

After I had left for England in October 1933, I was able to visit my father on several occasions in Berlin. Having only a £ 5 per week stipend from an anonymous American friend of my father's, for living and defraying all my University fees, travel to Berlin required a ticket from my father. (I was never able to contact the American friend and thank him.)

In 1936 I had gone to the Madrid University Summer Extension Courses at the former Royal Castle in Santander to learn Spanish, but while I was there, the Spanish Civil War broke out and all non-Spanish students were repatriated. Still being of German nationality, I was transferred by a British destroyer across the Bay of Biscay to the French seaside resort of Juan-les-Pins, and thence by a special train, full of German residents from Spain, to Saarbrücken in Germany. There, a number of student refugees from Nazi Germany and I tried to get away from the official transport and as we were, the first, to leave the Railway Station, we were received by a large group of SA Stormtroopers. Their band struck up a military march, and we were obliged to lead a procession through the town and be honoured as 'Refugees from Communist Spain', as the official stamp in my German passport confirmed. We got away in the end and took a train to Berlin, where we were in time to watch some events of the Olympic Games.

Between 1933 and 1938, I made a yearly visit to Berlin to see my father. On the voyage there, I often travelled with Hilde Himmelweit, whose parents also lived in Berlin, and who was in the same position as myself, a student, at the London School of Economics where she read psychology. Until her early death, we remained close friends and I was glad of her great professional success, finally becoming the Professor of Psychology at the LSE. One of her research projects, for which she received great publicity in the media, was concerned with the effect of horror television on young audiences. When I started my Journal, *Interdisciplinary Science Reviews*, she joined my Editorial Board, and I was always very happy to have her sound comments on manuscripts which had a social science content.

My visits to my father were always a great delight. He had continued to live with his old and excellent cook in our family flat in the Landgrafen-Strasse, where life was one of great luxury, compared to my simple student room in London. Being a victim of Nazi prosecution, my father's practice had shrunk, but he was still busy enough to enjoy treating patients. It was during these visits that I got to know him and developed my admiration for his liberal and scholarly character and his generous feeling for others, which I have tried to imitate.