

Being a perfectly normal young scientist I followed the rule and decided to study Aeronautical Engineering, by no means in order to become rich. My aims were quite different when in 1934 I entered Imperial College, London University, in South Kensington. I was then full of hatred towards the Nazi Regime which had driven me from my home and forced me to leave my father. There was at that time no knowledge of any Concentration Camps. Aeronautical Engineering would give me the chance, after completing my studies, to design and build military aircraft which would fly from England to destroy the enemy. But before 'going up to university', as it was then called, I had to work harder than I had ever done before or since.

I arrived in London on 14 October 1933 with only a schoolboy's knowledge of English. As a curious fact, my English teacher at the Berlin school gave me on my School leaving certificate the note 'quite unsatisfactory'. Whatever I thought then about this Nazi, I had to pass the Matriculation Examination for Entrance to London University within 9 months, quite apart from learning a new language, English, up to University standard.

Only later I heard that I would also have to pass two English examination papers. One of them was devoted to English literature and I had to know, practically by heart, Shakespeare's *King Henry IV, Part II*, Lady Stanhope's *Eothen* [a 19th century travel book of the Middle East], and the first two chapters of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The second English paper was more general, but I cannot remember now its exact questions. I passed.

I shall forever be grateful to Mr Lucian Oldershaw MA who taught me not only a new language in such a short time, but held equally liberal views as my father—I was indeed lucky in having two such marvellous men as my paragons. Mr Oldershaw had been a Don at Oxford University, but later in his life set up a cramming establishment in Maidenhead, about 20 kilometers away, where he coached Oxford students who had failed their exams. He was an excellent teacher, kind and with inexhaustible patience.

He was a member of the liberal party and tried to enter Parliament, but failed. He was more successful in local politics and was elected Mayor of Maidenhead. I lived in his large house, called 'Fernley' and had all meals with him, his wife and their three children, where of course only English was spoken. Still I had great fears of the June 1934 exams for which I worked, waking or sleeping. He engaged a colleague of his, an engineer, to coach me in 'Mechanics' and 'Heat, Light and Sound', a course in basic physics one might call it today.