the Germans where the Germans had recorded how many Jews they had shot on various dates – yet another confirmation of the barbarous way the Germans had behaved.

We were glad that we had been able to spend some time at the Museum and to meet Rachel – a remarkable woman who apart from her work at the Museum takes care of the interests of WIZO and other matters in the Vilnius community.

Then to the airport for our return to London. We travelled via Copenhagen where we parted company with Elizabeth and Terry who were going to spend a few days in Denmark before returning to Israel. We carried on to London where we had a car to meet us to take us for an overnight stop with Jill and David before returning to Sheffield. Rosemary's suitcase did not arrive in London with the rest of the baggage, but eventually around midnight it was delivered to No. 5 Canons Close in a somewhat battered condition having been lost for a while in Copenhagen. So ended an eventful trip which everyone had felt to have been well worthwhile.

FINALE
Travels up to date

This concluding chapter is being written as we fly back to London on November 6th, 1996 from Portugal to which we travelled in order to be present at the unveiling of the memorial to my cousin Gaby Mode Botelho who had passed away in Lisbon just a year ago. We have been accompanied by her old school friend Steffi Simon, and the trip itself has been quite an eventful one, as after the memorial consecration on Sunday November 3rd, we set off with Mary Ruah, wife of Dr. Joshua Ruah and close friends of Gaby, on a visit to parts of Portugal where Jewish life after 500 years, is beginning to surface.

A visit first to Tomar with its Jewish Museum, once a synagogue, and its curator a former Marrano, but now openly a Jew, on to Castelo de Vide where in 1989 before a large international assembly in the market square the President of Portugal Mario Soares apologised for the way the Portuguese had behaved to the Jews 500 years earlier.

We stayed the night in Castelo de Vide in a very pleasant small hotel named after a Jew, Garcia D'Orta a scientist who to escape the Inquisition in Portugal went to Goa where he carried on his researches, and eventually died there.

When the local inhabitants discovered that they had buried a Jew, they exhumed his bones and burnt them. In the grounds of the hotel there is a sad looking figure of Garcia D'Orta.

The next day we visited the nearby museum at Marvao where amongst the excavations in the area had been found stones with the imprint of a menorah as well as many other items from Roman times.

From there on to the University town of Covilha for an overnight stop. The next morning before making for our objective – Belmonte, we made a side trip over a most winding mountainous road reminiscent of the Furka pass in Switzerland, leading us to a beautifully located and appointed hotel, recently opened, and from where in winter a short journey would take one to good ski-ing country.

From there back to Covilha and on to Belmonte which we had imagined was little more than a mountain village, but which turned out to be a sizeable town.

In Belmonte some 400 Marranos whose families had lived there for generations and who had married amongst themselves, had decided in 1990 that they wanted openly again to be Jews. An orthodox rabbi and his

wife were brought in to teach this group of Marranos how to become Jews again. Dr. Joshua Ruah – President of the Lisbon community and himself a surgeon and mohel – Chief of the Urology department of Lisbon's major hospital arranged the circumcision of the males of Belmonte who were wanting to return to Judaism whilst a wealthy Moroccan Jew provided the funds with which to build a new synagogue and communal complex. The land for this purpose was given to the community by a group of local Marranos who had owned the land for centuries.

This complex is not yet complete, but building is well advanced, and we were most impressed with what we saw. The location is superb and the building when complete will be magnificent. It is quite remarkable to think that it will have been built in a location where for 500 years Jews have lived virtually underground.

The synagogue is very close to what had been the old Jewish quarter where one can still see the recesses in the door posts where the mezuzah was once fastened which had then been covered with a cross.

When we had entered Belmonte we had stopped at a school where Mary Ruah had a friend who took time from her duties there to show us round Jewish Belmonte whilst Mary Ruah kept an appointment with the President of the community to discuss the arrangements for the pending celebrations covering the rebirth of this community which it was anticipated would attract visitors from all over the world. Our guide told us how she and her medical doctor husband had both been Marranos, both originally from Lisbon, and were very happy that they had both been able to return to orthodox Judaism.

She was very proud to draw our attention to a Menorah which she had designed, and which was now standing prominently in the market place. The Mayor of Belmonte had not only agreed to it being erected for Chanukah, but that it should remain permanently on show throughout the year.

I should refer to how it came about that Jews had originally settled in Belmonte. In 1492 the Spanish authorities had expelled its Jews but Portugal at that time was glad to welcome them. There is a castle quite close to Belmonte which is almost on the Spanish border and the Jews from Spain on paying a substantial entrance charge to Portugal settled in the nearest location to the border which was Belmonte. However in 1496 Portugal also expelled its Jews, and then the Jews of Belmonte either became New Christians and under cover Jews or quit the country.

We rejoined Mary Ruah at the home of an orthodox lady from Morocco

married to a former Marrano whose family had lived in Belmonte for generations and were prosperous manufacturers of menswear. We enjoyed the strictly kosher hospitality offered to us, as well as meeting the three children and the husband of our hostess.

From there we went on to another Marrano Jewish household – also friends of the Ruahs where we had the opportunity of meeting the current rabbi – a young man born in Brazil but educated in Israel who is multi lingual, and who already the locals felt ought to have a wife to help him in his work.

This was our last stop in Belmonte. We then set off on our 250 miles drive back to Lisbon which we made in remarkably quick time. We had travelled 650 miles in 2½ days, and in the process uncovered a fascinating piece of Jewish history.

Since I wrote this chapter, I have read an article in the Jerusalem Post on Belmonte which confirms my story, and adds that the synagogue – now complete – is to be ceremoniously opened on December 4th.

I should not be surprised that our friends continue to marvel at our ability some how or other to be in the right place at the right time. We hope that we can continue to travel for many years to come, and we look forward not only to that happening, but also of our continuing to have pleasure from our family and their children.

This book has taken me much longer to put together that ever I thought it would, but I hope that readers will enjoy what many of my friends call my 'stories'.

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
Hesped	Funeral oration
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
Maariv	Evening service
Mashgeach	Supervisor of kosher food
Megillah	Story of Esther
Mezzuzah	The distinctive mark of a Jewish house. It is a small metal container which holds a roll of parchment on which is written the Jewish profession of faith (the Shema) and other Biblical extracts. One is affixed to the entrance door-post, and to other rooms of the house.
Mincha	Afternoon service
Minyan	10 men necessary for a service
Mohel	Performer of circumcision
Nusach	Musical notes for the cantillation of readings from Prophets
Pesach	Passover Festival

Pirke Arvot	Ethics of the Fathers
Purim	Festival celebrating Queen Esther
Rebbetsen	Wife of the Rabbi
Rosh Hashanah	New Year
Seder	Service for first night of Passover
Semicha	Attaining title of Rabbi
Seudah shleshit	Third meal
Shabbat	Sabbath
Shavuot	Feast of Weeks
Shechita	Act of slaughtering
Sherut	A shared taxi
Shiva	Week of mourning
Shochet	Ritual slaughterer
Shofar	Ram's horn blown on New Year
Shomer	Guardian
Shool	Synagogue
Siddur	Prayer book
Sidra	Portion of the Law
Simchot	Celebrations
Succah	Tabernacle
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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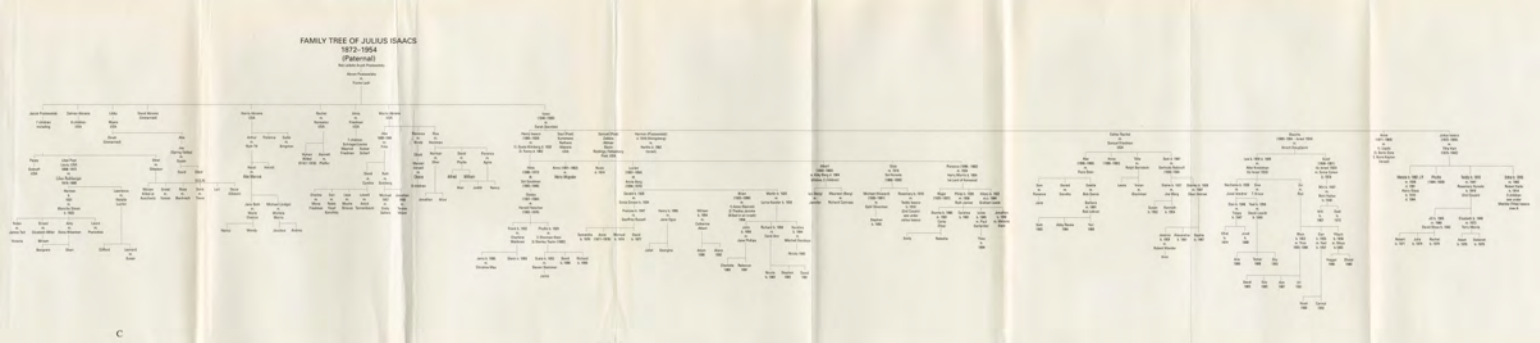
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Isaacs, Edward.
Episodes

FAMILY TREE OF JULIUS ISAACS
1872–1954
(Paternal)



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 for some 25 years took 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, joint Chairman of the local branch of the Council of Christians and Jews, a Freeman of the City of London, and a Liveryman of the Clockmakers Company.

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