

In the 1930s life in Berlin must have become more and more unpleasant for my father, as the Nazi prosecution of all Jews took on ever more virulent forms. Finally in 1938 all Jewish doctors were forbidden to practice medicine, and my father at long last decided to emigrate, following me to England. Money was the simple reason for the delay of his final decision.

Aged 63 by then, he had neither the chance nor the permission to continue medical practice in England. He was not prepared to go through a lengthy course of studying medicine afresh, before being admitted to the essential medical qualifications allowing him to follow his profession. These restrictive conditions were imposed by the British Medical Association, anxious to avoid the competition from foreign doctors, especially if they were as well qualified as my father was.

His only choice was therefore to live in England from his capital as a 'retired gentleman' or depend on charity. No one would have considered him as poor, with a total capital of Reichsmark, RM 71 156. As my father kept meticulous records of his finances, which have come down to me, I know that he had to pay one quarter of his total capital, RM 17 789, as Emigration Tax before being allowed to leave Germany. Furthermore in November 1938 the Nazi Tax Authorities demanded RM 14 600 as a special tax imposed on Jews, as retribution.

The remaining capital, about RM 40 000 was entrusted to an accountant for transfer to England. It never reached my father, and the address of accountant was subsequently untraceable. On his arrival in England, the total sum he finally received from Barclays Bank at 168 Fenchurch Street, London's City, was £ 31. 4. 2. In fact my father had lost his savings for the third time in his life in 1938, this time due to capital confiscation by the Nazis for emigrating Jews and the theft of an accountant. He had become a pauper.

In 1938, I was finishing my Ph D thesis in Sheffield [Title 14], and I was living on my £ 5 a week stipend, thus neither able to support my father, nor yet qualified to obtain a job. He was, however, lucky enough to find employment as a resident medical officer at a Refugee Camp for Children in East Anglia, paid for by Jewish Charity. At least he had found a roof and board, and our only hope was that I should obtain my Ph D soon and then find employment that would support us both. Although I did receive my Ph D in January 1940, World War II had started by then, and as 'Enemy Alien', it was impossible for me to be employed. I saw my father for the last time when I visited his Camp during Whitsun 1940. During my weekend there the police collected me for internment. [See Titles 16 and about his tragic death, Title 21]