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Interview Transcript Title Page

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Interviewee Surname:	Goldsmith
Forename:	John
Interviewee Sex:	Male
Interviewee DOB:	1 May 1924
Interviewee POB:	Oberkassel, Germany

Date of Interview:	19 June 2003
Location of Interview:	Liverpool
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THE AJR AUDIO-VISUAL TESTIMONY ARCHIVE

INTERVIEW: 23

NAME: JOHN GOLDSMITH

DATE: 19 JUNE 2003

LOCATION: LIVERPOOL

INTERVIEWER: ROSALYN LIVSHIN

TAPE 1

RL: I am doing an interview with John Goldsmith, and the date is Thursday 19th June 2003. The interview is being conducted in Liverpool, England and my name is Rosalyn Livshin.

If you can tell me first your name.

JG: It is Henry John Goldsmith, but everybody knows me as John.

RL: And what was your name at birth?

JG: Hans Goldschmidt. I changed it when I was naturalised because the first six jobs I applied for after I had qualified as a doctor, I didn't get a single interview. This was 1947, so it's not surprising, I don't hold it against anybody, why should they give an obviously German chap a job. But I did think I needed to earn my living and so I took the opportunity of having been naturalised to change my name by deed poll. I didn't want to shed the H of Hans entirely, Hans in German is short for Johann, and so I changed that to John, and I changed the H to Henry. Out of my next six applications for jobs I got short listed for five.

RL: Do you have any Hebrew names?

JG: I have but I have forgotten it, I am afraid. I have grown increasingly irreligious as I have grown older.

RL: When were you born?

JG: 1st May 1924.

RL: How old does that make you now?

TAPE 1: 2 minutes 20 seconds

JG: 79

RL: Where were you born?

JG: I was born in Oberkassel, which is just opposite Düsseldorf, on the other bank of the Rhine.

RL: Now, we are starting first with your parents. If you could just tell me their names and where they were born.

JG: My father's name was Hermann Goldschmidt, and he was born in Dortmond, Westphalia. My mother was Amalie Loewenstein, known as Malli, and she was born in Bocholt, which was a little town near the Dutch border, also in Westphalia.

RL: Keeping with your father's family for the moment. If you could tell me something about his family background, you know his parents and just generally about his family.

JG: Sure. I should begin by saying that I never knew his parents. His mother died relatively young. But his father, judging by the photographs I have got of him was quite aged when he died. I think he had a grain import business and he was very well respected both in the Jewish community and in the non Jewish community in Dortmond. In fact he was given some sort of an order, the Red Eagle, by the then Kaiser, and I have got the documents pertaining to that. Otherwise I know little about him, I think he must have been quite strict, because my father never wanted to go into business, he wanted to be a cellist, but he was made to go into business. Before the First World War he served in the London branch of a German bank, and then when the war started he got called up and he was involved in a battle and was taken prisoner and spent most of the war in an English prisoner of war camp. Now, I have a vague idea, and it is only a vague idea, that it may have been somewhere in Chester, on the Duke of Westminster's Estate. I haven't followed this up yet, I am planning to, but like so many plans that one makes I haven't got round to it yet. After the war, when he was released he returned to Germany and he took a relatively low job in a firm of grain importers. But he never liked that, and he was never very good at it, and he was not a very good bread winner.

RL: You say your grandfather won this award. Do you know what it was for?

JG: I think it was for services to the civic community, but I don't know any details.

Tape 1: 5 minutes 20 seconds

RL: And how many siblings did your father have?

JG: My father had a sister who married and lived in Bonn, Worms. I visited them once with my father when I was a little boy and I don't know what happened to them. They had a son my age, or slightly older, and I have a photograph of him, and somehow I have an idea that he went to America. I have tried to find him through the AJR journal but I have not succeeded. His parents must be dead by now. Then he had a brother, who was a musician, a conductor, in a small way. He lived in Hamburg. He was a bachelor. I met him once when I was about 13. He perished in the Holocaust. That's all, he just had two other sisters.

RL: The cousin who you think went to America, what was his name?

JG: I don't know, that's the trouble, I don't know. I was six or seven when I went there and I have no means of finding out you see. When I gave the description in the AJR I said where his parents were from, but I had no response.

RL: Right. So your father, you said he wanted to be a cellist. Did he follow up his musical interest?

JG: He played the cello, but I don't think he played it in an orchestra.

Now my parents were divorced when I was about seven or eight. It was never a love match. My mother was quite a reticent person and she did what her mother and her brothers told her to do more or less. And my father was a very decent man, a very nice man, and she married him but I don't think it was a love match. And then when he wasn't able to earn sufficient living my mother qualified as a dental surgeon and asked him for a divorce. It was an amicable divorce and I have got correspondence between them and they lost contact almost. My father took the blame and he paid somebody to act as a cohabitee and they arranged for a detective to visit them so that he could get a divorce. He didn't want it but she did.

RL: So you say you were seven or eight at the time …

JG: Seven or eight, yes, my father died in 1927 [1937?]. Fortunately a natural death, although it was a very unpleasant death, he had severe high blood pressure and he had multiple strokes. I saw him after some of the strokes, and in fact, I was living in Holland at the time, I went to the funeral in Dortmund, and I can tell you more about that later because I revisited his grave some years ago.

RL: Was your father active in any organisations or societies?

Tape 1: 8 minutes 37 seconds

JG: I don't think so, no …

RL: Did he belong to anything at all?

JG: Not that I know. He had no strong political views, he was an atheist, although he did rejoin the synagogue around about 1936/37, not out of conviction but because I think he felt that sense of allegiance or something.

But when he was in a shell hole in the war under heavy bombardment, he felt like praying, but he said to himself, "You can't do that, you're an atheist."

RL: Which synagogue did he join?

JG: It would have been the Düsseldorf one, the main one in Düsseldorf, which was burned down I believe.

RL: And, if you can tell me about your mother's family.

JG: Sure, my mother's father had a small factory which he co-owned with a cousin. I never knew him, he died of lobar pneumonia during the First World War I think.

My grandmother, came from a small village in the Rhineland. She hadn't had much education but she was a very intelligent woman. She read a lot. Her main pleasure was reading biographies, I remember her telling me, "John, when you are older, always choose friends a generation younger than yourself, and then you will never be alone." She was a very wise woman and I was extremely fond of her.

They lived in a large house, in many ways rather like this one, a lovely huge semi, and with a very large garden, about twice as big as mine, or three times as big, with fruit trees and things. And I always used to go, on a holiday there, and I still remember her standing at the front door saying, "Wer kommt dort", "Who is coming there?" That was her welcome. She had six children; the eldest was Rudolf, who … my mother who was by then in Cambridge, managed to arrange his emigration to London. He had been working in Bocholt and in Cologne, where he had married. And they moved to London. Do you want to know more about him now or later?

RL: You can tell me about him now, actually, while you are talking about him.

JG: He was married and he had, after a miscarriage, his wife had two boys. And during the war, of course it was quite difficult for him to make a living. He hadn't

Tape 1: 11 minutes 19 seconds

managed to take any money out, he got his furniture out, and he worked as a representative and his English gradually improved, but he never managed to get the word necessary right, it was always "nec-ess-ory". And he made a reasonable living, they weren't rich, but they managed, and my aunt's father, who was very aged had an umbrella and hat shop in Cologne, his name was Henlein, he lived with them. That was Rudolf.

Then the next one was Meta, who was married and lived in Berlin, she was divorced actually, from Otto Rosenberg who moved to New York where I met him many years later. She perished in the Holocaust.

The next one down the line was my mother. She studied dentistry at Heidelberg, I think at Cologne and I think at Berlin. Because in Germany when you were a student you moved to a different university each year, presumably the curriculum was the same everywhere so that you could do that. She, as I mentioned, got divorced from my father when I was about seven or eight and she worked as a dental surgeon in Düsseldorf. Now the system there was a little bit different, you had to have worked in private practice until you became approved for the equivalent of their health service. And it took her a long time to get going and at one stage, because she was relying on her brothers for her income, she was quite a proud woman, she even considered committing suicide. But luckily she was dissuaded from doing so, and in particular she told me she did so because of me, because she felt it would be unfair on me. Then, early in the 1930s she was introduced to a German, Jewish dentist by the name of Alfred Meyer, who practiced in Wuppertal, which was a little town about 20 miles from Düsseldorf. And in the end they decided to get married, and there was a rather tragic end to this marriage because he had quite strong political views, left wing, he had a lot of girlfriends, some of them were non-Jewish and he was a wonderful dentist, a very good dentist with a high reputation, and a good practice. Now the local SA, you know the SA, Gauleiter or whatever they call them, was also a dentist in the same place, with a poor practice, and they were gunning for him and believe it or not he was kidnapped from the house of another Jewish dentist in Düsseldorf, my mother was there, bundled into a car and would never have been seen again, but for the fact that they had attached a book press to his body, he was shot in the car, they attached a book purse to his body and they dumped him in a huge water reservoir, the book press became detached and he floated to the surface, and that is how he was found. Now, there was, look, the Judiciary were already Nazified. Nobody was punished. My mother knew who it was, at least who were the, what is the word, the … the … instigator … my mother knew who the instigator was, but he was never punished

RL: What date was this?

Tape 1: 14 minutes 39 seconds

JG: 1933. As a result of this my mother decided to leave Germany, although she was in protective, so called protective police custody, and all this sort of thing. And she was claustrophobic anyway, it was terrible for her. She went to Amsterdam, where she had a brother, Fritz, who had been there for many years acting as a representative for an Italian silk firm. So she and I went there together in 1933 when I would be 9. She applied for permission to work there as a dental surgeon, because she didn't want to have to rely on her brother for a living, and was refused. She then heard of an opportunity to go to Brussels and she worked there without pay, in the mornings, in the University Department of Dentistry as a demonstrator. In the afternoon she worked illegally for a Belgium dentist. That is how she earned her living. Every four weeks or so she used to come to Amsterdam to visit me, and she used to bring some Belgium loot, she said, "This

is to save up for our holiday in Switzerland." Well, we never got the holiday until after the war actually. Now, do you want me to tell you a bit more about her at this stage?

RL: No, not at this stage, no …

JG: The next one down the line was Julius, a very kind man, like Churchill, he did badly at school but he was a good business man and he had his own business in Bocholt. He used to travel the Rhineland and area selling, I think cloth, if I remember rightly, I was very fond of him. Julius was the kind one, Rudolf, the older one was the strict one. He married, very unusually, a Jewish farmer's daughter. There weren't many Jewish farmers in Germany. He married a farmer's daughter, Anna, and they had two lovely children, Arnold and Franz. Now in 1937 or 8 he visited Cambridge, my mother begged him to stay, she would find him sponsors to stay and get his family out, he said no he couldn't do that because it was Chanukah coming up and he had to be with his family, and all four of them perished. That was Julius. Julius, by the way, after the Chrystal Night, he went to Amsterdam to see his brother. I don't know how he earned his living there, he had the two little boys, and at one stage, my grandmother, who had also gone there after the Chrystal Night was taken to a Christian home in, I think it was Delft, it could have been Dordrecht, and she went into hiding. And she never saw her children again, it was too dangerous for Julius and Fritz to visit her, but they did send Arnold, the oldest grandchild, who must have been seven or eight then, or nine, to visit her, that was a great joy to her. I have got her letters still, which reached us through the Red Cross. It was heart breaking really because there was this woman, a mother of six, she died all alone of cancer of the stomach. It was even difficult to get a doctor because she was in hiding and a few years ago I visited her grave for the first time and I found that a very moving experience because I had been very fond of her. I found it even more moving than seeing my father's grave. In fact when my mother got married to Alfred they decided that initially I should live with my grandmother in Bocholt.

Tape 1: 20 minutes 0 second

I attended a little Jewish school there, with one teacher and about five different classes, all in one classroom, but it worked out alright. Jewish teacher, Dr Hertz, who I think emigrated to Israel, and I must say I was very happy there. My father was always welcome at my grandmother's house, even though they were divorced, he often used to visit. In fact he was welcomed by all my uncles and aunts as well, as I said it was an amicable divorce.

And I can only remember one very unpleasant experience, and that is when I was looking through a very large window of a toy shop in Bocholt, and a group of boys, older than I was, came up behind me, called me a filthy Jew and covered my face in snot, that was the only really nasty experience I had myself as a Jew in Germany. So I was quite glad to go to Amsterdam.

RL: What kind of religious upbringing did your mother's family have?

JG: My mother, my grandmother, because my grandfather was dead and I never knew my paternal side, attended the synagogue regularly. It was a Jewish household; I think it was kosher even. We had regular Friday night meals. I went to the synagogue every Saturday. My uncles were similar, rather liberal in their views but they all attended the synagogue. And in due course in Amsterdam I had religious lessons and my Bar Mitzvah, my Bar Mitzvah in Amsterdam, at the age of 13 of course. And that was the only time, the last time, many members of our family met. And my father came too, before … I don't think he had had a stroke by then.

RL: What kind of synagogue was the family a member of?

JG: In Amsterdam?

RL: What kind of denomination was it?

JG: I think it was liberal. There were no orthodox members of the family. Do you want to hear a funny story about him?

RL: Yes.

JG: In the days, when, really long before my time, my grandmother asked a friend to bring her, bring her a chicken from the neighbouring place, which would be slaughtered by somebody locally in a kosher fashion. One of the chickens managed to escape. When the neighbour came and bought no chicken, my mother said, "What happened?" He said, "Well your chicken flew away." That was before my time.

Tape 1: 23 minutes 14 seconds

Going down the family a little bit further, there was Liza, who was the youngest, and she was quite a pretty girl, and after the war I went to visit, only a few years ago, I went to visit our family chauffeur, who still lived in Bocholt, he was a very decent chap, had always been helpful. And he was by then a little bit demented, he had had a stroke, he couldn't remember my mother, but he remembered Liza because she was a beautiful girl. Liza and her husband lived in Cologne; he was a hard working, very good business man. A representative I think also of a silk firm. They managed to escape to Chile, through Italy, where he had never done a stroke of manual work in his life, started off with a cowshed, selling milk. He worked his way up and he became quite an affluent fellow in Chile, and where he had a son and a daughter who I visited earlier this year, my first cousins.

So I think that completes the six, doesn't it. Rudolf, Meta, my mother, Julius, Fritz and Liza. Yes, there were the six children.

RL: What kind of education had they had? What kind of schooling had they gone to?

JG: Well, in their early years I assume they must have gone to the Jewish school. Then my mother went off to a, when she was 16 to Heidelberg, to Pensionat, the place where she stayed where I think she received further education**,** and then she went to the university. My mother was the first academician in the family.

RL: What kind of education did your father have?

JG: To be quite honest, I don't know, but I would have assumed he would have gone to a Gymnasium in Dortmund.

RL: Do you know how they met?

JG: I think they were introduced, but I am not sure.

RL: And when did they marry?

JG: Well I was born in 1924 so I think it must have been about 1923.

RL: And were you an only child?

JG: Yes.

RL: What are your earliest memories as a child?

Tape 1: 25 minutes 52 seconds

JG: My earliest memory was of a nanny at my grandmother's house who wore a green scotch plaid skirt. I don't know why.

Then another memory is of my mother's maid. My mother was working full time as a dental surgeon in Düsseldorf and so she needed a maid, I have always loved sweet things and when she made a sweet she used to allow me to lick the pot afterwards and on this particular occasion she thought she would have a bit of fun and she had scraped it so much, there was hardly anything left, and then gave me the pot. I scraped what little bit was left which was maybe about half a teaspoon, threw it at her head, it ended up in her hair and I said, "There's your bloody pudding!" or the German equivalent. I remember that.

I also remember, one day, my mother catching her heel on top of a very long steep, straight staircase where we were living and falling all the way down the stairs rather painfully. I was at the bottom of the stairs, we were waiting to go out, and I said, "Mommy, Wo kommst du hier?" "Mummy, where did you come from?" And I think I remember it because she has repeated it so many times.

The other thing I remember, although I say it myself, I was quite a good little boy, but I did tell a lie once, and my mother locked me in the cellar for telling a lie, and when she,

she was quite soft hearted really, she let me out after a few minutes and opened the door, and said, "Come on Hans, come out", and I said, "No, no, I like it here mummy, I'm staying. We had furniture, which was about this high off the floor, and when I was offended with my mother, which happened occasionally, I used to go under the furniture.

RL: Can you describe the different homes that you lived in? Which home was this that you have just been talking about?

JG: This was in Düsseldorf, the home which we moved to after Oberkassel. I have no recollection of Oberkassel. And then, when they, oh yes that's right, I was always crying at night, I now think it's because I was hungry, because I was given the regulation amount of food and my mother called in a paediatrician who said, "Give him much more food." And then I stopped crying. My father got so fed up with my crying every night he would lock me into, well he would put me into, the furthest room away from the bedroom, which happened to be the loo. Anyway, I got over that. And then my mother moved into a flat in Düsseldorf.

RL: First of all, the first home that you remember, what kind of home was that, in Düsseldorf?

JG: It was a large flat, but I can't really remember any details.

RL: OK.

Tape 1: 29 minutes 18 seconds

JG: And the second one was a rather smaller flat, and again I can't remember a lot of detail. I was inordinately fond of noodles and goulash and my mother promised me a meal out at some time, but she wasn't well off, I mean her practice never, she never had a very big practice. One day, she collected me from school and said, "John, if you like we will go and have a meal out today, but I must tell you at home we are having noodles and goulash." I made her sound an awful tease, but she wasn't really, these are just little incidents that one remembers. So I ran off, and she got very worried because it took me a couple of hours. I ran off and didn't come home, I had my pride after all.

RL: You know you said you had been given regulation food, you know the quantity, what quantity …. ?

JG: As a baby, well you know people were quite prescriptive in those days, you know, not realising that every baby is an individual. And, I have got, this is a useful bit of knowledge later. If we get to it later I will tell you about it. That was Düsseldorf, and then, when my mother got married, I went to my grandmother in Bocholt and I went to this Dutch Jewish school. And I was a happy boy by and large. I had Jewish friends, Bocholt was a small place, I think it had in those days about 30,000 inhabitants, perhaps ten or so Jewish families.

RL: Were your closest friends all Jewish?

JG: Yes, all my friends at that stage were Jewish, not later, but in Bocholt they were. We just didn't mix with the non Jews there. I remember another episode, down our street was a smelly little grocery shop that sold everything, they had a handicapped child and I made fun of this child, I was only about seven or eight, and my grandmother made me go back and apologise, I remember that.

RL: How did you get on at school?

JG: I was a good pupil, not brilliant but good. Ever since I went to that school I had clean fingernails, and what happened was this, I went to school one day with dirty fingernails and this Jewish school master hit my hand with a long ruler, typical German, and he said, "Go and wash your hands." Ever since then I have had clean fingernails.

RL: Was this a Jewish school?

JG: Yes

RL: This was the Jewish school … right …

JG: Yes

Tape 1: 32 minutes 10 seconds

RL: Any other memories about living at your grandmothers?

JG: Yes, there was a large garden and although it was not a Jewish custom, at Easter we used to hide the Easter eggs, they had been specially painted. Do you know the system, you had something on paper and you wet it and the painting comes off and you put it on the egg, we invited all the Jewish children in the town and they used to collect Easter eggs. I used to mow her lawns, she was quite strict my grandmother, but she was very, very nice, yes that is another memory. She used to make me mow the lawns, this was not a mechanical one, this was a hand one, and was quite hard work. I used to love climbing up the cherry tree, she had one cherry tree with beautiful black cherries, I remember that.

On a more serious note, I shared a bedroom with her, and one night to my horror I woke up and I heard her pray, she was quite a religious woman. Oh God, let me die, my life has lasted long enough and she was only about 60. This was during the Hitler time, before the Gestapo. I was horrified. I pretended to be asleep, I never let her know that I heard. Yes …

RL: What year would you think that would be?

JG: I would think it was about 32 probably. Although, let me think, I came into this country in 37, Holland in 33, yes it must have been about 32.

RL: And at that date she was already …

JG: It was a horrid time. I remember listening to Hitler's broadcasts on a little old fashioned radio, you know with an accumulator that had to be recharged, a small thing … yes … There were worries, but everybody used to think that, oh well, come the next election they would realise the error of their ways, but it didn't happen.

RL: How aware were you of it at the time?

JG: I was aware that there was a danger, but I can't say I had nightmares over it, but obviously my elders did.

RL: So how was the decision taken for you to go to Amsterdam?

JG: Well that was when my mother's husband had been killed. And she justified that she could see what was going to happen, and she couldn't face staying in Germany, and she had this brother in Amsterdam so it seemed the natural thing to do, it seemed natural that I should follow her.

Tape 1: 35 minutes 10 seconds

RL: And what happened to your grandmother at that stage?

JG: To who?

RL: Your grandmother?

JG: She stayed in Bocholt, and they didn't move to Amsterdam, she and her unmarried son, until about, I estimate it must be about 38 or 39. When was Chrystallnacht? 38?

RL: 38.

JG: So it would have been after that.

RL: I went to a very nice school there. The Dalton System it was called. It was a very happy school, and the system was that the work was adjusted to your capabilities. If you were not very bright you were set easier homework and if you were bright you were set heavier, harder homework. I had a very nice Dutch teacher, Jufrau (Miss) Schaley, who I think must have been fond of me and I certainly was fond of her. She invited both me and my mother to her home for afternoon tea and there were a lot of refugee children in the school because Amsterdam was a focal point for refugees and erm I have still got a photograph with several teachers on it. I was very happy there, it was a good school, and walking distance from where I lived. And I did three years there.

RL: Was this a state school?

JG: Yes it was a state school.

RL: Not a Jewish school?

JG: No it wasn't, but there were a lot of Jewish children there because Amsterdam Zuid had a high Jewish, lots of Jewish people living there.

RL: What was your first impression of Amsterdam when you got there?

JG: I can't honestly remember. I know, we had a large field, outside the flat I showed you on the photograph, and we used to play football there, just a group of local boys. Now it has been built on, built up. I don't really remember a lot about that school. All I can tell you is that, you know there were the Gestapo headquarters in Amsterdam, which was bombed by the British? Well that was within fifty yards of where I lived. There was another school, but not that I attended. After three years at the ordinary school I went to the HBS, Hoogere Burger School and then I realised what a cushy place I had been to because it

Tape 1: 37 minutes 49 seconds

was very strict. It gave us a good education, sorry, I started to do French at my first School, had I stayed on before going to England I would have started to do German as well, which of course I could still speak fluently. And then after another year I would have started to do English. When I came to England I didn't know a single word of English. And my mother taught me, "Yes and no", on the boat going from the Hook of Holland to Harwich.

RL: In Amsterdam, how did you manage with language?

JG: Well, I am told that within a year I spoke fluent Dutch without an accent. I could certainly speak fluent Dutch, but I can still speak fairly fluent German but my Dutch has gone. The reason being I suppose that I learnt German as my native language at a much earlier age and I started to learn Dutch when I was nine and the brain is simply not as receptive, and although, well it is receptive alright but it doesn't retain it as well, and although I had very little opportunity of speaking German I can still speak German fluently.

RL: Do you remember having lessons in Dutch or did you just pick it up.

JG: I don't think so. I think I just picked it up. Yes. I can't remember any particular difficulty in that way. Different from when I went to England, but we will come to that later.

RL: How did you get on with the Dutch children?

JG: Very well, my best friend was a Dutchman, Reintje Suringa**,** and I visited him after the war, and I never realised that his mother was English, and she had come over as a very young girl and married this Dutch dentist and she had almost forgotten her English, and had difficulty in speaking fluent English. Yes. I have never been one for having a lot of friends, usually two or three is quite enough**,** but he was my best friend, Reintje Suringa.

RL: Did you belong to any youth groups?

JG: Yes, I belonged to like a Maccabean club, which was led by a chap whom I haven't thought of for years, but I remember his name, Chaim Luft. It is odd that because my memory for recent events is very poor nowadays, but I remember that. I remember once he took us to Zuydersee which still hadn't been filled in yet in those days and I swam to a ship which was about 200 yards off shore, and on the way back I nearly drowned because it was a bit far. I was on my own too. It was silly, he shouldn't have let me, but that was the only club I joined, it was a Jewish club.

Tape 1: 41 minutes 05 seconds

RL: What kind of activities did you do?

JG: Oh, bicycle rides football and this sort of thing. The most of an excursion to the Zuydersee

RL: Did you do anything in your leisure time? How did you fill in your days?

JG: Football and at weekend we often used to go to Zantvoort, which was a seaside resort with a lovely beach, and we went there by car. My uncle was a bachelor but he didn't drive, he had a car with a chauffeur, with whom I made great friends and at weekends we usually went out somewhere. During the week I suppose I did homework. I had a little radio, you know with a little quartz crystal, you know a crystal set and I played with that. One day, quite inexplicably I got an electric shock from it, I still don't know how that happened but I did. And I had friends, I had a Jewish friend, Fred, who unfortunately perished. He was a year or two older than I was but my role model, I looked up to him, we spent quite a lot of time together, cycling, Amsterdam was a great place for cycling. That is how I spent my leisure, with friends, football and my club.

RL: Were you in contact with your father at this time?

JG: Yes, regular. We used to go and see him in Dortmund, in Düsseldorf, sorry, Düsseldorf. And I saw him particularly after he had had his stroke. It was very pitiable really, he couldn't speak properly.

RL: When you went back to see him, did you notice a change in Germany from when you had left?

JG: Well, it was pretty bad. Don't forget I regularly went back between 33 from Holland to 37 to spend summer holidays with my grandmother. So I did, yes, Yes I did notice a great deal of deterioration there. It was interesting, my grandmother was only 60 and yet she seemed to me an old woman in those days, but of course at 60 in those days you were much older than you are now, I don't know why.

RL: You say there was a gradual change.

JG: Yes.

RL: Can you put your finger on anything?

JG: Yes, I think it was harder, my uncle at that stage had an interest in the factory still and I think it was harder to work to make payments and so on. Yes,

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and because of the fact he wasn't doing terribly well he had become representative for a kitchen furniture firm who travelled, but I was a bit too young to appreciate the increasing difficulties which the elders had experienced. And then of course later on my Uncle Rudolph got married and went to Cologne and then I saw much less of him. I remember visiting him though and I saw so much, they took me to my first opera, Madame Butterfly, when I was about nine or ten and I enjoyed that very much. No, I can't really answer that about the change because I suppose I was too young to take a great interest, I was more interested in my family.

RL: Yes. And in Holland, did you ever come across any hostility?

JG: No, I can't say I did. I like the Dutch, they are a broad minded people. They called the German, the Moffen, that was their nickname for them, but I never personally experienced any negative things, no, my uncle's chauffeur was a Dutch man and I got on well with him. And my uncle then got a housekeeper in to look after me and to look after him, Mrs Marks, her father had been a public health doctor, I met him as well. And it was a very happy set up. I was a very happy little boy.

RL: What was the home like there?

JG: It was a flat. I still remember exactly. With one room which was sub-let, a small room which was my bedroom, a living room, a dining room and my uncle's bedroom, which had a door straight into the bathroom, but the bathroom had a second door into the hall, and I remember one day … we had a lodger, Mr Horwitz, who survived the war actually, I don't know quite how but he did, and he used to tease me, and he used to say, "John, have you bought your eye measure". I didn't know what an eye measure was and I still don't know! One day, my grandmother was visiting and she was in the bath and her name, was Loewenstein, and he walked in through the door in the hall wanting to have a bath you see, and my grandmother was in the bath and he had the presence of

mind to say, "I am so sorry Mrs Loewenstein and walked out again." She visited occasionally. We were quite a close family and we all got on well together.

RL: What area of Amsterdam was it in?

JG: Amsterdam Zuid. I still remember, it was number five, Quentin Massys Stratt, I don't know if you have heard of Quentin Massys, but he was a lesser Dutch painter, nevertheless, well known enough to have a street named after him. It was a second floor flat, in the first floor there lived a refugee family from Breslau and downstairs there were Dutch people. And I had a bicycle which I had to keep in a place just round the corner, a sort of bicycle depot because I

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couldn't really take a bicycle up to the second floor. Oh, and above, there were two more small rooms, above the flat, under the roof. That became my place, no, no, that didn't become my place. We then took in some Austrian friends who lived with us and they subsequently went to Chile. Their daughter and I became very friendly, most likely too friendly, we played doctors and nurses. And many years later we met up again, but they escaped to Chile, they took place of the housekeeper. Mrs Heiberg looked after us, I don't remember exactly how long, a few months, or even a year perhaps.

RL: You said you had Hebrew lessons in Amsterdam?

JG: Yes, yes I did, because I had a Bar Mitzvah.

RL: What do you remember first of all of the Hebrew lessons and then of the Bar Mitzvah?

JG: Well don't forget I had had some Hebrew lessons in the Jewish school, so it was not entirely new to me. I think I regarded it as a bit of a chore. I don't think it had much religious significance, but I don't think many boys of 13 are deeply religious, perhaps in your family they are but not in mine, at least not in my case.

RL: And what happened for your Bar Mitzvah?

JG: Well, oh yes, I remember being very upset, because all the family celebrated until late at night and I was sent to bed at about 8 o'clock or 9 o'clock, so much for being a man! We had, a lot of my relations were there, even distant ones, it was the last time the family met up as a whole. My father was there too, my mother was there of course, as I said my father was well liked by the family, there was no rancour. And it was again a happy occasion, but I was a very happy child. And I think, I still, despite of many things that have gone wrong in my life, I am still a happy person basically, I am very lucky that way. I don't take any credit for it, it's just the way I'm made.

RL: When did the family make preparations to leave Amsterdam?

JG: The family didn't. That was the trouble. My mother had a patient in Belgium, in an illegal practice; a Jewish patient who was, I think had been a bit of a politician. And he had either a friend or relative in Cambridge, a Mrs Burkill, who herself had been a refugee from Odessa with her sister. She had married a Cambridge lecturer who had previously been a Professor of Mathematics in Liverpool actually, a man called Burkill, Charles Burkill, who ultimately got a chair himself and became a Fellow of the Royal Society and ended up as Master

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of Peter House College in Cambridge. Now she took a great interest in refugees, she was a great light on the local refugee committee, placed a lot of Jewish children with English adoptive parents but didn't believe necessarily that only Jewish people would take them and placed a lot in Christian families.

Anyway, my mother was given a letter of introduction to this lady in Cambridge, and that was her only contact in England. At about that time, what made her do it, was that the British Dental Association and the government jointly had agreed to let, I think it was 50, continental dentists, come to this country and practice without having to re-qualify, providing they had reputable dental degrees, which of course all of them had. And therefore, what with Hitler and so on, she thought it would be a good idea to move to England. A brave step I think. And so she visited this Mrs Burkill and one of the conditions of entry was that she did not practice in London or in Edinburgh. Well, roundabout late 30s, dentistry in England was not very advanced, I think it was up to the mid 1920s I believe you could become a dentist simply by apprenticeship without going to university, and Cambridge was not very well served with dentists and people with money used to go to London to have their dental treatment and Mrs Burkill said, "If you don't know where to settle down, why don't you settle in Cambridge? I can help you find John a good school." She was very helpful and helped us find a flat, and that is what she did.

Now, when we first moved, that was before she had the flat, she found accommodation in a bed and breakfast place and she put me with an English family of teachers, who had three or four children of their own, and I couldn't speak a word of English. I learned my English, I started to know my yes and no on the boat over. And it was a very clever move to put me with this family because they could only speak English and so I had to learn and the only literature, I have always been fond of reading, and the only literature I had was a German cookery book, which I read through twice because I had nothing else I could read.

My mother at that time went back to Holland to arrange for the transfer of her furniture, so that she could furnish the flat in Cambridge, and also her dental equipment, so I was on my own with this English family, who were very nice, quite simple people, but very nice. And what my outstanding memory of at that time was toast, which I had never had before and marmalade in a big brown 7 pound jar from Sainsburys, do you remember,

well you're not old enough to remember those jars are you? I was very impressed, very impressed. I was also very impressed when I went on a punt for the very first time, you know on the river, on the River Cam in Cambridge. I began to pick up a little bit of English, but having come across in July, I suppose, and starting school in September, there was only two or three months, and when I first went to school I really didn't know what was going on. Gradually I picked it up by osmosis, I never had

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English lessons as such. I could have gone to a state school but Mrs Burkill said, "No, he must go to The Leys." The Leys was a public school in Cambridge, Methodist foundation, which at that time had 212 pupils, it now has about six or eight hundred. And I settled down in North A House. Mrs Burkill had negotiated reduced fees because my mother obviously had very little money, she was able to take out a little bit and she had taken out some of her brother's money. But she felt she couldn't use that, she must use that for her brother to enable him to get out. And to her surprise, her practice developed extremely quickly.

RL: Can I just ask? I mean what had your mother been able to take out? First of all from Germany to Belgium or Amsterdam?

JG: Nothing.

RL: Nothing at all. She had brought nothing with her?

JG: Nothing, She lived in a furnished room in Brussels, when she left Amsterdam after a few weeks.

RL: What had happened to her belongings in Germany?

JG: The answer is I don't know. I think they may have gone into storage but I am not sure. But I know that it was available because she got her dental equipment, because her dental equipment would have remained in Düsseldorf, unless she got her late husband's equipment. I don't know, he was also a dentist as I mentioned. It must have been in storage. But she got her furniture which had in Barmen, Barmen Wuppertal, when they bought a little house there. That came over to England, but how I don't know, she went back to Holland to arrange for it to come.

RL: And how did you feel when you heard that you were moving to England? How did that news come to you?

JG: My mother must have told me. I just took it as a matter of course. By then I was a wandering Jew wasn't I?

RL: Do you remember the journey across?

JG: Yes, I think it was a night journey, I think I slept in the upper bed and she was in the lower bed, that is all I can remember. And I think from Harwich, I suspect we went to London and from London to Cambridge, I am not sure about that. But Mrs Burkill must have arranged the accommodation for us, bed and breakfast in my mother's case and with a family in Cherry Hinton which is a part

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of Cambridge. I can't remember ever crying at night or being unhappy, I wasn't, I was adaptive.

RL: You were telling me about the school that …

JG: Oh yes, The Leys, I was put in this class and I suppose gradually I must have picked up English, but my mother had a dental nurse who helped her who was very literate. Her father later became the Mayor of Cambridge, you know he was a councillor and he did his stint as mayor. Margaret Wilding her name was. I said, "Can you give me some help with my English essay?" I have still got the essay if you would like to see it. I have got a book, school book, still, you might like to see it. And, the essay was, what happened to Aunt Agatha at Nuneaten. It was a crime, a thriller, she wrote it for me, I couldn't possibly have done it. And then, the teacher must have realised I hadn't written it myself, because I couldn't speak English but he said it was the best essay that he had. Not surprising seeing as it wasn't written by a 13 year old and I had to read it out in the class, which I did, with great difficulty. That is one memory.

The other was not being very good at rugby. I wasn't the naturally sporty type.

Oh yes, and the other thing was, when I joined the French class, having done French for two or three years in Holland, I didn't know what they were talking about because their pronunciation was so terrible. The Dutch are good linguists. I don't think my French master had ever been to France, you know instead of saying du, he said doo, and tu became too. He had no idea, but after a while I got used to that as well. But I hope I kept my Dutch pronunciation of French.

RL: Now we just have to stop here because ….

TAPE 2

In Cambridge were you in contact with the Jewish community there at all.

JG: My mother was, but, most of her friends were Jewish, or had been Jewish, there were the Schlossmans, changed to Shawden. The father of the Schlossmans had been a famous professor of paediatrics in Düsseldorf. Silberstein was our doctor. He came from Magdeburg. He had been a very promising doctor in Germany and would undoubtedly have finished up as a professor of medicine somewhere, but he became a GP. More astonishingly he became a Police Surgeon for Cambridge and he was not only our GP but

he was a good friend and he was a good friend of mine. I think he was a little jealous of me actually, because he himself would have made a professor of medicine and when I became a consultant I think he was a little bit jealous, but he always took

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great interest in my progress. He had two daughters, much younger than I was, a German wife. He had been non-Jewish but had become Jewish to marry her, and we were very close. Yes, most of our friends were Jewish but we did have a few non-Jewish, my mother did have a few non-Jewish friends. My friends of course were school friends and I am still in regular touch with one of them. We are both elderly now, but I can tell you more about that later.

RL: Did you come across any awkwardness, or even hostility, from anyone at school?

JG: You know it's a funny thing. I can't remember any, but I always tended to forget the nasty things that happened. So it's possible that it happened but I can't recall it. No, not really, not even during the war, no. I first went to The Leys in 1937, I had been there, I suppose, for three years, when on my 16th birthday, I remember still, I was writing an English essay and I was looking through the window and I saw a policeman walking on the grass, which we weren't allowed to do, towards the Head Master's house. And I knew what was happening, because another German refugee, he had his birthday a short time before me, and he had been rushed away on his 16th birthday so I knew that it meant internment. The policeman came back with the Head Master and the Head Master was very nice. I think he was quite fond of me, he said, "I am sorry you have to go away for a few days." The police were very nice, I didn't finish my essay. They said, "Just collect a few things to last you a few days." My mother packed a bag for me, my case, and off we went by car to Bury St Edmunds, to what must have been an army camp. There were palliasses, you know what palliasses is, and there I was in the company of some very prominent people. If they weren't prominent at the time they became prominent later, several of them became Fellows of the Royal Society and so on. And in this camp, I don't know exactly how long we were there, being, they were all Cambridge people you see, they started giving talks, so it was quite interesting, except palliasses used to, were not very comfortable. From Bury St Edmunds after a few days we were taken by train to Liverpool and the only unpleasantness I have ever experienced was in Liverpool. Because from Lime Street we had to walk, carrying our luggage to what I think must have been a huge TA hall, which no longer exists, and on the way there there were cat calls, "bloody, bloody, bloody Germans" and things like that. Not anti-Jewish but anti-German.

And of course the Liverpool population had no idea who we were, that we were refugees, which brings me round to another point which is that the internment policy in the Second World War was just as stupid as in the First World War.

They hadn't learned any lessons. And I suppose it was in response to the gutter press, fifth columnists in the country and so on and for example we had an Italian in our camp who had been in the country for 25 years and had never

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bothered to take out naturalisation papers and his son was serving in the British army. Things like that you see.

Anyway, from that TA camp we were taken to a place called Huyton, on the outskirts of Liverpool, and the younger ones were put in tents which were in the gardens of the houses. I suspect Huyton had just been built and not yet been occupied, the more senior ones were put in the houses, and I was in the garden of a house which housed three subsequent Fellows of the Royal Society, one was Herman Lehrman, I don't know if you know the name, who was an expert on various haemoglobins**.** The other one was Max Perutz, whose name you may have heard, who did a lot of work at the Cavendish in Cambridge, I think he worked out the structure of a number of important biological substances, such as haemoglobin. The third was an expert on potato viruses, and I don't remember his name, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society as well, so I was in very eminent company.

But I do remember, some refugee students from Cambridge, and they put me off Cambridge, they were right snobs, they really were, and I couldn't cope with that. Now, one of them was the son of a famous German book critic called Kerr. Do you know the name? K-E-R-R. He became a Judge in this country. He died recently. He had quite a big obituary in "The Times", and he was a right snob too. I remember him, and various other ones. I thought they were a stuck up lot, the Cambridge students and I decided I didn't want to go to Cambridge ever. There was another good reason why I couldn't go to Cambridge, in those days if you wanted to do medicine you had to do Latin and I had never been any good at Latin. I had not been to a prep school so I had several years catching up to do, and I never caught up because I didn't like the school master.

RL: You were just saying how you were taken on your 16th birthday. Had you had any contact with the police before that?

JG: Yes. Yes. You probably know the scheme of categorisation, As, Bs and Cs. Do you? Well, that had taken place some time beforehand. Both my mother and I had been categorised as C. Now the As had been interned straight away. The Bs I think were interned at the time of Dunkirk. And the Cs were at the discretion of the Chief Constable. And in his wisdom he decided my mother was not a danger to the state but I was, so she wasn't interned and I was.

So, from Huyton, erm, what do I remember about Huyton? Yes, I remember I was hungry. There wasn't enough food. Luckily I had a cousin who was also interned who worked in the kitchen. He slipped me the occasional bit of bread and cheese. I wrote to

my mother saying, "Could you please send some food, some bread and marg." And instead she sent a bar of chocolate which wasn't

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really, although I love chocolate, it wasn't really what I had in mind, but letters took an awful long time and so did everything else, they were all censored.

Then we were taken by boat one day …

RL: How long were you in Huyton?

JG: I am not quite sure. I can tell you how long I was interned. I was interned from 1st May until early January the next year, I can't tell you exactly how long I was in Huyton. From Huyton we were taken to the Isle of Man, and there is only one funny episode I can remember there, and that was, we were not allowed newspapers of course, but some of the internees managed to bribe a soldier to buy him a newspaper, and there was a double barbed wire fence, and the patrols were within the two fences you see, and just as the soldier was handing across the newspaper, an officer came along inspecting and the internee dropped the paper, saluted and said, "God save the Queen." This was at a time when the war was going very badly and of course everybody was very worried.

RL: How did you spend your day?

JG: Well largely doing nothing. But we did have a sort of school, we did have, it was organised by somebody, we had lessons and general culture and general knowledge things.

RL: How many other 16 year old were there?

JG: Not many, I mean, I am guessing, 20 perhaps, but it's a guess.

And from there we were taken by train one day, no warning of course, to Greenock, near Glasgow, and onto a ship called Sobieski. Does the name Sobieski mean anything to you? He was a Polish general I think. It was named after him. He was Polish, and, from there we were taken up the Saint Lawrence River, across the Atlantic, in convoy, up the Saint Lawrence River to Montreal I think. On the ship there was a man, I had known in Cambridge, he was a patient of my mother's, he was a very intelligent chap, he was a political refugee from Germany, not a religious one, not Jewish. He had served on the left wing side in the Spanish civil war and been interned in France, and then come to England, and now he was being interned again. He was very knowledgeable chap. Also a very much do it yourself chap and he found a piece of sail cloth and he made me a pair of shorts on the ship which I treasured for many years. They were a bit stiff, rather like denim, you know. But they were very useful during my internment in the summer. He actually made them for me, from the sailcloth that he pinched from a container on the

ship. On the ship there were also German POWs. We were separated thank God. And I was put in a cabin with four

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Orthodox Jewish people. I am afraid it put me off orthodoxy, and I will tell you why, while they were laying their tefillin every morning they were cracking jokes. I thought, this, what people, it put me right off. At that stage, I still, I wasn't an agnostic, I hadn't got very firm ideas about religion, but that put me off. I had always had reverence, when I went to the synagogue it was a reverential occasion for me, but this I couldn't understand how people could do this. It had become a routine, I can only guess, that it must have become meaningless for them. That is a hard judgement but there it is.

RL: How many refugees were on the ship?

JG: I can't tell you exactly but there must have been several hundred. I know that we had to eat in two sittings. The food was rather better than it had been in the internment camp because there was never enough. Certainly not for anybody with a good appetite like myself, and then from Montreal we were taken to a place by train to a place called Trois Rivierre, three rivers, and we were accommodated in a football stadium for a day or two, and from there we went again by train to a huge camp which was being built amongst pine woods and birch woods of Canada, quite near the American border I believe. And when we got to the camp it wasn't quite ready yet and the main thing I remember is that there was one water tap for about six hundred people and that the kitchen got preference naturally and if you wanted to have a wash you had to start queuing up at about two in the morning, but that was soon remedied, they soon finished. I remember they didn't have the roofs on either, but it was summer and that didn't matter. And I quite enjoyed the camp because we were sent out in groups to cut down trees for firewood. The huts, later in the winter, were heated by wood burning stoves and ultimately there wasn't enough food there, and you may have noticed I have quite an indistinct speech anyway and I used to speak much faster, and I still do but on occasions like these I make an effort to slow down. And so there was a psychoanalyst, and I can't remember his name, he was a pupil of Freud, who took me on and he thought he could cure my fuss and indistinct speech by psychoanalysis, do you know I can't remember his name now, He later went to South America to practice there. He was quite well known, he was one of the two or three of Freud's pupils. It will probably come to me in a minute anyway. Anyway, it wasn't very successful.

RL: Who was in charge of you?

JG: Well, they were Canadian soldiers, but usually, the equivalent I suppose of The Pioneer Corps. We didn't have, I don't think we had a camp elder. We did have the Kaiser's grandson who was a student at Oxford, he was one of the internees.

RL: Who was in charge of you on the ship?

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JG: I don't know, I don't know. I mean there must have been British officers, but I remember by and large, I remember only the nice things. I don't think I was seasick on that journey. And I was very friendly with Ken Close, his name was Ken Close, so I didn't feel lonely because I knew him from before and although he was much older than I was, he was in his forties and I was sixteen, we were good friends.

RL: Was there danger from U-Boats on the journey?

JG: Yes, but I don't think on that particular convoy anyone was hurt. We had a destroyer escort. But it was huge I mean these convoys extended over miles and miles. I got to know, I think it was probably on this ship, I got to know a Jewish refugee, Poliakoff, Abraham Poliakoff, I don't suppose you've ever heard of him, I don't think he ever became well known, but he was one of the devotees of the school that said Christianity rose naturally out of Judaism, and he combined the two. And I went through, during this internment, during my stay in Canada, I went through a process that can best be described as religious conversion to Christianity. I had been to a Methodist school and I had been to Chapel twice on Sundays followed by Synagogue on Jewish festival days so I had quite a Catholic education from that point of view, so Christianity wasn't entirely new to me, but he tried to convert me and to a certain extent he did. His idea of Christianity was natural after coming from Judaism. He got me to read the bible and things and I became very holy. You know, I was at an age where you have a love for horses or girls or religion and I had a love for religion. I am afraid it all wore off afterwards. So he became my best friend during this, during my internment. Also a man called Wiener, nothing to do with the Wiener library, but he was very nice too. I liked him, we got on well. And we had, there was a, there were a lot of interesting people, because many of them were from Cambridge and one was a famous zoologist, biologist, whose name I have forgotten. And again, we had a sort of school, nothing official, we psychoanalysed, we went cutting down trees, I nearly chopped my leg off once, and then one day a commissioner was sent by the Home Office, I think his name was Hamilton, and by that time the Home Office had realised that it had been really rather stupid in interning all these refugees, some of whom had actually been in a German concentration camp. And Hamilton interviewed us all individually. I forgot to mention I had a second cousin, two second cousins, from Düsseldorf in the internment camp as well, who were very close, one is still alive, I am still in touch with him. He has been here a couple of times. And Hamilton offered some of us release, either locally in Canada, in which case we would have been taken care of by some Jewish Canadian Refugee Committee, or return to England. My second cousin, Rudy, decided because he had nobody in England apart from my mother for him there to draw him there, he decided to stay in Canada and make his life there. Ultimately he married a Canadian lady and had three boys who are all doing well, still in Winnipeg. His brother decided

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to go to New York, married a fellow refugee there, but unfortunately he died of cancer a few years ago. I decided that as my mother was on her own it was my job to go back. So in the middle of January we were taken again by ship to Liverpool in a big convoy. I don't think any ships were sunk on that occasion either and I ended up at the Adelphi to make a phone call to my mother to say I was back. My voice had broken whilst I was in Canada, I had no money, so I had to ask if my mother would accept a reverse charge call from Liverpool, my mother thought it was probably some poor refugee who hadn't got any money, and of course she was quite right, but she wouldn't believe at first it was me because my voice had broken. And I told her that the next day I would be arriving in Cambridge and she did something which for her was quite unusual, she cancelled a patient so she could meet me at the station. Only one patient mind you! She met me at the station and we were both delighted.

RL: What was the date that you were shipped out?

JG: I am guessing, I would guess it would be July or August.

RL: Nineteen?

JG: 40, we were interned 1st May 1940, after Dunkirk.

RL: So you were shipped out in July …

JG: July/August

RL: Right, and you came back …

JG: January

RL: January 41

JG: Yes.

Now, by this time, my school, in Cambridge, the buildings had been taken over as an orthopaedic hospital for war casualties, so the school had had to move, and they went to a very salubrious place, namely the Atholl Palace Hotel in Pitlochry. Do you know Pitlochry? Do you know the Apple Palace Hotel? Have you stayed there?

RL: I've not stayed there, no …

JG: Very smart place and very suitable for a school you see, big enough, and so I gave myself I think a fortnight to visit some old friends before I went to school,

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term had started already the week before, and of course I had been due to take the school certificate the year I was interned and so the first thing I had to do was to catch up on that, so I, was there for two terms, and in July I took the school certificate. I did quite well, I got three distinctions and five credits or something and I think a pass. And then I had to decide what was I going to be. Having decided not to be a tram driver or a train driver which had been an earlier ambition, I decided to become a dental surgeon. And, to do this, I had to do either my higher certificate which would have taken two years, or do the exam called the first BDS, Batchelor of Dental Surgery at medical school which meant that I would catch up on the time lost because I could do that in one year whereas the higher school certificate would have taken two years, so I decided to leave school and enter Guys Hospital as a dental student. And by this time Guys Hospital had been evacuated, the medical school had been evacuated to Tunbridge Wells. There I lived in a hostel with about 28 other people, eight of whom were dental students and 20 of whom were medical students, and I hope I don't cause any offence by saying that I soon realised that dental students weren't a patch on the medical students. I think you did dentistry in those days if you couldn't get into medical school and I decided, "I am not going to join that lot." This is I think during my first term, and so I decided to see the dean to tell him of my intentions, but there was only one difficulty, the dean was a dental dean, professor of dental surgery, so I couldn't give him my real reasons, but anyway he said, "Are you quite sure?" and I said, "Yes, I'm sure." And he granted my request and because the first BDS exam was identical, exactly the same exam as the first MBBS exam, all I had to do was change from BDS to MBBS, the curriculum was the same and the first exam was identical. So I passed at the end of the year and I must confess that I have never regretted my decision to do medicine rather than dentistry and I don't think my mother was distressed about it either, and that is how I became a medical student. Now, in Austria, I couldn't have applied, because if you wanted to do dentistry you had to do medicine first, you had to qualify in medicine before you could qualify in dentistry. And yesterday at an AJR meeting, you know Susanne**,** we had a very good AJR meeting, where a girl, an English girl who was born elsewhere, I have forgotten her name, talked about her father's life. She has published a book. Do you know about it?

RL: Yes.

JG: She gave a very good talk. Do you know the daughter?

RL: Yes.

JG: A very capable girl. A mother of four I think. She gave an interesting talk. What made me bring this up? What made me go from one to the other.

Tape 2: 27 minutes 11 seconds

RL: Medicine?

JG: Maybe …

RL: How did you get on with the students?

JG: You mean with my fellow students? All right, I was never what I might call a socialite, but I always had one or two good friends. My best friend was Maurice Smith, who had been to the army and had been invalided out with rheumatic fever. He decided to do medicine. He was much older than I was. He was Catholic. He never had any, we had religious, we talked about religion, but we never had any quarrels about it. Occasionally I went to his church with him on a Sunday, a Catholic service. I was still a little bit under the influence of Poliakoff, not that I met him. But gradually these things went as they do with so many people. I got on well … I got on well. No, I wasn't one of the "popular" people. I wasn't unpopular, but I wasn't, in every class you get two or three people who are very popular, usually because they have a good sense of humour. I wasn't one of those, but I was a good student academically. I went in for the physiology prize and didn't get it; I got the anatomy prize instead.

RL: Were there other Jewish students on your course?

JG: There were a couple, yes. One was called Ashken, presumably formerly Ashkenazi, he became a GP and there were a couple of others, nowadays there would be a lot of Indian students, but in those days they were Jewish.

RL: And what about refugees?

JG: I think one of them might have been, I think one of them was Jewish, I don't know what happened to him. But most of them weren't.

One day my mother came to visit me and she was very youthful looking. And one of my friends said to me, "You never told me you had a sister." I told my mother and she was delighted, of course, as most women would be. I enjoyed my studies. I was very shy.

I forgot to mention, a rather sad episode in my life. My mother had a dental assistant, a Jewish girl called Sonja Novak. I don't know whether she came out with the Kindertransport or whether she had been sent out just before from I think it was Prague, her parents had a small shop there, she was a very pretty girl, I have got her picture, if you would like to see it. And I fell in love with her. This was I think when I came back from Canada, no no, maybe the year after. Anyway I fell in love with her. She thought I was rather young … later things

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turned and we fell in love with each other and this was wonderful. This was my first love, and I taught her to ride a bicycle, one day I was in London with my mother, and my mother said, "Sonia has been taken ill." And she was already dead. She had been knocked over by a lorry, cracked her skull, and had never recovered consciousness. I was heartbroken for a long time. And I never got over losing her, my first love. I went to the mortuary to see her body. It was the first time I had seen a dead body. It was very sad. I

still feel very sad when I think about it. I don't know if it would have lasted, first loves often don't last, do they? But, we were very close. It was a lovely feeling. That was Sonia. It took me a long time to get over that, two or three years. I kept her picture by my bedside. Do you want to see it?

RL: Maybe later.

How aware were you of what was happening in the war whilst you were a student?

JG: The war, I was very much acquainted with, because I read the paper every day, I listened to the news broadcasts, but of course one didn't know what was happening to our Jewish family in Germany. One might have had a suspicions because after a while the red cross letters stopped.

My Uncle Julius and Fritz had got married in the meantime and had families. Fritz had no children, Julius had at least two boys and they were taken to Westerbork which was a camp in Holland that you may have heard of and from there they were taken to extermination camps.

I have since seen, well you have probably seen them, two books kept by the Wiener Library, published by the German government after the war. Have you seen them? Volumes detailed exactly what happened to everybody who died. In spite of killing millions they were very methodical about it. And I have looked up all my family and I know where they died and roughly when. I looked up my friend, Freddy Fuchs when he died.

RL: Had your uncles ever thought of leaving Holland? Had they tried to …

JG: I don't know. I don't know. It must have occurred to them, but what steps they had taken if any I just don't know. Luckily my father died naturally in Germany, he didn't have to go through it, but his brother, died, **i**n Hamburg, died in the Holocaust. I don't know what happened to his sister in Bonn, married sister. A few years ago I decided I wanted to visit my father's grave and to visit my grandmother's grave, which I had never seen, and I had written to the Dutch community in Holland to find out where her grave was and I found out it was in Dordrecht. And there was one cemetery there and next to it was a little Jewish

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cemetery and the very first grave I saw was my grandmother, Minna Guishalt**,** which was her maiden name, not her married name, it was right at the entrance, it was beautifully kept by the Jewish community in Dordrecht, the Jewish cemetery. I was very, very affected by this, because I had been very fond of her and she died under such appalling circumstances, with this no doubt religious Christian lady, but she was rather cold, despite her being religious and doing good works but she was not a warm hearted person.

And she died in great physical and mental pain. I have one of the last letters that she wrote which reached us after the war, it was very sad.

RL: You followed the progress of the war, but you didn't know what was happening to the Jews?

JG: No, I knew as much as anyone what was happening in the war, I did pay much attention to that naturally, I didn't really know what was happening to the Jews. I had some relatives in Brussels, who escaped with her 80 year old grandmother over the Swiss Alps, he had Swiss citizenship and he settled down in Zurich and started another business there with his family and I went to see them after the war, and I have still got a relative in Zurich now, just one, contemporary.

RL: Did you suffer from the bombing at all? Air raids?

JG: The nearest I got to being bombed was when I visited a school friend during the war, during the holidays, for a weekend, in a little place near here, it used to be near salt mines, what is the name of it, a little village near here, it will come to me in a minute. I stayed there for a weekend and waking up about 12 o'clock at night thinking, "That a 25 pound bomb has burst on the doorstep!" It was very noisy, all the windows were blown in. Sandbach is the name of the village, Sandbach, there used to be salt mines there. I still have a friend there … this is the friend I am still in touch with him, he now lives in the Lakes. And in fact what had happened was, a German plane had tried to bomb Liverpool, but hadn't got through, and dropped its landmine in the village, and by a miracle nobody was killed or injured, but all the windows were blown in. And the landmine left a hole in the ground as big as a house. That is the nearest I ever got to being bombed myself. But when I was in London as a medical student of course there were all the doodlebugs. Do you remember the doodlebugs? Are you old enough? No, you are not old enough to remember those. No, I am so sorry, I forgot it is more than 50 years ago isn't it. It still feels like yesterday to me, and in fact Maurice Smith was a medical student as well, he had digs in the south of London, I lived in the north of London, north-west, near my uncle and aunt, it was really like my second home. But one weekend I went down to stay with him to see more of these doodlebugs, and also my girlfriends mother lived in a lovely place in Surrey called Peaslake and you used to see them coming over, flying towards London,

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so I saw a lot of those, and of course the V2s, with a doodlebug you had a warning, because you could hear the engine, it was only when the engine cut out that they came down a minute or so later, if you wanted to you could get under the table of the Morrison Shelter. But the V1s, you had no warning of, there was just a tremendous explosion and they did a tremendous amount of damage to London, and one of those came down quite near to Guys when I was there, but I was never personally involved in anything. And I remember casualties came in, and I remember helping and assisting somebody who was

training to be a general surgeon taking out an eye of somebody who had been irreparably damaged. That was the nearest I got to the war myself.

After the war, no, after I qualified, of course my fellow colleagues were being called up.

RL: When did you qualify?

JG: In June 1947, but they were still being called up, because the army was still in many parts of the world, and so I thought that although I wasn't going to be called up, although I had been naturalised, I think I was naturalised at around about that time, I thought I ought to go in, so I volunteered for the Air Force. The Air Force wouldn't have me because of my German parents. So I volunteered for the IMT, and they took all the riff raff, and they took me. Because I had broken up a rather sad love affair just then I wanted to get away as far as possible, I asked to go to the Far East, in their wisdom the army sent me to the Middle East, which was all right too. Do you want me to tell you about that now, or in another place?

RL: I just want to ask you a few more questions about your time in London? Did you belong to any groups or societies at all, either in the university or out of the university?

JG: No. Except that my girlfriend got me to join a choir, the Reed Choir, I don't know whether you have heard of them and for a short time I was a member of that choir. I had already been in the choir at school, before I could speak English even, I was singing English hymns, because I had quite a good voice. But unfortunately I never learned to play a musical instrument, because at the time other children were learning musical instruments I was still struggling to learn English and somehow my mother should have encouraged me, but didn't, and so my to my great regret I never learned to play a musical instrument, but I have been in several choirs since. In Sheffield I joined a choir, in Liverpool I was in the Philharmonic Choir for 24 years. I must just tell you about this, because it is quite amazing I think, we were auditioned every three years, and I was an abysmal sight reader, my voice was ok, but not brilliant, and I always took great

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pains to sit next to somebody who knew exactly what they were doing. And under those conditions I could sing. The choir master, who died recently, had been a patient of mine, so I told him that, "If you sack me I will use a blunt needle next time you attend my clinic." And he did keep me in. And then he resigned and we got Ian Tracey who was organist and choir master at the Liverpool Anglican Cathedral, he has become the choir master of the Liverpool Philharmonic Choir, and we were due for our three yearly auditions, and I knew I would be in trouble, and the auditions, to most of us, were the most traumatic event of our time. More worrying than anything professional or personal, these auditions really got us down. And I got flu just before my audition was due. Perfectly genuine flu, but it was not a coincidence, because I think stress lowers your immunity, and then you get flu. So I couldn't, it took my voice completely, so I couldn't attend my audition for several weeks because it took a long time for my voice to recover

and during that time several of my friends in the choir had been sacked and they were all better than me, than I was. So I thought, "Goldsmith, you're not going to fail your first exam ever in your life at the age of 64." So I sent a letter of resignation. I was very sad about it, because I loved my singing but I resigned before I was sacked.

RL: So you belonged to this choir. Where did you sing?

JG: In one of the two London schools of music. I forget which one. It was in the same street which Madame Tussauds is, but I forget which it is. It wasn't very long, but I did enjoy it. My first wife was keen on music, she was in the choir too. She was an artist. She did quite a lot of the pictures you see here. We will come to that later.

RL: Was your mother still living in Cambridge?

JG: Yes.

RL: And you were in digs?

JG: Sorry, when are we talking about?

RL: Whilst you were at the university.

JG: Yes, I was in digs in north London, not far from my uncle and aunt. I was very lucky that my landlady didn't like cheese at the time and the cheese ration was 2 ounces a week, so I actually got 4 ounces a week.

RL: What kind of family were you in digs with?

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JG: It was a lady married to another German but who was in the pioneer corps or a sergeant in the pioneer corps and he only came home for some weekends, so basically it was just her and myself.

RL: Was it a refugee family?

JG: Yes, yes … Portsdown Road, near the, what is that famous school of ballet, Rambert, you know Finchley Road, around there around there a school of dancing is on the left as you come from Golders Green Station, well Portsdown Avenue is just off there.

RL: What was the family's name?

JG: Oh gosh, you know I can't remember. Sorry.

RL: Were you in digs with them throughout?

JG: No, I had been in digs somewhere else first, with a couple of spinster ladies, also refugees, arranged by my aunt. And then, I don't know why … I think I went to do three months somewhere else and when I came back I went to this new place, which was rather nicer.

RL: Were you in touch with other members of the Jewish community around there? Or the refugee community around there?

JG: No, not really. My friends were mostly fellow students. I mean, I went to the synagogue on high festival days, as did my uncle.

RL: Which synagogue was that?

JG: The one off Finchley Road, if you come from Golders Green, the one on the right. Before you get to the top … you know the road goes up slightly. Just opposite where the shops start. I might have been married in there, but it didn't come about … maybe we will come to that later.

RL: You mentioned a girlfriend that you had, was this other than with the one who was killed?

JG: Yes .. yes … yes … that was Joan. A rather sad story really. My mother was practicing in Cambridge and one of her patients was a lady, Mrs Coxeter, who was evacuated from Peaslake in Surrey, and they got friendly, she was originally German, not Jewish, she had come over as a baby, taken and bought over by her mother as a baby. She could still speak German. They had a lot in common, they liked each other. And Mrs Coxeter said, "Your son must meet my

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daughter." Poor thing must have been one of the youngest war widows ever. She got married to a boyfriend from school from Dartington School. I don't know if you have heard of it. He joined the Air Force, and he was killed on his training flight, when they had been married for just a few months, and so she was widowed. We got to know each other and liked each other, and it was quite serious on both of our parts, and after a while my mother tried to put me off. She was quite a powerful woman and I was quite a mummy's boy in those days. It changed later but that was then. And she said, "Look, she is not intelligent enough for you." Now, in fact, she was right about that, and in time with a very sad heart I broke it off, and that is when I asked to go to the Far East. But she had a little sister, who ultimately I married, but that is another story. I am not sure if all this is suitable for publication, but …

RL: During the war years, and whilst you were at university, what did you do? I mean, you presumably had holidays …

JG: No, as a medical student you got very brief holidays after the first year. No, you didn't get proper holidays, a fortnight a year or so. And of course it was the war, so one was keen to do one's work, I realised that one was in a favoured situation, favoured situation I should say. I concentrated on work. I did have some holidays, walking holidays, Wales and so on hitch hiking. I was not a great sportsman, I don't think, I did a little bit of tennis but nothing serious. Weekends, I worked hard, but I never worked on Sundays or on Saturdays, until the exam time. Cinemas, either with a girlfriend or a male friend, country walks, nothing terribly organised. I was not pub going, not in those days, at the end of the walk we might go for a beer to a pub, but I wasn't a regular Saturday night pub goer. And then, don't forget, I had my, don't forget I had my family in London; I had my uncle and aunt and their two boys. Cambridge wasn't too far away; I went to Cambridge occasionally for the weekend.

RL: Did you ever come across any anti-Semitism at the university?

JG: I don't think I did, no. No, I don't think I did. My teachers seemed to like me. I liked them very much. I remember once, we used to take patients in the underground channels from the ward to the operating theatre, and of course, I was taking a patient who was going for an operation for an intestinal obstruction and I noticed that she was severely hypothyroid. Do you know what that means? Hypothyroid is a cause of severe constipation, so I saved one patient from severe stomach surgery. I had a similar experience in later years, at a bank in Liverpool, I was standing in the queue when the lady in front of me seemed obviously hypothyroid, so I engaged her in conversation, she had the deep voice, the rough voice that goes with it, and I said, "Are you in good health?" She said, "No, I am having a barium enema next week at Sefton General, which was my hospital at the time, for constipation. I said, "I'll tell you what, go and see your

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doctor, tell him you met a doctor in the bank who thought you might have a lazy thyroid gland, don't mention any names." I had asked her who her doctor was. Whereupon, the chap behind me said, "Allow me to introduce myself." And he showed me his check book with his name on it, and he was the husband of this GP. And that went down very badly with the GP. I heard, because I was very friendly, one of my very good friends in Liverpool was this GPs partner. He told me the story from the other end, she was incensed, but I was right!

RL: Had the university made preparations, changes because of the war?

JG: Oh yes, there was the emergency medical service which was created, because the voluntary hospitals were all bankrupt at the beginning of the war. Something would have had to be done anyway otherwise the whole hospital system would have collapsed. So the emergency medical service was started which funded the hospitals, and Guys had a sort of branch at Farnborough, Kent, where I was a medical student for a few months as well, and I suppose wards were kept empty to do with bombing, air raid casualties and so on, oh yes, it made a difference. I mean, before the war we would have had the whole of

our training at Guys, but after the war, and during the war, some of our training was at Farnborough, Kent.

RL: Were the hospitals moved at all?

JG: Yes, Barts moved to Cambridge I believe, some of it anyway. The medical school I think moved to Cambridge. I don't know about the London, I don't think the London did. That is the only one I know off hand. Maybe others as well. Don't forget there were still three or four million Londoners who needed to be looked after, in addition there were more casualties.

RL: And how about operation theatres? Were they located in different parts of the hospital to where they would have normally been?

JG: I don't think so, not that I remember, I don't think they were put in the basement, not at Guys. No.

RL: What would happen if you were busy during an air raid? You know what happened in hospitals during an air raid.

JG: They were mostly at night, and we wouldn't have been in the hospital anyway, only if we were on take, in other words attached to a firm and taking a new patient. No, I don't think there was much of that. I can't remember going into the cellars or anything, no. And of course with the doodlebugs you had warnings and you might just go to a place away from windows, but with the V2 you had no

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warning it was just a giant explosion. There were many more V1s than there were V2s thank God.

RL: What about … do you remember the day that war ceased, finished?

JG: Yes, I do. I was with the crowd in Piccadilly Circus. But the most memorable event that I recall after the war, celebrating the end of the war, was Yehudi Menuin, playing one of Bach's unaccompanied patitos, at St Paul's. I couldn't see him because I was behind a pillar, but I could hear him, and that was a tremendous event. I still remember that. That was when he was still playing really well, I have heard him play since in Liverpool when he was slightly past his prime, he was still very good, but slightly past his prime.

RL: So you were on the way to the Far East?

JG: I should say that I did do a couple of jobs before I go to that. My first job was as casualty officer in the casualty department at Guys. Do you want to hear a few anecdotes about that? I don't know how much time we've got, but it was our job to deal with

casualties and people who walked in and the system was if you had to send someone on to a special department you entered their details on a blue card and then the patient was sent with the blue card to the department. This particular patient had complained of a pain in his eye and I thought he had a foreign body in his eye, so I wrote on the card, "FB in left eye". Back came the card, "Eyeritis, BF in front surgery". I shan't forget that. And the other one I won't forget in a hurry, a baby was brought in, vaguely ill, fair temperature, runny nose, and I wasn't happy about it, I couldn't find anything definite, but I wasn't happy about it. So I sent the blue card to the registrar, who was an ex-serviceman, and said, "Could you please admit this child for observation." The registrar examined the child and said it didn't need admission. Luckily I had written full clinical notes on the card. A few weeks later I was called in to the superintendent's office and shown the card and he said, "Can you remember this case?" I said, "Oh, yes. "Why didn't you admit him?" I said, "Well I did try to admit him but I was turned down by the registrar." The registrar was much senior to me. What had happened was that the child actually had poliomyelitis, polio encephalitis, he hadn't had paralysis yet at that stage, and he died three days later in another hospital. Now, it wouldn't have made any difference if we had admitted it. The point was that it is bad for the image. Luckily I had written full notes and luckily I had tried to admit that child, so I had done my job.

After three months, nowadays you don't become a casualty officer until you are experienced. In those days it was often a first job. I remember one other funny

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episode. A chap who may have been drunk or he may have been on drugs, he was noisy, obstreperous and inciting. It was difficult to deal with him to find out what was the matter. So, "Sister!", I shouted out across the room, "Sister, will you bring the big knife, we will have to cut them off!" And he settled down. But in fact the sister was very experienced and she often helped us out when us newly green doctors didn't know what to do. Even though I say it myself I was a good student and I should say when we went to get our results, they were posted in little boxes with glass fronts, and do you know I felt pretty confident that I had passed the exams and I couldn't find my name and I panicked. And the very last box just had one name in it, it was mine, so I had passed, but it was an anxious moment. Oh yes, and then the Guys students were given their first jobs before they qualified, and when I say given their jobs, they were told where they would be working. And I was farmed out to one of the peripheral Hospitals, at Farnborough, Hants. The chap ahead of me on the list failed his finals and so I moved up one and I came to Guys. The fact that he failed his finals didn't stop him from becoming Minister of Health later, Jerry Bourne.

My second job at Guys was with a very eminent neurologist, there were only two eminent neurologists in the country at that time, one was my chief, Charles Simons and the other was a neurologist at University College called F M R Walsh. And, I was very impressed by Simons, he was a very good teacher, and I don't know if it is too much detail to give you one or two episodes.

RL: No … no …

JG: For example, he had a woman, no a man, sorry, who was very depressed. In those days we didn't have good antidepressant drugs, he was suffering from headaches, tiredness, depression and when, his wife said, "Shall I take him on a holiday doctor?" And Simons said, "Wait until he is better and then take him on a holiday." So when he was better, three months later he came out and he was better, and Simons said, "This is the time to take him on a holiday." She said, "I can't do that doctor, I am due for my depression next month!" This was a seasonal affective disorder, S A D. She regularly got depressed herself you see.

RL: We are just going to have to stop you here because the tape is coming to an end.

TAPE 3

Ok. So you were telling me about your first job after qualifying.

JG: Simons. Well, I was very inspired by him. Do you want to hear an episode? I had a patient with GPI, General Paralysis of the Insane, which basically is a

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Syphilitic brain infection and the wife wanted to know what was the matter with him. I didn't wasn't to break up a happy marriage, and I didn't quite know what to say, so I asked my chief, he thought for a moment and he said, "Tell her we haven't been able to isolate the organism." This was perfectly true. We knew what it was. Anyway, at the end of my three months, I went to see him at his Harley Street rooms, I was rather keen on becoming a neurologist, what did he think my chances would be. I might say this was before the health service. He looked me up and down, and he said, "Goldschmidt," as I think I was in those days, no, no, I was Goldsmith already, he said, "Goldsmith, have you any private means?" I said, "No sir. He said, "In that case, regrettably, I would advise you not to specialise, and that was before the Health Service, of course, when you had to have private means to last the years between before you had any other income. That is why I didn't become a neurologist.

And then I decided that I would like to take the examinations of the College of Physicians of London, the MRCP, Member of the Royal College of Physicians. But the MRCP had a pass rate of 10% and when I told my mother I was thinking about this but I was really put off by the low pass rate, I said, "Moreover it is a very expensive exam mum." She said, "Don't worry, I will pay the bills, you just take the exam." So I took three months off and studied the books at Cambridge at home in the mornings and some mornings I went to the hospital to learn under a physician called Lesley Cole. I did this and took the exam and I passed.

And then, by this time I had volunteered for the army and I got a very interesting job in a big hospital in the Middle East, Twenty First General in Fayid, F-A-Y-I-D, in the Bitter

Lake, because I had the membership and my chief didn't, he never interfered with my work unless I asked him to, if I had a difficult patient and wanted advice from him. I enjoyed my time very much, I usually do. And after, while I was there, they increased the length of military service by six months, it had been a year, and they increased it to 18 months. I was already on the way home when this happened so they sent me instead to a hospital in Northern Ireland, outside Belfast, a military hospital, but whereas I had been doing a useful job in Egypt at that hospital I was completely wasted, it was a waste of time. There were more doctors than patients and the standard of medicine was abysmal and the CO was a drunk. And then I heard, because I had been a volunteer they couldn't involve me in the extra six months and for that reason, having done already more than a year I decided I would leave, because I wasn't, no I wasn't being useful and I wasn't learning anything either. And on my way back, via Liverpool from Northern Ireland by boat I managed to have an interview for a job at what was then known as Smithdown Road Hospital, subsequently Sefton General Hospital. I was interviewed for the job and I was told it could be mine, and I said very cheekily, "Could I have a fortnight to think it over?" Because I had been away from home for a long time and really I would like to be rather nearer Cambridge if possible. And I said, but moreover, there is a

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possibility, which was true, that I might get a job in my own teaching hospital in the meantime. But as it turned out I got a job in the Queen Elizabeth in Birmingham instead, which was the teaching hospital at Birmingham University, so I never actually went to Smithdown Road at that time. So, where does that get us …

RL: Just a little bit about your time in Egypt. How did you get on there? How did you find it there?

JG: A) Very interesting B) Very hot. In fact during my first few weeks I had a minor episode of heatstroke, but I went on an air conditioned ward for the rest of the day and never looked back. I can take the heat quite well now. I made good friends. There were two factions in the hospital; there were the regulars and the national servicemen. And never the twain shall meet properly, and when we had a visit from Lady Mountbatton she was monopolised by all the regular officers and the others never got a look in, which she took a poor view of, but it was a highly interesting job. I saw things that I would never, ever have seen here, like diphtheria and tropical things like malaria, typhoid, paratyphoid. One very bad case of polio, the woman was completely paralysed, in an iron lung and having looked after her at considerable personal danger, I thought I would be entitled to take her back to England on the plane, but our commanding officer, who hadn't done a stroke of clinical work for ten years decided to take it upon himself that he was going to be the medical officer accompanying her. So I never got my trip home. But I did take some leave in Cyprus, at Nicosia Airport I met my mother who brought me back, I think a spare passport. We had a lovely week going round the island which at that time had not been divided yet with two army friends, a boyfriend and a girlfriend from the army, the four of us, we hired a car, went round then after one week my mother and I went on to

Israel, this was the year after the state had been created and she stayed on in Israel for a fortnight but I had to go back after a week.

RL: How did you find it in Israel?

JG: Very inspiring, very inspiring. I have been back a couple of times since, two or three times. Of course it has changed. I mean it was mostly desert still then. My mother had quite a few friends and relatives out there, and we did the rounds. We went by car. It was a time of water shortage in Jerusalem I remember. Very inspiring, unfortunately after a week I had to come back.

And having been, I recently went on a tour organised by, I forget the name of course, what was the name of the organisation, Friends of Hebrew University. They had a legacy tour, if you promised to leave a minimum of £10,000 in your will to the university you got a free trip. Did you hear about that? So I did this, I have since increased it a bit. We had a free trip based largely on the Jerusalem

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University but also visiting many places. It was very nice. That was the last time I have been, about three years ago.

RL: Were you or your family interested in Zionism before the creation of the state?

JG: Well, I was a member of the Maccabi Club in Amsterdam, but I was only a child. I can't say … I think my mother gave towards Israeli causes, Palestine, and I have continued that tradition, because although I don't feel Jewish in any religious manner I do feel very Jewish in many other ways. I am sure you come across that a great deal, yes …

RL: Just dealing with your time in Egypt …

JG: Yes

RL: Did you come across the Jewish community there at all?

JG: Yes, there was a, before me there was a Jewish doctor who had come from Glasgow, a Jewish doctor, who had passed on a Jewish girlfriend to me, from Ismaliya but nothing came of that. That is the only contact I had with the Jewish community. I don't think I ever went to a synagogue when I was there. I paid a visit to Cairo, and I may have paid a visit to a synagogue there, but I cant be sure, no I don't think so, apart from that … I don't think we had any other Jewish people in my hospital either. There were one or two Jewish people, one of them became quite prominent subsequently, Professr Keene, he was in Guys Hospital, a diabetes specialist, but at that time I never thought much of him professionally, but he burgeoned afterwards. The short answer is no, but then I was used to that. Whilst feeling properly Jewish, I have always lived on the edge of the Jewish community, never in the centre.

RL: Again, any hostilities shown at all towards you?

JG: No, no … my chief, we didn't hit it off badly, but we never got on as well as I do with most people, and I couldn't understand why. I had never done him any harm as I thought … the moment I left Egypt he made a beeline for my girlfriend and married her. So that explained that!

RL: Back in England … you took the job in Birmingham?

JG: Yes, that is right. I did a locum first, in Ipswich, and then went on to Birmingham. The job as I remember was medical officer, and I established one or two links with particularly people, because some people aren't interested. But in general it was general practotum; I had to look after the nurses health. At one

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time I had to do 800 vaccinations because of the smallpox scare. I was the nurse's doctor. And then, oh yes, that is the thing that couldn't happen nowadays … they advertised for a registrar, and when they had appointed me they said, I am sorry I can only pay you as SHO which paid below. Can you imagine that happening nowadays? Really, it is unimaginable even then, but because I wanted the job I took it. I mean it is astonishing isn't it. Appoint me first and then say, "I am sorry we can only pay you as an SHO." Which meant that I was getting £33 a month with free lodging, free accommodation, it wasn't much, even in those days. After a year I was asked if I wanted to stay on a second year, but I didn't.

And then I got a job at Great Ormond Street, I had done a locum there before I joined the army, just a couple of weeks, and decided I liked it very much. My mother had a patient who had been a doctor at Great Ormond Street and knew people there, she told me about the job and told me who it was with, because the job was only advertised as a job Great Ormond Street, it didn't tell you who it was with. It was with a professor.

Now, to get a job there, if you were short listed you had to introduce yourself to all the physicians, and if you were short listed as a house surgeon you had to be seen by all the surgeons before you were interviewed by the committee. It was very cumbersome. I was working in Birmingham at the time and I had to do two visits down to London just for this. So, I asked him, I have been told it is your job, and I know there is another job coming up in a fortnight, will it be necessary to reintroduce myself for the second job. He said, "Listen Goldsmith, there is no guarantee that if you don't get this job you will be short listed again." Perfectly true of course, rather presumptuous of me, I didn't think of that at the time.

Anyway, I got the job, which I enjoyed tremendously, and I was very tempted to take up paediatrics and I asked the prof and he said, "Well, you can if you like, but all the jobs have been filled by ex-servicemen, and there aren't going to be any jobs at the time that

you will be ready for them." That was certainly very pessimistic thing, I wasn't entirely put off by this, I still applied for a paediatric registrarship which was the one grade up and I also applied for an adult job with a man called Richard Asher, who was quite a well known physician, and the interview for Richard Asher's job came up a day before the interview for the paedriatric job. I got it and I became an adult physician and in such a way our fate is determined. Richard Asher was a manic depressive, a very brilliant physician. A great word spinner, he invented the phrase, "You must not "bedride" the patient." There was no such word as bedride, the adjective was bedridden, but he invented the phrase, "You must not bedride the patient." And the meaning was perfectly obvious, and it was also a very important bit of

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teaching because putting people to bed is very weakening and dangerous, I did his job for a year there.

RL: Which hospital was that?

JG: Central Middlesex, not the Middlesex, Central Middlesex, near the big Irish brewery, what is it called? The Guinness brewery. That is the time of the great London smog, when in the middle of the afternoon I held my hand in front of me and I couldn't see it, it was terrible. But that has changed, there has never been anything like it since. Here in Liverpool when I first came we still had fog, not smog, we don't have them nowadays, its marvellous, a distinct environmental improvement. And then from Asher I went on to, same hospital, a job with Avery Jones, who was at the time was the foremost gastroenterologist in the country, at a time when there weren't gastroenterologists yet. Avery Jones, A-V-E-R-Y Jones.

And then, I started to apply for senior registrar jobs, and that was a struggle because I wasn't anyone's blue eyed boy. I was good, but not brilliant and I hadn't sort of ingratiated myself with anybody, and I found out later that one of my referees, Avery Jones, gave me a very indifferent reference, largely because I wasn't very research minded at that time. So I went round the London hospitals, I got short listed for most of the jobs I applied for, but I didn't actually get one. Most of the jobs went to local people who had applied who had already worked at that hospital. So I thought, well I do want to be a consultant physician, so I started to apply outside, and I applied at Sheffield, a job at the Sheffield Teaching Hospital and a job at the peripheral hospital, associated with it at Leicester, and when I went into the interview place a man at the door had a long list with 12 names on, I thought 12 people short listed. I said can I have a look at the list and I found that the 12 people were the interviewing committee and I was the only one short listed. That really worried me, because in London I had been up against, well there were six of us, all pretty good and here I was the only one short listed. I thought, "Well if I am going to do this job for four years there will be nothing at the end of it." You know, there was something undesirable about this job for people not to apply for it. So, because there was only me, they interviewed me very extensively and at the end. They said, "Is there anything you want to ask the committee?" They usually do that. So I asked about library

facilities, study leave and so on, and I said, "Gentlemen, I must put my cards on the table. I have just come from a series of interviews in London where there were several good applicants for each job. Here, I find myself as the only one short listed. What is the reason for that?" And they said, "Well we decided you were the only one worth short listing." And before that, the chairman had said to me, "Well if you boys prefer to starve in London that is your business." Which I felt was a bit unfair seeing as I had applied. He was a rum Yorkshire businessman, the chairman. So I felt it was in the bag, and I waited ten minutes,

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twenty minutes, half an hour, they were taking a hell of a time. They called me back and said, "Goldsmith, we have decided to re-advertise."
I said, "Thank you gentlemen, can my application stand or do I have to send it in again?" And the next time I was short listed and I got the job, with three others. My then fiancée said, "How could you?"
I said, "Because I want a job!" with a teaching hospital affiliation… and I got it.

RL: Why did they turn you down the first time?

JG: They thought I was too cheeky! Fancy being asked what was wrong with the job, that there was only me to apply to it! Sounds a bit like Graucho Marx, if the club will have me as a member I wouldn't want to join! It was a bit cheeky I suppose, but it was justified because as a student or registrar you do four years, and if at the end of it it is not a good job and you get nothing, what do you do? You will have to retrain for general practice and I wasn't all that young by then. So I got the job the next time against opposition the next time, I got it and I worked for two years at Leicester and then I went on to the teaching hospital at Sheffield.

And there one day I had a case, my chief had a case, of acute nephritis, acute inflammation of the kidney, caused by a streptococci infection. And then by accident I heard of another case of acute nephritis in the same hospital and it turned out to be a brother of this patient of ours, and then I heard that in the other teaching hospital, Sheffield had two, there was a third case of nephritis, a sister of these two cases. It was a whole family outbreak. So I got together with the microbiologist and I visited the family in their own home. They lived on the edge of Sheffield and there were seven children, each one of them had a manifestation of Streptococci disease. One had rheumatic joints, one had impetigo, one had a runny ear, one had conjunctivitis, and I discovered a fourth case, not severe enough to have caused symptoms. Parents were both carriers as well, and the germ causing it was not the usual germ causing nephritis.

So I wrote this up in the Lancet, and a few weeks later I had a request for a reprint, you know what that is, from a chap I had known in London, who had gone to join a kidney unit in America, so I sent him the reprint and said, "Any chance of joining your unit for a year to get my BTA." BTA stands for "Been To America", which was very important if you wanted to get a consultant's job! So, I got a letter from this chap offering me a

Fellowship for a year, 18 months I think he said. And then I got permission from region absent myself at the time, and six months before I was due to go I got a telegram could I come 3 months earlier and work in the department of Professor Colf who had invented the artificial kidney. Nephrology, that is kidney medicine, had suddenly received an impetus from two discoveries, or two developments. One was the artificial kidney which enabled you to treat patients with acute kidney failure, which was usually fatal.

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And the other was the development of kidney biopsy, whereby you could take a small sample of kidney during life and examine it histologically, electro-microscopically and bacteriologically, to make a more precise diagnosis, and these two developments led to the burgeoning of nephrology and I was in right at the very beginning of that.

RL: What date was this?

JG: Let me think … I went there in 1959, so it must have been 1958 or 59. That is how I became a nephrologist, but even as a student I had always received a BMJ and a Lancet, the two main medical journals, and I would cut out articles of special interest which I would put into files according to different body systems, brain, peripheral nervous system, oesophagus, stomach, duodenum, small bowel, large bowel, a part for each one you see, endocrinology, there was one for kidney disease too, and I found out that my kidney disease file was twice as fat as the other ones, so I must have always had some interest in it, but that was a retrospective discovery. Kidney disease was very badly described in those days, very few people knew anything about it. And what teaching there was tended to be wrong, but you see, I worked both with Colf, who invented the artificial kidney and with Kark, a South African Jew, who later moved to America, who put kidney biopsy on the map. So I worked in the two fields that were the source of the expansion of nephrology. And I was offered jobs over there and both my wife and I decided we wouldn't accept them, even though we would have made a good living wage much earlier than we would have in England, even though there was no guarantee at that time that we would get a job in England even but we had, my wife had two sisters, one was living in America, and the other one was a chronic depressive and wasn't really any use to her mother, and I was an only child and we decided, both our mother's were widowed, and we decided we would come back. And I must say I have never regretted that decision. I could have stayed in America, I had plenty of offers of jobs but we came back.

We went back to Sheffield to our flat which we had sublet to an old lady. The cleaning lady came in for the first time and she said, "Ah, it smells right musty here!" It did too. Anyway, we got the flat back in order.

Then one day, in those days you worked on Saturdays, well, I was having lunch in the canteen and somebody opened the BMJ and said, "John, there is your job, Physician to the Artificial Kidney Unit at Sutton General Hospital." Well, I had already been up for a job in Southport, which I hadn't got, but they said to me, they took me aside, and said

there is a job coming up at Liverpool in a few weeks that is just up your street. Now, it sounds great, but it was one artificial kidney, in one room, and all the patients had died so far!

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So, I looked round this hospital and it was only several weeks after I had worked there that I recognised that it was the same hospital I had refused a job in 15 years earlier. Because, before that it had been isolated buildings and they had joined them up with corridors on the ground floor and first floor in between and I didn't recognise it until I had worked there for several weeks. Anyway, I looked round, I was shown round by the physician superintendent and after he showed me around I said, "Do you know how many applicants there are for this job?" Because I knew there couldn't be many because there were very few people trained, if any. He said, "Only two." I said, "Do you happen to know who the other applicant is?" He said, "Yes, it's me." The physician superintendent. So I thought, "Well, I've had that."

So, I had my interview, we went on the ward, and one of the people who was on the ward was a man called Cyril Clarke, I don't suppose you have heard of him, but he did become Professor of Medicine in Liverpool and he ultimately became president of the Royal College of Physicians for three years. I didn't know him, I didn't know of him, never heard of him, didn't know he was from Sheffield where I had been a Senior Registrar. So I was slightly shaken when he suddenly asked me in a rather brusque manner, "Tell me Goldsmith, when you worked at Leicester, what was medicine like?" Now, the positions at Leicester, had all been GPs, they had all suddenly been promoted at the end of the war to be consultants, and medicine was really not very distinguished in Leicester. I thought, "What the hell do I say?" I can't very well be grossly tactless, can I? The first thing that came to my mind, which luckily I didn't say was, "When I was at Leicester it was always possible to obtain a decent medical opinion." I didn't say that, thank God, and I suddenly had a brainwave and I said, "Mr Chairman, do you think that is a fair question to ask a candidate?" I don't often have brainwaves; I could have never been a barrister because I can't think on my feet. But, on that occasion it really served me well, and they all burst out laughing and passed on to other things, and in a way I had answered the question hadn't I? And so, I got the job. And Don Robson, the physician superintendent really never really forgave me.

So, as soon as I realised I had got the job, the same day, I went into the American Consulate, which in those days was in Liverpool, I believe there is one in Manchester now, isn't there? In those days it was in Liverpool, and extended my immigration Visa in case it didn't work out, because normally you don't have to work with the unsuccessful candidate. And, although our relationship was polite, it was very cool, and several times I asked him and his wife for a meal, and he never accepted. I don't think he ever found it in him to forgive me, not really my fault, was it.

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So I had many happy years as a large fish in a small pool. We had built up the kidney department, it had been originally started up by a surgeon called Coldveros, with his registrar, and we had sent him to the Meyo Clinic in America to pick up some new methods, and they had started, it hadn't worked out very well at all, all the patients had died, it is not a reflection on them, in those days we didn't have the proper equipment and so on.

Gradually we built up the department, I built up more staff by going to the Department of Health and insisting that I employ somebody, and I explained that I was really dreadfully overworked because I had no help. Gradually we expanded, and now we have a very big regional kidney service which serves two and a quarter million people, which I think I can say I was instrumental in starting. And later we got regional status and gradually things expanded, but in the early days of my job in Liverpool, my Consultant job, renal disease was not recognised as a speciality yet, and there were no funds for dialysis. And one Saturday, I was sitting on the bed, with a patient of mine, my first private patient, who had had a mild coronary, and I was telling him all about our problems. This was a man who had been a fundraiser and he had worked for a voluntary organisation, what do you call it, an organisation, covering ten different charities.

RL: An umbrella organisation?

JG: Yes, an umbrella organisation, thank you, I got the shape but couldn't think of the word! And, he said, well what you want John, what you need is a fund raising committee. I said, "Well how do you set about it." He said, "Well I think I can help you." And I talked to my senior colleague, Coldveros, and he got an ex patient of his, the ex vice-chancellor of Liverpool University who was retired by then, Sir James Mountford, do you know the name? James Mountford, he became our first chairman. Lord Cohen agreed to be our president, and that is how we started. And so James Mountford managed to get a Fellowship from the Weights Foundation, the Weights are builders, and they have a charitable foundation, and that enabled us to appoint our first research fellow. And now we have over two million pounds under our belt and we employ four research fellows, usually medically qualified, sometimes university, and the organisation has got its momentum now.

Coldveros became its first chairman, when he retired I took over. After eight years I had had enough because I am quite good at working behind the scenes but I am not a very good front man. You may have noticed, my speech is not very high flown? And so I asked a colleague of mine, who I was actually responsible for getting back to Liverpool, because he was so good, he was a urologist. I got him to take over the chairmanship and I became the vice chairman and I remained on the executive committee, and this year I asked to be excused from being vice chairman, mainly because if you are vice chairman, if

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the chairman can't turn up you have to take the meeting and I didn't want the stress of that having had a mild stroke two and a half years ago, I didn't want anything as stressful as that, but I am still on the executive and I propose to stay on a few more years if I keep my marbles.

RL: When did you actually retire?

JG: 1989, when I was 65. I will tell you a bit more about Mersey Kidney Research, because that was one of my little triumphs. It came to my notice that Fords of Hailwood had some money available that they were going to give to ten Liverpool charities. Now at that time the new teaching hospital was about to open, but there was absolutely no money to put our unit into the teaching hospital. The bare breezeblocks were there, the space was there, but no apparatus, nothing. And we would not have been tenable in a hospital deprived of its general surgery, orthopaedics, general medicine, general surgery and gynaecology, I mean, an acute kidney unit has to work in a hospital environment, so we would have been down the drain. So I made some contacts and addressed the workers at Fords in their lunchtime, and the net result is that all those funds went to us instead of going to the ten different charities in Liverpool. It was £180,000 which was a lot of money then, it would now be equivalent of about six or eight hundred thousand pounds.

That enabled us to move the unit into the Royal and to refurbish our facilities at the Sefton which we also needed for chronic dialysis which we don't need acute hospital facilities. This happened at a time when interest rates were 15% and because I had the money, but the bills didn't start coming in for a year, this money was invested and we got another £40,000 for the research fund out of it, so I was quite pleased with that. And if I was asked is there any achievement of life I was proud of, it would probably be that, and founding the Mersey Kidney Research. Ours was the first Private Kidney Fund in the country, a year before the national one and it was a time before any other one started in other centres, so there was something to be pleased about.

RL: Where you invited to speak at conferences and so forth about your work?

JG: Yes, in a small way, I was always primarily a doer, rather than a researcher, but I did do some research and I was one of the pioneers in this country of peritoneal dialysis. And we were the second unit in the country to put people on dialysis in their own homes, which was the only way we could do it because the hospital facilities were so limited. So we trained the patient in hospital and then installed a machine in their own home and we had I think at one stage up to 70 patients at home. Now there has been a movement back into hospital, and whilst we still have a few of the original patients, we have one who has been going for

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26 years, 26 years on dialysis, most of the new patients are now treated in hospital, in the hope, of course, of transplanting them, but the waiting list for transplants is growing year by year, it's now over 5,000, and in any case, if I got kidney failure now, I would be

considered too old for a transplant. Although biologically I don't feel my age, so maybe I would be considered as a special case! But, it would certainly be more dangerous at my age than it would be in a 40 year old. So, after a while then Sefton closed and we transferred to the new hospital. I was nephrologist and general physician. By this time the nephrology department had increased to four physicians. Does the name Ronnie Finn mean anything to you?

RL: Finn? Yes … yes …

JG: He and Cyril Clarke developed the preventive treatment for rhesus disease in new born babies, you may have heard of that. It is now possible to prevent it in 95% of cases. And he and Cyril Clarke did this work and they got a very prestigious prize called the Lasker Award in America for this. Half the people who get the Lasker award get the Nobel Prize later so it tells you something about it. But he won't do that because Cyril Clarke has died and you can't get a Nobel Prize when you are dead. Yes, he was one, and then there was my Pakistani colleague and then there were several more now, now I think there are five or six senior positions. And the service covers the whole of the Merseyside, and now appointments have been made on the Wirrel and the north end of Liverpool, and more appointments will be made, so we are an expanding specialty still. And I did ask Robert Sells, do you know the name Sells? Probably not, he became chief transplant surgeon here. I met him at a conference in Barcelona and I was very impressed by him, and I said, "Look, why don't you apply, there is a job coming up in Liverpool." And he got that. He led a very active transplant unit, a very good one, and I think altogether they have done about 600 transplants over the years now. But there aren't enough kidney donors you see, alive or dead.

And, I was 62 when I was approached by Professor Harris. Do you know the name? There was a liberal MP, Johann Harris, that is his son, he went on to be Dean of Medicine at Leicester, he was Professor of Paediatrics here, at Alderhey, and he went on to be Dean of Medicine at Leicester. He had a bad coronary I think, he has retired. He approached me one day and said, would like to become a medical manager of the Royal. I said, "Good God, no, I am 62 I want to wind down not up!" And then I started waking up in the morning and thinking, well it would be rather exciting to do something completely new, because I had done my job, I was 37 when I was appointed and I was 62 by then, but the job itself was getting very easy you see, and a man needs a challenge. So I thought it might be interesting, so I applied, and there were two

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others, one was a slightly psychopathic accident and emergency, oh I better not say that, is it possible to take anything out, no its not, well I won't mention any names! Er, at our hospital, he didn't get it. And the other was the existing secretary, he didn't get it either, politically they wanted a doctor.

So I got the job, on my application I said the first thing I wanted to do was to clean up the hospital, it was filthy. And I put waste paper baskets in several places on every floor so

people at least had somewhere to throw their rubbish. But Liverpool people are not the cleanest in that way, we had graffiti on every lift and so on. But gradually the hospital did become cleaner and I quite enjoyed the job, being unit manager, but the job wasn't nearly as important as it is now, because I had to report to somebody above me who was a lay manager, a man called Collier, I got on quite well with him actually, he was the Area Health Authority, and I couldn't take independent decisions very easily, the main reason they appointed us was so we keep within budget. For example we had an absolutely lousy telephone system, it took ages to get through to anybody, even if you could get through at all, and I wanted to get this changed, and I was going to see the regional manager about it to ask if we could have some financial help to get a modern system installed and when my area health manager heard about it he did his nut, because I was going to go straight to somebody over his head, to somebody higher up, and that is what bureaucracy does, it won't exist in the future. We got our system, but we got it three years after we should have got it. It was an awful lot of frustration for the GPs when they rang.

And, so I applied for the job and I got this job, but the highlight of my week was my weekly outpatient clinic, I still kept that on, I was asked if I would drop it and become full time management but I said no, I want to keep up that commitment. The reason being: (a) after I retire I will be able to do some more clinical medicine and (b) in renal medicine your patients become your friends and you are really their GP as well as, in the dialysis and kidney disease you are really their GP as well as their consultant. Many of them I had known for years and years you see. In fact, when I retired, my wife said, we had been invited out for a meal with friends and we drove off to them, and I said, "This is not where they live?" And she said, "No, no, they are inviting us in town." And then she drove into Sefton General which still had parts open at that time and there was a group of about 40 of my patients who had given me a party. It was the nicest party I had, I had quite a few parties, because being manager, you know I had a managerial crew and the area health authority and so on, I had four or five parties but this was nicest one of all, completely unexpected, and I was given some lovely presents and nice speeches and it makes one feel good. That was 1989.

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The last six months I got rather tired, not of the job, but with the job, it was really a job for a much younger man. I literally, you know, had no time off, I got in at 8 o'clock at the morning and left at 7 at night. Really, during this time I had virtually no time to think or do anything. If I had been more experienced I would have delegated more. But that knowledge came to me was too late, I thought of my mother's dictum, if you want a thing doing well do it yourself. Which was one of her less clever dicta. The other was that two thirds of one's worries are quite in vain, and I have found that is quite true, you know one third are realistic and the other two thirds are not necessary really. And the other thing she used to say was, "It will all be the same in 50 years time." And that was a great solace.

RL: Just coming round to your private life …

JG: Yes, we haven't touched on that …

RL: No …

JG: When I came back from the Middle East, I hadn't got a car, but my aunt had a car, and one Sunday we decided to go for a drive and I suddenly said, "Let's go and see Joan's mother." Whom I was always quite fond of her, Joan was the girl I was separated from. They were very surprised to see me, it was perhaps a tactless thing to do, but there was Eve who I had always noticed as a 16 year old but who at that time had her own very intimate friendship, she was an artist, she was at St Martin's School of Art in London and to cut a long story short, I asked her out, oh that's right, I went with her sister, Nester, but my real aim was Eve, but I thought it would be better if I approached it obliquely, and so at the end of the day I managed to take Eve aside and say, "Would you like to come out and see a film with me or have a meal with me." She said, "Yes." And she had another boyfriend at the time but he was replaced naturally, and then I wanted to marry her, but I didn't have any money, so I asked my mother for a loan. I was only about 27 or 8 at the time and she said, "Look John, if you want to get married you have to earn your living first, you can't get married on borrowed money, it's not right." I think she was right actually, don't you? I know you don't comment, but …

So after a while I reluctantly withdrew my invitation to marriage, and she went off to France to stay with somebody she knew there. And a very bedraggled John went for long country walks with a male friend to assuage his sorrow. And then one day I had a phone call from her, she was back in London and I said, "Would you like to meet?" And we did, and about three weeks later we were engaged.

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RL: When was this?

JG: When was it? I was 37 … no wait on … that's not right … I have got to think. Do you know? I don't know. I must have been about thirty, I was thirty when I got married, so I must have been about 29, add 24 to 29 and you get 39, 49, 50, 53 … yes … about 1953. We got married. My mother wasn't in favour of the marriage, neither was hers, but we subsequently became great friends and she gave us a very nice wedding. Given away by Lord, now who was it? Lawrence. Does the name mean anything to you? He had been Secretary of State for India, the last Secretary for State for India, a friend of the family, and he gave the bride away and made a rather witty speech.

RL: Where was she born?

JG: Where was she born? In London I think, or it could have been in Peaslake itself, Surrey. But my mother in law had been born in Germany. I spoke to her in German but she was really very English, married a Scotsman, and they had a lovely place, an old

cottage, several hundred years old in Peaslake, and I used to go down there every weekend, well we both used to go down there whenever possible.

RL: Why had they not been happy at the thought of you marrying?

JG: My mother, first time my mother met Eve, Eve went along in her only skirt, she only had one, because everything else had gone on buying materials for painting, canvases and things, she had an overdraft at the bank which I paid off first thing when we got married and she went along with a rather old and skimpy, not skimpy so much as dirty. My mother was very fussy in that way. She was a dental surgeon, and a very good dental surgeon, but you can't be a good dental surgeon and be skimpy, you have to be like that, and she was prejudiced against her I think. And with her mother, she wasn't violently against it, but I think she saw a nice young Englishman, born Englishman as a husband for her daughter.

RL: What had happened to Joan?

JG: Joan had got married in the meantime, to a half American and she was living in London. She had two boys and subsequently she had another girl and she was in America, who was killed in a motorbike accident. She decided to have another child at the age of 40 who turned out to be a little boy with Downs Syndrome, he is still alive, Christopher, they live in Monterrey have been to visit them. And I also saw Joan again at the wedding of my son, you can imagine, his little daughter was the bridesmaid, she was being carried by her mother. They decided to get married, I don't quite know why they decided, but they did. This is the potter, the ceramic artist, his wife is a potter as well but she is not working at

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the moment. And I met Joan again, it was like old times, she had forgiven me for jilting her.

RL: Where did you go to live after you were married?

JG: I was working in Leicester and Eve was finishing a teaching job in London and then she joined me in Leicester and did that painting of the River, what's it called, near Birstall near Leicester. And from there we went to Sheffield where we had our first child, Caroline. Then we had Jonathan, and when Jonathan had been a fortnight old, he had been circumcised, he had already had a bronchial cyst excised that he had inherited from my mother, my mother had one, it had skipped a generation, and then we went on a boat, we were all very seasick, but Eve, to her credit managed to continue to breast feed and then we arrived in Montreal and travelled across to Cleveland where I did this first job in Cleveland Clinic. It was my first job with Colf. So there were four of us, a little boy covered from head to foot with a sweat rash because he had to travel on the top of the car which we had taken with us, absolutely packed with things and hardly any space for him, and it was a very hot summer, anyway we survived the journey.

RL: You had him circumcised?

JG: Yes. Both my boys were. Yes.

I mean I have turned less religious since. I don't know if I would now if I had children. None of my grandchildren are, but I don't hold it against them.

RL: How did your wife feel about that?

JG: She was quite willing. She was originally going to be Jewish. We were going to be married in that church, in that synagogue off Finchley Road, but she changed her mind and I felt it was a bit of an imposition anyway. She could have as easily said would I become Christian, I wouldn't have done of course, but she had agreed to become Jewish, but she changed her mind and I didn't hold that against her. She had a perfect right.

Where are we now? We seem to be all over the place.

RL: You went to America with the two … what years were they born, the first two?

JG: Well Jonathan was just born in 59, I think, he was, wait a minute, Jonathan is 45 now or will be 45 so about 59, and Caroline was two years older. We didn't have our third one until we were in Liverpool. And thereby hangs a tale, because when I announced over the telephone to my mother, who was living in

Tape 3: 51 minutes 59 seconds

Cambridge, we had the usual prejudices of the southerners about the northerners, her reply was, "Well I suppose there is nothing better to do in Liverpool!", in the north. She said that it wasn't serious; she had a good sense of humour, that was her response, nothing better to do in the north.

Later on, when she was 77 or so, she broke her arm, she worked very hard all her life, and when she was 72 I said, "Don't you think it's about time you cut down, so she shut her NHS practice and just did her private work in the morning, and when she was about 75 or so, I said don't think you should give up now, you have worked hard all your life. So she did, and she started getting depressed the next day. She had a severe depression. Seen by Sir Martin Roth, does the name mean anything to you? Professor of psychiatry in Cambridge, who called her a champion worrier, which she was, despite her having told me that two thirds of ones worries are in vain. She had ECT, she never forgave me for allowing her to have ECT because she said it affected her memory and it probably did, but it improved her depression. She would have died from anorexia, she wouldn't have eaten anything. She lost a terrible amount of weight, she was skin and bone. So I felt I was totally justified in agreeing for her to have ECT, and she tried to make me promise never to let her have ECT again. And I refused to give her that promise, I said, "No, it

saved your life." And so every winter she got a bit depressed but she managed, she wasn't suicidal.

Then at 77, no wait a moment, oh no that's right, she was 75 or 77 when she gave up work, she then lived in Cambridge for some years and when she was eighty something she broke her arm and she started falling and she was obviously not tenable any longer on her own any more in Cambridge and I used to go down every three of four weeks, but it became very hard, very strenuous for me doing the journeys on a Friday night and coming back Sunday afternoon. And in the end she agreed to come to Liverpool. Now she spent a few years, a few weeks here, but she knew and I knew that it would not be possible to keep her in the house because she couldn't be left alone, she was frightened, and my wife was working, and I was working, so she agreed to go into a local nursing home. One always felt a bit guilty about this sort of thing, I know I dread the thought of going into a nursing home. I was so relieved when I had her for a meal on a Friday night, she finished her meal, folded her serviette and said, "Now I would like to go home please John." That made me feel better about it.

And she was 89 when she died, and the last six months she said, "Well really you know, I have lived long enough, I would like to die." And I had left orders with the GP that if she got an infection not to give her antibiotics because she didn't want to live any more and I felt it would be cruel to inflict it on her. And when I went to visit my son in Australia and I told him during the time that I was away he was to give her antibiotics if she was to fall ill, well she did fall ill while I was in Australia and I got a telephone call and I got back just in time to see her

Tape 3: 55 minutes 55 seconds

alive and she died the next day in hospital. And I think, she recognised me, I hope she did anyway.

RL: What year was that?

JG: I have it in my diary somewhere. She was 89 and she was born in 1899, she wasn't quite 89, yes she was 89.

RL: So it would have been 1988 …

JG: Yes, that's right, that makes sense. Yes … yes …

I felt very sad but it was right that she should die because she was tired of life. She wasn't demented and she knew what she was doing, but her interests had narrowed and narrowed and she was only interested in the family. Having been an intelligent woman it was sad to see that. When I think about her now I try to remember her as she was when she was younger.

RL: Was she active in Cambridge in anything besides her work? Did she join anything?

JG: She played bridge.

She had been very active in planning sponsorship for refugees. She bought a large number of refugees over herself, both relations and others. Partly through her friendship with Mrs Burkill. She had a lot of patients, academic patients, people who were world renowned, but she couldn't know that, but it was only when I became a medical student and doctor that I realised how prominent some of her patients were. In the international field, Dennis Bogan, does the name mean anything to you? American expert, he was one of her patients. Abie Hall, Professor of Physiology, all sorts of prominent people. Max Perutz, do you know the name, he was another. Steven Fox, the German spy was one of her patients and she didn't know he was a German spy, or Russian spy. She had a very interesting clientele.

RL: You say she was active in finding guarantors.

JG: Guarantors, yes. This was just before the war of course. And she also helped people. I remember we had a cousin of mine stay with us for a year or two in Cambridge before she could move on to join her parents in Chile. We had a very small flat. Our first flat consisted of three rooms, one was the surgery, which of course was useless for anything else. One was the bedroom, I had a bed that came down from the wall and she had an ordinary bed, and the third
was our living room, our dining room, our guest room and the patient's waiting

Tape 3: 58 minutes 52 seconds

room. A nice room mind you.

In those days, I suppose they still don't, men don't have purses and they kept their change loose in their pocket and in the evenings sometimes I used to go into the folds of the chair to see if there were any pennies there! That chair still exists, I passed it on to my son, the potter, who uses it in his living room.

RL: This film is about to …

TAPE 4

JG: Your not recording this are you.

RL: No … no …

JG: Might as well …

Camera man: You have about 30 seconds.

JG: It might take longer than 30 seconds … I don't want to be recorded ... right … so I thought I thought I might as well sublet it to somebody and there was a very nice Spanish young lady who you may or may not meet later when she comes back, who was a GP, a local GP, she was ….

RL: Ok. So we were talking about your personal life and we had got, you had come back from America, and we had been through you talking about your mum, and her activities,

JG: And then Eve …

RL: … and then Eve. Could I just ask you what clubs or societies or organisations did you belong to?

JG: I wasn't very much of a joiner, I must say, I was not anti, latterly I worked for Noster Hill Residents Association as a distributor. I belonged to a French class once a week, I have done that for about four years. I still have associations with Mersey Kidney Research. I go to the hospital once a week to attend Grand Rounds and I am a member of a dining club called the Innominate Club where we give a paper, well we have a meal first and then give a paper, which must not be on religion, not on politics and not on medicine. Which usually means a biography on somebody. I did mine on FE Smith, from Birkenhead, the Chief … not Chief

Tape 4: 2 minutes 15 seconds

Justice, the Chief, chap that has just retired, Lord Chancellor … yes Lord Chancellor.

RL: Are these all things that you have joined since retirement? Or most of them?

JG: No, the Innominate Club I think I was a member of before, but the Residents Association yes. I was not much of a joiner … I did … What Jewish organisations did I belong to? Let me think … yes, the Jewish Medical Society I belonged to. They meet once a month and give talks and things. I was president for one year. And, otherwise I am not a great joiner. I don't play bridge, I didn't play golf. I had a very, very hands on busy job. Nephrology in its development stages was much harder than it is now, because you did everything yourself. Now you have got nurses doing all the treatments in those days we did them ourselves, we had to be there, often until midnight and so on. It was to the detriment of my marriage, I wasn't giving enough time to my marriage as I was giving to much to my work. I am to blame for that, although I partly blame my mother who said, "Work is the most important thing in life." And I don't know whether it is or isn't. I know it is essential, but it is preferably enjoyable, I have been very lucky that way.

But I certainly didn't pay enough attention to my family, and I am fortunate that my relationship now with my children is extremely good, I blame it on their indulgence rather on what I deserve. I wasn't a very good father. I was there during holidays and so

on but the rest of the time I was too absorbed in my work. Every day of the week, Saturday the whole of the morning, Sunday, I was in Liverpool for one or two hours, because I felt if you have kidney patients, when they fall ill, they fall very ill and I didn't have much assistance yet in those days. Between Friday night and Monday morning you could lose a patient quite easily if you didn't see them, so I went in, if I was in Liverpool I went in without exception every Saturday and Sunday. If I was away I made deputising arrangements but I gave a great deal, I was a workaholic if you like, and I gave a great deal more to my work than was healthy for my family. But the children have forgiven me.

RL: What happened as a result?

JG: Well the marriage deteriorated and Eve, dear Eve, also reverted to being an artist rather than a doctor's wife. The house got neglected. Very neglected, and she lost her pride in presenting a nice household. She had been an extremely good hostess and wife, we had lots of parties and so on. I never went out to invite GPs, we didn't do that, but these were genuine friends we asked. We had good times and we had bad times, and then I don't want to go into all the details, but we drifted apart really, and in the end she asked for a separation and I said no, I don't want that, if we do separate I want a clean cut break, divorce. And it

Tape 4: 5 minutes 55 seconds

wasn't a bitter one, but it wasn't a nice one either, as people say if you liked each other that much you don't get divorced. But, I am very happy to say since then we have developed a very cordial relationship. Once the bigger matters were resolved you see.

It means, for example, I did marry again, and at my 75th wedding, which we celebrated together with my son Jonathan's 40th, I am sorry 75th birthday, together with Jonathan's 40th, we had rented a large farmhouse which had been converted, and I had two wives there, three children, nine grandchildren, my children's wives and spouses, and two step-children with their, one with his girlfriend, and it was a very happy occasion, and if I am spared we hope to have something similar when I am 80 next year.

The children asked if I wanted something for my 79th, and I said no, save it up for my 80th with any luck.

RL: How old were the children when you divorced?

JG: The youngest was about 14, Caroline was at the time in Israel. She had been on a kibbutz and was staying with friends I think. And I had to break the news to her through this colleague of mine, a urologist who had visited Liverpool. She was in love with his son. And they fell out of love again. Poor chap developed very, very bad Hodgkins, but this was just the time when they started to know how to treat it. He has since married somebody else and had two or three healthy children, and he is well 20 years later. It says a lot for modern medicine.

I have seen him since, I am friendly with his father and he took us out for a meal on so on, on one of my visits to Israel. Robbie, my youngest has also been on the kibbutz, the one on the Dead Sea, what's it called …. it is on the bank, half way down … not the Red Sea, the Dead Sea, you know the one?

RL: Yes I do, but I can't remember the name.

JG: He did time there which he enjoyed very much.

RL: What kind of education did your children have?

JG: Caroline went to Moss Prince State Primary School, a good one, near here. And then went on to Quarry School, you know the one where the Beatles were? She got a good education. Before that I think she had been to a small private school.

Tape 4: 8 minutes 54 seconds

Jonathan, I am not sure if he went to a private primary school or a state school now, and then went on to Liverpool College.

And Robby, again I don't know about his first school, but he went on to King David School, which now I am told only has about 17% of Jewish children I hear. Manchester is doing rather better. All yours went to one of the Jewish schools did they? Yes. I think King David is still academically pretty good.

RL: And after school?

JG: Caroline went to Leicester University to read biology and psychology, odd combination. She then did a years post grad, met her boyfriend, who subsequently became her husband, taught in Lancashire and then went out to Adis Ababa with her boyfriend for two years, came back and got married, I think to please the four parents, and then had her first child, Benjamin, who is now 15. Caroline taught for a few years, a year or two after she came back from Adis Ababa, and then she became pregnant and stopped teaching. She spent ten years bringing up the family and four years ago she went back but as a teachers assistant, she didn't want the responsibility of homework and things.

RL: Where does she live?

JG: In a little village, Nantwich in Crewe, and she has got three boys now. All very healthy and nice. Her husband is a teacher as well.

RL: Where was he from?

JG: He, I think he was born in Nottingham. He did a degree in physics, I think at Nottingham University. He did DSO for a couple of years, before he met Caroline, and they are very happy together. And he is an extremely good father, and I met him, he is a very good teacher. He doesn't have to shout, they do as he says. They are very fond of him. They are a very cuddly family.

And recently, four years ago, Caroline went back as a teacher's assistant, helping with visually handicapped children, and they liked her so much that she was approached and asked if she would like to do the full course and become a qualified teacher of the blind, which she is starting this September. She had the interview at Birmingham and presumably passed, and she will carry on with the job while she is doing it, while she is studying for two years. She will be 47 when she finishes, she is a very competent girl.

And Ben, has just taken his O levels and hopefully will go on to university to do electronics. The middle one, Nicky, who is taller than his brother, he is 13 but you would think he was 17, wants to do sports teaching, and the youngest one

Tape 4: 12 minutes 5 seconds

who is a very percipient child and also a good cook, doesn't know what he wants to do yet. They are a very happy family. The father is an excellent cook. Being a teacher he gets home very early most days, he does all the cooking, Caroline does most other things, most of the gardening, and I am very fond of him, but I am now, have been for years. So it is a very happy set up and occasionally I go there for the day, they always invite me to stay the night and just occasionally I do, but usually I prefer to sleep in my own bed at night, it's only an hour by car you see. It is nice to see the children. I prefer to see the grandchildren in their own homes, it is less disturbing. It is also nicer for them, because you know they have to behave when they come, mind you they are not badly behaved anyway, not that lot anyhow.

Where were we up to? Eve still?

RL: Continue about your children and we will come back to Eve.

JG: Yes, next one along, Jonathan, bit of a rebel, when he was young, I think possibly he was a bit disturbed by the home, disturbed home background, unhappiness at home. Academically able. Very good O levels, very bad A levels. I was bitterly disappointed, wouldn't speak to him for a week, which was a mistake, I really was a bad father.

And he, oh that's right, he had a bad hip operation, he complained one day of pain in walking, and I found him limping. I he was x-rayed and got the shock of my life, I thought he had a malignant bone tumour, which would have meant an amputation, but it turned out to be a medical thing called, a surgical thing, called an aneurismal cyst, which is in fact benign and one of my colleagues operated on him and he has never looked back, he is fine. He is physically very fit, he went to Manchester Poly and did their business course and then went to, I think Sainsburys, to train with them, he hated it, he got talking

to a Chartered Accountant at a party he was attending who said, "Why don't you do chartered accountancy?" He retrained as a chartered accountant, got a year off because of his previous training, with Deloittes, who were then Haskins, Deloitte, Sells, I don't know if you have heard of them And they have now joined up to a bigger complex I think. He trained with them, got all his exams, and asked, after working for six months doing auditing, which he didn't like, he asked to be put in the office in Sidney, in Australia. He went to Australia, I expect he must have earned a bit, I don't know, he had a very well paid job, but it took too much of his time, he is an all rounder, he likes to live a bit as well. So he took a less well paid job with an Australian production company, film production company, and met Liz, who is half Australian and half English. Her mother was English, her father was Australian, her father, a nice chap, a clever chap, he has been to Cambridge and finished up as Australian Ambassador in Vienna, he is still alive, he was divorced, and thereby hangs a tale because poor Liz virtually became mother to

Tape 4: 15 minutes 47 seconds

her two or three younger brothers. And her father remarried and they didn't get on at all well, but now they are ok.

And then, Jonathan came back to England, and she lives with him, they weren't married but they have been living together for a few years. They hadn't got any children yet at that time, and Jonathan said, I said, "Aren't you worried about coming back without a job?"
He said, "No, I can find a job within a week, and a house within a fortnight."

He got the job within the week, but it took him nearly a year to find the house. He was going to buy a house and I noticed a big huge crack down one wall, and I put him off, didn't I. He finally got a house in London, at a price that I thought was quite unreasonable, quite impossible. It has now gone up about four times, in Fulham. Quite an ordinary house, but he has done a lot to it. He has done the basement and built on top as well. He has now got three children. The oldest, Jamie, is very bright indeed. He used to be a bit of a terror but he is all right now. His brother now is the terror, but he will be all right too when he gets older, and he has a very nice little girl, who has made Liz feel very happy, JoJo. I forget what it stands for, the children call her JoJo. Each of my children have got three children.

RL: Where does your son work in London?

JG: He was working for a firm, that made the original advertising video for Nescafe. Do you remember it? A rather pretty girl. Do you remember? That advert for Nescafe was made by his firm, and then they branched out into other things, and he took on one or two additional jobs because he wasn't fully occupied in the job he was doing, but he always wanted to have his own business, and a few years ago he started to develop something called picture pockets, I can show you one. They are large thick Perspex sheets that you can stick pictures into them, photographs, if you had been on holiday you could put your

photos in there and you could actually see them rather than putting them into an album. That has gone quite well. He is selling them in France and in America. And recently he has taken up the presentation of a folding chair, say you were going to an outdoor concert and don't want to sit on the ground, you have this chair and it has a back to it you see, and it is made of wood and it folds up, I can show you one if you want to see it. So he is hoping that these private ventures will support him enough, and he still has got one or two other little jobs as well. He is a polymath. I am close to all my three kids, but in some ways I am as close to him as I am to Caroline. The potter I am close to in a slightly different way, he has got a lot of responsibilities, you see, with running his pottery and everything and he has three children. Also he lives furthest away so, but I do go and stay with him several times a year.

Tape 4: 19 minutes 7 seconds

RL: Where does he live?

JG: He lives in Alton in Hampshire. And his pottery is in a place called, beginning with an S, at the bottom of the, Selbourne, Gilbert White, a well known biologist wrote his thesis on English flowers I think. They get quite a lot of visitors down there because of Gilbert's House, Gilbert White's House which has been made into a museum. And he has got a very nice studio there where he does his work.

RL: How did he get into pottery?

JG: He had an opening for, I think, mineralogy in Sheffield and an opening for Art School in Liverpool. His mother being an artist, and he asked me what he should do, not that he would necessarily have done what I had advised, but he wanted my opinion, and I said, "You would make a second rate mineralogist and a first rate artist, I should do art if I were you." And he did. So he did a foundation year in Liverpool and then went on to Farnham School of Art where he did another two or three years. Then he asked me again, "What shall I do dad? Shall I lecture or shall I try and open my own place?" And going for safety I said, "Why don't you lecture and then you can do your own work during the long holidays."
He said, "It doesn't work that way dad." And he was right. So he rented a shed in which he started to work, literally a leaking shed which let in the water in the rain, in the grounds of a doctor actually, who had a lot of crafts people working in his grounds. He stayed there several years and began to be known. It was very hard work of course, because he has got to go to shows very often, as well as selling to shops and craft centres. His work is always in the Liverpool, Bluecoat Gallery, have you heard of it? Bluecoat Gallery. His work is always there. You have seen some of it here. That is his. There is another one.

And, sorry where were we. Yes, Robbie, he lives in the north and works in the summer. He always said he wants to live on the edge of the city, and he has achieved that, it is a very old house. He is hoping to enlarge it with another bedroom because he only has three at the moment and he has got three kids so it's a bit tight.

RL: Who did he marry?

JG: He married a fellow ceramic artist, called Camilla. Whose father is an architect, whose mother is also very artistic. She has got a very clever brother making millions as a banker I think, he worked in Germany and now he is in Hong Kong and has often been in London. Young chap. That is those three.

Tape 4: 22 minutes 11 seconds

They had no religious upbringing at all, and I am not particularly worried about that. No religious upbringing for Jonathan's children either, but Jonathan knows he is Jewish in the same way as I do, well half Jewish anyway.

So, do you want to come back to Eve?

RL: Come back to Eve, yes.

JG: Eve and I gradually drifted apart. There were one or two other interludes which we won't go into now and as I say we decided on divorce and after the initial two or three years of slight bitterness we became very friendly again, occasionally she comes for a meal here or quite often I go there for a cup of coffee or tea and we discuss the children and discuss how lucky we are to have such nice and healthy grandchildren. And we get on very well. I, even if I had the opportunity, I don't think I would wish to live with her again, I don't think it would work out, because we are too different. She writes a lot, she paints a lot, and she is a very good artist. At her best she is wonderful. And she has written a lot and hopefully will get some of it published. It hasn't happened yet, but maybe one day it will. She is, how old is she now, 74, no she is having her 75th birthday this year, the children have said they want me to keep the garden in good condition so they can celebrate in the garden.

RL: What type of books does she write?

JG: She has written one on Joan of Arc unfortunately at the same time as three or four others were being published on the subject. She has written about her grandmother, who was a very bright lady, one of the first practicing psycho-analysts in London, and various other things which I haven't seen yet, and one day if I have enough time I will read them. She lives only just down the road.

RL: You said that you remarried.

JG: Yes, I lived on my own for two or three years, but before I, when the divorce had been decided upon, but before we actually divorced, I met a lady introduced through a Jewish doctor actually, he has since died, who had been a partner of Bronwen, that's her name, Bronwen's husband, who died young, Bronwen was widowed when I met her, she was quite young, she was thirty something, she had two children aged three and four,

David and Sarah, and after a year or two I asked her if she would marry me, because I liked the children, and I liked her. And so we got married.

RL: What was her background?

Tape 4: 25 minutes 19 seconds

JG: Very simple. She was from a working class background. She was a nursing cadet when she was 16 and took up nursing when she was 17 or 18, qualified nurse and qualified midwife and after she was widowed she started training to be a health visitor. She still does a little bit but she is giving up this October. I think she expected more of me as a father to her children than I could deliver, although I consider I was quite a reasonable father to them, but I was getting too old to play football with the boys, and I still had this very, very busy job.

At one stage before I became unit manager I was approached to ask if I would become chairman of the American executive committee at the Royal, where I was working, and I thought it would be quite a nice thing to do, a challenge, something new, and she didn't want me to do it because she knew it would be extra work, but I took it all the same, as males do, I quite enjoyed that, then I was free for a year and then I was asked to be unit manager. I didn't tell you, I was asked if I would stay on to be unit manager after my official retirement, at 65, because as manager you could stay on after 65 but I declined, I found it tiring by then, I had had enough. I retired on the Saturday and took my first locum on the following Monday, the following Monday. Part time mind you, one of my colleagues was a depressive and he had one of his depressive episodes and they needed a replacement, not at my own hospital, at Walton it was, and I took on a couple of other jobs. I had already been doing medical appeal tribunals, do you know what they are? Industrial injuries, I had been doing that for a number of years, part time, and I did a bit more of that when I retired.

And I took on a job at Mersey Transport, a very humble job examining for bus passes. People who were under the bus pass age who wanted one on medical grounds. Some were slightly traumatic, because the year before me they had a lady, who wasn't very discriminating and hadn't got very good judgement, she gave a bus pass to absolutely everybody who applied for one on medical grounds, regardless of whether they were swinging the lead of not. And I had the unpleasant job of terminating some of these bus passes. And people who already have a bus pass don't like giving it up, and they complained. So I said to the head of department, either you stop giving me that particular job or you can sack me or I can resign, I would rather resign. It was very much a part time job, I didn't enjoy it very much, it wasn't inspiring enough, and then in the summer I did, I worked full time, doing locum jobs for renal physicians in two hospitals, one in Wrexham, Miller Hospital in Wrexham and one in North Wales in Bodelwyden, the Bodelwyden one had been my research fellow originally, so I did the locum for him when he went on a summer holiday. So during the summer I was quite busy, working quite hard, especially as I travelled out there and back each day. But at 65 I didn't feel ready to retire, I felt too young, I suppose biologically I felt about 55 or 58, and I still don't feel

79, it is difficult to say how old I do feel! But in the mornings I sometimes feel 99, you know, stiff joints and things, but it soon loosens up.
Tape 4: 29 minutes 23 seconds

RL: And your second wife?

JG: She worked part time. Once or twice she had to give up because she felt a little depressed. She was a bit of a depressive herself, but then unfortunately later she became ill, I think drink had a lot to do with it and life got worse and one day she announced she had bought another flat in Liverpool, and I was really relieved in a way. I wouldn't have moved out myself, but I was relieved she found a flat available, but we decided not to get divorce but to separate legally, because for one thing at that time we would have lost half of my pension if we had got divorced. That is quite a valuable asset. She got the lawyers involved so I had to as well, but they didn't get anywhere except to send large bills, and in the end she had now decided to agree a settlement between us, which we did with the help of our sons, hers being a lawyer and mine being a qualified accountant although he doesn't work as such. Incidentally I should say that Bronwen's children, her two, and mine are great friends, they go on holidays together and that sort of thing, although they never actually lived together because my children are that much older you see, almost ten years older.

And then David, I am very fond of my step children, they are in my will and David got married September last year, or is it two years now, I am not sure, anyway he had a nice wedding.

And Jenny was found to have a pituitary tumour when they got married, she had it removed, went into hospital, Queensborough Hospital, on the Sunday night and came home on the Wednesday having had it removed. Can you believe it? Three days. And she became pregnant and is expecting their first baby next month.

And Sarah, my stepdaughter of whom I am also very fond, has got a boyfriend and they have been living together, perhaps to pay the mortgage, and she decided, perhaps she would try and she found she could and she is pregnant too and she is having hers in October so I have got nine grandchildren, and hopefully I will have two step grandchildren, which is quite a commitment. Luckily we are very close and I am glad to say that my relationship with my second wife has improved to the point now that we can talk to each other politely and if she was ill I would see to it that she got good attention, but as I said I was relieved at the time and still am.

It could have been a very lonely life for me but I was fortunate in that I have been going to a French class for five years now, and I have always sat next to a young lady, and we got on well together and we had the same sense of humour, you know we had to write funny stories and so on and she had been an English teacher but she had also been an actress and was gifted that way. We never met outside the French club we just met and chatted there and that was all.

Tape 4: 33 minutes 27 seconds

Unfortunately her husband died relatively young, he was an actor and writer, and he died relatively young from a recurrence of a coronary, so she was free then and a year or so later I became free and that is when we started, when Bron told me I had to make my own life, before she moved out, and she started going away and I didn't see her for a day or so, and so on, and so we started meeting outside the French club and we are nowadays we are very good friends, we meet at weekends and we go on holiday together, so I am not alone. She is coming tonight for dinner, I think. Which reminds me at 5 o'clock you must tell me to put the chicken in. And I am quite happy in my own company for much of the week, but she wants someone to be involved with a lot of social activity anyway. I remember the medical Institution, I did mention that, in Liverpool, which is both a medical and a social club if you like. Then the Innominate Club. With one thing and another, particularly the garden, and my half of the dog, I always say I have the front half, I am never bored I always have things to do, even now I could tell you things that would occupy me for the next fortnight if I had time to do them, which I think is probably the right way to be.

RL: When did you first become associated with the AJR?

JG: My mother was a member and she asked me if I would continue her membership in her memory, and I did.

RL: And what did that entail?

JG: Well it entails, well there is the national AJR and the local branch only started about a year or two ago, and it just entailed getting the journal, which I found of great interest and virtually nothing else. Now of course it involves going to local meetings and sometimes taking part in their organised activities. The other day I gave a talk which you will find in the last issue, a shortened version in the last AJR issue, my life story, as I am telling you now. Not quite in so much detail, it didn't take five hours.

RL: With keeping up that membership did you keep in touch with any refugees from the past.

JG: Only my family I think. I have got relatives in America, second cousins. I have got relatives in Canada, first cousins. A nephew in London with whom I keep in contact. Do you remember about the Moscow Theatre Siege.

RL: Yes.

JG: You remember there were three British, that was my cousin. The one with heart trouble, they wouldn't let him out. His wife and son, who is studying Russian at Oxford and is doing his time in Russia was brought out unconscious

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after the gas attack. Fortunately he recovered apparently without injury, quite a coincidence. He had his picture in The Times, Peter Lew his name was, my cousin and his wife. Yes. They were visiting him, the son who was studying in Moscow temporarily, and they said let's go to the theatre, so they did, and he was got out, I think through, Peter, not Peter the son, has a sister in London, and she phoned the British Embassy in Moscow and said, "My father has heart trouble and needs to be on treatment, can you do something to help?" That is how he got out, through a journalist I mean, instigated by the embassy.

RL: You mentioned … How do you feel towards Germany?

JG: That is an interesting question. A few years ago I went to visit my grandmother's grave. With some difficulty I found my father's grave in Dortmond. Because, all I remembered was that it seemed to be fairly near to the centre of the town. By now they have about five or six huge graveyards. Quite a few of them must have been quashed during the war by bombing. And wherever I went I couldn't find a reference to his name and then when, well I said it must be the one in town, by a public park, it has graves scattered through it. I went to the office and the office was closed and the man was away on holiday so we started looking and we found a number of Jewish graves, but I couldn't find his, but I did find the graves of my grandparents which I had never seen before, with a column which had broken half way and Bron said, "That must be Nazi damage." But it turned out that it wasn't, that it was a symbolic thing of life having terminated too early. Have you heard of it? The column broken half way. Somewhere I have got a photograph, but I couldn't find my father's grave. And then we went back to the office and somebody had arrived in the meantime and we looked it up and they said, "Well he is buried with his parents." So we went back to the grave and just saw the top of the little stone sliver, and when I removed the earth we found his gravestone, a little small thing, like that. Buried in the same patch as his parents. So that was my visit to Germany.

And then I went to Düsseldorf, and there was a lady there, not Jewish herself but who had taken a very active interest in the Jews of Düsseldorf and was writing a book about it, there was an organisation in Düsseldorf dealing with this. A lot of them have been invited back on visits, we stayed with her for two or three days and she showed us round and was very friendly. And then my wife and I went on to stay in the Schwarzwald, the Black Forest in South Germany, just for the holiday. We stayed in a small hotel, a tiny hotel and there we saw old Germans, and that is where I felt I can't talk to these people. You never know what they were doing in the war. So my feelings towards Germany are that I would distrust all old Germans, deservedly or otherwise, but I would be prepared to talk to young Germans, because it isn't their fault and you mustn't pass on the sins from the parents to the children. It is hard. I wouldn't want to live there. I find it

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difficult to understand the people who have gone back there to live, but then we see I was in a fortunate position I was making my living here. If you haven't got a living and you

see the possibility of a living in Germany you know perhaps it is excusable. My aunt actually in London, met another German Jewish refugee who still had business interests in Germany, and she was going to go back with him, then he died and they never actually went. But I find it very difficult to understand how they can do that.

RL: How would you describe yourself in terms of nationality?

JG: A citizen of the world with a strong affiliation to England and to Israel, that describes it.

RL: Do you feel that you have got any kind of German cultural heritage and continental ideas.

JG: Yes, yes. Continental I would say. Do you know when I felt that mostly? When I was in Egypt. I missed the cultural European background, and it was a tremendous thrill on the train to Alexandria to meet a Dutchman and to talk to him. I still remember that. I did miss that very much. Not in America, because they're things are a bit more similar to how they are on the continent, but in Egypt I did, I really missed the continental touch. I was together with English people, but they are different. If you asked me, "Is there any other country where you would rather live?" I would say, "No, England is my country." I don't think I would like to live in Israel, even leaving out current uncertainties there. I am loyal to it and I support it, financially, but I don't think I would like to live there. You could say it is insecurity really, because there are some very clever people there. You know what I mean. You are a very small fish in a big lake there, here I was a big fish in a small lake.

RL: What does the continental feeling, identity mean to you? What is it exactly?

JG: This sounds big headed, but like many Jews, I feel quite proud of the Jewish heritage, but I also feel proud of the continental heritage. That doesn't run England down, but there is something extra. The fact that people talk, and I can talk about Goethe and Heine and people, not that I know so much about them but I had a nodding acquaintance with their music, the fact that I have a nodding acquaintance with something outside England compensated for the fact that I have less of an acquaintance with English history and culture than I would have if I had been born here, into an English family. I mean one of my friends, Fritz Herschel. You don't know him? In Manchester, he is 80 now, he has got an excellent knowledge of British history, I always envy him for that. I haven't. I mean I stopped at the usual school certificate stage, learning about Henry VIIIs wives, there was certainly a lot of room for broadening my cultural horizons. The

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trouble is nowadays I find it quite hard to learn new things. Same with my French you see, I am just about back where I was when I left school, I was good at French but I was lousy at Latin because I never caught up.

RL: Do you feel different to the English?

JG: Good question. Yes, I must admit that one can let one's defences down completely in a Jewish environment which in a mixed environment one cannot do so much. Having said that, I have one or two very good friends, non-Jewish friends with whom I can let my fences down. But there is a kind of barrier, a glass barrier if you like, you can see through it, but it's not very marked any more. Does that answer you?

RL: Do you have that same feeling with your children or do you think it doesn't affect that generation?

JG: I don't think it does with Caroline, I think of my three children, Jonathan, the middle one is the one, he is not very religious, but he has got more Jewish consciousness than the other two. He also looks more Jewish, Jonathan possibly. But I think they are very well anglicised. But I think Jonathan especially knows that he is Jewish, but I don't know what he would think if Anti-Semitism was to occur more than it has already done in this country. Whether he would feel threatened by it, I expect he might. You see at my age it doesn't matter very much. I am too old to die young.

RL: But the other two you don't think …

JG: I don't think … I think Caroline … no, I mean she is not Christian, but I don't think religion plays any great part in her life, and I don't think it does for Rob.

RL: How interested were they in your background, you know, in your story?

JG: Surprisingly so, you see they have never really come up, they have all been too busy with boyfriends, girlfriends, things at school, exams and so on, but they took, they got me to write my life story, which I started doing about ten years ago I think now, longer. Was I writing it in Dudlow Lane? No, I think it is more than ten years ago, I was going to polish it, but it never got polished, it got typed but never got polished, it has got mistaken names and that. But then, about last year, we had a reception, Mersey Kidney Research had a reception at the Duke of Westminster's place, you know near Chester. We had had one before and and half an hour after the beginning our secretary said, "Could you go and help the chairman?" I was vice-chairman by then, he needs your help. I got to the other end of the room and there was a chair like this, on this raised dais, and I realised something was off and they did This Is Your Life. All my family turned

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up. My nine grandchildren, my three children with spouses, they were all there. Old friends, a lot of old patients, it was great, it is in the red book. That was a great, great joy, and completely and utterly unexpected, I didn't know, I was the only one who didn't know, my children had all cooperated, you know sent photographs and told them things about me. And my colleague, who I had asked to be chairman, he read out my life story

and then I was interviewed by Robert Sells, the transplant surgeon whom I had got to Liverpool. So that was a very, very satisfying occasion. I mean, I am not a proud chap at all, but I did feel some pride on that occasion, it was nice. And my children were there so they heard it again, and they have had a look at the red book and of course they will get this tape, which is perhaps more detailed than any of the other things which I did.

RL: Do you think that your experience of being a refugee affected you in any way?

JG: When I was interned it came as a slight shock, because I had begun to feel as a little English boy, you know. And I realised then that I wasn't an English boy. When I failed to get short listed for jobs after I had been through hospital like everybody else, that came as a little bit of a shock. It was understandable, I didn't blame anybody for it. Subsequently, in a strange way I have regarded it as an asset being a refugee, because it gave me a broader base, I had experiences of the world, I had lived in Germany and Holland and England, I had worked in America, I have worked in Egypt. So I had seen a bit of the world, a bit of people, and it gave me a, not really satisfaction, but there was a certain satisfaction that I had done these things, you know.

RL: Do you think psychologically it had any effect?

JG: Yes. I can't disentangle quite how much of this is due to my mother, who was quite a strong personality, who had an undue influence over me until I was in my 30s almost, and how much of it was due to being a Nazi refugee and the episode when I had my face smeared. I don't think it affected me deeply, it may have given me some insecurity. I will tell you how I know that, if I have cheese in the evening, I tend to have what I call cheese dreams, you know? No? Perhaps you don't eat cheese in the evening. It is a well known phenomenon, there is an amino acid in cheese that does this and very often the dream is the same one. I am a senior registrar in Sheffield, I have a wife and two children to support, at that time I had two, and my job is coming to an end. It's an insecurity, it is a recurrent dream when I have nightmares. I wake up and I thank God that I don't have to worry about this and I don't have to work again if I don't want to. But that must indicate some degree of insecurity, but at a conscious level I am not greatly aware of it. No.

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What I enjoy very much these days is the friendship of my children. I am perhaps I am not quite as close to my grandchildren as I would like to be, I am very fond of them, I am giving them a saving policy to help them through university. But largely I think because of distance, because you can't just drop in and I see them only two or three times a year. I see Caroline's more often but the two boys. We get on very well when we meet but I am not quite as close to them as I was to my grandmother, but then I was the eldest of her grandchildren and I had no competition. So that is one thing that I am sad, no sad is too strongly put, but I would like to be a little closer to them than I am. At the same time I know that if one of them was to come here, I would try to entertain them, but I wouldn't be terribly good at it, I am not a terribly good parent in that way, well intentionally. But I

enjoy the friendship of my children, of my stepchildren and I enjoy particularly that my stepchildren get on so well with my own children, and then my three are extremely close. You know where they have been the last four or five years, they have been on summer holidays together, all of them, all 15 of them, you know, six adults and nine children. They go to France, they go camping, they have been to the mountains, The Dolomites, all sorts of places. And that is a great reassurance that they are so close together. The other day I tried to phone my son, he was on the phone, I tried to phone my daughter, she was on the phone, and I said, "I bet they are talking to each other." It was Saturday, and so they were, for half an hour, can you imagine it. And all three are close to each other, the two brothers get on extremely well. My son gives my potter son advice, business advice, and they even had one or two shows together recently, showing their wares and so on. This is a source of great satisfaction to me that they get on so well together, especially as I must have been a difficult character to have been separated twice.

I am told that I was quite strict with my own children. They tell me that I was very strict with them, but the reason was that Eve, my wife, was very lax with them, and I think I wouldn't have been so strict with them had she been firmer, but as it turns out they have all turned out well. Proud isn't the right word, 'Lucky', 'lucky' is the word.

RL: Is there any message that you would like to give now we have come to the end?

JG: Yes. Continue to support each other, and I am hoping to have myself cremated one day and scattered. I know that none of them like going to a cemetery so I won't impose that burden on them. If they want to plant a tree in my memory in Calderstone Garden they may do so.

I think that is my main message, you know, stick together and support each other.

RL: Thank you very much.

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JG: This is about my paternal grandfather whom I never knew, Isadore Goldschmidt, it will have been taken at Dortmund, where he lived, in 1917 and it represents the Order of the Red Eagle fourth class given at the behest of his Majesty the King.

This is a picture of my dear grandmother, Minna Rosenstein, who lived in Buchwald in Mesopotania near the Dutch Border, it would have been done in the late thirties when she would have been about 60.

This is a picture of my grandfather, Isadore Goldschmidt, who died in 1919; I imagine it was taken a year or two before his death. He was a part time commercial judge in addition to his home activities.

This is a picture of my father, Hermann Goldschmidt, I imagine it was taken when he was in his early fifties, this was probably at Düsseldorf, taken in the 1930s.

This is my mother's alien's book, made out in August 1937, soon after she first arrived in Cambridge.

This document is my mother's qualification as a dental surgeon. Her name was Malli Goldschmidt, maiden name Loewenstein, and it was made out in Cologne on 12th March 1926 when she had qualified.

This is a photograph of myself as a little boy. Taken when I was about six or seven about 1930 in Germany.

This is the flat in 5 Quentyn Massys Straat, in Amsterdam Zuid, in which we lived on the second floor and Mrs Marks the housekeeper was looking out of the windows.

This is a photo of my school class at the Dalton Skoll, School, in Amsterdam, taken in about 1934, I am in the middle row, second from the right.

This my certificate of naturalisation, as Hans Goldschmidt, dated November 1947 in London.

This is my identity pass when I was based in the RAMC in the Middle East dated June 1949.

This is a picture of my mother, Malli Meyer, M-E-Y-E-R, and my daughter Caroline Brewin, B-R-E-W-I-N, on the date of her marriage in 1987. Taken somewhere up north!

This is a picture of my three children, their spouses, and eight out of my nine grandchildren taken in 1997 in Selbourne.

Thank you very much, both of you have done very professionally as far as I am concerned.

RL: Thank you very much.