

My Story

Rudi Leavor BEM



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These are Rudi's words. This is his story.

'My Story' is an initiative of The Association of Jewish Refugees (AJR).

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My Story

Rudi Leavor BEM

“One morning in 1936 the doorbell rang at our flat. The two men at the door said they were from the Gestapo and wanted to see my parents, they barged their way in and demanded to know which door led to their bedroom. I met them in the corridor and not knowing who they were I said good morning and offered my hand, which they shook. They entered the bedroom and told my parents to get dressed and be ready to join them in their car.”

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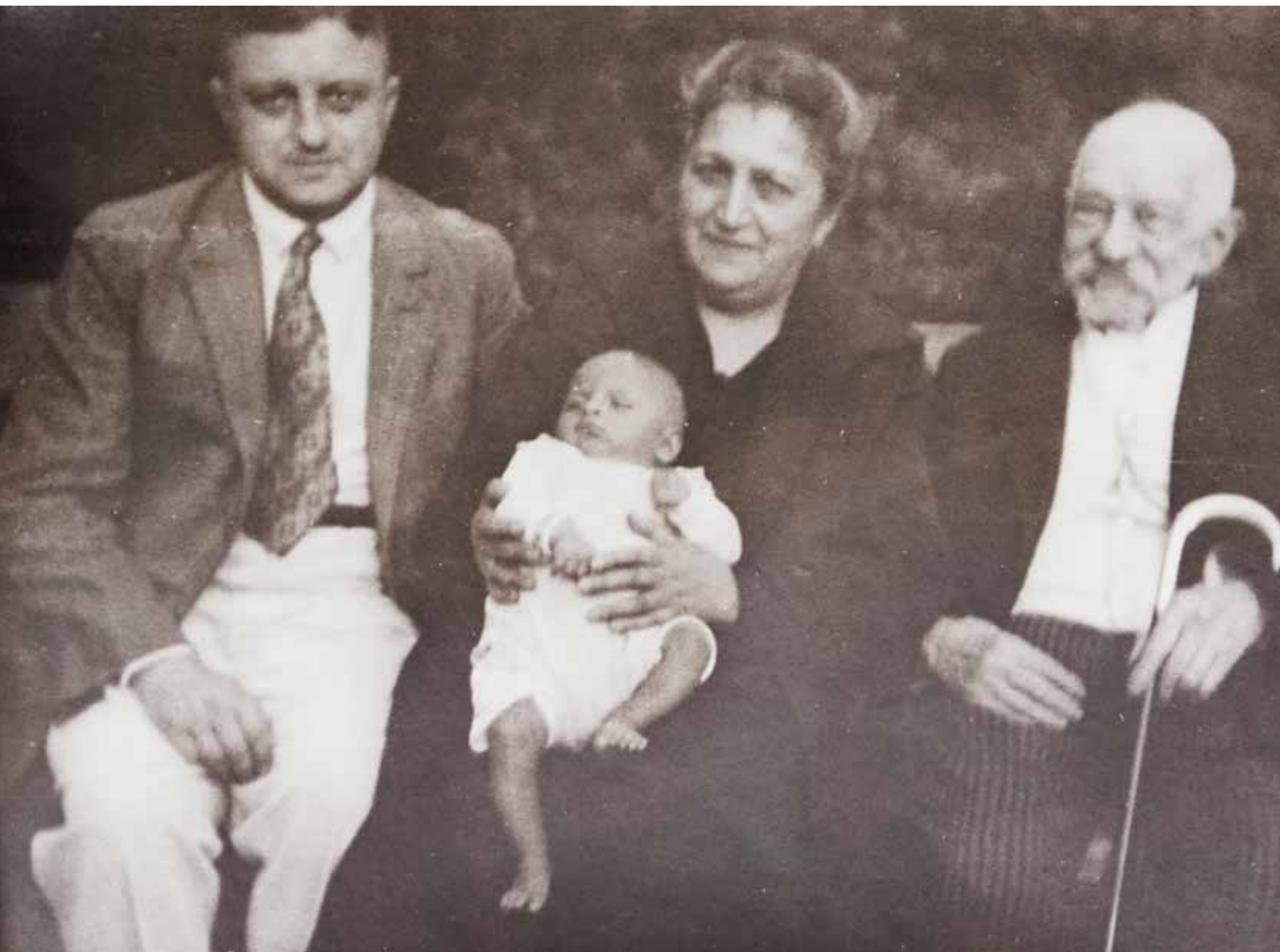
I am born

I WAS BORN on 31 May 1926 in Berlin.

My earliest memory was a visit to Omuli, my maternal grandmother, in Frankfurt in 1929. Her real name was Erwine. She was lying on her deathbed, and died of stomach cancer shortly afterwards. The next thing I can remember was wishing for a painted yellow and red toy engine for my fourth birthday, which I duly received. My other present was my sister Lore Erwine who was born the following day. I heard it said that my mother, Luise, did not have time to go to the clinic to be delivered because she was too busy with my birthday party. I adored my sister, Erwine, Winchen or Winnie, as she became known, but this did not prevent me in later years from teasing her! Today we are still very close although we have lived 200 miles apart for the last 67 years.

When I was one year old, my great-grandfather Louis, my grandmother Bertha's father, is reported to have said: "*Ich habe ihn wenigsten noch kriechen gesehen*" (I have at least seen him crawling). He died shortly afterwards. ■

“ I adored my sister, Erwine, Winchen or Winnie, as she became known, but this did not prevent me in later years from teasing her. ”



I am being held by my paternal grandmother, Bertha who is sitting alongside my father and great-grandfather, Louis Marcus in Berlin, 1926

My family

MY MOTHER WAS born in Munich, Germany, on 23 August 1901, two years after her elder sister Henny. When she was two the family moved to Frankfurt.

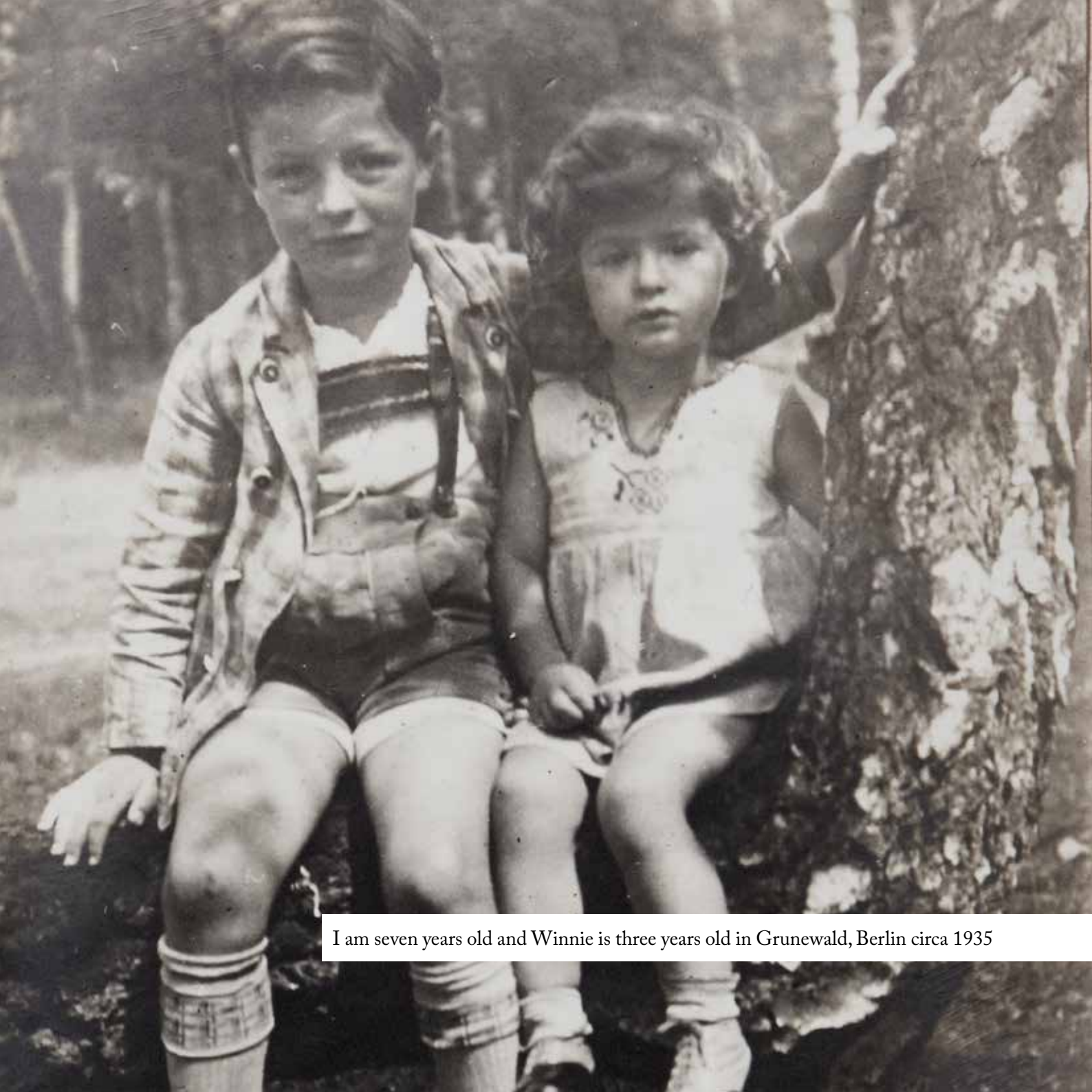
My mother worked on a voluntary basis for a forward-thinking social worker, named Bertha Pappenheim. One of her duties was to collect babies from unmarried mothers who were giving them up for adoption. She said that when she carried a baby on the train, without wearing a wedding ring, other passengers often looked at her askance.

Aunt Henny had a slightly deformed hip, which hindered her walking. However, it did not prevent her from studying chemistry and obtaining a degree. She also played the piano very well. She married Dr Leo Winter, son of the Chief Rabbi of Dresden, Dr Jakob Winter and they had one child, Gabriele. When the Nazis came to power Dr Jakob was made to scrub the pavement outside his synagogue, to the obvious amusement of bystanders. The family decided there and then to emigrate to Palestine.

“When the Nazis came to power Dr Jakob was made to scrub the pavement outside his synagogue, to the obvious amusement of bystanders.”



Listening to the radio for the first time, 1929



I am seven years old and Winnie is three years old in Grunewald, Berlin circa 1935



Great-grandparents Eva and Moritz Librowicz

My father, Hans, was born on 30 October 1890 in Inowrazlaw, later called Hohensalza, in the Polish Corridor. His father, Rudolf, whom I am named after, was the *mohel* (a Jew trained in the practice of *Brit Milah* – the covenant of circumcision) for the large Jewish community. Grandfather Rudolf was very orthodox, but his wife, my grandmother Bertha, was less so. When he died, aged 53, from kidney failure, Bertha went to live with three of her sisters in Berlin and came to our flat every *erev* Shabbat (the evening before Shabbat) and Jewish festivals, bringing me two miniature *strietzel* (the plaited bread traditionally eaten on Shabbat and festivals).

My father studied in Munich, qualifying as a doctor, and was then promptly enlisted into the army at the outbreak of the Great War between 1914 and 1918. He received the Iron Cross second class for bravery. After the war he studied dentistry and settled in Berlin.

Back row left to right, Alfred Stimming, Arthur Blumenthal (father of Evi), Elli (wife of Alfred), Else and Hedwig, (daughters of Hannush), Werner Simon (husband of Evi); front row, left to right, Evi (niece of Bertha), Hulda Gembitzky, Hannush (Johanna) Marcus, (both sisters of Bertha – my grandmother), Wolfgang Stimming (son of Alfred and Elli), Bertha Librowicz, Helga (daughter of Alfred and Elli), Henriette (sister of Bertha) circa 1942





My father had three younger sisters: Hedwig, Margarete and Elli. Hedwig married Gustav Stein, a dentist. They had no children and eventually emigrated to Palestine. Margarete never married. She commented many years later that all the money in the family was allocated for my father's medical studies so that there was none left for her dowry. Elli married Alfred Stimming, a non-Jewish orthopaedic surgeon, in Berlin. They had two children: Helga and Wolfgang, who were both born in 1931, though they were not twins. During the war they hid in Alfred's parents' house in Detz about 70 kilometres from Berlin.

My parents met in the spa town of Baden-Baden in Germany. My mother and my grandmother were sitting on a promenade bench minding their own business when my father strolled along, also minding his own business. He spotted my mother and liking the look of her, turned after a few metres and retraced his steps walking past again, taking a closer look. After a further few metres and another turn, he plucked up courage to speak to them. He managed to arrange a later meeting. My grandmother chided my mother, implying that she flirted with him at that first encounter. However, the marriage worked very well, my mother's forceful personality being a good match for my father's intellect. ■

School days

MY PARENTS SENT me to a Montessori *kindergarten* where I was quite happy until another child struck me on the lip with a toy brick and made it bleed. My mother complained, but was told that the nursery's ethical code allowed children to behave how they wanted. I was unceremoniously removed from there.

Aged six, I was enrolled in the local primary school. There were three other Jewish boys in my class and I was quite friendly with two of them. The fourth one left after a year. I sat next to a boy called Goetz who was rather unruly. I complained to the class teacher and she suggested that I enter into my daybook any misdemeanour he perpetrated. Sure enough the next day he splattered an inkblot into my book. I was furious. I wrote a note next to it – *Goetz macht Kleckse ins Heft* (Goetz puts [ink] blotches into the book). Unfortunately, I omitted the 'I' so that it read Keckse, which means biscuits; even that was misspelt!

One day the teacher told us to bring five pfennigs to school. The next day there was a diamond shaped board on the teacher's desk with fields on it in red, white and black. There were three boxes of nails with heads in the same three colours and each boy could choose which coloured nail to hammer into the corresponding field. When it came to the Jewish boys' turn, the teacher said we three did not have to do this. Once all the nails were hammered in, it presented a black swastika on a white background surrounded by a red field.

One day forms were distributed with spaces for a family tree, and a short sentence on the reverse to say that Adolf Hitler wished for this information to be provided. Under each entry there was a space to indicate the religion of the person entered. This was quite obviously for the state to establish if there was any Jewish blood in the family. My father dutifully filled this form in and I handed it in to the teacher within a few days. It benefited the authorities to be provided with a family tree bearing information as far back as great-grandparents. My father had made a copy of the family tree.

After four years in primary school it was time to leave and I was fortunate to go to a Jewish secondary school. Although I had not sensed any antisemitism at the primary school, I nevertheless felt safer and more secure in the Jewish school. Once there I learnt English which was, of course, to become most useful.



The family tree form handed out at school stated, “No boy or girl should leave school without revealing his or her heritage because of the necessity to investigate the purity of their blood.” Adolf Hitler

At school we had a very strict music teacher called Alfred Loewy. Another boy and I were the most talented singers in the class and often were in competition with each other regarding which of us would be asked to demonstrate how a song should be sung. Alfred Loewy was one of the people who influenced my love of music. Tragically, I learnt after the war that he had been deported to Auschwitz where he was murdered.

Another teacher, Arnold Amolsky, who was terribly crippled, taught religious studies. One day I missed my usual city train, which I took to school each day and was late arriving. I raced through the front door and started up the staircase when I nearly overtook Amolsky who walked with difficulty. If I had

overtaken him, I would have arrived in the classroom before him and he would not have been able to award me a *Tadel* (a rebuke) for being late. I could not do that with a clear conscience and instead helped him up the stairs. He was also later deported to Auschwitz where he too was murdered.

My old high school, Bradford Grammar, has an annual Speech Day when exceptional pupils are awarded a prize, often funded by old boys. The prize can be donated in memory of someone. I have donated sufficient money to the school, to fund an award to promising music students in memory of Loewy and Amolsky for many years to come.

<p>9. Urgroßvater Moritz Librowicz geb. Selig * am 19. 9. 1832 in Berlin † am 22. 12. 1912 in Berlin Bef. jüdisch oo am 2. 1. 1863 in Gopau/Alge 10 Kinder</p>	<p>10. Urgroßmutter Eva Librowicz geb. Sprinz * am 19. 9. 1836 in Berlin † am 22. 10. 1927 in Berlin Bef. jüdisch oo am 2. 1. 1863 in Gopau/Alge 10 Kinder</p>	<p>11. Urgroßvater Moritz Marcus geb. Sprinz * am 19. 9. 1836 in Berlin † am 22. 10. 1927 in Berlin Bef. jüdisch oo am 2. 1. 1863 in Gopau/Alge 10 Kinder</p>	<p>12. Urgroßmutter Eva Marcus geb. Sprinz * am 19. 9. 1836 in Berlin † am 22. 10. 1927 in Berlin Bef. jüdisch oo am 2. 1. 1863 in Gopau/Alge 10 Kinder</p>	<p>13. Urgroßvater Moritz Marcus geb. Sprinz * am 19. 9. 1836 in Berlin † am 22. 10. 1927 in Berlin Bef. jüdisch oo am 2. 1. 1863 in Gopau/Alge 10 Kinder</p>	<p>14. Urgroßmutter Eva Marcus geb. Sprinz * am 19. 9. 1836 in Berlin † am 22. 10. 1927 in Berlin Bef. jüdisch oo am 2. 1. 1863 in Gopau/Alge 10 Kinder</p>	<p>15. Urgroßvater Moritz Marcus geb. Sprinz * am 19. 9. 1836 in Berlin † am 22. 10. 1927 in Berlin Bef. jüdisch oo am 2. 1. 1863 in Gopau/Alge 10 Kinder</p>	<p>16. Urgroßmutter Eva Marcus geb. Sprinz * am 19. 9. 1836 in Berlin † am 22. 10. 1927 in Berlin Bef. jüdisch oo am 2. 1. 1863 in Gopau/Alge 10 Kinder</p>
<p>1. Großvater Karl Librowicz geb. Marcus * am 30. 3. 1858 in Mogilno † am 13. 6. 1918 in Gopau Herkunft Bef. jüdisch oo am 26. 1. 1884 in Gopau/Alge 4 Kinder</p>	<p>2. Großmutter Eva Librowicz geb. Marcus * am 1. 1. 1865 in Gopau/Alge † am 1. 1. 1865 in Gopau/Alge Herkunft Bef. jüdisch oo am 26. 1. 1884 in Gopau/Alge 4 Kinder</p>	<p>3. Großvater Joseph Schwab geb. Marcus * am 2. 7. 1870 in Würzburg † am 2. 7. 1870 in Würzburg Herkunft Bef. jüdisch oo am 22. 6. 1894 in München 3 Kinder</p>	<p>4. Großmutter Eva Schwab geb. Marcus * am 1. 7. 1874 in Prag † am 24. 3. 1929 in Frankfurt/Main Herkunft Bef. jüdisch oo am 22. 6. 1894 in München 3 Kinder</p>				
<p>5. Vater Karl Librowicz geb. Marcus * am 30. 3. 1858 in Mogilno † am 13. 6. 1918 in Gopau Herkunft Bef. jüdisch oo am 26. 1. 1884 in Gopau/Alge 4 Kinder</p>	<p>6. Mutter Eva Librowicz geb. Marcus * am 1. 1. 1865 in Gopau/Alge † am 1. 1. 1865 in Gopau/Alge Herkunft Bef. jüdisch oo am 26. 1. 1884 in Gopau/Alge 4 Kinder</p>	<p>7. Großvater Joseph Schwab geb. Marcus * am 2. 7. 1870 in Würzburg † am 2. 7. 1870 in Würzburg Herkunft Bef. jüdisch oo am 22. 6. 1894 in München 3 Kinder</p>	<p>8. Großmutter Eva Schwab geb. Marcus * am 1. 7. 1874 in Prag † am 24. 3. 1929 in Frankfurt/Main Herkunft Bef. jüdisch oo am 22. 6. 1894 in München 3 Kinder</p>				
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The family tree my father dutifully filled in, circa 1935

After the war my old school building found itself located in the Russian zone of Berlin, and following the fall of the Iron Curtain in 1989 it was fortunately found to be undamaged. The Jewish community was encouraged to re-open it as a Jewish secondary school and they appointed a non-Jew as the first headmaster. The original piano, a Steinway, was still in situ but was in a deplorable state. Steinway was instructed to renovate it and I was invited to the opening. I performed *Das Heidenröslein* by Schubert with words by (the Jewish) Heine. Understandably, it was a very emotional moment.

Over the years I have been invited to a few reunions of past pupils. On one of these occasions it occurred to me that the music room could be named the Alfred Loewy Zimmer. A day was appointed to name the room officially, but unfortunately, I could not attend. However, at the last minute a niece of Loewy, Esther Bejarano, who was an Auschwitz survivor living in Hamburg, got in touch. She was warmly invited to perform the opening ceremony. I have since visited her twice. She is the Chairperson of the Auschwitz Survivors' Association in Germany and still gives singing concerts. ■



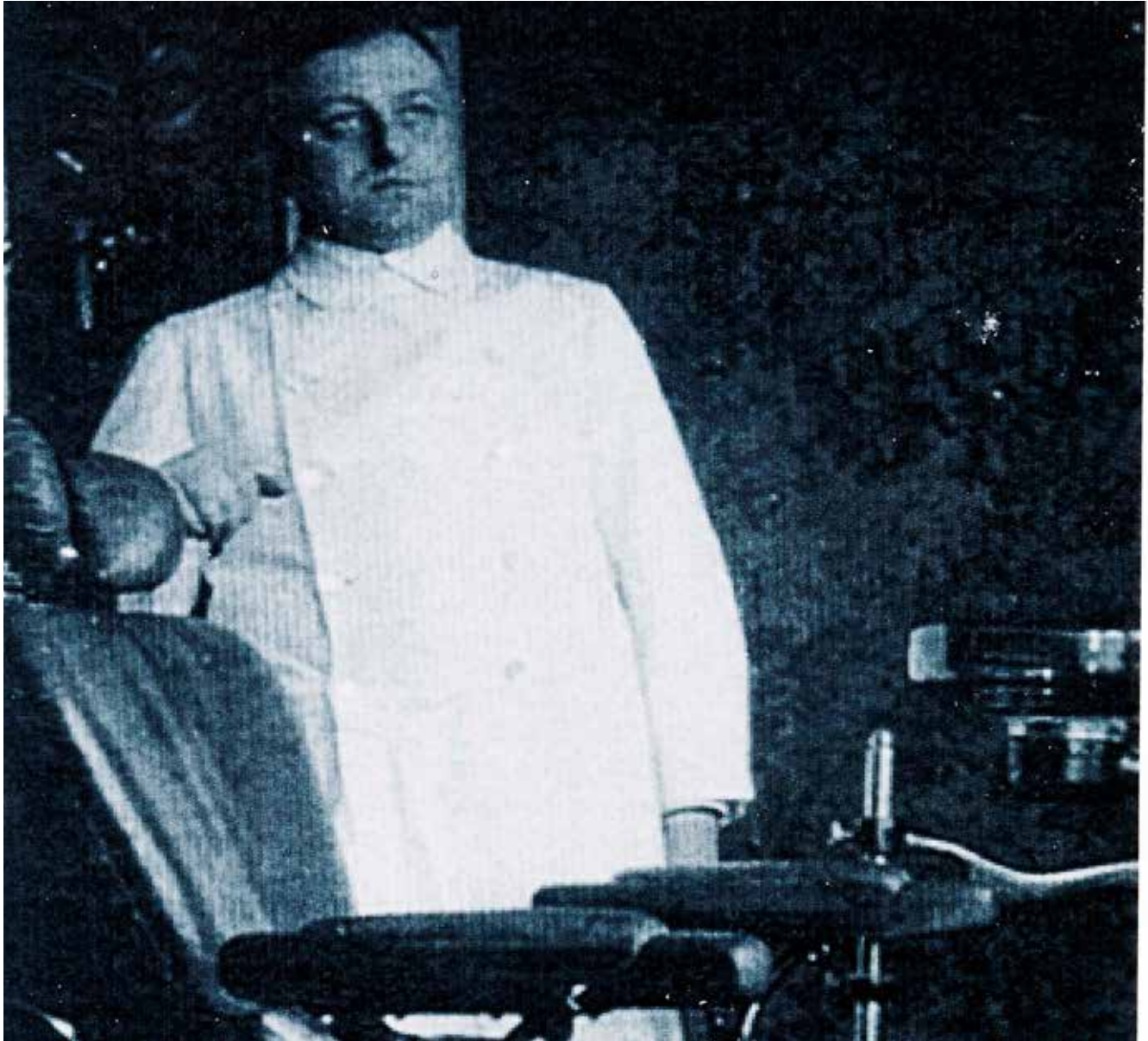
Meeting Esther Bejarano, the niece of my music teacher, 2017

Family life in Berlin

IN BERLIN OURS was a reasonably orthodox household keeping a kosher kitchen. We had a maid, Erna, who did the housework, cooking and washing. We children loved her. When she had to leave because a new law forbade non-Jewish maids to work in Jewish households there were tears all round. I forget what we children gave her as a leaving present but she gave me a pencil eraser enclosed in what must have been the earliest example of plastic, with the name Berlin engraved on it. It was too good to use and many years later I presented it in pristine condition to the new Jewish Museum in Berlin.

My maternal grandfather was called Josef Schwab, but we called him Opeps. He and I shared a great love of trains. He was extremely orthodox and this was demonstrated vehemently one day, while staying in our flat, shortly before he emigrated to Palestine. I had been taking piano lessons and I had been taught a piece by Schumann, *Der Fröhliche Landmann*, to be played for my mother on her birthday, which happened to fall on a Saturday. After lunch, I went to the piano and played this piece as a surprise for my mother. As soon as I had finished, with praise being showered on me by my parents, my grandfather poured cold water on the scene by admonishing my mother for allowing me to play the piano on Shabbat. There were arguments flying back and forth which neither side could win. To settle it my grandfather said: "*Ihr könnt machen, was Ihr wollt. Ich halte meinen Sabbat*" (You can do what you want, I keep my Sabbath) and stormed out of the room. He cooled down and later that day all was forgotten.

Later, Opeps sent me a long dissertation describing his experiences in Palestine, which is now in the Jewish Museum in Berlin. ■



My father, Hans Librowicz at his dental surgery in Berlin, 1929

The synagogue in Berlin

MY FATHER HAD his dental practice in the flat in which we lived in Berlin at Warmbrunnerstrasse, 50-52 off the Hohenzollerndamm in Grunewald. He would work on Saturday mornings but I was sent to synagogue. With the help of religion classes, in addition to those at school, taken partly by Rabbi Dr Emil Bernard Kohn, I soon learnt to follow the service with ease. Although Rabbi Kohn's sermons were obviously addressed to the adults, his choice of words and crystal-clear delivery, ensured that even I, as a child, could usually follow the argument.

At *Simchat Torah* (the festival of rejoicing marking the completion of the annual cycle of the reading of the law) my grandmother would come to the synagogue with a bag of sweets. When I passed her as part of the procession of children following the Torahs carried round the synagogue, she would drop sweets into my basket. I was more overjoyed to see the happy expression on her face than with the confectionary. As she lost her husband early in marriage she doted on my father and me. She died in Theresienstadt, was cremated unceremoniously and her ashes were thrown into the local river.

One day in the middle of a synagogue service two men in civilian clothes, presumably Gestapo, entered, whispered something to the rabbi and took him away. His two daughters saw what was happening and rushed from the ladies' gallery to see him being driven away in a car. All they could think of was to shout after him that he should know not to drive on Shabbat. Some months later he re-appeared in the middle of a service and everybody in the congregation stood up as one. ■

“One day in the middle of a synagogue service two men in civilian clothes, presumably Gestapo, entered, whispered something to the rabbi and took him away.”

Memorable incidents

I RECALL A number of antisemitic incidents. I had a two-kilometre walk from home to primary school. One day when I arrived home, my mother asked me to go across the main road to buy half a pound of *Hackefleisch* (minced meat). Meeting three classmates, we stopped to say hello when one of them casually asked me where I was going. I told him, mentioning the *Hackefleisch*, when he quite unexpectedly gave me a hard slap across the face saying as he did so: “*Jetzt hast du Backefleisch*” (Now you have cheek meat). He was quick to make *Backe* rhyme with *Hacke*. Retaliation was not on my agenda and I went on my way. The slap hurt, but more distressing was that a classmate of mine with whom I was in a good relationship, should hit me. Many years later, I thought about what precipitated the slap across the face. The media, both newspapers and radio, encouraged antisemitism. Ulli Meyer, the classmate who hit me, may have overheard his parents discussing this theme at home and thought at the next opportunity he would do as the media suggested.

When I went to the Jewish secondary school there were no lessons on Saturdays, but instead there were lessons on Sundays. I went through the ticket barrier for the train to school with my satchel on my back, showing my weekly pass. The ticket man called me back. I knew exactly what would follow. He asked where I was going. I said to school, to which he replied that only Jews go to school on a Sunday.

One day, I happened to be walking near my old primary school and met by chance the class teacher, Herr Butzke. We stopped to talk and he asked how I was getting on in my new school. Whilst talking, a friend of his passed by and gave the obligatory Hitler salute saying the appropriate words to go with it. In deference to me Butzke waved his friend on without giving the salute or responding in the way he should have done.

A more sinister experience was when we visited, as we often had in the past, the open-air swimming pool at the Wannsee Lake in Grunewald. At the ticket office a large and unmissable sign had been erected which said “*Hunde und Juden unerwünscht*” (dogs and Jews unwelcome). What was interesting was the order of nouns – dogs came before Jews. Of course, we returned home. ■

A timely visit from the Gestapo

ONE MORNING IN 1936 the doorbell rang at our flat. The two men at the door said they were from the Gestapo and wanted to see my parents. Erna, our maid, said they were still in their bedroom. The men said: “*Das stört uns nicht*” (that does not matter to us) they barged their way in and demanded to know which door led to their bedroom. I met them in the corridor and not knowing who they were I said good morning and offered my hand, which they shook. They entered the bedroom and told my parents to get dressed and be ready to join them in their car. My father was president of his Lodge and my mother treasurer of the corresponding Ladies’ Lodge. She was told to bring any monies that she held in trust with her. It amounted to about 30 marks.

They were taken to the headquarters of the Lodge at Kleiststrasse 10 where other Lodge members had already assembled. They had to stand in rows for several hours and if someone wanted to go to the bathroom they had to hold up their hand and ask for permission. Sometimes this was granted, sometimes not. My mother was told to hand over the money, for which she had the presence of mind and the courage to ask for a receipt, which she put to good use several years later.

After several hours they were informed that the Lodge was dissolved and they should go home. This was the scenario which, fortunately, prompted my parents to emigrate. Their short arrest was truly a blessing in disguise. If the Gestapo had not arrested my parents we might not have escaped the fate of millions of Jews in the gas chambers and ovens of Auschwitz. ■

“...they barged their way in and demanded to know which door led to their bedroom.”



Father in Bradford in the 1960s



Mother in Bradford in the 1960s

Our journey to England

ON THE NIGHT of 9 November 1937, we left Berlin and spent the night in Hamburg. The next day we caught the boat train to Bremerhaven. Midway through the journey a customs officer came into the compartment and, after checking our papers asked my father to accompany him to another compartment. Presently the train stopped at a station and when it began to move again my father was not yet back in our compartment. My mother was anxious but he came back saying the official had merely examined him more closely in case he had any hidden contraband on his person.

In Bremerhaven we boarded a German cruise liner bound for America, but calling at Southampton where we were to disembark. We were still on German soil and anything untoward could still happen to us despite having all the correct papers and visas.

Wearily we made our way to the cabin and rested a while before slowly making our way to the dining room. Our bodies were as exhausted as our minds. We were shaken to the core with conflicting emotions coursing through our veins – the stress behind us, but still ever-present and the potential dangers of escape yet to come. Our fragile nerves shattered to shreds beyond recognition as we stumbled along the gangway like zombies. Although it was clearly lit, to us it seemed dark and foreboding, not knowing what unpleasant surprise might still be lurking round the next corner. With some trepidation we entered the dining room and as we entered the live band struck up our tune: *Dornröschens Brautfahrt* (Cinderella's Bridal Procession), by Max Rhode. My father was an excellent pianist and we often played the piano four hands, involving both of us playing the same piano simultaneously.

This was our favourite piece of music. We played this endlessly and we knew it by heart. It became 'our tune'. Upon hearing this melody it was as if we had entered paradise, especially for a family in which music played such an important part. We came out of metaphorical thick glutinous darkness into brilliant, warm and welcoming light. Comparisons are odious, as the proverb says, but I can only compare our experience to Moses' confrontation with God and the Burning Bush, or Saul's conversion on the road to Damascus; both events a cornerstone of our respective religions, such was the change of ambience. Our feelings of depression flew out of the window like greased lightning, our nerves repaired and our emigration adventure turned a welcome corner.

The next morning after breakfast, to gild the lily, my father invited us to the stern of the ship where he dramatically took out of his pocket the bunch of keys that had opened the door to our now vacant flat in Berlin. Carefully taking one key after another off the keyring, he threw them one by one into the sea, swearing that he would never set foot in Germany again. He kept his self-imposed promise.

Not everyone was so lucky, a family who stood at the end of the platform watching as we left Berlin met a tragic end. Hans, who was a good friend of mine, had found himself a job at the large Jewish Weissensee Cemetery digging graves by day and sleeping rough in one of the many partially hollow graves by night. One day he received the message that Jews were being rounded up, including his parents, two sisters and a brother. He went home and found his family, together with many others, on lorries about to be driven off. That was the last time he saw them. He himself was eventually captured and spent some years in Auschwitz, which he survived. He discovered later that his family had ultimately boarded a train to the outskirts of Riga near a forest called Rumbula. Those who had survived the journey were made to stand at the edge of a wide trench and were machine gunned, falling conveniently into that trench. ■

“We were shaken to the core with conflicting emotions coursing through our veins – the stress behind us, but still ever-present and the potential dangers of escape yet to come.”

Getting a visa - arriving in Bradford

WE ARRIVED IN England on 11 November. Prior to our escape, my parents had travelled to England several times, trying to obtain entry visas. Only after these had been acquired did my father gain permission to work. When the clerk handed him the relevant certificate he was also advised that he could work anywhere except London and Manchester. When my father asked: "Where *can* I work?" the clerk metaphorically stuck a pin into a map of England and suggested Bradford. My father jumped on the next train and upon arrival in Bradford he was fortunate enough to meet with a distant relative on my mother's side of the family.

This distant relative of my mother, Michael Roan, lived in Leeds and introduced my father to a wool merchant called Harry Kramrisch. Mr Kramrisch had traded with Yugoslavia and was appointed as Consul which gave him access to diplomatic bags, containers in which official mail was sent to or from an embassy and which were not subject to customs inspection. He therefore suggested to my father that he should place our family valuables from home in a parcel and take it to the Yugoslav embassy in Berlin, with the request that it be sent to the embassy in London, which is what happened. On his next visit to London my father went to the embassy and collected his parcel. When we eventually settled in Bradford my first friend was Harry Kramrisch's granddaughter, Fay.

My father had paid a deposit for us on a house in Shipley, telling the existing owners that we would be back to claim residence in early November. However, when we knocked on the door the incumbents were still in residence, forcing us to spend a week in a residential hotel, eating up precious money earmarked for other anticipated expenditure. To add to a bad situation my mother developed a very painful inner ear infection. Fortunately, the doctor who treated her was also a refugee, so discussions could take place in German and he treated it to the best of his ability.

Eventually we moved into our new home. Our furniture had arrived in large wooden boxes. We were so lucky to have been able to take all our possessions with us. Later refugees were lucky to escape with their lives and nothing else, whilst six million did not even escape with their lives.

In the house the hot water was provided by a back boiler in the kitchen and the rooms were heated by open coal fires or electric radiators. As my mother was going to help my father in the surgery, a maid called Daisy Little was engaged to do the housework. ■

School and university days

MY SISTER WINNIE had not gone to school in Berlin but started school in Shipley. The headmaster, Wilfred B Tapp, was kindness personified and she soon became word perfect in English. Winnie went on to the Girls' Grammar School.

My parents decided that I should go to the best school in town, Bradford Grammar. It was not a free school and cost £7 a term, which was a large sum in those days and must have been a considerable drain on the family's finances. I had learnt English at my German school for 18 months, so soon found my feet. Paradoxically, as English was still a foreign language for me, I mastered syntax and grammar more easily than the locals and soon reached the top of the class. However, my language skills let me down when a note came to the class telling me to go to the headmaster's study. He enquired very kindly as to how I was getting on. I told him that I thought I was fine. He complimented me and dismissed me. On returning to the class the master asked: "Did you get the cane?" because that was the usual reason for being sent to the Head. Still with a beam across my whole face at the Head's kindness but not knowing what the word 'cane' meant I said: "Yes, sir". The whole class erupted into fits of laughter.

At the beginning of the next school year I was put into the classical stream, learning Latin and Greek, both of which I loved. I had the distinction of being awarded top marks in any subject for any pupil in the School Certificate (O-levels) for German, which was no particular surprise. I then decided to change to science to study physics and chemistry, which was required if I was going to study dentistry later. Unfortunately, I lacked the groundwork for these subjects and nobody had thought to tell the relevant masters, so that from being near the top of the class in most subjects I became the dunce. This had a detrimental effect educationally and emotionally, forcing my parents to arrange coaching lessons for me.

Fortunately, there was a dramatic piece of luck. Half way through the second year of senior school, my father visited the professor of dentistry at Leeds University to ascertain requirements for entry onto the course. There was quite a discussion involving aspects of dentistry in Germany, at the end of which the professor told my father to send me to him for an interview. I had no idea what he was going to ask me.

The conversation went like this:

“Are you good with your hands?”

“Not particularly”

“Can you build model aeroplanes?”

“No”

“Can you build model cars?”

“No”.

When he realised that he was not getting any further with practicalities he changed the subject:

“Which books did you read for your school certificate?”

“Julius Caesar.”

“What did Mark Anthony say at Caesar’s funeral?”

“Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones...”

At that point he said: “stop”, which was just as well because I did not know any more and then he said:

“Start in September.”

This was all extremely lucky as I had not even taken the Higher School Certificate at that time, let alone passed it. In fact, I later failed it, gaining only subsidiary levels and poor ones at that.

The curse of having been a bad pupil pursued me for the whole of my university studies – I could not shake off the bane of having previously been bottom of the class. I failed one particular examination in metallurgy, which fortunately did not prevent me from continuing with the course as I could retake this examination whenever I wanted. I procrastinated from one year to the next and when the time came to sit my finals I realised that I had yet to take the metallurgy examination. This proved especially irksome but I eventually managed it *mit ach und krach* (by the skin of my teeth).

I spent much time presenting gramophone recitals during lunchtimes in the students' union building. All this was time-consuming at the expense of learning my lessons. When I did my coursework at home I would usually also have the radio on, thus I learned a lot about music but failed most of the examinations at least twice, much to my parents' sorrow and mine. When I passed my finals in 1943 I vowed never to take another examination. However, the vow was broken in pleasurable circumstances, about which I will explain later. ■

“Still with a beam across my whole face at the Head's kindness but not knowing what the word 'cane' meant I said: “Yes, sir”. The whole class erupted into fits of laughter.”

The Army

AFTER QUALIFYING AS a dentist, I spent six months postgraduate study at the Eastman Clinic in London. I supplemented my meagre £7 per week earnings by working in general practice in Golders Green where I was lodging with my sister Winnie.

I received my call-up papers for compulsory national service and fortunately I was able to enrol as a dentist. I was posted to Aldershot for a six-week induction course, then to a small army camp nearby called Cove. Cove was near London so most weekends I went there to stay. First I would visit my great-uncle Hugo, my grandmother's brother, and his wife Betty, and later I stayed with Betty's brother-in-law Sasha. I still managed to attend concerts and opera.

After a year I was transferred to Austria, travelling there by a special troop train called Medloc. Whilst the train was standing in Munich station, by chance the train standing on the neighbouring track had its destination sign right opposite my window. It said: "Dachau". This was the first time that I had come face to face with the name of a concentration camp. It was 1954 and the horrors of the Holocaust, for whatever reason, were rarely discussed and knowledge about it was scant. The sight of this destination plate was more disturbing than I can describe. I became quite disorientated and felt fortunate to be alone in the compartment. In that train I could see people reading the paper, smoking, talking about everyday matters. Did they not appreciate that the train track they were on had taken people to death camps? I was glad when Medloc pulled out of the station and that dreaded word was out of sight!

I was very happy in Austria. I was a mobile dentist, spending a few months in Villach and Zeltweg, where the dental suite was on the top floor of the control tower of a disused airport. I was also posted to Graz, Spital, Vienna and Freeport Trieste.

My parents had bought their first car, a second-hand pre-war Ford 10, ten years previously. It was difficult to start and had to be started with a cranking handle. They put their name down for a new car and reached the top of the waiting list while I was in the army. They became the owners of two cars and with typical generosity saved the new car for me for when I was demobilised. ■

Relatives and survivors

THE ONLY REMAINING member of our family from Berlin was my great-aunt Hulda, who survived Terezin. She had been deported there together with my grandmother Bertha. One day, news came that camp inmates could volunteer to be transported to Switzerland and freedom. This was brokered via an agreement between the Americans and Germans. American Jews would provide the Germans with gold and money against the release of Jewish prisoners. The inmates were uncertain whether this was legitimate, or trickery; and those who accepted undertook a gamble with their lives. Only when they saw glistening pristine Swiss railway coaches within the camp did they realise that it was genuine. Approximately 1,000 Jewish people were rescued from Terezin and taken to Engelberg. Hulda related that among the foods given to them on the train by friendly staff, was a rosy apple.

In the camp, food tended to be hoarded rather than eaten and although she was hungry it was quite a while before she ate it. Hulda lived with us until her death in 1955 and not once did we question her about life in the camp. We did not want to distress her, but her personal recollections would have given us an insight into daily life and conditions within the camp.

In Prague many years later, we took a local bus to visit Terezin. The manager had himself been a prisoner there during the war. He invited us into his office where he showed us books containing the names of all the people who had been imprisoned there, including those of my grandmother and great-aunt. ■

“The inmates were uncertain whether this was legitimate, or trickery; and those who accepted undertook a gamble with their lives.”

And those who didn't survive

AMONGST THOSE RELATIVES murdered in Auschwitz were Evi, the daughter of the youngest sister of my paternal grandmother, her husband Werner and her four-year-old son Dan. Also killed was her father Arthur, Hannush, (sister of the same grandmother) and her two unmarried daughters, Else and Hedwig. My father had obtained permission from the Home Office for Else and Hedwig to come to England, but only as domestic servants. They refused to come under those conditions and tragically paid the ultimate price for their refusal. My wife Marianne's maternal grandmother Edith and an uncle also died.

Grandmother Bertha had more sisters and a brother, Hugo, who was married to Betty. They had no children and had emigrated to London before the war. Hugo was a philatelist, a lover of music and good food, somewhat in the image of Winston Churchill. A story is told that Betty had prepared a chicken and to keep it fresh, before the days of refrigerators, hung it on the balcony overnight. Hugo wanted to taste it and cut a bit off and later cut another bit off and again another bit. By morning there was nothing left. During the Blitz Hugo and Betty asked if they could stay with us. The train porters shouted out the names of the stations as the trains passed through them as signs were prohibited during the war. When their train stopped at Bedford and later Retford, they thought both times that they had arrived at Bradford. ■

“My father had obtained permission from the Home Office for Else and Hedwig to come to England, but only as domestic servants. They refused to come under those conditions and tragically paid the ultimate price for their refusal.”



Evi (Eva), murdered in Auschwitz. Photo circa 1942



My cousin Dan (son of Evi) who perished in Auschwitz at age four

Getting involved in the synagogue

WHEN WE FIRST arrived in Bradford we had contacted the local rabbi of the orthodox synagogue, Rev Jacob Israelstam. My family remained members of an orthodox synagogue and I had my *bar mitzvah* there. My paternal grandfather who died in 1913 had arranged for a *Sefer Torah* (a handwritten copy of the *Torah*, the five books of Moses), to be specially written for my father's *bar mitzvah* in 1903 for him to read from. We were very fortunate in being able to bring this Torah with us when we emigrated in 1937. I read it and subsequently my sons, Anthony and Jonathan, also read from the same *Torah*. However, in 2010 I donated it to the Jewish Museum in Berlin.

Whilst I was in the army my parents decided to join the Bradford Reform Synagogue. I was expected to follow suit but was not happy about it. At *Rosh Hashanah* (the Jewish New Year) when we would, as always, walk to the synagogue, my parents went to the reform synagogue but I said I would still go to the orthodox one. They felt that the family should stick together and that I should therefore go with them to the reform, but I was still reluctant. All the way from home to the synagogues, which were on either side of the main road only a few hundred metres apart, I was debating in my mind what decision to reach. I knew that by the time we reached the first of the two synagogues I would have to decide. I was in a real dilemma, not to say turmoil. The time to make the decision came ever closer and I hesitated right up to the last second and in the end decided to join my parents, much to their relief and pleasure.

One of the elders, Merton Arensberg, asked me, or in effect told me, to become burial secretary. Although I was only 27, I wanted to make a good impression so I agreed, little knowing what to do in the event of a death. Merton showed me the ropes and I soon became proficient. One day the rabbi, who had been retained for a funeral, was unable to attend so I was forced into officiating the funeral myself. I was told afterwards that it had been a fine funeral. Later I presided over funerals routinely, as many families preferred me as someone whom they knew. This produced the strange situation when I would ask the rabbi to deputise for me when I was away.

I was also the official registrar for weddings and I attended all the weddings in this capacity. I would also sing appropriate songs and thus became so familiar with wedding procedures, that I was invited to perform a few weddings myself. Two of these took place outdoors, one in Hull and the other in

Halifax. Alex, the son of my good friend Hans, from Germany, had married his second wife Sandra, in a civil marriage in the USA and now wanted a Jewish wedding in their hometown. As his mother was not Jewish, no orthodox rabbi would marry them and neither of the two reform rabbis were available. When I heard about the situation I offered my services, which were accepted. We travelled to Hamburg and I performed the ceremony in German, English and Hebrew, including a sermon and singing appropriate songs. ■



Holding the *Sefer Torah* especially written for my father's *bar mitzvah* in 1903. My sons and I read from it for our *bar mitzvahs*. It is now in the Jewish Museum, Berlin



Marianne

Meeting Marianne

BEFORE I WAS married I was introduced to a girl in London who, I believe, had designs on me! I had given a talk in the synagogue on the subject of a holiday trip, which was reported in the national magazine of the reform movement. This girl wanted to see me again and invited me to repeat the talk to the *B'nai B'rith* (a Jewish social organisation) group, which met at the West London Synagogue near Marble Arch, which I duly did.

At this second presentation a tall, attractive girl caught my eye. She approached me afterwards, to say that she too had travelled on one of the European express trains which I had mentioned in the talk. I was not sharp enough to ask for her contact details so I had to ask my sister Winnie to get them for me subsequently. Her name was Marianne and I telephoned her offering to take her out for lunch a week hence. When I mentioned my name on the phone she had already forgotten who I was! At the time she was going out with another boy but obviously this was not too serious, because she put me on 'hold' and asked her father if she should accept my invitation. He advised her that nothing much could happen to her in the middle of the day and she should accept, which she did.

We arranged to meet at the Lyons Corner House near Leicester Square on Whit Monday. I had my car in London and set off in good time. I chose the Inner Circle of Regent's Park but I was inconveniently held up behind a parade of Whitbread dray horses. I had visions of Marianne going home, thinking she had been stood up. Fortunately, she had not. Pulling up to where she was patiently standing, and where it was forbidden to stop, I reached over, opened the car door and said: "Quick, jump in!" She had forgotten what I looked like but took a chance and did as requested. We had a good lunch and then went on to Windsor, followed by a concert in the recently opened Royal Festival Hall. When we finally parted, I thought, 'this is the girl for me'. She and her parents came from Breslau, Germany and their background was similar to that of my family. The challenge was how to maintain the friendship at a distance of 200 miles in the days before motorways, when a trip by car would take up the best part of the day?

I saw Marianne only eight times over the next few months but we corresponded and talked on the telephone many times. On one of her visits to Bradford I plucked up enough courage to propose to her at the train station a few minutes before the train departed which was very romantic! We arranged

to get married in the Liberal Synagogue in Belsize Square in August 1955 with the resident rabbi officiating. A few weeks before the big day, when my future father-in-law telephoned the rabbi to check that everything had been prepared as discussed, he told us that he would be on holiday on the day of the wedding. Hurriedly, we asked the Bradford reform rabbi, Rabbi Dr Erich Bienheim if he would come to London to perform the ceremony. He agreed and we were married on what turned out to be the hottest day of the year, at the big liberal synagogue in St John's Wood.

We spent our honeymoon in Copenhagen. Flying was still in its infancy so we travelled there by ferry, then train from Hoek van Holland to Copenhagen and returned by train to Esbjerg, followed by a ferry to Newcastle. ■

“Pulling up to where she was patiently standing, and where it was forbidden to stop, I reached over, opened the car door and said: “Quick, jump in!” She had forgotten what I looked like but took a chance and did as requested.”

Marianne and I at our engagement



Marianne's family

MARIANNE'S FATHER, RUDOLF, also known as Rudi, had been a judge in Breslau but lost his job under the Nazi regime. He was interned in Buchenwald concentration camp, fortunately for only six weeks. During this time, his wife Erna sought and eventually obtained entry visas to England where they became butler and housemaid to a solicitor's family near Bath. They then moved to Bristol where they were treated very badly by a solicitor and his wife for whom they were working. Due to their nationality, they eventually had to leave the area as it became a Protected Area, which meant it was vulnerable to espionage. As Rudi's brother and family were living in Gloucester, they moved there, staying temporarily with them whilst they sought accommodation. Erna worked in a cider factory and Rudi drove a furniture lorry and joined the Home Guard.

Rudi looked to the future and studied accountancy as his knowledge of German law counted for nothing in England. He eventually passed the difficult examinations with high marks and began work at the United Restitution Office in London. They moved to Wembley Park and Marianne attended a grammar school where she was one of three Jewish girls in the class. ■

“He was interned in Buchenwald concentration camp, fortunately for only six weeks.”

Married life

WE CHOSE TO have a house built to our specification, but it would not be ready until the following May, during which time we lived in two attics in my parents' house. Marianne was not completely happy about moving to Bradford having lived in London for half her life, but with the help of new friends she soon settled down. We visited her parents and friends a few times a year.

Marianne sought a secretarial job and went for an interview with a wool merchant. Bearing in mind that our name was still Librowicz, the interviewer asked her as she entered the room: "You do speak English?" She was justifiably offended as she probably spoke better English than he did. She still took the job and worked there until she became pregnant. This was when we talked about changing our name to something less continental. We wanted the baby to be born with the new name. As Librowicz was a unique name I wanted the new name also to be unique and that is why I chose a novel spelling for Leavor. I was present at the birth of a healthy Anthony Leavor. For the record Jonathan, then Deborah, then Caroline were subsequently born. All have given and continue to give much pleasure, are a great source of pride and will no doubt be mentioned again. ■



My children, circa 1976

My love of music

MY GREAT LOVE of music began at a very early age. Whenever I was ill, to prevent boredom in bed I was given a musical box, which had been in the family for decades. It was built on the principle of a rotating metal cylinder from which protruded tiny pins. By skilful arrangement of the pins, the box could play six tunes each lasting about one and a half minutes. I have always marvelled at the sheer ingenuity and beauty of this mechanism and of course loved the songs which although I have never been able to identify, I still know by heart.

In Berlin, a friend of my parents had given me piano lessons and although I liked playing I did not like practicing and having learnt to play a piece would continue to play from memory, thus retarding my sight-reading and skills. I liked the violin but I did not practice. Much later, when we had settled in Bradford, a friend gave me lessons but again I did not practice and I eventually stopped the lessons, however, that did not dampen my love of music.

My father was very knowledgeable about Jewish history, which he studied keenly. He was also an excellent pianist and I do not know where he found the time to practice to become so proficient, playing all the solo pieces of Chopin, Schubert and the Beethoven sonatas, etc. When he played the piano, I used to turn the pages for him and this is how I learnt to read music, but only as written for piano. ■

“Whenever I was ill, to prevent boredom in bed I was given a musical box, which had been in the family for decades.”

I saw my first film in Berlin when I was about eight. My mother, who really was the one who wanted to visit the newly 'discovered' cinema, took me with her to see Shirley Temple, the child star everyone was talking about. We were duly impressed by this wonderful invention of moving pictures. Then aged about 12, I saw my first film in England: it was *Robin Hood* starring Errol Flynn. In those days many cinemas had continuous performances and I sat through two and a half cycles, unable to tear myself away. This was partly because I had never seen such a film but also because I had never heard such accompanying music played by a symphony orchestra.

I realised that the players must play from sheet music so I went to the library and enquired. They produced an orchestral score, which I took home and studied intimately. Soon I was subsumed into a world of orchestral music through radio, records and scores. This took over every spare minute of my time.

Every year the students at university arranged a Rag Week consisting of social functions. I decided that I would arrange a symphony concert. Well in advance of the proposed date, I approached Maurice Miles, conductor of the recently founded Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra, and the internationally known pianist, Shulamith Shafir. Both agreed to perform, leaving it to me to choose the programme providing it was in their current repertoire. I chose Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto (to draw the crowds), Brahms' Fourth Symphony, and two shorter pieces. It was certainly an artistic success.

My parents took me to concerts in Bradford where a long tradition ensured 12 visits a year by the Manchester based Hallé Orchestra. There were also Music Club concerts where a pianist or chamber group would perform. Again, the finest artists of the day came. In the beginning I was fairly naïve and when on the programme for a piano recital it said at the end 'Steinway – piano' I asked who this composer Steinway was! ■

I love singing

ONE OF THE members at my synagogue formed a choir of about 12 people, which I joined. None of us had ever sung in a choir before. With weekly rehearsals it soon flourished and I was invited to sing some solos. I felt that the quality of my singing was not good and sought singing lessons from a member, Rita Morris, who was a professional singer. After a year or more I considered myself good enough to join a choral society. The one in Bradford rehearsed on a Friday evening so I applied to the Leeds Philharmonic, for whom, as for any choral society, I had to pass a voice test. I ventured to take this test although I had vowed never to take another examination after passing my Leeds University finals. Appropriately very nervous, especially as I did not know what I was supposed to sing, I presented myself as a lamb to the slaughter, but passed with flying colours. I have now been in the choir for almost 50 years with a break of only three years when Marianne was so ill. I have recently passed my re-audition.

I have taken part in all the major choral works including performances at the Royal Albert Hall in London and other venues including Edinburgh, Birmingham and Tallinn, Estonia. I learnt the basic history of Jesus by singing in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. I went on to take over the synagogue conductor's baton, but over the years, unfortunately, the choir numbers dwindled as one member after another disappeared. Now I 'am' the choir, the sole representative, singing everything solo. ■

“I ventured to take this test although I had vowed never to take another examination after passing my Leeds University finals.”

Further involvement in music

IN ABOUT 2000, I met the author Rachel Feldberg and the composer Sam Paechter, both of whom had ancestors who were German refugees. They were collaborating in the composition of a chamber opera whose subject was the rise of national socialism and its effect on Jews in Germany. They enlisted my help in researching relevant stories of which they had scant knowledge, but with which I was able to help. These were incorporated into the libretto. One of them was the well-known fact that many Jews, including my father, fought on the side of the Germans in World War One and some had been decorated for bravery. Come the recital they 'borrowed' members of Opera North for the performance. Guests boarded a vintage train at Embsay, near Skipton, and a steam locomotive pulled the short train to Bolton Abbey station.

On arrival we entered the waiting room, which was fitted out as a miniature theatre with a chamber orchestra in the corner. There was no scenery and the singers sang from song-sheets with a minimum of stage directions. The atmosphere was designed to emulate, as far as possible, the train journeys made in unspeakable conditions by Jews to concentration camps.

I had often tried to play original tunes on the piano. My first composition was the setting of a poem by Heinrich Heine, *Du Bist Wie Eine Blume*. I composed my second piece for a military band with great difficulty. When it was eventually finished, it was performed for the first and only time at our sons' school. Not disheartened, I set out to write another piece for the military band, which I called 'Springtime'. A contact at Leeds University persuaded a band in the USA not only to play, but also to record it. I have now had a total of three compositions.

Having sung in and conducted the synagogue choir for many years, it occurred to me that many of the songs we sang were eminently beautiful and it was a pity that only those people who attended synagogue services would hear them. I set about setting seven songs for soprano, chorus and orchestra. I linked these with recitatives whose words, written by myself, were based on brief references to the Holocaust. The orchestral interludes had an additional prologue and epilogue, making it into a performable concert piece called *Enosh*. It was performed at the Holocaust Memorial Service in Bradford. It has been performed three times since; at Alyth Gardens Synagogue in London, the synagogue in Bradford, and at a Holocaust service at Leeds Town Hall.

Each year I sing the Hebrew mourning prayer, *El Male Rachamim* at Holocaust Memorial Day events in Bradford, Leeds, Huddersfield, Halifax and Wakefield. These areas arrange their events so as not to clash in order that I can sing at each of them. In 2018, I was asked to sing in Bradford Cathedral and one year I sang at the national memorial event in Coventry's Belgrade Theatre. ■

“ One of them was the well-known fact that many Jews, including my father, fought on the side of the Germans in World War One and had been decorated for bravery. ”

Dental politics

WHILST I WAS away from home in the army, Michael Roan, who had been so helpful during our emigration, suggested to my parents that I might take over a dental practice next to a textile mill that he owned in Heckmondwike. My father's practice had already installed a complete second surgery ready for my use, but it would have been difficult suddenly to support two practitioners instead of one. Therefore, I agreed to divide my time 50/50 between the two practices, without incurring any expenses to Michael. After a year I found that the Heckmondwike surgery prospered and I started paying Michael rent, eventually buying the property. At the beginning of the 1940s there were so many refugee dentists in England that they decided to found their own organisation, called the Continental Dental Society. The formation of this society was especially important because the British Dental Association would not accept these dentists as members. They met twice a year in a London hotel for scientific lectures and demonstrations.

My father was one of the first to join and when I qualified as a dentist he took me with him to a meeting in 1953. I was nominated and elected as honorary secretary. The CDS grew into an organisation with a very distinguished scientific standing, attracting dentists of the highest calibre for lectures. Eventually the BDA amended its policy and accepted refugee dentists.

My father had made a full set of dentures for a patient who was not satisfied with them. Instead of returning to the surgery, he took his grievance to an NHS complaints committee. In due course my father had to appear before the relevant committee and I accompanied him. For various reasons my father did not acquit himself too well and coupled with a suspected antagonism against a foreign dentist, the committee found against him and he was fined a nominal sum. Despite attributing it in part to familial reasons, I was incensed and thought that my father had been unfairly treated.

At any rate I decided I would get myself involved in dental politics precisely to prevent this happening to other dentists. I was elected to the Bradford Local Dental Committee representing about 100 dentists and after re-organisation in 1971 this was subsumed into the West Riding of Yorkshire Dental Committee. I now represented 1,100 dentists and became its honorary secretary. Subsequently I was elected to the London-based General Dental Services Committee, which met about four times a year at the British Dental Association headquarters. This committee was in direct communication with the

Department of Health, also in London, and had an input into the smooth running of the National Dental Health Service.

As a member of this committee I was occasionally invited to attend high-powered meetings at the Department of Health to discuss the penalties for dentists who had been found in breach of contract for major infringements, including fraud. The most severe penalty could be erasure of that dentist from the Dentists' Register, which meant that they could no longer practice. Quite by chance, the chief dental officer at the Department of Health at that time was a dentist whom I had met in the army. ■

“ I was occasionally invited to attend high-powered meetings at the Department of Health to discuss the penalties for dentists who had been found in breach of contract of major infringements, including fraud. ”

Trains, trains and more trains

AS A YOUNG child I was presented with a fairly simple train set which I would play with endlessly. This ignited my great interest in railways, but it was not until we got married and had a house of our own that I asked Marianne if I could indulge in a little luxury and acquire a few railway artefacts. Hornby was the front runner of the OO gauge electric systems. I bought the minimum number of rails to satisfy my desires, and the maximum that Marianne would (sensibly) allow, along with four coaches and an engine. It was set up in one of the spare rooms. This gave me immense pleasure and inevitably, over time, I acquired more rails and coaches. When abroad on holiday I would often buy more exotic stock, not available in the UK.

The layout grew and soon I had to involve a redundant table-tennis table to accommodate it and was able to run three trains independently. Alas, it is now packed up in boxes as the room was needed for children's bedrooms.

I had joined the Bradford Lions Club whose members devoted some of their spare time to organising events for charity. On a short holiday in Bournemouth, we came upon a local temporary exhibition of OO gauge Hornby trains arranged by the local Lions Club and organised by Messrs Hornby Father and Son. I mentioned that I was a member of the Lions and we were promptly introduced to the Hornbys.

The father was indeed the founder of the great firm and his son, who had studied engineering, was equally enthusiastic. They had built a huge layout on which they could run eight trains simultaneously complete with electrically operated points and signals. Marianne and I were both very impressed and I was over the moon.

They asked me if I knew of a site large enough to display this exhibition permanently and I would have loved to have been able to accommodate it if any of our rooms had been large enough.

At the point of departure, they offered to sell me one of their surplus engines for virtually pocket money, which I accepted. A fringe benefit (making it a collector's item) was that father Hornby had scratched his initials on the underside. ■

Meeting old friends

IN BRADFORD WE invariably met all of the other refugees and a few of us would get together regularly. We belonged to a mainly Austrian group and we would convene in each other's houses once a month and for New Year's Eve. In between there would be musical evenings. On those occasions my mother would sing and my father would play the piano. It was suggested that we formed a *B'nai B'rith* group. There were so many joiners that two lodges were formed, a ladies' and a men's lodge. We met once a month, with a cultural talk followed by a discussion and refreshments. Our main charitable function was to visit Jewish people with learning disabilities in local care homes.

Marianne and I had been married a year or so when she received a message from the chairman of the *B'nai B'rith* in London telling us about another couple, Hedy and Felix Franks. They were members of the group, now living in Huddersfield and did not know many people. We were asked to invite them over, which we did, and we spent a pleasant evening together.

The next day Felix telephoned to thank us and asked if our name had always been Leavor. Of course, it had not. He said that as a child, he had played trains with a Rudi Librowicz in Berlin and asked if I was the same person - I was. The joy of meeting up after so many years was enormous and we became close friends again. The fact that we did not recognise one another in spite of spending the whole evening together was peculiar, but we had not explored our heritage, which would have established our previous relationship at once.

About the same time that we met the Franks we also met by chance one of the boys from my class at the Jewish school in Berlin, Rolf Burchhardt, who had seen our engagement announcement in the *Jewish Chronicle*. He had escaped to London and got engaged to Myra, at nearly the same time as ourselves, then married and had two sons. He and his wife came to live in Sheffield so we saw each other often. ■

Going back to Berlin

MANY GERMAN TOWNS invited their expelled citizens back to visit for an all-expenses paid trip, in order to make good the injustice done to them. Thus, Marianne and I spent a week in Berlin in 1978 and I recollect with pleasure that they 'pulled out all stops' to make the week a success. The Mayor, Eberhardt Diepgen, gave a welcome address, which brought tears to my eyes because he displayed complete contrition for the obscene deeds of the Third Reich. Whilst there, I took the opportunity to visit the large Jewish cemetery, Weissensee, which lay in East Berlin.

I was astonished at the sheer size of it – roughly a rectangle in shape and a kilometre in length. I was also astonished that it resembled a jungle. Trees, weeds and ivy had taken over every available space obliterating the graves. The reason for the wasteland was that the Jewish community who owned the cemetery was small in number and just did not have the finances or resources to keep the cemetery tidy. I decided to try to do something about it.

Back home I formed a small committee and opened a bank account. I wrote innumerable letters to Jewish communities worldwide seeking publicity and soon money began to come in. I then sought an appointment with Herr Gysy, the minister for religious affairs in the DDR. I met him in Berlin and explained my plan to him and he agreed.

On our first visit following this meeting, their helpful office provided a plan of the cemetery displaying the names and numbers of the graves. Initially we only managed to find my great-aunt Căzilie, who had died shortly after our emigration. However, over successive visits, sometimes lasting only a day, I succeeded in tracing the graves of all my ancestors, some of whom I had not even known.

Great-Aunt Etta, who had committed suicide when Jews were rounded up for transportation, was buried there. Her grave had no headstone because all the family had been taken away and there was no one left to organise this. I soon arranged for a suitably engraved stone to be set.

The infamous wall came down in 1989 and the Jewish community in East Berlin, merged with the more affluent West Berlin Jewish community and assumed administration of the cemetery. On my visit to Berlin arranged by the Senate, I met Leonore Maier, who was to become a curator at the new Jewish

Museum. I arranged with her that I would bring artefacts from my family to coincide with the official opening of the museum.

As we watched television the night before the visit, news broke regarding what is now widely referred to as 9/11. Everything shut down. Many world leaders and people of importance and influence had been invited to the museum opening, and some had prepared speeches suitable for the occasion which they now hurriedly had to re-write to take account of the new circumstances. Fortunately, I had Leonore's telephone number and made contact the next day. She said she would open the museum especially for us, which she duly did.

After I had presented my artefacts we had a private tour of the museum and thus became the first ever visitors. We also became very good friends with Leonore. She was not Jewish and therefore to be highly commended for her work with a Jewish organisation.

Later we met the chief curator, Aubrey Pomerance, who went on to establish a series of seminars led by survivors of the Holocaust. In this connection, I have visited the Museum on average once a year to talk to students of varying ages.

I also took a day trip from Manchester to Krakow to visit Auschwitz. The usual loud discussion, if not plain banter, ensued on the outward flight. On the return journey there was a palpably profound silence, broken only by joint prayers, which in itself was moving. Never has the mourner's *Kaddish* (Jewish memorial prayer) been recited with more devotion and tears. ■

We so enjoyed our travels

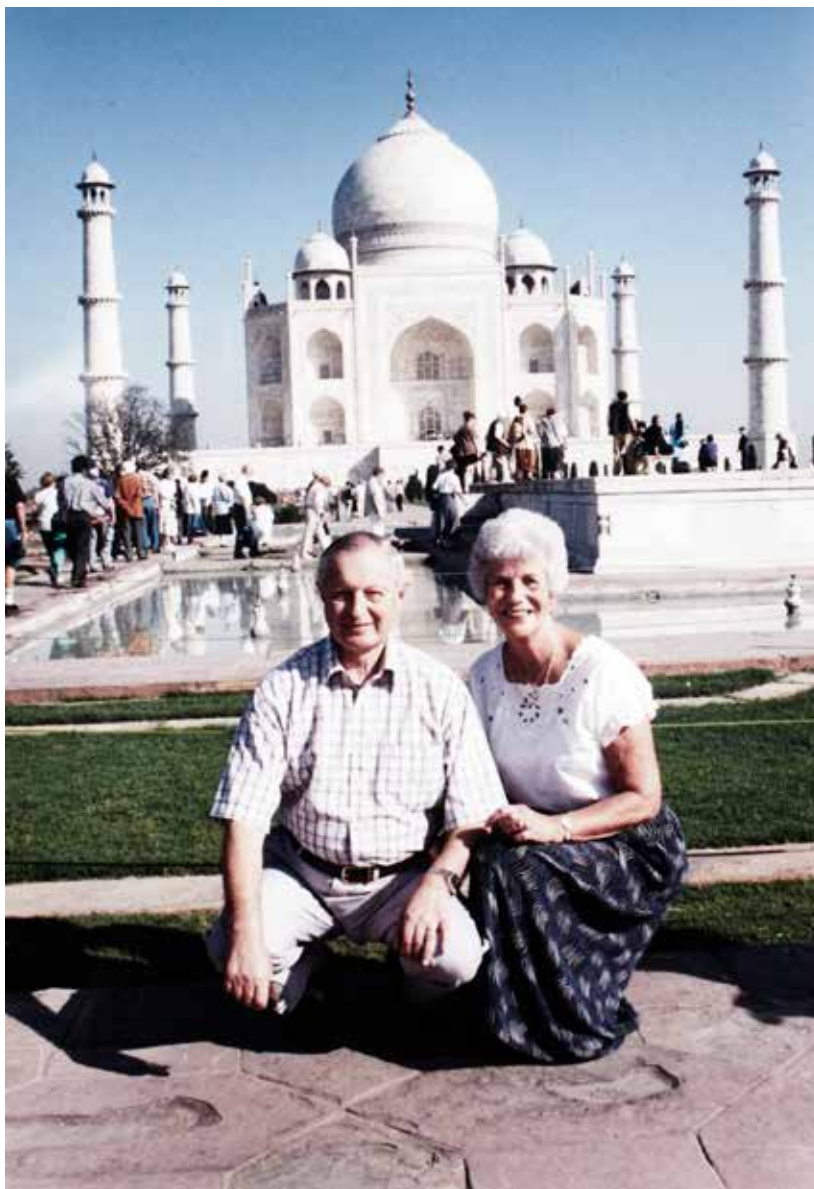
MARIANNE AND I often travelled to Italy on holiday. My first taste of Italy had been in the army when I was posted to Trieste. I had been on a day excursion to Venice where I was overwhelmed by its beauty, uniqueness and heritage. Later, whenever we were in the vicinity, we made a point of visiting La Serenissima (the Republic of Venice) and walking along the narrow streets, coming upon unexpected sights around every corner.

We decided to celebrate my semi-retirement by embarking on an extended journey to the United States where we visited two boys from my Berlin acquaintance. We then added a visit to Hawaii. Our first long haul holiday was to Hong Kong. We used the newly built underground to visit the New Territories. Another holiday took us to China where we took in the sights of Beijing and Shanghai, the latter being virtually the only territory pre-war which allowed free entry for refugees. In Bali we visited the monkey forest and our love of animals dictated that we also made a safari trip to Kenya. We saw elephants, lions, cheetahs, hyenas, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, deer, impala and more in close quarters.

We also decided on a South American tour beginning in Lima, Peru and travelling to Cuzco from where we took a train, then bus to Lake Titicaca on which we took a boat trip to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. Also, from Cuzco we took a bus to Ollantaytambo, half way to Machu Picchu, the well-preserved ruins of an Inca town. By chance, one of our South American tours coincided with the wedding of Marianne's cousin's daughter in Montevideo, Uruguay.

Between Rio and Sao Paulo, we visited the wetlands of Pantanal which are famous for the iconic caimans. The guide arranged a horse-ride; I had last ridden a horse in 1953! We visited the Iguazu Falls, which we were lucky enough to be able to see from our hotel window. We visited Niagara Falls from the Canadian side on a trip to Toronto and the Victoria Falls when we visited Zambia.

We took a trip to India where a bus-ride to Agra took us to the Taj Mahal. White marble embedded with precious stones, it defies description. I photographed Marianne sitting on the bench on which Princess Diana sat so forlornly just before the break-up of her marriage.



At the Taj Mahal with Marianne, circa 1990

The guide took us to Udaipur, a small city with many lakes. We stayed in the Lake Palace Hotel which stands in the middle of one of them. It was reached by a small ferryboat which continuously journeyed to-and-fro. We visited Fatehpur Sikri, a small deserted and preserved city that had only been populated for 14 years before it was abandoned. We approached the city via an elephant ride.

Over subsequent years we visited Yellowstone in the USA where we saw the 'Old Faithful' geyser and a bear grazing peacefully 100 yards away from the road. Another bear at Yosemite National Park suddenly crossed the road in front of the car.

We exchanged two of our timeshare weeks in Tenerife for four weeks in the USA, hiring a car and starting out in Pinetop, Arizona. From there we visited the Petrified Forest, then drove on passing the Hoover Dam to Las Vegas. San Diego was next, where we saw a magnificent aquatic display of seals and dolphins. We continued north along the coast to Los Angeles where we visited both Nott's Berry Farm and Disneyworld theme parks. During a trip to Egypt we saw the Sphinx and Pyramids and enjoyed a boat trip on the Nile. We visited the magnificent stone temple façade at Petra, Jordan, followed by a few days at Nuweiba in Egypt.

Our son Jonathan reached the senior position of Chief Purser for the Cunard Line ocean cruiser. He was allocated a large cabin and able to invite family members to share his accommodation for free. We thus enjoyed many cruises to varied European destinations.

We visited inter alia Prague, Strasbourg, St Petersburg, Moscow, Paris, Riga, Amsterdam, Cape Town and Marrakesh. In Edinburgh we saw a performance of 'Murder in the Cathedral' in St Giles' Cathedral. To celebrate our silver wedding anniversary we chose Norway, staying in the little seaside resort of Balestrand and in the mountains in Vatnahalsen. In New Orleans we took a trip on a steamer down the Mississippi and in Budapest we ate in a restaurant in which an exceptionally good gipsy band played in a corner. We rented a car to explore Andalusia in Spain including the beautiful city of Seville, where we arrived during their annual festival. In Granada we visited the Alhambra and in Cordoba we saw the mosque with innumerable pillars that had been converted into a church. A river cruise in France on the Rhône, saw us passing by the famous half-derelict bridge at Avignon, and passed the village Châteauneuf-du-Pape, seat of the Pope in the Middle Ages and now the name of a famous wine. ■

Our timeshare

IN 1994 WE saw an advertisement for a week's holiday in early January in Tenerife. To escape the cold, we took up the offer. We boarded the plane in Bradford in icy conditions and disembarked in brilliant sunshine and hot weather. One day it began to rain so we decided to visit a timeshare complex.

Las Rosas was a beautifully laid out complex built around an inviting swimming pool. We were both so enchanted by this unexpected turn of events that we did not say a word until later on when the silence was broken and we agreed that we had found a dream location and setting. After a short discussion we decided to invest in two weeks timeshare at the beginning of January and the week before Christmas. The villa was extremely reasonably priced and we were never ones for missing out on a bargain!

We continued visiting Las Rosas, every year for 34 years, missing out only once, and on three other occasions, we exchanged our timeshare for similar resorts and properties in the USA and Germany. The villa now belongs to Deborah and Ged. ■

“ We were both so enchanted by this unexpected turn of events that we did not say a word until later on when the silence was broken and we agreed that we had seen a dream location and setting.”



Left to right, Jonathan, Deborah, Caroline and Anthony, circa 2000



Our children: Anthony, Jonathan, Deborah and Caroline

ANTHONY STUDIED GERMAN and European studies at Nottingham University where he met and married Judi and they have one son Louis. Unfortunately, they divorced after 28 years but he is now married to Jane who brought two boys into the marriage.

Jonathan studied hotel management at Bradford and Blackpool Colleges, during which time he worked for a term as a waiter at Claridge's in London. He applied to the cruise shipping line Cunard where he was employed as a waiter. After three months they realised his potential and promoted him to the lowest rank of officer from which he worked his way up to Chief Purser. He has now worked for the company for 30 years on all three current ships. He is married to Lucy and they have three children: James, Rebecca and David. Rebecca with boyfriend, Matty, presented the family with a new addition, Isabelle, making me a great-grandfather in 2017.

Deborah studied nursery nursing and worked as such for a few years. She now works for the council 'lollipopping', helping children cross the road, and as a dinner lady at a local school. She married Ged and they have two children: Daniel and Alex.

Caroline studied chemistry at Newcastle University and is employed in a senior position for a pharmaceutical firm making drugs mainly for the veterinary profession.

In their younger days, Jonathan, Deborah and Caroline gained their certificates for the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award Scheme. They had their awards presented in Buckingham Palace and by the Lord Mayor of Bradford. ■

Back row left to right, Daniel, James, Louis, David.

Front row left to right: Alex, Me, Oliver, Sophie and Rebecca circa 2013



Losing my parents

AFTER HE RETIRED my father developed a cancer behind his left eye, which had to be removed. However, he was fitted with a prosthesis which looked very good. Unfortunately, he developed mild dementia over the last two years of his life and this made life for my mother difficult, although to her credit she managed very well. Only in the last few months of his life did he require a full-time carer. He died peacefully at home in 1991, aged 90 and a half.

My mother suffered a mild stroke in 1993 which necessitated hospitalisation. In hospital she was diagnosed with stomach cancer. Her mother had died of cancer and it was the only disease she was frightened of developing. However, though she was aware of her symptoms neither we, nor the doctors, revealed to her the diagnosis. She died peacefully a few weeks later with my sister Winnie, myself and niece Jackie by her bedside, never knowing that she had the disease. ■

Losing Marianne

IN 2007 MARIANNE, unable to shake off a persistent cough, was diagnosed with lung cancer, although she had never smoked. Surgery was recommended and it was carried out speedily as we had just booked a holiday to the Galapagos Islands and Ecuador. The holiday was fantastic.

Unfortunately, upon our return Marianne developed a secondary tumour in the chest. This was successfully treated but sometime later, when she did not feel well she was diagnosed with a swelling in the brain. The consultant again tried to destroy the cancer, but this time was unsuccessful. Marianne then had several falls so we had no alternative but to admit her to a care home where she survived for about a year. Marianne knew she was dying and was very brave in the face of it, never once complaining. When she eventually died, all four children, two of their spouses and myself were present at a very peaceful end. The funeral hall was full to overflowing. ■

“ Marianne knew she was dying and was very brave in the face of it, never once complaining. ”

The Holocaust Survivors' Friendship Association

IN 2003 I joined the Holocaust Survivors' Friendship Association, which had been formed in Leeds. At the second meeting a talk was given by a lady, who was born in a concentration camp and had survived under dreadful circumstances in Lithuania. When she was a small child she asked her mother: "Why don't Jewish children have grandparents?" I was very moved by this seemingly innocent remark.

The Association extended into education with members arranging events and giving talks to schools. The Holocaust Learning Centre was set up in a section of Huddersfield University in 2018, which is now part museum, part learning centre and depository of artefacts. My small contribution is a recording of the Hebrew mourning prayer, *El Male Rachamim*, preceded by Brahms' Lullaby, which is played in the museum section on a continuous loop. ■

“ When she was a small child she asked her mother, “Why don't Jewish children have grandparents?” I was very moved by this seemingly innocent remark. ”

My venture into film and television

ONE DAY THE synagogue's answer machine picked up a message from a woman seeking a refugee who wished to return to Germany. I contacted the woman explaining that I was indeed a refugee, but that I did not intend to return to Germany except as a visitor. We arranged to meet and she explained that she and her film director friend were planning to make a film about refugees returning to Berlin. I contacted her a few months later after receiving an invitation for a reunion of pupils from my old Jewish school in Berlin. This prompted an immediate response from the director and a film crew arrived in Bradford to document various aspects of my life. They obtained funding from TV Channel 4 and then went to Berlin for the shoot. They recorded scenes in the school, the cemetery and in the theatre.

The American film director Steven Spielberg was asked to research the subject further. He produced a film and invited the participants to come to Los Angeles for the première, all expenses paid. True enough, flight tickets arrived and I spent a week as Spielberg's guest where along with the other seven survivors our stories were extensively documented and filmed again. We were treated like royalty and met Spielberg personally. The film was called *The Lost Children of Berlin* and was later shown on national television.. ■

“ True enough, flight tickets arrived and I spent a week as Spielberg's guest where along with the other seven survivors our stories were extensively documented and filmed again. ”

Interfaith work

ONE EVENING IN 2012, a Muslim gentleman unexpectedly called at the house to enlist my help. He wished to oppose the application of a new restaurant opening near his restaurant and the synagogue. I agreed and was elected to represent us both at the appeal in City Hall, which we won. This was the beginning of a close relationship between Dr Zulfi Ali and myself.

Subsequently I forged close links and friendships with members of the Muslim community who supported our synagogue in many ways, including an association with the Carlisle Business Centre, a Muslim organisation, which donated £500 to the synagogue.

We went on to establish interfaith relationships with the cathedral and churches in the city, as well as the Hindu community. I have invited Christian and Muslim officials to preach sermons in the synagogue at High Holiday services, which is certainly appreciated by all the religious communities. The synagogue co-opted a Muslim, Jani Rashid to the Council.

Thus, my association with members of three religions other than Judaism became known locally, nationally and internationally. Journalists came especially from London and Germany to interview me. Two from New York even arranged their trips to England to incorporate Bradford. Television took an interest and many private individuals made contact. Being relatively well-known I was invited to record a radio programme, 'Desert Island Discs', on Bradford Radio. ■

Being honoured

OVER THE YEARS I have devoted much time and energy in keeping the synagogue profitable and successful, a necessity due to low membership and therefore low finances.

I was awarded the British Empire Medal in December 2017 for my interfaith work. Dame Ingrid Roscoe, Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire, representing the Queen and came especially to the synagogue for the presentation - a rare honour. She was invited to bestow it at our *Chanukah* (Festival of Lights) service. This way all my family could attend. My grandchildren and six month old great-granddaughter had pride of place on the 'Executive Bench', near to where Ingrid and I stood for the investiture. The older family members also sat in close proximity. I felt extremely honoured but very sad that neither Marianne, my parents, nor my parents-in-law were present.

Also in 2017 I was awarded the annual Hans Renold award by the Heaton Township Association; Heaton being the district of Bradford in which I live. At about the same time the local newspaper, *Telegraph & Argus*, in conjunction with the City of Bradford, awarded me first prize as achiever of the year at a public ceremony in a hotel. During 2018 a further three memorable events occurred.

I received two invitations to garden parties: the first at Buckingham Palace, which I attended with Caroline and the second at the Lord Lieutenant's official residence in Bramham, to which I was accompanied by Deborah. I was also invited to receive a runners-up award at 11 Downing Street, London. This was sponsored jointly by the Sir Sigmund Sternberg Foundation and *The Times* newspaper presented to achievers nationally over the age of 70.

On the day of the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, Caroline collected me at 7 am and we took the train to London. She provided breakfast of smoked salmon sandwiches and champagne, which we consumed on our journey. Judi met us at Kings Cross and invited us to lunch at a restaurant in South Kensington. The sun, previously hidden behind clouds, now appeared. Following a lengthy photographic session in front of the palace, Judi left us and Caroline and I joined a long queue. We presented our yellow admission tickets and two identity documents at the side gate, which were carefully inspected by the police.

We joined the throng of people crossing the forecourt into the palace and on to a huge stone balcony with steps leading down to a meticulously kept grassy expanse, where at the rear of the crowd I spotted the Chief Rabbi, Ephraim Mirvis. By happy coincidence we shared a table with a Jewish couple from Southend and a doctor who liaised with Israeli and Palestinian doctors, treating people from both sides. He was extremely interested in my interfaith work.

In due course, a group of Yeomen of the Guard in their red tunics and carrying lances came down the steps. Then Prince Charles, Camilla and Princess Anne appeared on the balcony, whilst a military band played the National Anthem. Whilst I ate some of the goodies on offer, Caroline went on a walkabout taking photographs. Some guests had previously been advised that they would, as a special privilege, be presented to a member of the Royal Family, unfortunately on this occasion this did not include me.

It was a great shame that Marianne could not have lived to take part in this occasion (in the same way that she would have loved to have been a great-grandmother, to such a lovely little girl). For me it was an unexpected experience and great honour, of which I neither dreamed nor expected. All the work I have done has been a proverbial labour of love with no thought of reward.

On 1 July Deborah and I attended the Garden Party hosted by Dame Roscoe at her official residence, Bowcliffe Hall, in Bramham. We were personally welcomed by DL Major Sam Hardy who left his post at the entrance to come and speak to us. He knew me from his three visits to the synagogue. As it was Commonwealth Day, different groups performed musical and dance programs. Once again, it was an imposing affair that we were very honoured to attend. ■



Meeting Prince Edward at Bradford Reform Synagogue, 2019

And finally

I AM MOST fortunate at the time of writing to have reached the age of 93. I am extremely happy that all my children, their spouses, eight grandchildren and Judi are well, settled, studying, have jobs or are retired, as appropriate. My very welcome great-grandchild is a *Wunderkind*, with a high IQ even at the age of two. All have given Marianne and myself so much pleasure and honour.

Not daunted by my age I have recently volunteered to be an honorary chaplain to the three Bradford hospitals. This means visiting Jewish patients if they need someone to talk to.

I do not think I would have acted any differently anytime during my life. I hope I have made more correct decisions than wrong ones and not offended too many people. I echo the words of Puck, from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "If we shadows have offended, think but this – and all is mended".

Though one should not tempt fate, I am fairly healthy and I feel well, (albeit with the aid of some regular medication) though walking uphill is not my favourite pastime. I certainly look and feel much younger than my years. However, no one knows what the future holds. Many people die in their sleep and I give Caroline a telephone call every morning to let her know I am okay. Long may it continue. ■



With great-granddaughter Isabelle



Collecting my medal at Buckingham Palace in July 2017

ADDITONAL NOTE:

When Great Aunt Hulda learnt after the war that several family members had died in the Holocaust, including four-year-old Dan (the son of Evi and Werner) she wrote the following poem:

‘Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsluft, mein süßer Bub, wer hätte das gedacht,

Dass Du durch Mörderhand bist umgebracht?

Du warst mein Alles, warst mein Glück und Stern,

Nur Gott allein es weiss, wie hatte ich Dich so gern.

Verhallt sind Deine Schritte, verstummt Dein süßer Mund,

Es gab für mich nichts Schöneres im ganzen Erdenrund.

Verjüngtest mir die Jahre, brachtest Sonne ringsumher,

Ich kann es garnicht fassen, das jetzt ist alles leer.

Nie wieder soll ich sehen Dein liebes Angesicht,

Gott wollt’ noch einen Engel und so rief er Dich.

Ich träumt’ von schöneren Tagen, hofft’ auf ein Wiedersehen,

Der Traum ist nun verronnen, ich muss alleine gehen.

Ewig werd’ ich um Dich weinen, bis der Tod mich wird mit Dir vereinen’.

Translation:

‘There was a frost that spring night, my dear sweet boy, whoever would have thought
You would be murdered in this way! You were my everything, my happiness,
The apple of my eye, God alone knows how I loved you. Stifled are Your steps,
Silenced your sweet mouth, for me nothing in the world was more beautiful.
You made the years young for me, brought sunlight all around. I cannot grasp
How empty everything is now. Never again will I see Your beloved face.
God wanted one more angel and He created you. I dreamt of better days,
Hoped we’ll meet again, that dream now is past, I must go alone.
I will weep for You for ever till death will bring us together.’

HÄNSEL & GRETEL

DANCE DUET from the OPERA

BY

E. HUMPERDINCK

New Dental Words

BY

R. O. LEAVOR, L.D.S.

PIANO & VOICE

Heaton Musical Publications,
76 Heaton Park Drive, Bradford BD9 5QE, United Kingdom

MUSIC TYPE BY KIND PERMISSION OF SCHOTT & CO. LTD.

I used E. Humperdinck's music and re-wrote the lyrics to encourage children to brush their teeth

Tanz - Duett

aus Hänsel und Gretel.
„Brüderchen, komm tanz mit mir.“

New words by R. O. Leavor, © 1975.

Dance - Duet

from Hänsel and Gretel.
„Brother, come and dance with me.“

E. Husepordisch.

Gesang.
(Voice.)

Piano.

Ziemlich lebhaft. Allegretto con moto. ♩ = 100

1. All my teeth are go - ing bad,
2. Now that you have put things right,

Mom has told me, so has Dad: To the left, to the right, Not a sin - gle
Al - ways keep your teeth as bright. To the left, to the right, Ev' - ry sin - gle

tooth is white.
tooth is white.

Though I struggle
Use your tooth-brush

quite a lot, Brush like you I just can - not. There - fore show me how it's done,
ev' - ry day, Then you keep de - caying a - way. One more thing you've got to do,

Then per - haps to brush is fun.
Few - er sweets you've got to chew.

With your brush go up, up, up,
With your brush go up, up, up.

cranc.

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With your foot go tap, tap, tap, Round you go, up and down, 's-if you are a
 With your foot go tap, tap, tap, Round you go, up and down, 's-if you are a

cir - cus clown. With your brush go up, up, up, With your foot go tap, tap, tap,
 cir - cus clown. With your brush go up, up, up, With your foot go tap, tap, tap,

Round you go, up and down, 's-if you are a clown. clown. Oh, you've done that ve - ry well,
 Round you go, up and down, 's-if you are a clown.

cresc. *f* *p* Fine

B R U S H you spell, Use your brush now ev - ry day, Then your teeth will

f *p* *cresc.*

shi - ny stay. With your brush go down, down, down, With your foot go

f *p*

tap, tap, tap, Round you go, up and down, 's-if you are a cir - cus clown,

With your brush go down, down, down, With your foot go tap, tap, tap, Round you go,

up and down, 's-if you are a clown.

p *cresc.*

Da capo al fine



About the AJR

Founded in 1941 by Jewish refugees from Central Europe, The Association of Jewish Refugees (AJR) is the national charity representing and supporting Holocaust refugees and survivors living in Great Britain. Primarily delivering social, welfare and care services, the AJR has a nationwide network of regional groups offering members a unique opportunity to socialise in their local area. Members receive support from volunteers and can obtain advice and assistance on welfare rights as well as on Holocaust reparations.

The AJR is committed to the education of future generations about the Holocaust and is now the UK's largest benefactor of education and memorialisation programmes and projects which promote teaching and learning about the Holocaust.

About 70,000 refugees, including approximately 10,000 children on the *Kindertransport*, arrived in Great Britain from Nazi-occupied Europe in the 1930s. The AJR extends membership to anyone who fled a Nazi-occupied country as a Jewish refugee or who arrived in Great Britain as a Holocaust survivor. We also welcome the descendants and spouses of the refugees as members.



One morning in 1936 the doorbell rang at our flat. The two men at the door said they were from the Gestapo and wanted to see my parents, they barged their way in and demanded to know which door led to their bedroom. I met them in the corridor and not knowing who they were I said good morning and offered my hand, which they shook. They entered the bedroom and told my parents to get dressed and be ready to join them in their car.”

 **AJR** The Association
of Jewish Refugees

www.ajr.org.uk