



When I was 17 a great change occurred in my life, I had to leave my home in the Landgrafen Strasse. Hitler had come to power in March 1933, and soon it was discovered that with my three Jewish grand-parents I would never have a chance to study science in Germany, nor ever find a good job. My mother had died of pneumonia in 1929 and my father, with quite outstanding wisdom and foresight, sent me to live in England on 16 October 1933. It was my first journey outside Germany, from Berlin to London. I went by steam train to Hoek van Holland, by night ferry to Harwich, and again by steam train to Liverpool Street Station in London.

This was all a great adventure to me, and I kept a full diary at the time from which I can now quote. It is small cardboard booklet, covered in striped red and brown paper, containing 76 handwritten pages. It starts with my departure from Berlin at 13.38 hours from the Railway Station at the Zoo. The first pages are detailed daily entries of people and events, later they record only more significant occurrences in my life and then they are blank.

I started again to record what happened to me in September 1938 when the long awaited war seemed to begin. However, Mr Chamberlain, then British Prime Minister, proclaimed on his return from meeting Hitler in Munich "Peace in our time". He grossly misjudged Hitler, and 'our time' lasted just one short year. When the first air raid sirens began to howl in London in September 1939—a false alarm—my diary started again. But this time it was typed and I continued my entries till 10 May 1940, when I was interned as an 'Enemy Alien'. [Titles 17 to 24].

I have a further few typed sheets, dated Mosman, New South Wales, Australia, July 1954, the date I left the Southern Hemisphere again to return to London. It starts: "To read one's own diary with pleasure requires conceit and vanity, both of which I have." It still gives me pleasure, but to tell all details here would be extremely boring to the reader. Suffice it to say that after my marriage in 1946, my wife Ann and I decided in 1950 that a third World War, definitely an atomic one, was inevitable and that for the safety of ourselves and particularly for our children's future, the Southern Hemisphere would be safer than the Northern one. We decided to emigrate to Australia.

We had spent our honeymoon in 1946 by travelling with the then unique Imperial Airways Flying Boat Service, to Australia and New Zealand. We liked what we saw and decided to leave before it would be too late. [See Titles 44 to 46] My experience of leaving Germany in 1933 was decisive. In this context. I always think of Nevil Shute's *'On the Beach'* first published 1957 in which he describes the atomic war in the Southern Hemisphere: "This is the way the world ends".

