

**IMPORTANT**

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**Interview Transcript Title Page**

<b>Collection title:</b>	AJR Refugee Voices Testimony Archive
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<b>Interviewee Surname:</b>	Deutsch
<b>Forename:</b>	Otto
<b>Interviewee Sex:</b>	Male
<b>Interviewee DOB:</b>	12 July 1928
<b>Interviewee POB:</b>	Vienna, Austria

<b>Date of Interview:</b>	8 May 2003
<b>Location of Interview:</b>	Southend-on-Sea
<b>Name of Interviewer:</b>	Dr. Anthony Grenville
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**REFUGEE VOICES:  
THE AJR AUDIO-VISUAL TESTIMONY ARCHIVE**

**INTERVIEW: 15**

**NAME: OTTO DEUTSCH**

**DATE: 8 MAY 2003**

**LOCATION: SOUTHEND-ON-SEA**

**INTERVIEWER: ANTHONY GRENVILLE**

**TAPE 1**

**Tape 1: 1 minute 46 seconds**

AG: First of all, Mr. Deutsch, Otto, I'd just like to thank you very much indeed for agreeing to do the interview with us.

OD: My pleasure.

AG: Could I start by asking you to state your full name, please?

OD: Yes, my name is Otto Deutsch.

AG: And where were you born?

OD: In Vienna.

AG: And the date of your birth?

OD: The 12th July 1928.

AG: Thanks very much. Could you start by telling us something about your family background, please?

OD: Yes, well, before the war Vienna had a very, very large Jewish population, but we didn't live in the Jewish part of Vienna. We lived in the suburbs, about, oh, about 8 or 9 kilometres from the city centre.

AG: What was it called?

**Tape 1: 2 minutes 30 seconds.**

OD: Favoriten, the 10th municipal district. And there were some other Jews. We were a close-knit community because we were so few. We had our little synagogue. But being Jewish

didn't really affect us an awful lot. I was conscious that I was Jewish. But we lived in a very, very working class district.

AG: And what about your father? What was your father's name?

OD: My father's name was Viktor, Viktor Deutsch.

AG: And was he born in Vienna?

OD: No, he was born in what today would be part of the Czech Republic, but of course in those days it was part of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

AG: Which town was he born in?

OD: He was born near Teschen, that's Bohemia.

AG: And when was he born?

OD: Yes, he was born on 12th December 1888.

AG: Right! And could you tell me a bit about your father?

OD: Yes, my father was a hard-working man, but, unfortunately, like so many in Vienna, unemployed for the best part of the life that I had in Vienna. He was by trade a confectioner. But in those days people couldn't afford bread, let alone cakes, so he had to sort of do whatever he could. In the winter, there was always snow-shovelling to be done. The local council would call upon any unemployed, and there was quite a queue for that, to shift the snow. But he also spent part of his working time as a hawker. He hawked whatever there could be - leather goods. As he was born in Bohemia, obviously he spoke Czech, which stood him in good stead, because most of the cobblers were Czech. And he used to, I remember him so vividly, he used to carry leather on his back and go from one cobbler's shop to another. Nowadays, I suppose, a cobbler would have a hard time - people buy new shoes - but in those days shoes had to last.

AG: Do you know when he came to Vienna, at what sort of age?

OD: Well, he came just after the First World War, and there was something very tragic about all of this because he came with a former colleague, or should I say a comrade, of his. They were in the same trenches together, they--- Mr. Filip was a Catholic, but that didn't matter in any way, they were great friends. The tragedy was that it was this Mr. Filip that was to give us away, after being a great-, not only friend, but a brother, you could say. That was terrible. That's something I'll never forget.

### **Tape 1: 5 minutes 41 seconds**

AG: So, we'll doubtless come on to that. Your father served with the Austro-Hungarian army?

OD: Yes, he did indeed.

AG: On which front did he serve?

OD: On the Italian front, yes.

AG: You said he was in the trenches, so he actually fought?

OD: Yes, he did indeed. In fact, he was wounded, shrapnel in his leg. And he was even given some sort of Iron Cross, the lesser merit of these things. And he was, in fact, very much involved in the Veterans' Association. That he was a Jew made no difference whatsoever.

AG: And what sort of man was he? How do you remember him as a person?

OD: Well, I remember him so vividly. It's almost strange that I should have a picture in my mind, indeed not only of my father but of all of my dear departed. He was a little man, in other words I mean in height - he wasn't very tall, possibly even shorter than what I am today, but he was very strong, very, very strong. He didn't have good schooling, schooling wasn't important in those days, getting a living was much more important, but mechanically he was a genius. I say this because he made so many things for me - toys - mechanical toys, and he even built himself a loud speaker, a serial set, that was in the days of the old crystal sets, out of spare parts. I don't follow in his footsteps in that sense.

AG: And did he come from an Orthodox Jewish background?

OD: No, he didn't. He was conscious of his Jewishness, but remember, that part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, they were peasants, but he was mostly, in his young days, I understand, working on the land. His father didn't have his farm but he was a tenant farmer and schooling was of less importance than working on the field.

### **Tape 1: 7 minutes 53 seconds**

AG: Yes, Teschen, if I remember rightly, is up towards the Polish border?

OD: Yes it is, yes, yes it is, yes.

AG: And did he ever talk about his army service?

OD: He did indeed. Well, you know most fathers like to talk about their army service; this is something which is not unique to my father. He told me about---, yes, he told me when actually one day he came across a British regiment. The way I understand it is that when the Italians were on the defensive, for a little while, they called upon their allies, the British, and there was a detachment of the Durham Light Infantry. This was strange because later on in life, as we shall come to later on, I lived in that part of the United Kingdom, and the only English word he ever knew was Geordie, because they called themselves that and he would tell me about his first meeting with the British, but he was mostly on the Italian Front, as far as I understand.

AG: And this is where he became friendly with this Mr. Filip?

OD: Yes, yes.

AG: How do you spell Filip?

OD: That was spelt with an 'F', by the way, not a 'Ph'. It was quite a common name, mostly of people who lived in the Sudetenland, had this particular name, ya.

AG: But this man, was he a Sudeten-German or a Czech?

OD: Well, that I don't know, but he-, I believe him to be actually born in Vienna, because-, he might well have had some kind of Sudeten background of his family, but he was Viennese. And, as I say, he was very close to my father in every sense of the word and his wife and my mother were great friends. They lived actually, not next door, but the flat after that, the apartment. We lived in these huge apartment buildings, which are still standing in Vienna, would you believe it? Obviously modernised now, but we used to sort of---, the ladies used to cook together, and I just called him uncle.

AG: What was his first name, do you remember?

OD: Yes, his name was Richard. And another coincidence was that shortly after I was born, Jan Kurt was born, that's their Kurt, and we became great friends. We lived like one family, but it was he---, very, very early after the Occupation, Occupation's not the word, after the Anschluss, that he thought he would do himself a bit of good by telling the authorities that there were Jews living in the building.

**Tape 1: 11 minutes 3 seconds**

AG: Where? I didn't ask you where your flat was, what its address was, if you remember.

OD: You know I never forget addresses. I can remember addresses, all addresses. I'll tell you the address. I'll tell it you first of all in German, sounds better that way: 'Wien zehn, Buchengasse vierunachtzig, erster Stock, Tür fünfzehn'. Now if you haven't tumbled over what that was, it was 'Buchengasse 84, on the first floor, door number 15 or apartment number 15'. And they lived number 17.

AG: And what about your mother, what was her name?

OD: Wilma.

AG: And her maiden name?

OD: Rosenzweig.

AG: Was she of Viennese birth?

OD: She was what we loved to call in German 'waschecht', absolute. You're laughing at that because the Viennese are very proud in saying they were actually really Viennese, you know, not from the outlying parts, but they were Viennese.

AG: So her family had been in Vienna some time?

OD: Yes, yes, but I believe my grandfather was born in Karlsbad, which is the beautiful spa, which again now is part of the Czech Republic.

AG: And when was your mother born?

OD: Yes, my mother was born - it's her birthday very shortly now; it's a very sad day when I think of it - on the 18th June 1900.

AG: And what sort of lady was she? How do you remember her?

OD: Well, she was one of seven siblings and she was so entirely different from her brothers and sisters, in so far as she was a very timid lady, whereas one of her sisters used to go to dances, so I've been told, obviously I wasn't there, but they loved to talk about it. But not my mother, very shy, very much of an introvert, and she was so completely different from her sisters and from her brothers as well.

**Tape 1: 13 minutes 17 seconds**

AG: What part of Vienna did they live in, did the family live in, I mean, when she was a child, do you know?

OD: Yes, when she was a child, they lived in the Jewish part, which I suspect you know as the Leopoldstadt, commonly known as the Matzos Island.

AG: And what sort of family was it, obviously a large family, but was it very, was it Orthodox Jewish, or?

OD: My grandmother, my Bubbe Vesholem, she was absolutely very Orthodox, she wore a sheitel, and she kept a very, not only a Kosher house, but a very Jewish house.

AG: And did her children stick to this on the whole?

OD: No, I'm afraid not, to be completely honest, not. In fact, one of the great tragedies was that one of my uncles, that is to say her son, her youngest son, married out, but she insisted that the lady whom he married was to become Jewish and she became a very devout Jew, as is so often the case.

AG: And what sort of family was it? What did they do? I mean, they lived in the 2nd District. What did they do? How did they---?

OD: Well, there, to be completely honest, I haven't really got a clear recollection of that. Remember, I was very, very young. I do understand that my grandfather, my Zeyde, was somehow vaguely connected in the wine business, but vaguely connected, and I'm not quite sure about that. I was very young at the time of course.

AG: How did your mother and father come to meet, do you know? And when did they marry?

OD: Well, in those days there were arranged marriages, that was really, there's very few of those going on today, but in those days it was arranged. There were---. Most marriages, in fact, were arranged. And I believe my father, it was, he used to tell me, it was his first love, it's nice to think about that.

AG: And when did they get married?

**Tape 1: 15 minutes 49 seconds**

OD: Well, I was born in 1928 and they got married in 1926, in the latter part of 1926.

AG: And then they went to live in Favoriten? And did you have, do you have, did you have, any brothers or sisters?

OD: Yes I have. May I just correct myself before---?

AG: Yes.

OD: You see it was not 1926; it was 1920, because my sister was 7 years older than I. And I'm glad I tumbled that one in time.

AG: Yes. So what was your sister's name?

OD: Adele. We called her Dele.

AG: And she was born in 1921?

OD: Yes. She was born in 1921, exactly, yes.

AG: And how do you remember family life?

OD: Again, it seems so strange that if I talk about it, I remember it all so vividly. It's so many years ago, but to me, I can picture it all, as I'm talking to you, I can picture Dele, I can picture the apartment where we lived.

AG: Well, please tell me about it.

OD: Well, the apartment - nowadays people wouldn't live in conditions like that - we had the traditional 'Zimmer-Küche-Kabinett', which means one room, a kitchen and a box room. Remember, there were 4 of us. The toilet was outside, shared by 4 families. There was always a waiting period outside. And the water was outside, a kitchen without any water. But you know, we didn't know any better, we didn't know anything else; that was life. But we were happy because we were together. It was so, I know I've said this before, but it was so remarkable, now that I'm talking about how we lived, I remember the steep stairs on to the first floor, I remember the draughty kitchen. Central heating, my God, that was to come years afterwards! And we had what was known as a 'Kachelofen', I don't quite know what you would call it in English. It was a stove, like a big piece of furniture, more than anything, no open fire, and it gave off heat, but the winters in Vienna still are very cold and they certainly were cold.

**Tape 1: 18 minutes 21 seconds**

AG: It's a tiled oven.

OD: Yes, it's a tiled, absolutely, you've obviously had experience of these things, yes, a tiled oven, yeah.



AG: But this block where you lived, was this part of the municipal housing?

OD: Yes, it was indeed.

AG: Before the First World War or after?

OD: It was after. Now, there's a little bit of politics comes into this. Now, I'm sure it's well-recorded that in 1934 there was a bit of a Civil War on 12th February. And every political party had a political army: you were either Red or you were Black, you were either Left or you were Right. And I don't want to show any political preference here, that wouldn't be part of what you would expect me to do, but they were building---, when what we called the 'Sozies', the Socialists, came into power, they were building flats all over the place, all be it not very congenial ones, as I've just described, but at least there was housing, because beforehand people used to sort of live in rooms. The workers in Vienna really and truly suffered badly. I mean, I know a little about British history, I know about the Juggle and I know about the British trade union movement, but in those days we had a soup kitchen and that was it. So they were very, very bleak days.

AG: Seeing as you mentioned it, do you remember the fighting in February 1934?

OD: Well, I was only six, but what I do remember is my mother pleaded with my father not to go out and he felt, he was very much politically involved, on the Left, and he felt he had to go out. And you know there are still signs in Vienna today of the Victor Adler Platz and a few more squares, where you could still see the bullet holes of that dreaded Civil War. It didn't last very long, but it was a very, very bitter---, brother against brother, people of the same family were divided.

AG: Which political party do you think your father was in?

OD: Well, I know, I don't have to think, he was very much in the left-wing movement in Vienna, he was very much respected as such.

AG: With the Social Democrats?

**Tape 1: 21 minutes 0 second**

OD: Yes, of course, yes. There was a nickname, now I can't quite remember who was who, there were the 'Hahnenschwänzel', because they used to have a feather in their cap, 'Hahnen'- poultry. And there was the 'Schutzbund'. I do believe, I could be wrong here, but I do believe he was a member of the 'Schutzbund', the left-wing army.

AG: And was there actually fighting in your part of Favoriten?

OD: Yes, there was, not as much as there was in other parts, but there were skirmishes, I think is a better word to use here.

AG: Do you have any memories of it at all?

OD: Well, as I say, as a 6-year old, what memories could I possibly have? But I do remember my mother urging my father, "Please don't go out! Please don't go out!" But he felt it was his duty to go out.

AG: Did he?

OD: Well, he did, but happily no harm came to him and he was able to tell the tale.

AG: What are your earliest memories of childhood? What sort of things do you remember about your home, your family?

OD: Oh, there are so many things! I remember, for instance, this is childhood before the Anschluss, very early childhood, I remember the local park. The treat was going to the park. As I said earlier, my father was able to make all sorts of toys for me, he even made a scooter.

AG: Goodness!

OD: I don't know how he managed to make a scooter. We had what kids in this country also had, these little boxcars, you know wheels, boxes on wheels. And I was as happy as can be. And I loved to tease my sister. Now, what little ten-year-old doesn't love to tease a sister 7 years older? Always used to go in her handbag and she would sort of, oh, chastise me, "Look, mama, mama, look he's gone to my bag again". I could never see, you know a ten-year-old, I could never see the sense of why she shaved off her eyebrows and then pencilled them back in again, thought it was a terrible waste of time, and I used to love to go in her bags and find all sorts of bits and pieces there, lipstick and goodness knows what they kept in their bag. And I miss Dele very, very much. I miss of course my parents, but Dele had a special place in my heart, possibly because I was such a horrid little brother, but she looked after me, as my mother became ill and my father had no time, that was even before the Anschluss. And, yes, as I'm talking to you now, the picture of Dele is so clear in my mind.

### **Tape 1: 23 minutes 52 seconds**

AG: How do you see her? What does she look like?

OD: She had a slight limp. I'm not quite sure how that came about. I believe before I was born, as I say she was 7 years older than I, when she was a baby, she must have had a fall. She was very conscious of this limp. She used to ask me, "Otto, can you notice I'm limping?" And, ach, I wasn't a very nice little brother, you might well realise what answer I gave. She used to fancy herself as a singer and I used to sort of join in, not in a negative way, we---. I remember so many things! I remember that when my father couldn't get a job, she could. They had to pay young girls, well; they paid a pittance, didn't they? Men, they had to give a man's wages. And on my 10th birthday, when she was 17, she brought me, with her first wage packet, a lovely little picture book, for me to colour, and I was so thrilled with it, and she took me to the pictures.

AG: What job did she get? Do you remember?

OD: Well, whatever she could. I believe she was vaguely to do with the book bindery, whatever she could, but, as I say, girls managed, this is ironic, girls managed to find jobs easier than men, because of the little money they had to pay.

AG: Was your father often out of work?

OD: I remember him more out of work than in work. As I say, who needed cakes? They couldn't afford bread.

AG: How did you, how did the family survive, if he was---? What on?

OD: You know, it's a good question. I'm trying to think desperately. He did odd jobs. As I say, he was a strong man, very mechanically minded person. He wasn't very literate, I must say, but what he lacked in that particular field, he made up in what he was able to do with his hands. I wish I had the skill that my father had. He---, in the whole of the tenement, "Victor, come and do this!", "Victor, can you come and do this?" And of course he got a few bits and pieces, sometimes food, sometimes whatever. But everybody in the tenement block was just as badly off as we were. He did get a job in a baker's, but not for long, not doing pastry cooks, but doing ordinary bread, labouring, I suppose. They were hard days, very, very hard days indeed.

**Tape 1: 26 minutes 50 seconds**

AG: Did your parents, or especially your father, was he well-known? Did he have friends in the tenement block?

OD: Yes, well, as I told you earlier, he was a bit politically involved and as such he was very much involved and very well-known, and also as a handy-man, you know, they all called on him to, you know---. The fact that he was Jewish had absolutely no bearing at all. He was well-respected and so was my dear mother and of course Dele.

AG: Yes, your mother, did she ever work, or did she look after the family?

OD: My mother was ill. Now, looking back on it, I do believe she had cancer. She was a very frail lady and I can't be certain about this, because obviously I was very young, but I do believe now, putting two and two together, I think she had cancer. And that made Dele almost the bread-winner.

AG: So presumably your sister had to break off her education early?

OD: Well, in those days, you know, education wasn't all that important and I suppose especially, it's a very negative thing, especially for women, you know. She left school when she was 14, I do know that, and no sooner had she left school, it was up to her to bring in the wages.

AG: Yes, did she have what we would now call a sort of teenage life? Did she have her friends or go out or meet young men even, I mean in an innocent sort of way?

OD: Well, I'm sure she was just as normal as any other teenage girl, but she had to, sort of, consider the circumstances we lived in. I dare say she had, I certainly know she had girlfriends, she probably had boyfriends, why not? After all, she was a very good-looking lady, despite her limp, she was very good-looking and, yes, come to think of it, yes, she did

have a boyfriend, can't quite remember his name. Funny! Some of the things you remember so vividly and other things are a blank.

**Tape 1: 29 minutes 14 seconds**

AG: Coming on to you now, when did you start going to school? Do you remember which school you were first sent to? Were you sent to a sort of small children's school?

OD: I know the name of the school: Der Atarber Park Platz. It was a school, what in Britain would be considered very elementary, you know, basic education. Obviously, I walked to school. I was six when I went to school. Huh! I remember the little school rucksack I had, which was much of the tradition and, yes, I do remember the teacher, but you know---

AG: Who was the teacher? Do you remember his or her name?

OD: Yes, Herr Reuter. And he used to, sort of, go off at me something alarming, because I had no interest in school whatsoever. But there is one little funny point, if I may. You know, life isn't always sad and even in the saddest aspects of life there's always something which is of a lighter vein. My father had the idea that, if I could speak English, there would be better things in store for me for the future. He felt that the life that he had would not be the life that I would have. Things were to be a lot better. An optimist! Why shouldn't he be an optimist? So, after school, I was sent, it's still standing, to the Urania. That was a long, long way. Guess what? To learn English! And, after the second lesson, my mother asked me if I could speak English. And you know the word, I don't know how I came to it, I said 'chimney sweep'. She was so impressed. My pocket money went up and she told all the neighbours that her little Otto could speak English, after 2 lessons! But she was a bit disappointed later on because the Herr Professor asked for her to come and see him and he said to her, "Well, look, perhaps you can take him into the woodworking class? English he will never learn!" I wish he could hear me now.

AG: Could you just for the film explain what the Urania was?

OD: Yes, the Urania is an institute of further education. It is still standing to this very day; at least it was in October. And I still got little pangs of - what can I say? - memory, nostalgia when I passed there. It is also a planetarium. It is sort of a utility building, which houses a lot of educational institutes. And, in those days, the Urania was again built in the hope of educating the working classes, but it certainly didn't educate me when I was 8 years of age! To go from school to the Urania, what I enjoyed was the tram ride!

**Tape 1: 32 minutes 50 seconds**

AG: It must have been a sacrifice for your parents to send you to do courses at the Urania or were they free?

OD: They were free. Again this was something, you know we had free milk, but again this was a political issue, because you know, there was these see-saw politics in Austria: you were black and red alternatively. And there wasn't any financial sacrifice, other than the train ride.

AG: And how long did you stay at this little elementary school?

OD: Until the day when I was no longer accepted because of my Jewishness. I had lots of friends. There were about 2 other Jewish boys in my class.

AG: Out of how many?

OD: Oh, out of a large district. There was a sort of---, as I say, we were not in a Jewish district, and there were, I believe, about 10 other Jewish boys in the school. And I stayed there until, as I say, we were no longer accepted.

AG: Were you happy at the school before?

OD: Ya, I think so, well, as happy as any little boy would have been. I don't suppose a boy, a youngster of 6 or 7, is completely happy being in school when there's other things to be done. But, oh, I was a member of the football team! I was a goalkeeper, would you believe it? I was highly respected! And I was quite popular with the lads.

AG: You had friends there?

OD: Oh, yes, yes. And again, my Jewishness didn't in any way interfere. The only thing was we would be excused religious assembly actually. And the fact that we were Jews ---. No, there is something, which I ought to mention: Easter time, we weren't too popular. Austria is a Catholic country and all the lads had just been told that we killed Jesus and we had many a belting afterwards. But I didn't take that too badly. I could look after myself too!

AG: Did you fight back then?

OD: Oh, I believe I did! I mean I wasn't quite sure what I was doing, but I told them that I didn't kill Jesus. But, yes, there was. But apart from that particular period in Holy Week, what the Christians call Holy Week, our Jewishness didn't interfere very much.

### **Tape 1: 35 minutes 34 seconds**

AG: How about at home? Did your family observe Jewish customs?

OD: Yes, now that was marvellous. What was marvellous: the lighting of the candles on Friday night, what we call Erev Shabbat. That was ---, I looked forward to that. The reason I looked forward to that too was we had the best meal of the week. There we had the meat, whatever it was. I don't know if you would ever have heard, I'm sure you will have heard, of Cholent, which is put into the bakers overnight and is a local delicacy. Well, we had that. But I didn't really very much observe the Shabbat because of the football. Nor did my mother, sort of, really, expect me, to speak quite frankly. My father in any case wasn't very religious, "Oh, let the boy do what he wants. He's only a youngster!" But of course when Onkel Oskar, that was the oldest, the eldest I should say, of my mother's brothers, when he came, we would have to hide anything which wasn't kosher; I would have to have my little cap on. And he came for me too frequent. And of course when I visited my Zeyde and Bubbe in the Leopoldstadt - by the way, we had to walk to the Leopoldstadt, we couldn't afford the tram ride - there the Jewish influence was in abundance and I'm pleased about that, I'm very pleased about that.

AG: Did you go regularly to synagogue?

OD: Yes, I enjoyed going to synagogue.

AG: Which one did you go to?

OD: Yes, not far from the school, in Atarber Park, coincidence, they were very close, adjacent almost to each other. Now, I believe the rabbi, the name was Rabbi Lieberman, I don't know his first name, and this would be what you here in this country would call a Reform Synagogue or liberal. You know, we didn't have - perhaps in the 2nd district, the Leopoldstadt - we didn't have these many divisions, of being liberal and reform and united and goodness knows what! We were Jews. And the rabbi was a great storyteller and I'd look forward to his sermon and on the festival days, like Simchat Torah, we would be given fruit and sweets. I enjoyed going to synagogue, to Shul, and, despite the fact that religion didn't play a terrific part in my life, synagogue-going I actually enjoyed. And, repeat yet again, Erev Shabbat, on a Friday night, the candles, I loved the way my mother welcomed the Sabbath. And of course the good meal - when I say a good meal, in proportion to what really a good meal might be. She was a wonderful cook, wonderful cook. How she managed to make such a lovely meal out of pittance, I really don't know, you know, whatever she could buy, seconds in the market, but we were well looked after, as far as I was concerned.

**Tape 1: 39 minutes 28 seconds**

AG: Did you have much contact with other cousins, uncles and aunts on your mother's side?

OD: Yes, well, you know, most of the cousins did manage to come to England. And I've got certainly quite a lot of contact with them now. They live not far from London, central London. In those days I had less contact. That's strange - I've got more contact with them now. That is completely strange, come to think of it! The reason for that is, as I say, we lived in the outlying part and all the others lived in the Leopoldstadt and the tram wasn't expensive but it was still money and we didn't go too many times to Leopoldstadt. But my cousins lived nowhere near to us. I came, by the way, with one cousin to England. He ---, we still, well, we saw each other the other week.

AG: What's his name?

OD: Alfred, Alfred Kessler. He lives in Cheam, would you believe it? Very upmarket! I hope he hears me say that! He's a little bit younger than I!

AG: Was this Uncle Otto the one you had the most contact with?

OD: Uncle Otto?

AG: Did you say Uncle Otto? No, your Uncle?

OD: Oskar!

AG: Oskar, sorry! Was he the one?

OD: Well, he was the sage of the family, you know, if you had a problem, you would go to Uncle Oskar. He also had a permanent job - that in itself was, oh my God, he was ---, had a job.

AG: What job did he have?

OD: For a little while he worked on a newspaper, so he was really looked upon ---. And it was he who went to England first of all. And it was through him that many of my family managed to get to England. Uncle Oskar! But again, as I said earlier, in that family the siblings were so different, amongst the boys as well. There was Uncle Adolf, now if I may, yes, unfortunate name, but if I may use an English colloquialism here, he was a bit of a lad, not a bit like Uncle Oskar! And he was the youngest, oh, they all loved Adolf! They respected Oskar, but Adolf, again I don't know what to call him in German, a bit of a lad in English suits fine. He used to go to dancing schools and goodness knows what, and I looked upon him, because he was the youngest, more or less as, almost as my equal. You know, he would, oh, he took me, now I don't know what year that was, it was before the Anschluss, so it must have been '37, he took me to the Prater Stadium, football stadium, to see Austria play Scotland and I can tell you it was a draw.

**Tape 1: 42 minutes 41 seconds**

AG: This would be the famous Austrian Wunderteam or whatever?

OD: Yes! No Wunderteam now, is it! We also, of course, had a very, very noted Jewish team, the Hakoah. They played in the Bundesliga. But I remember Adolf, yes, I remember him, I was so grateful, my first real football match, they played Scotland. Little did I know I wouldn't be too far away from Scotland in the future, ya! These memories come floating back.

AG: Did you have big family get-togethers ever?

OD: Yes, that is, that again is tradition. My Bubbe, my granny, she was a sort of matriarch and they also lived in very primitive conditions and, not like here in England, where you visit people in their homes, you couldn't do that because of a lack of facilities, we would go to the coffee-house, the 'Kaffeehaus'. Every family had their coffee-house, their 'Kaffeehaus', their 'Stammcafé', their regular café, and you know, I talk about this quite a lot, because this is a topic which interests British people here: the coffee-house would be your living room; you couldn't invite people home, how can you with the kitchen and the toilet outside and goodness knows what? And the Herr Ober, the head waiter, would make you feel as if you were the most important person he's ever, ever met, you know with all these old-fashioned Viennese niceties, which don't mean very much, but they sound nice - 'gnädige Frau' and goodness knows what! So we used to go to my grandparents' 'Kaffeehaus'. How they made a living, I don't know! We didn't spend an awful lot, I can assure you! We used to sit with one coffee for the whole afternoon and evening and there was always a glass of water. I believe they still do this. And if you had drunk the water, you would never drink the coffee that would have to last you for ages. You drink the water and the Herr Ober, the waiter, would replenish the water straightaway. And if my father had worked for 2 or 3 days, there would even be a menu for the pastries. Would you believe it? There was a menu for the coffee too! You just didn't ask for coffee, by the way - you had different varieties of coffee. I remember the Herr Ober used to give mother a menu, a menu for coffee! And she would study this menu as if she was about to choose the most exotic of meal and then she would pass it over to father, "Now what shall we have today, my dear?" Always a bit of theatre, a bit of drama, you have to be Viennese to understand this. And the coffee used to come on a silver platter, or a silver-coloured platter, with a glass of water. And we children, we used to get not only, we didn't go in for coffee, I

had Kakao, drinking chocolate, and my sister, wanting to be Madam, you know, wanting to join the grown-ups, she had 'Verlängerten', which means a very weak coffee with more milk - milk and dash, I believe you call it. But no matter what beverage you had, you would always have the 'Sahne', the 'Schlagobers', as it's called in Viennese. And believe you me, I've tasted cream in Devon and in Cornwall, but the 'Schlagobers' still tops it, possibly because that was the treat of the week. So my granny ---.

**Tape 1: 46 minutes 47 seconds**

AG: Just for the film, 'Schlagobers' is in English?

OD: Cream. I don't know if you call it anything else but cream.

AG: It's whipped cream, yes.

OD: Whipped cream, yes! Probably double whipped. Oh, you're smacking your lips too are you? Well, I can sympathise with you, in fact I might, no, there's nowhere in Southend to have 'Schlagobers', pity! I believe there's one or two places in London, in your part of London anyhow. Yes, then we used to have your meetings there.

AG: Oh, what was, I didn't ask you, if you remember the name of this 'Kaffeehaus'?

OD: Yes, Café Kassner.

AG: Sorry, go on.

OD: He was to finish up in Auschwitz. Yes, we used to go to Café Kassner and we had our table reserved and that is when we were really treated as if we were nobility. It's all make-believe; a lot of Viennese life is make-believe. I mean, if you had, if you looked distinguished enough, you were immediately Herr Doktor - this is no reflection on you, by the way! If you had a good suit on, you would be immediately Herr Kommissialrat. You know, these titles, I don't know if I was given any particular title, but the Herr Ober used to make you feel as if you were the most important person that had just entered the coffeehouse, so we were living in Cloud Cuckooland, while we were in the café. But for us kids, it was a bit boring, but we had made a pact with our parents - okay, after Shabbath on a Saturday is coffeehouse, which bored us to tears, but Sunday, that would be our day. And Sunday we would go to Grinzing, ah, that's still there today, or on the Kahlenberg where you overlook Vienna. Of course that part of Austria's very flat and the Kahlenberg is not really a mountain, it's a bit of a hill, and you get a lovely view over the whole city. And the tram ride, oh, I enjoyed the tram ride. It's amazing how these things come back!

**Tape 1: 49 minutes 11 seconds**

AG: Yes. You were saying that you did such-and-such in the year 1937, but 1938 must have marked a very great change?

OD: It came early in 1938. If you remember the Anschluss was in March, but no sooner did 1938 arrive, there also arrived a different feeling. Somehow I felt things were changing, now I couldn't figure out how and what, difficult to figure out, remember my age, but by the time February came along, some of the lads wouldn't speak to me any more. "What have I done?"



“What's going on?” And I heard whispers - their father had joined the Party. “The Party? What are they talking about?” “What Party?” And, yes, Mr. Filip would not allow Kurt to come to us. Kurt and I had a wonderful relationship, you know, because we had the best of both worlds. Our Chanukah, he would come to see our Menorah, the candles lit, and I would go and enjoy Father Christmas. For us lads, it was marvellous. But in 1938 things were changing rapidly. The grown-ups were talking more excited, their conversation in the coffee-house became more animated; now I could make nothing of it. And all of a sudden, that hurt more than anything else, I was no longer chosen for the school football team. Remember, I was 10. That hurt. “What have I done? I've played as good as ever.” And then I was to begin to hear the dreaded word 'Jude', 'Jude', 'Jude'. And so by the time March came, even I knew that things were going on, which I couldn't understand, but I knew that important things were going on, which I couldn't understand. And you know, I remember, I believe I remember, I believe it was the 13th, was it not, the annexation? I remember this. I told you earlier that my father had made himself a loudspeaker receiving set. Many of the people in the tenement didn't have any sort of loudspeaker receiving set and so now our little living room was becoming more and more crowded, as more and more people came into our living room to listen to the radio. We children were completely ignored. “What's going on?” And there was marshal music played on the radio and the radio crackled quite a lot - remember, it was hand-made - and every now and then the announcer would come to the microphone, “Stand by for an important announcement! Stand by!” And we children knew that things were taking place, which we just couldn't understand. And then again, I'm not quite sure, I think it was after eleven o'clock, in the morning that is, the announcer came to the microphone to say that in a few moments, stand by, the Chancellor of the Republic, Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, will address the nation. And I'm sure that Dr. Schuschnigg must have had tears in his eyes as he said that a few minutes earlier the President of the Republic, Herr Dr. Miklas, I think his name was, has empowered the chancellor to take charge of the security forces - the police, the gendarmerie - and in that capacity had given orders to the military at the border to allow German troops into our country unhindered. I'm sure he had tears in his eyes. He said he'd done so after consultation with his colleagues and above all with his conscience. He wanted to avoid the useless spilling of blood. And the old Kaiser hymn that's the national anthem, 'Sei gesegnet ohne Ende' - remember that? - was played for the last time on Radio Vienna, but even before the last sounds of the national anthem was finished, there was a power cut - Radio Vienna went off the air. And we children, we wanted to be in the middle of things. How I knew my way around Vienna! Many times when I should have been in school, I was on the trams. And I made my way with my two friends to the parliament, the huge parliament building, which reminded people of the old monarchy - much too big for a small nation of 7 million people. And we were just in time to see the Tricolor was to be lowered - red, white, red - and that dreaded Swastika hoisted. I believe Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg finished his broadcast by the words, 'God schütze Österreich', 'God save Austria'. And now, as the Tricolor of Austria was lowered, there was cheering and cheering - the very same people who only a few days before had pledged themselves to an independent Austria. How fickle people are! I suppose now, on reflection, I can understand why they cheered: we had unemployment, we had terrible living conditions. People said, “Well, if there's going to be a change, it's got to be better, can't be worse”. But not everybody cheered, I know that too - there were some men with tears in their eyes, and that's not a nice thing to see. And when I came home, my mother embraced me - my father was gone. But he was to come back.

**Tape 1: 56 minutes 6 seconds**

AG: What? Had he been arrested?

OD: Yes, through the courtesy of Mr. Filip. Because no sooner was annexation a fact than the Hitler Youth, they had already their uniforms, Mr. Filip had these brown shirts waiting, and there were Hitler Youth, who called up in this terrible Viennese common dialect, "Are there any Jews up there?" Nobody mentioned that we were Jews. We were the only Jews in the tenement. But, you've guessed it, Mr. Filip, of course: "There are Jews in number 15". And they took him. The two Hitler Youth didn't even know what to do, you know, they made themselves important by having a uniform and doing what they thought was their duty or what they wanted to do. But they took my father for 3 days. But he came back.

AG: Where was he held?

OD: In the local police station. Nobody, you see, had any idea of what to do with the Jews. That was to come later. In Germany there was already Dachau, that already had opened, but in Austria, the locals, the local Nazis, they were still wondering where to go from now.

AG: Well, I think we need to break here, because the tape is coming to an end.

**Tape 1: 57 minutes 39 seconds**

**TAPE 2**

**Tape 2: 0 minute 5 seconds**

AG: You were just telling me about the arrest of your father immediately after the, on the very day of the Anschluss. Was he badly treated in the police station?

OD: When he came back, he didn't talk about it. He never, that was a character of many people who were detained, they didn't talk about it. He was naturally shocked, but he didn't talk about it.

AG: And were there other people in your tenement block who objected to the Anschluss? I mean, it was a working-class area, there were Schutzbund members there. How did they ---?

OD: I think I mentioned earlier that people are very, very fickle, very fickle, because all the -- less than a week before the Anschluss, there was a big rally, 'Rot, Weiss, Rot, bis zu dem Tod', 'Red, White, Red until We're Dead', and the very same people who shouted that were the very same people who gave the Hitler salute. They're so fickle. But then I can understand that. I can't justify it, but I can understand it. They lived under terrible conditions.

AG: And how did life change for you?

**Tape 2: 1 minutes 21 seconds**

OD: Ah, it changed drastically. At first we were still allowed to go to school, but even then things weren't normal. My two Jewish classmates and I had to sit at the back and, what was worse, after about 10 days, we had to stand up, face the class and say, "We are Jews". And it was to change again because now we were humiliated by the teachers, who encouraged the boys to humiliate us.

AG: Did all the teachers do this or most of them?

OD: Well, you know, it's so difficult to say whether their heart and soul was in it or whether they were still doing it because they want to keep their job. There was one, I think, who wasn't so happy about it. He was our math teacher. He sort of said after, "Well, that's enough, boys, that's enough". He didn't allow it to go over the top. But people, all people, were different. What is well recorded was that the professionals, people who you expect to have more - how can I put it? - Well, more sense. Lawyers, look at doctors, teachers, some of them were worse than the people who were almost illiterate. That's been a well-recorded fact.

AG: What was your own personal experience?

OD: Well, I was bewildered. Why all of a sudden was I so different to all the other lads? What's been happening? I meant to ask my father, "Is it so bad to be a Jew?", "Is it wrong to be a Jew?" But I never got around to it. He was with us until the Crystal Night. I never got round to asking him.

AG: Back at school, what sort of things happened to you?

OD: Well, for instance, let me give you ---. As I said, I was no longer allowed to, not only to be the captain, the goalkeeper, but to be in the football team; that hurted me more than anything else, obviously with my age. Having to stand up, to say that I'm a Jew, and also certain lessons were not allowed for us to participate, history, for instance, and obviously religious assembly. Well, we got used to that, we never took part in religious assembly. But the feeling of people who were your-, boys who were your friends, intimate friends, your close friends, were no longer your friends. And that's a hard pill to swallow, believe you me.

AG: And did you see any manifestation of anti-Semitism on the streets, say, or in the city at large?

OD: I tried to lead my life as normal as I possibly could, that means to say I still loved the trams. My mother was anxious that I shouldn't go very far. But I still used to do my little walk down the park. Now the only sort of manifestation of anti-Semitism that I saw in the beginning - remember, this is now early days - were graffiti, graffiti on the wall. That became more and more intensified as the days went on. We became subject to abuse and you really felt ---, how I felt, of course, as a youngster, is different to how my parents would have felt. For instance, my father could no longer join the queue if there's a job vacant. I don't know how we managed, I really don't know. There were still some Jews in the First and Second District, who were still reasonably affluent, and we stuck together. We had even a kosher soup kitchen come. As I say, we were only very few Jews in the 10th District, but that came from the Leopoldstadt. Jews still were not yet deprived of everything; all that was to come. But remember, there wasn't any war. The international community had still to be the observer. But things were to change rapidly, very fast.

## **Tape 2: 6 minutes 49 seconds**

AG: How did you experience that change?

OD: Well, at school, as I say, we were no longer tolerated in the same class, no matter what grade. We had to use one classroom, youngsters and older boys. I think there were only twelve of us. And then of course we were barred from school altogether.

AG: When was that?

OD: That was, I should imagine, towards the end of '38, after the Crystal Night and that was November. After the Crystal Night, we really, even us youngsters, knew we were second-rate citizens, and that's when they took my father again.

AG: Do you remember the Crystal Night?

OD: Oh, never forget it! You know they made mistakes too. In their keenness to smash shop windows, they smashed windows of people whom they thought was Jews and who weren't. Our synagogue was gutted. Our rabbi invited us to his home but only for a little while. I don't know what happened to Rabbi Lieberman. I know that, after a while, we had to leave the district.

AG: Ah!

OD: You see the 10th District of Vienna was not to be polluted by any Jewish atmosphere. And we moved to the Leopoldstadt.

**Tape 2: 8 minutes 31 seconds**

AG: Was this before or after the Kristallnacht?

OD: That was after the Kristallnacht.

AG: But what happened to your father on Crystal Night?

OD: Well, you asked me if I remember the Crystal Night and I said I remembered it vividly. My mother in the morning, it was the 10th November, said to me, "Otto, I want you to walk away as fast as possible". It was cold. She put my ---, I put my heavy coat on. She sewed the 10 shilling note, shilling was our currency, for emergency, and she said, "Go as far away as you can and then come back when it's dark". Now I thought this was rather strange because my mother had always told me not to go far away but, as I said earlier, I knew Vienna very well, I knew my way to the centre and what I saw then, well, that was something, which nobody, especially a child, should witness. I walked to the geographical heart of Vienna, which is St. Stephens Cathedral, the Stephansdom, and I saw elderly men and women, obviously Jewish men and women, men with their beards, scrubbing the floor. You know we have in Vienna, still to this very day, and we certainly had, horse-drawn taxis, we call them 'Fiaker', you know the French 'fiak'. And of course the horses served courses made mess and it was this mess that these people had to clear up. And there was police there but the police was not there to prevent this going on, the police was there to keep order, because you were perfectly entitled to kick these people into the mess, but you had to take your turn: "Now you've had your bit of fun, you come back". I think I grew up that day because I didn't expect grown-ups to react like this or policemen whom we looked up to. And when I got home, my mother and Dele were in tears: "They have taken father". I was never ever to see him again, but mother was to see him again. Perhaps I can tell you about this later.

AG: Whenever you like.

OD: Well, in that case I tell you now. I have a notion, it's nothing more than a notion, I can't prove this, I can't be certain about this, the reason my mother didn't come over to England - all her siblings came to England - was she wanted to wait for father. It's probably a romantic notion I've got in my mind. He came back. I was already in England. I never saw him again. And from letters from the Red Cross, they went to Theresienstadt together, and from there, it is believed, Treblinka, which was mostly for Polish Jews. So I believe, it's a romanticism if you like, I have absolutely no definite proof of this or even substantial reason for thinking this. I like to think. Why didn't she come over? Why was it her siblings came over? My aunts were to live in Luton in Bedfordshire, from the East End, so why didn't my mother? What happened? And I believe she waited for my father.

**Tape 2: 12 minutes 40 seconds**

AG: Where was your ---? Do you know what happened to your father when he was taken away?

OD: He was taken to Saxony, near Leipzig - the building of the motorway. He was a strong man and I think after his physical strength went out, well, he was no longer any use to them. Ach, you've got to live with that for the rest of your life, not easy, but you just do.

AG: And what did you and your mother and sister then do after the Crystal Night and your father's arrest?

OD: We were very subdued, very subdued. By now, we lived in the Leopoldstadt in one room. I know the address, Taborstrasse, I think. Isn't it strange? There are some blanks in your mind, some things you can't recall. I believe there was some school that we went to, for what it was worth, and the daily danger of walking in the street because by now they had no pretence of any niceties. Anybody could do anything. It was still peace-time, but, by now, as 1939 came, life was dreaded. I was no longer a little boy. I couldn't afford to be a little boy any more.

AG: When you went out, did you have to wear a yellow star?

OD: That came. But, you know, the Germans couldn't take away from us our feelings, which we were told of by a learned rabbi, no longer Rabbi Lieberman, "Wear it with pride". They thought we were wearing it as a humiliation, but wear it with pride. We were also now told that we have an additional name. I've got my passport here, my German passport. I was to be on all documents Otto Israel Deutsch. And women, whatever their name, had Sarah in the middle. Again, this was counterproductive to the Germans, because we had that with pride, to be called Israel and for the women to be called the holy name of Sarah. But they thought it was humiliating. And so this part I don't remember well. I remember my mother urging me not to stay at home. She couldn't. One room! I didn't look particularly Jewish physically, but had that star. But there was one redeeming feature. I think I mentioned earlier about this uncle, who I described as a bit of a lad, who married a non-Jew, who became Jewish, but as she was non-Jewish, she wore a swastika around her arm. This helped us enormously because we could walk with her; she could do shopping. She only died about 4 years ago.

**Tape 2: 16 minutes 47 seconds**

AG: What was her name?

OD: Hilda.

AG: And her ---? Oh, Rosenzweig, presumably?

OD: Ya, of course.

AG: Yes, yes.

OD: She died in Surrey, in Weybridge, yes. She was a tower of strength. Not only was she very conscious of her Jewishness, which she had to learn, but also she helped us enormously. Yes, I remember that.

AG: In what sort of ways did she help you?

OD: Well, if you walked with her, as she got the Swastika, if you were a really daredevil, you could take your Magen David, your Star of David, off. After all, she wore a Swastika. She was quite entitled to wear a Swastika. She was an Aryan. The Germans didn't accept conversion. She did our shopping and right to the very end, about 4 years ago, I don't know, not much more, we used to talk about that. She used to tell me of ---. There was a risk in it after all for her and for us. But, as she was an Aryan, she was entitled to have the Swastika armband. Tante Hilda, ya! Of course she had children. One, Walter, was born in Austria and the four others were born in England. I saw Walter the other day. He lives in Ilford. We talked about those days. They still come back in conversation. You can't forget it.

AG: When did your mother's family start coming to England and how?

OD: Well, Uncle Oskar was the first one. You know there were a lot of Germans and Austrian Jews, especially Austrian Jews, who would say, "Oh, this is a passing phase. In Germany anything happens, but this is Austria". They were still living in the days of Emperor Franz Josef, they were still, "It's a passing phase." But my Uncle Oskar said, "No! There is no life for a Jew in Austria any more". And he left in the very early days. And it was through him, I don't know how he did it, I believe there had to be some guarantor, whatever happened here in England I don't know, but he managed to get my grandparents out, that's his mother, and two of my sisters, of my mother's sisters, I should say. The other sister came on her own. He was the first one.

## **Tape 2: 19 minutes 51 seconds**

AG: Do you know how he managed to come here and why England? Do you know anything about the circumstances? It wasn't that easy to get in here. You needed a visa.

OD: Well, as I said, of course, I know that, but my Uncle Oskar was a very clever man. I believe, again if I can use colloquialisms, pulling the strings.

AG: He might have had contacts here?

OD: I think he had because, don't forget, he was a professional person.

AG: Yes.

OD: Probably had contacts. And, through him, he got, I believe, well, I don't really know about these things, I was in Austria, but I believe he had guarantors, people who guaranteed. They came on a permit of au pairs or household helper or whatever.

AG: That would be his sisters that came on these domestic servants' visas?

OD: That's right, yes, yes, they all came, except for my mother.

AG: So that would be, what? 3 sisters and 4 brothers, or? 2 sisters came ---.

OD: No, there were, there was Aunty Bertha, Aunty Frieda, who came through him, and my Aunty Greta came just before the war, about the same time but different as her son and me came.

AG: And the brothers?

OD: Oskar was here and then there was Adolf, who was the husband, of course, of Hilda.

AG: And those were the only 2 brothers?

OD: Yes, that's right, yes. I had another uncle, but he went to Nice in France.

AG: Ah! And was he able to get out further from Nice?

OD: Do you know, as far as I know, he lived in Nice during the German Occupation! He got very friendly with a lady artist. He was also very artistic. And I believe he was one of the hidden Jews of France, because he died after the war.

## **Tape 2: 22 minutes 1 second**

AG: Yes. Now, moving on to you, how did your emigration come about?

OD: One day my mother came to me with great affection, more so than usual, "Otto, you'll soon be going to England!" I knew that each day for many, many weeks she'd been queuing up by the Kultusgemeinde, that's the Jewish Communal Authority, and she must have succeeded to get me on to the Kindertransport list. Now, there were also other schemes. She was trying to get me on Hashara. I've got to this day a little membership card where I joined one of the Zionist organisations because it was said that you have a chance of getting to Palestine. But of course we knew that wasn't easy. In fact, it became impossible. And she came and she said to me, "Otto, you're going on to England. England!" You know we called the whole of this island England, whether it was Wales or Scotland - England! Now I knew that England was an island. I was so excited. And of course I took it for granted that we were all going to England. And she said to me, "No, you'll be going first and we'll join you soon. Soon, soon we'll join you". I believed it right until the moment 4 years afterwards. They took me to the station, the Westbahnhof, the main station for the West.

AG: Which date was this?

OD: Oh, I can tell you that exactly. It was the 4th July. I've got it in my papers.

AG: What time of day?

OD: It was during the evening. They didn't want to have much of a show. We were ordered no emotions to be shown. How can you order no emotions? It's a natural thing. You can't tell people not to show emotion, for goodness' sake! How can you do that? It was during the evening, but, as it was July, it was still not quite dark. For hours we had been waiting to go from this platform to that platform. And now came that particular time when we were told the train was in platform so-and-so, I forgot what number, and we were allowed to be taken to the train by our parents or sisters or brothers, if we had them, no friends or anything, just by close relatives. We got on to the train and my sister, who had this impediment in walking, because of her limp, she was the last person I was to see. My mother couldn't run. My sister could hardly run with her impediment, but she ran after the train, the whole platform of the train, "Sei schön brav", which means "Be a good boy"; "Nächste Woche" - "Next week". And you know that it would soon be my sister's birthday. She'd be an elderly lady now - 82. But the image I have of my sister is that last glimpse I had of her - a beautiful young woman, 17, waving. My mother, she froze to the ground, she couldn't move. She was trying to conceal her tears all the time, but I daresay now she was weeping. 'Nächste Woche', Nächste Woche' - those were the last words I heard - "Next week". And soon the train was out of the station and the journey, the long journey to England began. I remember that too.

**Tape 2: 26 minutes 45 seconds**

AG: What do you remember of the journey?

OD: Well, even at my young 10 and a half, I was one of the older of the children. Really there shouldn't have been any babies, because there was an age limit, both a maximum and a minimum, but somehow, in desperation, they smuggled babies on board. How they did it, I've no idea. I was also in the very last carriage, the very last carriage. Now, I remember waking up during the night and seeing water, not yet the sea, but the River Rhine, we were travelling along the River Rhine. I remember the committee ladies, whether they were Jewish or not I don't know, but they had badges on and, every now and then, we'd get some meagre rations. But, what I do remember very much is that we arrived now at the border with Holland. I believe the town is called Wendel. It's peculiar because part of Wendel is in Holland and part is still in Germany. Now, as we were the last, in the last carriage, still the German officials came in and that passport, which I'll show you presently, how many times was that examined? How many times was it taken from us? Yes, there were actually some of the boys and two of the girls were taken off the train - their papers weren't in order. Yes, you might well know what happened. And the train shunted over the border very, very slowly; there was a lot of rattling as the coaches bumped against each other. The two front coaches were already in Holland - we knew - we could hear the children sing - they sang the Hatikvah, the Song of Hope, but we were still on German soil and it was after a lot, a lot of more examination, that the train finally moved over that wonderful line into Holland. My admiration for the Dutch people will be to my dying days. They gave us fruit, flowers - Holland! - Chocolates. And then my mind goes on a blank again. Strange how that happens! I remember earlier events much clearer than now. But the next thing I remember is Hook van Holland, the port. I saw the sea for the very first time. I couldn't believe it, so much water! I lived in Austria, I saw lakes, I saw the River Danube, but the sea! But, I tell you what, I do remember the name of the boat. Until a few years ago, probably 1972, when I moved here, I lost a lot of mementos, memorabilias. But I remember it was the old Elinear, packet boat to Amsterdam. You know,



in those days it was Elinear, wasn't it? And I can't remember if I was seasick or not. Again, it's strange how there comes blanks.

**Tape 2: 30 minutes 43 seconds**

AG: Do you remember any of the children you were with on the journey? Did you talk to them or ---?

OD: Do you know, not at the time! I now know someone living in Hendon who was on the same transport as me. We compared notes. You know we have these reunions, organised by this lovely lady, Bertha Leverton. The last one, by the way, was in Brighton, not so long ago. This is for people in the south of England and we had ---. How it's done, we have names : a) from where you come, which was your first hostel, so people could look and see who else comes from that town. Loads came from Vienna of course. But then there were dates of when you came. And I met a lady actually. She came on the same transport, lives in Hendon. I've got a standing invitation to go there. But, whether I was seasick or not, I don't know, but I remember the thrill of seeing water. Now, it wasn't the white cliffs of Dover which greeted us, it was the Parkston Quay in Harwich. You know, the emotions I had were mixed - sad, bewildered - bemused I think is the word. Now Dele had shouted, "Next week"; my mother had said, "Soon", less committal. And here I was in England. I heard a language, "Good God, how can people speak a language like that?" And it was strange, so strange, even people were dressed different. We had the first, what a wonderful welcome, the cup of tea! We drink different tea to what you drank here in England. We had lemon tea. Drunk of tea and some sort of a bun, I don't know, Chelsea Bun, I don't know. And then came the journey across East Anglia, the plain of East Anglia, to Liverpool Street. Now, when we arrived in Liverpool Street, all the children who didn't have any particular address to go to - don't forget, my grandparents were here, but they couldn't keep us, they lived in the East End, impoverished; they were refugees - so we were classed as having no address to go to. They --- I saw my aunts at Liverpool Street Station but that was a fleeting moment because they couldn't take us in. They lived in really bad conditions in the East End. I don't suppose these things exist any more - Thrawl Street and Duke Street and I don't know - back of Spitalfields. So we were all taken to what is still there today - well, I'm sure you know Liverpool Street, even as it was in those days with all its steam and black - and opposite Liverpool Street, you must know the Metropolitan Arcade? It's where the Metropolitan underground railway is. It's a shopping arcade. It's still there. It was last Sunday! I like going through there because I remember what happened. We were all taken there, it was closed for the public, closed to the public, and people by special invitation were invited to come and choose a child for potential guardianship, I should imagine. The girls went first. My cousin and I, we must have been the ugly ducklings, we weren't chosen.

**Tape 2: 35 minutes 8 seconds**

AG: So your cousin was on the same train? Were you with him on the same train?

OD: Yes, yes, oh, yes! Well, there is one rather funny incident, which we laughed about, we still laugh about it when I see him. I'm about - what? - 9 months older than him. I was the senior and, because I was the senior, I was in charge; I promised I would take care of him, because of these 9 months. Now, we had been waiting ages and ages in this Metropolitan railway arcade and my cousin whispered to me that he had need to go somewhere, nature was calling! To be completely honest, I had the same need, but we couldn't speak a word of

English. I remember this very tall, dignified lady, with a badge on. Well, I thought, as people still do, that if you speak loud enough, even if it is a foreign language, she's bound to understand, so he said I should do this, after all I was the senior, so I pulled her sleeve, I remember that. I was a tiny tot and she was a big tall lady. And I said to her, words to the effect that we needed to go to the toilet, but in German of course. Now, she considered this, I believe consulted one of her colleagues and, guess what, she came back with a glass of water. Now this was the most counterproductive, now don't ask me what happened eventually, I don't know. I think I kept my respectability! Hopefully he did too! We still laugh over this, you know. I thought that, if I shouted loud enough, she's bound to understand and she thought I was thirsty. Nothing further from ---, never mind! We were taken back to Liverpool Street and this time the journey was in reverse - across Essex, back again to Suffolk, Barham House, near Ipswich. Now, I told you earlier on that I remember addresses. Barham House, Claydon, near Ipswich, Suffolk, and I always put on, for good measure, England, that was out of pride. My first English address! Now that, I now know, was in fact a workhouse but they were so desperate to get the kids over, that even if the arrangements weren't completely made, get them over, somehow, because they knew that the war was just around the corner. Don't forget, this was July, August, early September the war started. So somehow they got many ---. Dovercourt was another place, a place in Broadstairs. But the place where Freddy and I was Barham House - big, rambling, old place. It's no longer in existence. I've tried to locate it. I've got friends near Ipswich. But - I've been told by someone in Claydon that it became a POW camp afterwards - but it's been pulled down. Anyhow, it was our first home. But what bothered me, the weeks went by - didn't my sister say "Next week", "Next week"? What happened to the next week? And something else came that was humorous. Funny how you remember the sad things, but you also remember the funny things! You know, when you can't speak the language, it's terrible, you can't communicate. Well, there was something else, very funny, not so funny at the time, but funny, looking back on it. There was one benefactor, who didn't contribute money, who must have been in the catering trade, but he contributed a tremendous shipload of tinned salmon. In those days, there was no sell-by date, don't forget! You know the red tinned salmon? I believe people think it's a delicacy. I don't know. Do you know we had salmon for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner, we had it stewed, fried, pickled, I dare say, I don't know?! To this very day, you know, when people say, "Ooh look, there's some lovely salmon", I say, "Oof!" Can you imagine? After so many years, I still --- and then came the visit to Ipswich, the first town.

**Tape 2: 40 minutes 14 seconds**

AG: This Barham House, how many Kindertransport children were there?

OD: I don't quite know really. I know the whole of the Kindertransport, as you will know, is 10,000. I don't, I think it was one of the lesser ones. I believe the bulk went to Dovercourt. That was a holiday camp, wasn't it? Some went to Broadstairs; then there were a Sunshine Hostel in Leeds. There were many. I don't really know. There was a coincidence that I found out that there was someone, who lived, who sadly died - within about half an hour's walking distance from here, who also came to Barham House. Because, you know, we've got a branch here of the AJR and we discuss the things. We saw Ipswich. Now what can I remember? We saw school-girls with their hats on, we'd never seen that before. The bread! Now there wasn't any cut loaf in those days, but it was different to our bread. You know, we had these round breads, which, if you cut them, you hold them against your chest and you just cut great big slices off. And by now I was gaining one or two words of English, not too much, but one or

two words of English. And then from Ipswich we were sent to Gateshead. That's south of Newcastle.

AG: You with your cousin?

**Tape 2: 41 minutes 42 seconds**

OD: My cousin and I. We were sent to a maiden lady, Miss Charlton. But we didn't stay there for long because Gateshead became a zone where people were evacuated from, Gateshead. And that's how I landed in Morpeth. I was just walking over Tyne Bridge when a siren sounded, when war was declared. I believe it was all over England, wasn't it? The siren sounded. And I was sent to Morpeth. And it was my cousin and I and two other boys. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, wonderful, wonderful people!

AG: What sort of people were they?

OD: Devout Christians.

AG: What brand of Christianity?

OD: Church of England. Never once did they attempt, even make the slightest attempt, to convert us. In fact, if anything, they made sure that either a rabbi from Newcastle or someone from the Yeshiva College at Gateshead would come to remind us of our Jewishness. But they had a problem and, again, comes now a humorous story. It's strange! You remember the humorous stories as well. In fact you like to remember them even more. Too much sadness! What to do with us on a Sunday? Uncle Jim and Auntie Nell: he played the organ in St. James Church and she was in the choir. Devout churchgoers! Really they were. Sunday, now what are they to do with us? So they took us to church, not because they wanted us to forget our Jewishness, or to convert us, but it was just for practical reasons. I believe I tried to explain to them that I was Yevish, you know phonetic, Yevish. Well, that's how you, you know, that you don't pronounce things, that English is such a peculiar language, you pronounce things different to how they are written. But we were taken to church and we were given a penny for the collection box. You remember those? I'm sure you do. Those big, round pennies. Now, we were taken to church to sit on our own, because, don't forget, she was in the choir and he was playing the organ. But, by now, we became real spoilt brats. Everybody was giving us things. We were a great novelty. I mean, anybody from London would have been a novelty, but Jews and Austrian, not even English! I remember at school, they used to say, "Please, can we touch them?" As if we were from out of space! These were small, tiny communities. Everybody, well, most people, went to the pits, because that was the tradition, you know, we were in miners' country, pit country. And so, when the collection came round, we naturally thought this is another present for us, so we grabbed the collection bag. The verger was waiting at the aisle. And, in doing so, we spilt the whole money bag all over the place. We went on our hands and knees to try to retrieve it. We didn't realise that we were supposed to put a penny in. We thought yet another collection. And so we had a mild rebuke. But, I tell you what, we remained good Jews, because we were never taken to church again! They managed to get the young woman from next door to look after us. Oh, we laugh over that. We still remember it so vividly.

**Tape 2: 45 minutes 42 seconds**

AG: This Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, did they have children of their own?

OD: Yes, they had Mark, who also became a clergyman, but he emigrated to Canada.

AG: So they had their own son and they took in 4 boys?

OD: Yes and they did so because of their Christianity. He explained to me that in the New Testament it says, "Jesus said Suffer ye, little children, that come unto me". They were devout Christians. There is something which, I don't know whether this is acceptable at the moment for me to say this, we do regret to this very day that there weren't many more Jewish people who took us in, because some were lost, lost to Judaism. I wasn't.

AG: And were they at all well-to-do, this Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson?

OD: He was a bakers' rounds man with a van.

AG: And he took in 4 children?

OD: He took in 4 children. Obviously they got money from some association or other. Bloomsbury House, was it? But, you know, why not more Jewish people? Yes, he took me in; I saw the whole Northumberland countryside in a baker's van. I still remember places, oh, Mitford, Bedlington, Ashington. What is more, I began to learn, not English, Geordie! I can to this very day, if I have a heavy Germanic accent when I speak English, I speak a fluent Geordie without any accent. I can still say [OD speaks Geordie]. And my greatest concern came that the Magpies should beat the buggers next door - that's Sunderland, by the way - and it's still a bone of contention. I grew up as a Geordie, you know? And ---. But what about my parents? "Next week, next week". And then came ---. By now the war of course was raging.

AG: Did you have any contact with your family back in Vienna, letters?

## **Tape 2: 48 minutes 0 second**

OD: While Holland was still not invaded, we had what we call Red Cross letters - 25 words - and they still talked about "Be a good boy. Next week". 25 words. I must have had these letters for ages and ages, but, you know, when I moved here from London, I must have lost some things, although I've still got a few things. Then came - now, I think it was 1944, the war was still on; no, beg your pardon, 1943, can't always remember the statistics, you remember memories of what happened, but not always dates - when Uncle Jim called me into the front room. Now, in the northeast of England, the front room is not for general use, it's only for weddings, funerals, and when the vicar comes for cucumber sandwiches. But it was out of bounds generally. So calling me in the front room, I'd only been in the front ---. Mrs. Ferguson was a piano teacher. She had her piano in the front room. And I could hear Auntie Nell say, "Did n'yr tell the lad!" And Uncle Jim said, "Nay, the lad's got to know". And he took me in, not my cousin, just me: "Henny, you'll have to be a canny lad" - you'll have to be brave - and he had a letter from the Red Cross. Even during the war the Red Cross was able to locate, or at least give some idea of what is happening, in certain cases, only in certain cases. And he told me, "Now, henny...", that's a term of endearment, "You won't see your parents again". And they all expected me to burst into tears. But I couldn't. And Auntie Nell understood, "Leave the lad aleen". And then I cried my heart out. Because up to then I had ---. You know, when you're sort of 14, 15, you're not a child, well, you are but you think you're

grown-up. I had visions of going back to Austria to look for my parents, to look for Dele especially, going to every camp. By now we knew the war was going our way, that's the Allied way, and I had high hopes I would find them. I knew this business about next week no longer held any reality for me, but I knew I was going to go back and do whatever I could. But not now. Well, that's when I really grew up. And shortly after, when you're 16, you came to London. I said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson.

AG: I ought to ask you one or two more questions, before we get to London, about life in Morpeth. I mean, you went to school there? What sort of school?

OD: Well, elementary, Morpeth elementary school. I remember the teacher, Mr. Dodds, and when Alfred and I spoke German, "Did nee blather in German. Talk English!" Coz our English was still only limited, you know? There were 2 other boys there, I mentioned that: Hermann, who married - who was very religious, but he left the religion afterwards - he married a local girl. I still get cards from him in Christmas time.

**Tape 2: 52 minutes 15 seconds**

AG: What's his family name?

OD: Rotstein, Hermann Rotstein, from Bitterfeld, near Leipzig. And Günter, he was the oldest of us boys, he came from Hamburg and he went to America. And, by now, as I said, I'd become a little Geordie lad. Every 4 or 5 weeks there was a treat to go to St. James's Park and see the magpies and English food. Oh, one day I got the shock of my life! You know, as they were in Morpeth, coal was very cheap, because everybody was in the pits. So there was always this coal fire burning that she cooked with, on the coal fire. One day I got the shock of my life. In this pan, in this pot, she took out a cloth. I thought, 'My goodness gracious, she's not doing the washing in the same pot that we have ---?!' And that's when I first learned about spotted dick, suet puddin'. Oh, I love it to this very day. You know, that's how you do it, suet puddin', not that I know how, but that'll explain why the cloth came out. And bread and butter puddin' I love to this very day. Oh, I know all sorts of little delicacies. Mushy peas! No question of kosher, I'm afraid.

AG: What were your relationships like with the other boys, the English boys?

OD: Well, oh, the English boys in school? Well, at first we were a bit of a novelty, I told you, "Can we touch them?" And then they got used to the fact. We were quite a novelty, you know? Oh, we enjoyed being a novelty. They were quite good to us. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, those were the representatives of the children's movement, he was a Presbyterian minister, and we were, sort of, shown off as the two Jewish lads from Austria and we quite enjoyed that.

AG: During the war, did you experience any hostility? Because, after all, you were, in inverted commas, Germans; you spoke German, you would have stood out as being of German origin.

OD: It's a good question. I can't remember that, honestly, not while I was at Morpeth. I was under the protection of these two marvellous people. I experienced it later when I came to, because the war was still on when I came to London, yes, then, especially when you wanted a job. But, in Morpeth, it was a very sheltered life and a very sheltered way and I enjoyed it.

AG: What was it like-? You spent most of the war there. What was it like? Was it bombed?  
Or ---?

OD: No, not Morpeth, but Newcastle was. Morpeth is a country town, you know, they by-pass it now on the A1. Oh, I got a job in Morpeth, yes. I left school at 14. On the Morpeth Herald, I became a printers' devil, yes. That was my first job in the print. The teacher recommended me to the Morpeth Herald because all the other lads, most of the other lads, were going down the mines, that was the traditional. I remember my wage - 7 and 6 with a 2 shillings war bonus. I remember going to the Coliseum, that's the local picture house. I got 1 and 6 pocket money. And my first love was a Cadburys fruit and nut bar for three pence. Pictures was 6 pence. And to go on the boats, oh, I loved going on the boats. They lived on Wansbeck. I fell into it as well! I grew up. In the back of my mind, before Mr. Ferguson told me about my mother, was still my parents and my sister, especially my sister, but, in the mean-time, I grew up, had quite a happy life, I became a good Geordie I became grown-up quickly, I had to, I had to put childish things behind. And the memories of it all are as vivid today as they've ever been. A few days ago, we commemorated Yom HaShoah here in Southend, and last Sunday I went to Logan Hall, where we commemorated Yom HaShoah and the uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto. You live a normal life, but you never, ever forget, you can't forget, and I wouldn't want to. Can I forgive? That's difficult too. But life must go on. I became a tour guide, by the way, and often went to Vienna.

AG: I'm going to have to interrupt there because the tape's coming to an end.

**Tape 2: 57 minutes 49 seconds**

**TAPE 3**

**Tape 3: 0 minute 11 seconds**

AG: You were just telling us about your feelings about what happened to your parents and your sister. You, I think the last words you said were, "I can never forget. Can I forgive? It's difficult".

OD: I'm not the only one with that problem; I think a lot of us have that problem. You know, you've got to realise that a generation has grown up knowing very little about that. But I tell you what used to bother me, when I used to go to Germany and saw someone in uniform, even if it was just a customs officer that bothered me. Something psychological about that. Can I forgive? Hm, well, I'll never be able to forgive Mr. Filip. I'll never be able to forgive those people who forced others to scrub the dirt on Crystal Night. It's difficult, one likes to be forgiving, but it's a problem, a great problem, but I'm not the only one. It doesn't make it any better, but ---. Sometimes when a few of us get together we talk about these things. We all have different ideas. So much time has lapsed.

**Tape 3: 1 minute 41 seconds**

AG: When did you actually find out what had happened to your parents and your sister?

OD: Well, I got the confirmation here, which I'll show you presently. A letter came to Luton public library. I think that must have been because, at Luton public library, they had the local Citizens' Advice Bureau and my aunty must have made enquiries there. They went to

Theresienstadt first, I do know that. And Theresienstadt wasn't a death camp as such. It was a showcase, in fact, but from then ---. They didn't stay long. It was a transit camp. But my sister went to Minsk. Now that's all I know. And, yes, your expression there shows that you know about Minsk. It was in fact an experimental camp for women, very scientific, academic Germans. That makes it even worse to forget or forgive. As this week we are commemorating the, not only the Yom Hashoah, but also the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, I must tell you that, 20 years after the Ghetto Uprising, in April 1963, I went to Warsaw as a delegate of the Jewish Memorial Committee, but from there on to Treblinka. And it gave me a feeling that, at least, I've made some sort of contact with my dear parents, for it is there that I have every reason to believe, that they had their final hour. And, as I say, both of them. As I was walking along Treblinka, mixed feelings, I kicked something. I looked down and I found a pair of shears, tailoring shears, I dare say. I've got them, all rusted and corroded. And I must imagine that some camp tailor, before he met his death-. I've got them. I've made no effort to take the rust and corrosion away, that's my only memory. I've also got some books on it, which I was given at the time. And that brought it all home for me. And sometimes I think to myself how unjust it all was. What did they do to people? Their only crime of being Jews.

AG: Perhaps we can go back to where we left your story? Just to finish off with Morpeth, where you spent most of the war, what was your experience of the British during the wartime years?

OD: Well, the Sunday evenings I remember, round the wireless, they used to play all the national anthems of all the allied nations. I remember that. I remember, this probably doesn't answer your question, but it gives you an aspect of what I do remember from those days, I remember on a Sunday it was knife and fork supper, a tin of spam was opened. Gosh! Yes, a knife and fork supper. Oh, I remember the big event, a trip to Blackpool. Oh gosh, was that a big event! The seaside! Because remember I hadn't seen the sea until that day in Hook of Holland. Now I live in Southend, I still don't see the sea, 3 times a week, I believe. Then I remember the news bulletins. Now I was learning my English from the radio, by listening to the news bulletins. I even remember the variety shows. I was so keen to learn English and the only way I could do this was to listen to the radio - Vic Oliver, Bibi Daniels, gosh! I forgot what that programme was called. Then I remember, for instance, market day in Morpeth, the people who were the stallholders shouting unintelligible words, which I couldn't understand. I believe it meant 3 oranges for 5 pence, I don't know. You remember weird little things. Now, don't forget, I was already now working in the Morpeth Herald.

**Tape 3: 7 minutes 9 seconds**

AG: Were you ever afraid that the Nazis might invade England?

OD: Very much so. Dunkirk! I was in Morpeth in Dunkirk.

AG: Do you remember anything about Dunkirk?

OD: Yes, I do. The schools - We were sent home from school. And I remember, my God, yes, I did have worries about that.

AG: Do you remember the Battle of Britain?

OD: That was in London, wasn't it, mostly? Well, yes, because I came to London, now I've got to work this out, when I was 16, so that's 1944, the war was still on. But I think the Battle of Britain was a little bit earlier. And it didn't affect the northeast so much although Newcastle had its share. I remember that.

AG: When you came to London, did you come for a job?

OD: Well, at 16, I was supposed to be a man, but it's difficult to be a fully-grown man at 16, because ---. The problem was that the wages weren't that of a man but getting bed and breakfast that was certainly the cost of a man. I'm not ashamed of this - I slept rough for a little while, not the sort of thing you expect from a nice Jewish boy, but that was mostly my fault, I was very independent. Bloomsbury House, Jewish Board of Guardians, I must have been a problem to them - I didn't always like the places they sent me to.

AG: Where did you first go when you got to London? What sort of place did they send you to?

OD: Not a very nice one.

AG: Was it a boarding house or a bed-sit?

OD: It was a hostel.

**Tape 3: 9 minutes 7 seconds**

AG: Oh, a hostel.

OD: Most of the boys were much older than me.

AG: Where was the hostel?

OD: In North Kensington.

AG: Ah! It's not ---? Do you remember the address?

OD: Yes, St. Marks Road.

AG: Yes.

OD: You know of it?

AG: I do, yes, as it happens, yes. And why didn't you like it?

OD: All I remember is I didn't like it. And why? Ach, I felt, for instance, there were some boys of my age, but most of them were a lot older than I was. I remember the warden. I won't mention the name. I remember the name. Do you know, I can't really place why I didn't ---. All I know is I didn't like it because, don't forget, I'd come from Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, from a family. Now I was in an institution, no matter how good it could have been, it was an institution. I'd come from a home.



AG: So, did you find somewhere where you settled down a bit in London eventually?

OD: I had ---. My life in London was 2 suitcases and trying to find cheap accommodation. One of my worst experiences was, I think, after St. Marks Road, and that was in a suburb called Norbury, it's near Streatham. The reason it was a terrible experience for me was, I had bed and breakfast there, and it was a bitter cold Sunday, I remember that, I think it was February, and I thought, "Well, I'll have a bit of a lay in". Well, there was a knock on the door from the landlady, telling me that they expect their boarders, as it's only bed and breakfast, to vacate the room by 10. I had no idea where I was going to go. Norbury is a sort of ---, not much going on at any time, but on a Sunday! I didn't have much money, but I knew that if I went to the East End, I would be among my own. Do you know, I walked from Norbury to the East End? I left early. She knocked on my door just after 8 to warn me that by 10 she expected me out. Bed and breakfast, not room, bed and breakfast. Now comes something which really, it's really difficult for me to talk about this, but I will. You will obviously know Camberwell Green? There was a Lyons there, that was open on a Sunday, a Lyons teashop. I didn't have enough money to go into the teashop to have a breakfast. I bought a loaf of bread and I sat on the green, in the cold, eating it. I arrived late in the East End. The market doesn't close until 2. Hungry. What was I earning? I was earning, I think, 35 shillings a week, 16. And I had the idea that I would offer myself on a Sunday to do whatever work I could find. Now again, I remember this distinctly, there was a place, there no longer is, called Aldgate Avenue, it's where Aldgate Station goes into Middlesex Street; it's a sort of a crescent. And in this Aldgate Avenue, there were many, many small Jewish firms - buttonhole makers, whatever, tailors. There was a printer there, Miklevit, and I went from door to door to see if they want any messages done, and Miklevit gave me a chance to do a message, to deliver a parcel. Now he had no idea how honest I was, but he knew that parcel of print wouldn't be of any use to me in any case and he gave me the bus fare. Wasn't very far, was in another part of the East End. As you might well imagine, I walked and had the bus fare in my pocket. Enterprise, if you like. And then, as I delivered this well, he gave me another message. Then the neighbour was a buttonhole manufacturers, I went to the cafés for them - there was a café next door. And Sundays I spent in the East End, doing all sorts of things, earning money, because I think my bed and breakfast was almost the same as the weekly wage and that was the problem. Of course I must also say that I was subsidised. I did receive a little money from the Jewish Board of Guardians, clothes, well; I like to be charitable about this. Bloomsbury House, the clothing store, always reminds me of the film "Oliver" - you just went and received clothes, whether they fitted you or not, that didn't come into it. To this very day, I've got very bad feet, walking in shoes that were much too small to me. And you're given the basic - coat, jacket, trousers, and in the end a great big hat. What I wanted that hat for, I don't know! Oh, these are memories which remind me of a very, very difficult phase in my life.

### **Tape 3: 15 minutes 51 seconds**

AG: How were you keeping yourself alive then? What sort of work did you do?

OD: Whatever came. Remember I said I learnt to print in Morpeth? I didn't really learn to print, I was a printer's devil, which means do anything, especially casting lead, which is very unhealthy, you know that. In those days, they don't use this now, the lead is melted and then you take the dross off with the ladle. I did whatever I could. As there was this printer in Aldgate Avenue, I spent more time with him doing messages, because it was in a printer. I had an idea, that's where I started, I should follow that. And eventually I did. He asked me

whether I want to use the machine. It was highly illegal because there wasn't a guard on the machine. And I learnt more and more about every aspect of the printer. I cut the paper; I became a compt, a compositor - again, that's gone now, setting up type. I've still got my type, what they call a stick, I've still got it somewhere.

**Tape 3: 17 minutes 14 seconds**

AG: Was that for this Miklevit?

OD: Ya.

AG: Ah!

OD: But it wasn't what you would call quality print, if you know what I mean. I remember he was a member of the London Jewish Choir and he got orders from other members. And in the end I gave up running messages, I just became again involved in the print. But I fulfilled one great ambition - I worked for a newspaper.

AG: Which one?

OD: I worked for 2 newspapers. In editorial capacity, I worked for the Daily Express. I became, what is known, a 'Beaverboy', so-called because the Daily Express was owned by Lord Beaverbrook. In the Daily Telegraph, I was in the print. Now the Beaverboy job was very exciting. The money was very poor, but it had terrific advantages: a) they had a hostel - the Daily Express actually owned a hostel, so I had a roof over my head.

AG: Where was this? Was it in Fleet Street, or?

OD: No, no, not in Fleet Street, it was in Clerkenwell, not far from Fleet Street. And again, if I may bring in the more humorous side of things, because I'm a great believer that in a sad story, there's always interludes of humour. Life is like that. Well, let me explain what a Beaverboy was. You would sit on a bench, about 8 or 9 of you, and whenever a subeditor called "Boy!", you would jump up, go to him, and he would give you some task, either buying him cigarettes or getting him a cup of tea or pushing some copy down a hatch to the printers, or sometimes, if you were really lucky, to go on a long errand. There was a wonderful journalist, well-known, called Mr. Cameron, he was a well-known journalist, and I was his favourite and he would say, "No, I want Otto". Didn't make me very popular with the other boys, but it gave me a few perks. He gave me better jobs but it means I had to go longer distances. But the funny thing was, there was also a lady, brilliant journalist in her own right, by the name of Vivienne Bachelor. Now you wouldn't have heard her. She was a fashion editor but she also dabbled in the front page. You know, it's all different now, of course. They don't use hot metal any more, as it was. But during the night the front page could well change. Some new story might come up and the front page had to be altered. And it was my job to get Miss Bachelor from the pub across the road to come to the office, to do just that, to play about with the front page. Oh gosh, I remember that too well! You know there were special licensing hours in Fleet Street, where the pubs were open all night, and, at first, when I came, "Now don't forget, get Miss Bachelor, whatever you do, she's got to come up". And by that time, of course, she was well under the influence, if I may say. I used to come along, very timid, "Please, Miss, will you come back to the office?" And she used to say, "Look at that horrid boy, is he coming pestering me again?" I didn't know what-. But in the end she became

my greatest friend. I well remember Miss Bachelor, very tall lady. I remember all these, on her wrist, these little jinglets that she had, these little bits and pieces, because I remember them, because they used to rattle when she waved her arm. And she used to take me by the hand and come across the road. Not only did she come with me now, I was no longer the horrid little boy. She would come with me. But, you know, I was hopelessly in love with Miss Bachelor. I admired her. I was 16, 17, I don't know. And that was my great success; I was the only one who could take Miss Bachelor out of the pub. But in the Daily Telegraph, that was a few years later, by now I had learned to print, I became a compositor and I had what they called a holiday frame on the Daily Telegraph. It's a very, very exciting atmosphere on a newspaper. And there were less exciting times in my life when I literally refused to go where either the Jewish Board of Guardians or the Bloomsbury House would send me to. I always -- -. We were always clean in our house. One place I went in Hackney, there was one towel for 4 of us and I got a skin infection. I ran away. I was going to go from St. Pancras to Luton, where my granny lived and my aunts, but then when the train pulled into Luton, I thought, "Well, how am I going to explain me coming in the middle of the week? I should be at work", so I froze. The train went on to Manchester. The ticket collector came around. I suppose in his job he must have had quite a number of boys without tickets that told him a story. He must have telephoned Manchester. Two policemen were waiting for me and I was put in the local refugee hostel in Manchester to be sent back for a good telling off, only to be put back in the place that I'd run away from. Ah well, I don't know, it's all in the past, but you remember these things.

**Tape 3: 24 minutes 23 seconds**

AG: How long did you spend living in these sort of temporary accommodations?

OD: The place that you are in now, here in Southend, is the first real home I've ever had.

AG: And when did you come here?

OD: In '72. It was always lodgings. There would hardly be a district of London that I haven't lodged, from, as I say, Norbury in the extreme south, all the way to Barnet.

AG: Did you ever favour or try to go to the areas in northwest London where refugees tended to concentrate?

OD: Do you know, I never, never did anything like that because I felt, I felt I would lose my independence here, I would sort of, you know? No, that would have been a good idea, perhaps, but I never did.

AG: And what about the other members of your family that had come over here? Did you have ---? Well, what happened to them?

OD: Well, they were more fortunate than I was. For instance, my cousins. Alex, who I'm very fond of, he's very well known in the Jewish community, he's a bit of a historian. Well, he had his mother and father here. His mother died, oh, not so long ago. His father died quite some time ago. There was Alfred, Freddy, his mother came over, as I said earlier on, not with us, but shortly after us. There was Walter, lives in Ilford. Well, his parents came over. I was the odd one out. My aunts got jobs. Don't forget, during the war it was easy to get jobs. My Aunt Bertha worked in the kitchens of the Luton and Dunstable Hospital. My Aunt Freda also

worked as a cook. It was war years, wasn't it? People were looking for people to work. And I was, sort of, the odd man out, because I was alone. I've no regrets. Probably that's why I didn't go to northwest London - I fancied being on my own.

AG: And those family members of yours that you mentioned much earlier, who were in the East End, they were able to get out?

OD: Yes, they were evacuated from the East End to Luton. The East End was generally considered a danger area, which of course it was, and they were evacuated to Luton in Bedfordshire.

**Tape 3: 27 minutes 22 seconds**

AG: And your grandparents stayed there?

OD: Until they died.

AG: And you yourself, did you, sort of, make your way in the printing trade?

OD: No, I didn't.

AG: How did life develop for you?

OD: That's interesting, I didn't. I stayed ---. I didn't stay very long in the print. I had a different idea. I wanted to become what was then known as a courier, a tour guide. While I was in the Daily Telegraph and I was getting a little more money than usual, I decided to go on a coach holiday to Spain.

AG: What sort of year was this?

OD: Oh, we're talking about now the late '50s, the late '50s. And I decided that I knew more about Austria than that courier did about Spain. And I believe, I'm not very proud of that, I let the firm know. He didn't do his job at all. And so they said to me, they sent me a letter, "Well, if I knew so much about Austria, why don't I become a courier?" I don't know whether you would have heard of the firm, Global of London? We go back many years. '61 I joined them. And I became what was known as a courier, quite a good one, even if I say so myself, coz I got letters. I'm very proud of them. Just recently I cleared out a lot, but I've still got some. I took care of my passengers. And I became a tour guide. Now that was marvellous because I could go back to the print in the autumn when the summer season was finished. And I did so for quite a while. And I had long chunks of holiday in-between. So I was a courier in the summer and a printer in the autumn and winter. Usually around about Passover time, I would leave the print because I was taken back immediately as a tour guide. And I made many, many friends. I've got many, many friends. Many times I walked in the street in London and people say to me, "Hello Otto, how are you?" I haven't got the foggiest idea who these people are, they've been with me about 20 years ago and, you know, I'm only one, but they are many. And, you know, I made many friends and it also gave me a reasonably good living.

AG: When did you first go back to Austria after the war?

OD: I went back ---. Now I got my nationality, my British nationality, in 1953 and I went back the same year with a British passport. Why did I go back? I wanted to see Mr. Filip.

**Tape 3: 30 minutes 37 seconds**

AG: Ah!

OD: Happily for me, he wasn't in. He lived still there, that part of Vienna wasn't touched, but he was with the voluntary fire service. Now I don't know what I would have done, I mean, I don't know, but he wasn't in. I certainly would have asked him if he remembered me, the son of his great colleague, war veteran, Viktor, Viktor Deutsch. That's when I first went back. And then of course my job took me back many, many times.

AG: What did you feel when you first went back to Vienna? Did you fly or did you go by ---?

OD: By coach.

AG: By coach. What was it like going back there?

OD: Beg your pardon, I went by train, I went by coach afterwards, ya.

AG: You must have arrived, possibly, at the Westbahnhof, where you'd last seen your parents. What was it like?

OD: Well it was ---. The Westbahnhof in those days was still the old Westbahnhof, which it isn't now, was bomb-damaged. I could still remember the tram, the O-Wagen, the routes hadn't changed of it. Certainly the carriages hadn't changed. I took the tram to the Leopoldstadt because I wanted to see Mr. Filip, to Favoriten. Yes, there is this eerie feeling, you know, déjà vu, you've been here before. And I got back into my German straightaway. I never lost my German. In fact, if I speak German, I speak Viennese. It's difficult, well, not difficult, to speak Hoch German. But when I speak German at leisure, it's Viennese. So I can speak Geordie and Viennese. Yes, that's a funny feeling when you go back after all these years. Many things were the same. The memories started coming back to me. I went to Buchengasse 84, erster Stock, die Fünfzehn. I wonder what I was going to expect to see. The lady opened the door wasn't Austrian, must have been a refugee, from Yugoslavia. And she said in halting German, "Yes?" And I said, "Oh, never mind". But I did see through the door that the place had changed - two flats were knocked into one flat, because people wouldn't tolerate living the way we did. And I could just see the lounge, or what we called the lounge. That was a very funny experience, funny, but it was also emotional. But the block was still standing. I went to the post office opposite, where, as a kid, I used to go on the trolleys, the postal trolleys, down the hill. It all came back to me. I went to the Atarber Park, the school was still there. But after only 2 days I wanted to get away again. I realised that England was my home and it is of course.

**Tape 3: 34 minutes 8 seconds**

AG: Did you meet anybody you knew in Vienna?

OD: Not on that occasion, no. I've got nobody really in Vienna. My family is not there, nobody of my family is there, I've got nobody in Vienna.

AG: How did the people of Vienna react to you, a Jew returning with a British passport?

OD: Well, they wouldn't have known that I was a Jew but I made no bones about it. In fact at the hotel that I got, I made sure that they knew. I said, you know, well, I got a British passport, they started speaking to me in pidgin English: "There's no need for that, I was born in this city". And I gave them to understand I didn't leave voluntary either. They sort of got the message I think. Strange feeling.

AG: So, how would you describe the strange feeling?

OD: You know strange feelings you cannot describe. Strange feelings are with you. There is no vocabulary which can describe feelings of that sort, it's in your tummy actually, you feel sensations, all sorts of sensations, as you walk those streets, which you know so well. As I said before, that part of Vienna didn't suffer so much, I don't know why. It wasn't in the line of battle. Even some of the shop names were still there, probably different managements. Our synagogue wasn't there because in those days Vienna had only one synagogue, which was left, and the reason that was left, it was part of a big, huge office block and the Germans didn't blow that up because they would have had to blow the whole office block up. But my greatest thing is that I'm going to go to Vienna shortly, for a purpose. I want to inaugurate a little plaque in the synagogue in the Seitenstättengasse, in memory of my dear parents. There are two plaques already to commemorate them. One is in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, where in 1961 I took part in the legacy tour, and that's a great comfort to me, and the other one is in our Shul, in our synagogue here in Westcliffe, where each year a candle is lit and I've got the privilege of saying Kaddish. And if I have a similar plaque in Vienna, then that will be complete. After all, I'll be 75 very shortly and how many more times I can do that, I don't know. Travelling gets a bit more difficult and also the desire for travel isn't there as much as it used to be but I still want to do that, then my mission will be complete.

### **Tape 3: 37 minutes 28 seconds**

AG: Did you actually spend most of your professional life as a tour guide?

OD: Yes, because afterwards I didn't even bother about the print, because the seasons went --- First, there was a summer season and a winter season, then became a spring season, an autumn season. And tourism became very commercialized and even in March there would be tours, in October there would be tours, and so I left the print to become a tour guide.

AG: Did you take tours mainly to Austria?

OD: No, all over. Again there's a bit of humour here. My boss, a canny Scot, oh, the scandal! He said to me, he said, "Otto, you know Austria very well, don't you?" I said, "Oh, yes, yes". "You're a good guide in Vienna?" "Oh, yes, yes, I am". "Well, that will do you no good; I'm sending you to Portugal". So there I was in Lisbon, talk about the blind leading the blind. I managed it. I read a good book. Some people noticed I wasn't all that sure. That's when I went back to Austria, I felt, "Oh, yes, I'm in my own now".

AG: What sort of people went on the tours?

OD: Well, in the beginning I had English people, British people, mostly. But then I worked for a company, which had brought over a lot of Americans. They were a little bit more demanding, but the money was better. And just lately - I'm still doing it, you know - I've retired so many times, it's unbelievable, I retire after each tour - I take a lot of students. I do it in reverse now. I take foreign students to parts of Britain. My favourite destination is Edinburgh and the Scottish Highlands. And I do quite a lot of that. I take students to the Scottish Highlands. In fact, I'll be out in a fortnight. Now, I shouldn't be, because I told them that was the last tour I'll ever do, but then they're used to that, you know - "Oh, yes, the last tour, is it?" And, I don't know, it gets in the blood, it's a very demanding job, it's not easy, you just don't sit in the coach and go to sleep. If you do the job properly, there's quite a lot to it, responsibility, you know? People get ill and lose their passports, goodness knows what! But there'll have to come a day when I really will say no and mean it but it probably won't be in a fortnight, next Bank Holiday.

**Tape 3: 40 minutes 26 seconds**

AG: What about your own life, your personal life, friends and ---?

OD: Oh, I've got a very active life. Locally I'm well known here, I'm really well known. I've been here since 1972. Nearly everybody knows me here. I'm a member of so many things. I'm a member of the Friends of Southend Museum. I'll talk about the non-Jewish things first. I'm a member of the U3A, the University of the Third Age, which has branches all over; I'm a member of a rambling club, yes, I still like walking; I'm a member of a --- we've got a little theatre here in Southend, the Palace Theatre, which is a lovely little stage - I'm a member of the Friends of the Palace Theatre; I'm a member of the Friends of Robert Stolz, the operettas; I'm a member of the local music society. And then, of course, I'm very much a member of the local Shul. I like to go to Shul on Sabbath, Saturday. I must admit, I don't always know what's going on. I get up when everybody else gets up and I sit ---. But it gives me a good feeling. I love when people say to me, "Good Sabbath", and I love afterwards when we have a Kiddush. And, just a week or so ago, I led the Yom Hashoah commemoration. I used to belong to the B'nai B'rith, but unfortunately the branch folded up. I speak to Jewish and non-Jewish organisations the same. I'm a reasonably good speaker. I'm on the books of JACS, shortly speaking in Edgware. I spoke in Ilford. I lead a very full life.

AG: Can you just for the film say what JACS stands for?

OD: I believe it's the Jewish Association of Cultural Societies.

AG: And what about your other activities for Jewish organisations or refugee organisations?

OD: Yes, well, I'm the chairman of the local Association of Jewish Refugees.

AG: Did you start that?

OD: No, it was started by a lady, who you know, Myrna Glass, and either I was voted, or I was the only one who wanted, to be the chairman, I don't know.

AG: When was that?

OD: We celebrated our 1st birthday not so long ago and we're about 20 of us. Unfortunately, two of our members passed away recently. We're a nice little group. We meet monthly. I have many friends in London of the refugee circle. I pride myself that Bertha Levington is a personal friend of mine, a lovely lady. And I go to Cleve Road. Again, for the benefit of those who don't know what Cleve Road is, the day centre of the AJR, the Association of Jewish Refugees. I even go to, occasionally because of the distance, to Hendon, to the Holocaust Centre. So, both secular and Jewish, I'm well known and I lead a very full life.

**Tape 3: 44 minutes 3 seconds**

AG: And are you also active in the, is it called the Society for Christian and Jews?

OD: I'm going tonight to the AGM.

AG: Ah, have I got the name right?

OD: Yes, yes, the CC ---.

AG & OD: Council of Christians and Jews.

OD: I'm very, very keen on that. Now I have every reason to be keen on that because wasn't I given the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, devout Christians? And we have a very active branch here. And they just talked that I might be voted on the committee, but I don't know whether I'll accept, because time-wise, I don't want to sort of, I'm getting a little bit tired nowadays, and I don't want to, sort of, take on too many things. Yes, I'm a very keen member. In fact, I was a member of the Redbridge branch of the CCJ before they formed the one here in Southend. Our rabbi is one of the officials, so is a Church of England minister, and the secretary, I believe, is a Catholic nun, so, you know, it's a very broad church, as it were, and I use the word church in the obvious way.

AG: And does it have a following amongst local Jews?

OD: Oh, very much so. In fact, if there's any problems, I think it is that we have more Jews in the branch than Christians. But we have many, many distinguished people who've joined us - former mayors of the county borough; the present mayor is also a Jew, ya, of Southend. We have a civic service, which means of course that our local rabbi is the mayor's chaplain. Yes, I lead a very full life, a very full life. I do a lot of walking. Unfortunately, my health is not too good, but, you know, you've got to accept that when you get on a bit.

**Tape 3: 46 minutes 10 seconds**

AG: Perhaps I could ask you how you see yourself in terms of identity. Do you see yourself as British or English or Jewish or indeed Austrian?

OD: Well, it doesn't have to be whether I'm British or Jewish because I believe the two don't clash with each other. I'm certainly not Austrian. I have still, I must admit I still have a little bit of the Austrian culture with me, I still love to hear Lehar, I still love to hear the old songs of Vienna of years ago - I've got quite a number in my so-called music library. But I'm very British. To me, this is my home. In fact, not only British, I'm a Southender, having lived here since '72, happy years.



AG: Have you not experienced any hostility from the British in the earlier years, you being what they used to call 'a bloody foreigner'?

OD: Well, I don't know, there's always people who will think in terms, even if they don't say so. You know, I always like someone, if they don't like me, to tell me so, rather than keep it hidden. This business of, "Oh, well, my best friends are Jews", you know, if they've just made an anti-Semitic remark, that really riles me. I haven't come across a lot of anti-Semitism. I might also tell you something else I missed out - I have great admiration of the Beth Shalom and Mr. Smith writes to me frequently. Unfortunately, not being a motorist, having not got a car, to go to that part of Nottinghamshire, it's just not on. But I will go there; perhaps our local branch might well go up there. And I just repeat now what's important to me - I lead, what I hope, not for me to say, I hope, a useful life, an active life, I have my memories, I don't dwell on my memories too much, but sometimes it comes back to me all over again. Sometimes I sit on this comfortable chair and just think of all those things that I've been talking about - my dear parents of course, never, ever will I forget that; my sister, my lovely, lovely sister. But I have no chip on my shoulder; I don't feel anybody owes me anything. In fact, on the contrary, I feel very grateful to the many, many people, for instance, to my dear mother - what courage she must have had to sign that paper sending me away; to Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson; to the many people involved in various welfare organisations. I feel very humble, very grateful. I like to think that I've done good whenever I can, whenever the opportunity arises. My work, I've always made sure that as a tour guide, my people receive the best there is, that I can offer them. And I've got so many friends. There's only one thing that bothers me, I don't often think about it, I don't know why I'm thinking about it now, that there'll come a time when I might have to leave this place - 17 stairs - and-. I've got many friends, I've said that, but if, God forgive, I need somebody to look after me, there's nobody there. There's a limit of what even the very best of friends will do. I might have to go into sheltered accommodation, not just now, just now this place suits me, but there'll come a time, perhaps 2 or 3 years, who knows, when I'll have to sort of say, "Well, I've looked after other people, I will now be on the receiving end". It's expensive but I've been thrifty all my life and I don't suppose it'll come very soon, but as I mentioned before, at the moment I'm not in the best of health and I have to accept the fact that I can't do what I did years ago. Yes, I still do the odd tour now and again, but it's becoming a strain and, yes, there'll come a time, when, I won't leave Southend, but I'll have to go to some place where, not in a home, but you know where there's a button somewhere if I need somebody. Happened to me just a few days ago, I must have swallowed something, went all blue in my face, it happens, but then it dawned upon me, "Gosh, I'm glad to get back to normal". Downstairs is empty at the moment. And people are friendly but I would never expect them to do the personal things for me. Yes, that's a problem, but I don't dwell on it too much, I'm just mentioning it. As I've mentioned so much about my life, I thought I'd mention that as well.

**Tape 3: 51 minutes 49 seconds**

AG: Yes, well, I don't know if there's anything else that I need to ask you or anything else indeed that you would like to talk about, anything I haven't asked you?

OD: Well, a wonderful experience was way back in, 2 years ago, when I went on the Legacy Tour, organised by the Friends of the Hebrew University. This again becomes part of the stock of memories that you have. I've got friends there as well. They're doing another tour this year, but, unfortunately, I can't go. I remember my 70th birthday, when I was on Samuel Hill,

that's Cape Town, and when the people in the hotel made such a fuss - they took me up to Samuel Hill, what a beautiful sight that was! I remember that! I've been to Australia twice. So even if I don't go to many places now, I've been to a few places. I remember all the travels I've done, not only professionally but for myself. And when you've done these travels, it's like an investment that you can think back on the things you've done and been. All I want now, it's a cliché I suppose, is a quiet life. May Hashem grant me good health or reasonable health and I'm just quite happy to be what I am. I've got no, well, at 75 you wouldn't have ambition would you? But, just to wish that I can enjoy, in a more genteel way, life, that I've always enjoyed. The memories I've disclosed on this tape are memories that will never ever go away from me and, as I've talked to you on the last part, when I talked about my personal life, yes, I also am not ashamed to look back, not because I'm conceited, but with great pride. Without much help, I've succeeded. Succeeded, well, in a ---, to become just an ordinary person. I don't owe anybody anything; I've never been in contact with, God forbid, the police or anything like that, and I'm just quite happy, can I say, living on my laurels. That sounds conceited but living with the knowledge that I've had an active life, a very hazardous life, traumatic, but for the rest, whatever the Almighty allows me, I just want to take it quiet, do a bit of good if I can.

**Tape 3: 54 minutes 52 seconds**

[Interruption]

AG: Just resuming after the telephone rang, I don't know, Otto Deutsch, if you have anything else to ---?

OD: I don't think so; I think I've covered so much.

AG: You have!

OD: I'm even surprised that I've been able to remember these things that I have talked about.

AG: There's a very last thing I'd like to ask you. If there may be, I don't know, children of your cousins, or other family members, or indeed anybody watching the tape, the film, if there's any message or statement that you'd like to make as a conclusion to our interview?

OD: Well, I'd like to thank all those people who helped me in the past. I'm very, very humble. You know, I don't accept, I don't take for granted things. I've had many, many people rallied round me - my cousins, my friends. I'd like to thank them all and I'd like to sort of - if we are going to terminate this on a note of hope - that after this traumatic existence, I'll be able to take it easy now, relax, enjoy what I enjoy most, good music, I like to read, I like to mix with friends and I'd like to be-. And I'd like to think that Otto Deutsch, well, I've had a useful life and I think nobody can hope, wish for more than that.

AG: In that case, I'll just say thank you very much, Mr. Deutsch, for doing the film with us.

OD: My pleasure! Thank you.

**Tape 3: 56 minutes 44 seconds**

**TAPE 3****Photos.****Photo 1**

AG: Who are the people in this photograph?

OD: That's a wedding photograph of my dear parents, Viktor and Wilma Deutsch. They got married in 1920 in Vienna.

**Photo 2**

AG: Who are the people in this photograph?

OD: Well, I remember when that photograph was taken very well, because it was taken 2 days before I was to leave for England. My dear mother, my sister and myself. I was 10 and a half at that time.

AG: Do you remember the actual date of this?

OD Yes, well, I arrived in England on the 4th July, so this was taken on the last day in June.

AG: And the year was?

OD: 1939

**Photo 3**

AG: Who are the people in this photograph?

OD: Well, those are all my family, including my mother, my grandparents, my sister, as well as my uncle, and this was taken when I was 8 years of age, the highlight of the year, our Seder.

**Photo 4**

AG: What is this document?

OD: This is the original German passport with which I was allowed to leave Germany and enter England. You'll notice the big 'J', stands for 'Jude', Jew, and also the name has the extra name of Israel, which we were obliged to include in our proper names. Otto Israel Deutsch.

**Photo 5**

AG: What is this document?

OD: That's the very first British document that I got and it was issued to me on arrival at Harwich and I always feel that this is very, very precious to me, as the very first document obtained in this country

AG: And you arrived on Harwich on what date?

OD: I think it says so on there, does it? On 2nd June, 2nd July, beg your pardon, just shortly before my birthday.

**Photo 6**

AG: Who are the people in this photograph?

OD: These are my grandparents, that was taken in London, and I believe it was taken back in 1941, during the war, and it was taken in the East End of London, near what used to be called Gardener's Corner, a well known landmark in the East End.

AG: And could you give me the names of your grandparents?

OD: Yes, my grandfather was Heinrich Rosenzweig and my grandmother Paula Hecht, that was her maiden name, Hecht, and of course she became Paula Rosenzweig. And both were born in what used to be the Sudetenland, near Karlsbad.