

THE ANSCHLUSS AND ITS AFTERMATH THE SLOVAKS DEMAND AUTONOMY THE WHITE
 CLIFFS SHAKESPEARE AND BLOOMSBURY January - August 1938

Exhibit 111 was taken in mid-January 1938 after we had all returned to Prague from our Christmas vacations.

On 15th February I picked up the certificate of my first state exam. I give below the results to show how many subjects I had to take. There were four pass grades: excellent, very good, good and sufficient. For laboratory work the same grades applied except that the lowest pass grade was completed successfully. I achieved 72.1 points out of 100.

LABORATORY WORK

inorganic chemistry	very good
physical chemistry	
(2nd part inorg. chem.)	good
qualitative chem. analysis	completed successfully
quantitative chem. analysis	completed successfully
organic chemistry	excellent
SUBJECTS	
higher maths	sufficient
technical physics	very good
practical physics	good
mineralogy	very good
general experimental inorganic chemistry	good
physical chemistry (2nd part inorg. chem.)	good
general experimental organic chemistry	excellent
encyclopedia of technical mechanics	very good
general machine studies	excellent
construction practicum of machine studies	excellent

I was pleased with my results. they encouraged me to press on to finish my studies as fast as I could. I was working against time. This was forcibly impressed on me on 11th March 1938, the day of the Austrian anschluss, Hitler's Oedipean rape of his mother country. It was his first warlike action and in a sense the beginning of the Second World war - except that no shot was fired and that the Austrians (bar the Jews and a few left-wingers) welcomed the soldiers jubilantly and even hysterically. But Austrian history leading up to the Anschluss was not without its gun-

shots. The aftermath of the collapse of the Habsburg Monarchy left the population divided, though they managed to establish a Republican régime. Some hankered for the restoration of the Emperor; others felt that Austria had become too small and economically weakened to survive and favoured unification with Germany, others still were communists and were working clandestinely for a different form of régime. Cultural life went on as before. The Vienna theatres and opera played to full houses; Salzburg drew visitors from the whole world. The famous Opera Balls were as spectacular as ever, though they may have lacked some of the Imperial splendour.

Vienna had a socialist municipal council. It provided jobs and built blocks of flats, such as the Marxhof, for 200,000 people which were recognized models throughout the world. A revolt broke out on February 12th 1934 (I was glued to the radio on my birthday listening to the news). Engelbert Dollfuss, the diminutive Christian-Socialist Chancellor at that time, was since March 1933 compelled to govern by emergency decree because of constant attacks from the Marxists and the Nazis. The immediate cause of the revolt was that the Schutzbund (the Social Democratic party's para-military organisation) felt provoked by the Heimwehr (the Fascist-style anti-Marxist "Home Defence Force", another para-military organisation). The workers went on strike and the two opposing para-military organisations fired at each other. The army was called in to quell the fighting. After 4 days Dollfuss was victorious. The Government losses were 162 dead (including soldiers, police, gendarmes, Heimwehr and auxiliary forces) and 319 wounded. Civilian losses throughout Austria were 137 dead and 339 wounded including women and children. The Marxhof was badly damaged by gunshells. In July of the same year Dollfuss was murdered by the Nazis in an abortive coup.

Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg followed Dollfuss as Chancellor. Like his predecessor he had to walk a tightrope between the warring communist and Nazi forces. When Schuschnigg arrested the leader of the Austrian Nazis on January 28 1938, Hitler was offered a chance he was waiting for. He commanded Schuschnigg to come to his retreat in Berchtesgaden near the Austrian border for "discussions". Instead of that Hitler abused his guest and gave him a three-day ultimatum to take into the cabinet two Austrian Nazis. On the date of my birthday in that year, Hitler gave a solemn pledge not to invade Austria. Twice before he had given such pledges. On March 11th the Wehrmacht poured across the frontier, seized Vienna and occupied Austria. Seton Watson writes: "The Gestapo lost not a day in installing their Terror in Vienna, not only against Jews but against all independent-minded Austrians from Right to Left". In a rigged plebiscite on April 10th, 99 % voted in favour of the

Anschluss. In my view he would have received an almost as big majority, even without vote-rigging.

Hitler's timing for the Anschluss was impeccable. While Austria was on the chopping block, the antagonism between Chamberlain and Eden had led to the latter's resignation on 21st February 1938. As The Times reported next morning, the immediate cause was Eden's opposition to talks with fascist Italy but the real difference between the two men was "what is or is not practicable in the way of appeasement". Britain hardly reacted over Hitler's atrocity. The way was now open for Hitler to grab Czechoslovakia and he did it in an almost identical way.

France was involved in internal political strife which absorbed its Government and people and could not be bothered. The world saw Austrian Jews being humiliated and tortured and several Western countries accepted them as refugees but none protested seriously to the German Government.

I was home for Easter and followed the developments of the Anschluss on the radio. We listened to Hitler's hysterical victory peroration and heard the delirious crowd cheering and shouting "Heil Hitler, Heil Hitler" for an interminable time. German soldiers were manning the Austrian frontier about 2 m away from our rowing club - no further away than Hampstead from Shepherd's Hill. My mind boggled at how such a thing could happen and how it was accepted, de facto, by the Western Allies. The more saddened we were, the more pleased were the ethnic German fellow-citizens with the proximity of the Wehrmacht.

The curtain went down on the Vienna I knew. No more could we go to the theatre there without the risk of being molested; no more did theatre companies come to Bratislava on Monday evenings and the Viennese papers were "gleichgeschaltet" (i.e. brought into line with Nazi policies). We deeply felt the blow. How easy to write that down and how difficult to describe that feeling.

Foreign Embassies and Consulates of overseas countries, especially Argentina, Brazil, USA, South Africa and Canada were besieged by hundreds of would-be emigrants. There were also some suicides. A few Jews left then, most going to Palestine, now Israel. Andrew and Edith left for California about this time, Andrew having completed his studies. On the other hand quite a few Jews from Germany and Austria came into Czechoslovakia as a temporary refuge before they emigrated further on.

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In Prague life went on as usual, at least on the surface.

Henlein, greatly encouraged by the Anschluss, stepped up his demands for participation in the Government, for a change of foreign policy and for acceptance of fascist ideology. It became clear that it was useless to nego-

tiate with Hitler or his henchman Henlein and that only our armed forces stood between them and us. There was a nagging feeling, however, that the Germans in the Czechoslovak army would not fight in such an event. So was our army of any use in the event of German aggression? It was an assumption that it would have been. All the higher echelons of officers were Czechs. It would have been simple in the event of national mobilisation, not to call up the Germans. I believe that is what in fact happened in the autumn of 1939. We had several motorised divisions and a large number of tanks made by Skoda. I was then convinced and I know now that we had more tanks than Germany - but of course a much smaller army. I supported the Government's determination to resist Germany militarily. We certainly couldn't have won the war alone, but we could have held Hitler long enough for the western Allies and/or Russia to come to our help in one way or other.

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Trouble was also brewing from another direction and that was quite as serious as the problem of Germans in the Czechoslovak army. Friction persisted between the Czechs and Slovaks since the formation of the Republic. The reasons were partly historical, partly temperamental, partly religious (most Slovaks were Catholics, whereas the Czechs were mostly protestants) and partly due to the Czechs occupying most of the higher administrative positions in Slovakia. Slovak nationalists had earlier formed a party led by Father (later Monsignor) Andrew Hlinka, an eloquent and passionate churchman. A close collaborator of his was Adalbert Tuka who had held a chair at the Hungarian University in Bratislava before the First World War and had become editor of "Slovak" the official party daily. The third man in the leadership was Father Tiso another cleric-turned-politician. In 1929 Tuka was put on trial and convicted for espionage and for planning the secession of Slovakia from the Republic. After having been released from prison, the leopard hadn't changed his spots. In the aftermath of the Anschluss at a moment when the Government in Prague was under considerable pressure from Henlein and Hitler's Germany, Hlinka's party demanded a far-reaching degree of autonomy for Slovakia with its own Government except for foreign affairs and national defence.

This emergence of Slovak nationalism, subversive at a moment when the life of the Republic - and mine and my family's - were at stake was a blow felt as much as the Anschluss. Hlinka's supporters were anti-semites. They could of course not embrace Hitler's racial laws openly as long as we had a democratic Government but I was in no doubt that given the chance they would.

Hlinka died in August 1938, 5 months after the Anschluss, when I was in

England. I shall conclude the sorry episode of the Slovak breakaway here, though some of the events occurred later.

Hlinka's successor was Father Tiso. Negotiations with Prague continued but the Government couldn't possibly give Slovaks autonomy without giving it to the Henlein Germans. There was stalemate. When in October of that year Czechoslovakia was reeling under the occupation of the Sudeten parts and the Prague Government was in a state of collapse, Father Tiso set up a Slovak Government on October 7th. Tiso became later president of Hitler's puppet state Slovakia. To come back to the summer of 1938 - when I returned from Prague, the atmosphere in Slovakia had changed radically. On arriving at the station I saw

2 or 3 people being beaten up. I don't know why. There were no police to protect them and I rushed home as fast as I could. Once we all lived in relative peace with each other in Bratislava, now the population was split: Nazi Germans, Hlinka Slovaks, Hungarians and Jews - though there were a very few Germans who were not Nazis and probably a lesser number of Slovaks who were not extreme nationalists. Walking down the corso was less of an attraction; one was more selective about the shops one frequented; the hairdresser's friendly patter dried up.

In midst of these troubles, Jean took her Matura exams.

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Our family like so many others discussed the situation. Some people felt that there was no hope but to emigrate. Others felt that the western Allies were beginning to stir and there was no need to panic. Younger unattached people had nothing to lose by leaving especially if they had a profession which would allow them to start working abroad. Farmers couldn't leave and just abandon their land. It was decided that I should go to England that summer, first of all to learn English and possibly to prepare the way, should it become necessary to emigrate. I was to come back to finish my studies.

Through the good offices of the educational firm Gabbitas Thring (still at the same address in Sackville St., London) Mother had secured a place for me as paying guest with a widow, Mrs. Craig, in Bexhill. It so happened that Paul Fejer, cousin of Judy and Andrew, was driving at the same time to London. He had a 2-cylinder, 2-seater white open Tatra sports car and I drove with him. Driving through Austria was out of the question, but the Germans were known to behave with exceptional courtesy to all foreigners to demonstrate what charming and welcoming people they were. I said good-bye to family and friends and Paul and I set off for the West Bohemian border where we spent the night. We crossed into Germany on 5th July 1938 at Rozvadov, one of the lesser fre-

quented crossing points, located in a pretty wooded valley. The German post is called Waidhaus. We motored straight to Nürnberg, a city with old timbered and steeply gabled houses. We breakfasted and Paul had his hair cut. I thought this was a waste of time as we had still a long way to go that day but it gave me 20 minutes of sightseeing. For the rest of the day we drove almost without stopping, changing places at the steering wheel. We drove carefully as we didn't want to get into trouble. At long last we arrived in Kehl on the east side of the bridge that crosses the Rhine to Strasbourg. I still have in my old Czechoslovak passport the stamps of the 4 frontier posts dated 5th July 1938. We sighed with relief when we got into France, stayed in a small hotel and enjoyed a big meal.

Next day we drove at a leisurely speed along the straight French roads arriving in Paris towards the evening almost exactly three years after my first visit here. Paul knew a small hotel nearby La Madeleine, where we stayed that night. Paul remained a few days in Paris, while I left two nights later by train and boat via Boulogne - embarking on my first sea voyage.

It was exhilarating to watch the sea being cut by the bows, the seagulls diving around us, the face being warmed by the sun and I felt as if I had no care in the world. Minute by minute I was being carried further away from my troubled country. A thin grey line ahead was England. English people around me, chatting in low voices, without me being able to understand much, knew, no doubt, what to expect but for me everything was new. Gradually the grey line revealed itself as the white cliffs, a pier, port installations, buildings, roads and green rolling country beyond. The boat tied up and carrying my suitcase I walked unsteadily down the plank. Here I was, both feet on English soil, not realising that one day I would live in that country.

My first impression was the absence of noise. I walked to the passport office, through customs and to the platform for my train. No pushing, no shouting. To my surprise the seats in my second class compartment were upholstered. Other passengers smiled but no words came over their lips. The electrically driven train started noiselessly and I hardly noticed that it was moving. I saw the sea, flat pasture land, sheep grazing with no shepherd in sight, villages, roads smoothly asphalted, cars moving slowly - and soon it was time to alight at Bexhill.

Mrs. Craig was a short lady of about 60 and had grey permed hair. Her clothes struck me as being very old-fashioned. I had not seen anything similar before. I later learned that she was a widow. She was kind and helpful and very patient in correcting my English. Her house was in a short quiet street and had a pretty flower garden. It was furnished with old-fashioned furniture but neat and clean. She looked after me well. I was introduced to English

breakfasts and to cornflakes, which were unknown to me before. She prepared lunches and evening meals and though I can't remember details, I had no complaints. I also started to drink tea with milk. On most days she gave me a formal English lesson but what I really enjoyed most was to become acquainted with English customs and the lives the English of her class and circumstances.

In the lobby she had a silver tray holding visiting cards. She explained the purpose of this arrangement. I was taught the finer points of English manners. I accompanied her shopping, carried her shopping bag. Occasionally she took me to Fuller's where we had afternoon tea. The restaurant had a carpet and the waitresses spoke so quietly that at first I thought that they were moving their lips without sounds, like on the old films. We went to the De la Warr Pavilion where we sat on deck-chairs and listened to the band playing viennese waltzes and other popular tunes. She allowed me to use her daughter's bike, and either in the morning or in the afternoon I cycled to a sandy beach, little frequented by holiday crowds. I left the bike unsecured leaning against a lamp post and after returning 2 or 3 hours later it was still there every time. Nearby was a golf course and I saw people playing there - the first time I saw a golf course.

She introduced me to a young teacher, who being on vacation, had no classes to take. Irrespective of the weather he wore a suit, waistcoat and tie and was the epitome of an English gentleman. He took me for walks, corrected my English, discussed English literature and told me about English history, like the Normans who had landed not far away from Bexhill and fought at nearby Battle. He visited us on some evenings and with a neighbour of Mrs. Craig's made up a foursome to play rummy or whist. I always lost. The young teacher kept the score. At the end of the game, asked by Mrs. Craig to tell us the score, he very politely started with the loser, who was me. As he usually won, his score was announced last. I now grasped what a gentleman was.

I had been there 8 days or so when Paul arrived in his open white car, creating a minor sensation as I don't think that Bexhill had seen many vehicles with a CS plate. I introduced him to Mrs. Craig and told him my wondrous experiences and took him bathing. He left for London after a day or two.

After a while, having found my feet, I ventured further afield on my own. I went to the Pavilion show, a jolly, light-hearted sequence of singers, short comedy acts, a chorus of six girls, a small band and compère whose jokes escaped me. The chorus girls were often on the beach during the day and I met one of them whose stage name was Thelma Beaumont. She was a little on the plump side and not very acrobatic but my English further improved in her company.

Posters appeared announcing the arrangements for the Bank Holiday. One of the highlights was an open air dance on a lawn near the shore. There were coloured bulbs, a good band and old and young joined in the dance. Thelma and the other chorus girls were there after the show and I was introduced to the intricacies of the Lambeth Walk which was all the rage then. (It is one of the hit tunes from the musical comedy "Me and my girls". On Monday 11th February 1985 it came back to the London stage after an absence of 40 years. I saw it in February 1986.)

Mrs. Craig's daughter, surprisingly christened Ailsa (just like the rock off the coast of West Scotland and also a brand of onions) came home some weekends. She was rather rotund, had short hair, and wore incredibly ugly clothes. She was probably too emancipated for her mother's taste and I didn't think much of her either. I used to be glad when she left and Mrs. Craig could give me her undivided attention.

I started to explore the surroundings by bike or bus. I saw Beachy Head, Eastbourne, Pevensey Castle, Battle and Hastings. It so happened that Anni nee Schluderpacher, the actor Herbert Lom's sister, whom I had met in Prague, was staying near Eastbourne and on one occasion we arranged to meet and we exchanged experiences about our respective hosts.

There was an ice cream parlour (it might have belonged to Charles Forte, now Sir and boss of Trust Houses Forte) near the sea front in Bexhill. Many young people frequented it. One could sit at little tables on the pavement and watch people strolling by. One day a middle-aged man with a large nose, sharp profile, a lame leg and holding a walking stick sat next to me. I learned later that the lame leg was due to an injury received as a soldier in the First World War. Having overheard me ordering an ice cream, he turned to me. "Where do you come from?" he asked. "Don't mind me asking; now let me guess - - - ah - - - ah - - - Czecho?". Mr. Wiltshire, as he was, became a good friend. He was a school teacher. His wife was for ever busy. They had 5 children and were for ever short of money. She was also active in the women's League of Health and Beauty. They lived in a small house in Turkey Road just outside of Bexhill. The children slept in bunk beds and the older ones, around 12 years old, helped in the house and looked after the younger ones. They were a jolly family, had an open house and no nonsense about leaving visiting cards on a silver tray. I often played with the children and went on cycle rides with the older ones.

He was very interested in and knowledgeable about politics and was a keen newspaper reader. He was very interested in the political situation in

Czechoslovakia and I was equally in the political attitudes of the British Government, of the Labour party and of other political groups to the events in Czechoslovakia. Having gone through the War in the trenches in France and been badly injured, he was against any war, but he was in a dilemma. He hated Hitler and Mussolini and everything they stood for as much as I did. I had many such conversations with other Labour supporters during this summer in England. I learned a great deal from him about class barriers, about the Disarmament movement, about Chamberlain, the trade unions, the working of Parliament, the English school system and many other facets of English life. We often sat in their tiny front room well into the night, his wife having gone to bed, leaving us a pot of tea.

When I returned to England I used to spend the occasional weekend with the Wiltshires. Sadly he lost his wife after the war. Jean stayed with them once between jobs. See photo 112. I kept in touch with him and the children for many years. Later, Joan and I visited him once.

Through some boys I had heard about an international youth centre that was held in Stratford-on-Avon every summer. I had not planned originally to visit the Bard's town but this sounded too good an opportunity to miss. It must have been around August 10th when I said goodbye to my friends in Bexhill and once again travelled in an English train with upholstered seats. I had to change three times.

The centre was in a small residential girls' school, vacated for the summer. It was at the end of the main shopping street, past the town hall and the Shakespeare hotel and a stone's throw from Marie Corelli's house. It was run by Mrs. Elsie Walton, who normally lived in Cambridge and whose husband was Professor of Agriculture. I had not booked but Czechoslovaks were becoming popular in England as there was hardly a day when the country didn't make the front pages of the press. I was warmly welcomed. There were perhaps 30 young people of both sexes of about my age, mostly but not all students. There was at least one other from Czechoslovakia, a few German^{Jews}, French, Indians, Africans, Chinese; about one third was British. There were several dormitories, a large dining room, a "club room" with easy chairs, a large kitchen, pantry and larder. There were single rooms for Mrs. Walton, whom we called warden, and for 2 or 3 assistant wardens. One of these was a gentle-spoken, bearded, pipe-smoking Mr. LaMaison of Huguenot origin about 30 years old. He was probably a Quaker and pacifist.

We made our own beds, cleaned the premises, helped with serving meals and washing up. We had most of the time to ourselves, though one could join some organised activities such as discussion groups or guided tours of the town, visiting Shakespeare's birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage.

Almost every evening we had a few tickets to the theatre. We went walking along the river and I tried to puzzle out the rules of cricket which was played on the lawns near the Avon. Between 10 and 11 am there was always a big crowd in the basement of the Spider's Web cafe and occasionally we had a drink at the Dirty Duck or in The Falcon. There were also outings to Warwick Castle and Kenilworth.

Politics were discussed often and we from Czechoslovakia were much in demand. It was the time when Chamberlain had told a group of American and Canadian journalists that neither France, nor Russia, still less Britain would fight for Czechoslovakia which was not a homogeneous country and therefore "could not survive in its present form" and had to make the best terms it could with Hitler. To help in this process Chamberlain had despatched Lord Runciman on August 3rd "in response to a request from the Government in Prague" (which later was found to be untrue) to act as an investigator and mediator. Unfortunately Lord Runciman was the wrong person for this mission. Throughout my stay in Stratford-on-Avon he was in Czechoslovakia. He didn't return to England until September 16th. It transpired later that he spent his weekends with the German-speaking magnates and had committed the blunder of meeting Henlein at the castle of Prince Max Egon von Hohenlohe who was not even a Czechoslovak citizen. While Runciman was in Czechoslovakia, Henlein's party staged acts of provocation purporting to prove to Runciman and the world that Germans were maltreated in Czechoslovakia. Reports in papers about these details were sparse but sufficient to obtain a pretty good idea of what was going on. Such papers as the News Chronicle became highly critical of the mission, others supported Chamberlain. The general public - so far as it was interested in politics - was bewildered. Lord Halifax who had succeeded Eden as Foreign Secretary, meekly reflected the Premier's views. It cost 37/6 a week to stay at the centre. I hadn't too much money and I wanted to see London before I returned home, so after a week I decided to leave. Just then one of the assistant wardens left and I was asked by Mrs. Walton to take over, all expenses paid. I was honoured and pleased and stayed another week. It was hard work but also enjoyable. I rose at 6.30 am, helped to organise breakfast, handing out packets of cornflakes, pounds of sugar and gallons of milk; I organised washing-up rotas; went shopping with Elsie buying hundredweights of potatoes and carrots; organised theatre tickets and discussion groups; received newcomers (on the Saturday); allocated beds; received bed linen and towels from the laundry, and did dozens of other jobs. We were so packed that week that there was no bed for me and I slept on a couch in the office or the club room - so I never got to bed

until the last person had retired. I was tired at the end of the week but it was worth it. Several members I met later in London. On one of the last evenings a show was laid on and for days rehearsals were in progress. The strangest costumes were devised from odd pieces of garments, bed linen and towels

Photo 113 was taken in the grounds of the school.

Sir Archibald Flower, the head of the family that owns the brewery of that name, was the chairman of the trust fund (?) which owned and operated the theatre. He was a much honoured and respected person in the whole county. He lived in a very large house set in a big garden. One day he let it be known that he would condescend to receive a limited and representative group of us. So Elsie, I and perhaps another 15 of us, representing every nationality present, made ourselves look respectable and walked to his grounds. There was tea on the lawn and sandwiches and little cakes. I counted my good luck of meeting a real "Sir". I was introduced as the assistant warden from Czechoslovakia. I stretched my right hand out - and got two fingers from him in response which I shook, while he raised his eyebrows without uttering a word. The Indian who was introduced next got only one of his fingers.

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There existed then in England a strong youth organisation called the INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE. Its aim was to foster understanding amongst all people and in particular to make foreign students and others in England welcome. There was a branch in Stratford-on-Avon and its members were helpful in many ways such as acting as guides. The branch secretary was a girl of about my age called Stella Bartlett with fuzzy black hair who worked locally as a secretary. She seemed to feel her own importance and though genuinely trying to be helpful had a tendency to interfere with arrangements. She and I didn't get on well. I met her again later, when she was more pleasant.

I stayed to the last day, when the centre closed. A last sing-song, a farewell party in one of the dormitories, the last moonlight stroll along the river, drinks at the Falcon, suitcases and rucksacks being pulled out from underneath the beds, addresses exchanged, and off they went, singly, in pairs and in small groups. A last wave of the hand - and they were all gone. Elsie, one or two others who stayed to clear up and I collapsed into deep armchairs in exhaustion. Then our work began cleaning and tidying up, getting rid of surplus bananas, settling bills with the greengrocer and milkman and many other jobs. It was my turn to say "Thank you" and "Good-bye" to Elsie. I took the train to London. I had been recommended to a guest house in Bloomsbury. There I found a modest room. It was the 24th or 25th August 1938.

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the question that began to worry me was: what should I do now? Mother urged me to stay - but I still had exams to pass and I had hardly any money left. Jobs for foreigners were virtually unobtainable. I read the papers for any political straws in the wind that could help me decide. I doubted that Runciman could come to any lasting arrangement that would allow my family and me to live in peace. If Hitler were to attack Czechoslovakia, the country could hold out until the west would stop the fighting or make some military move. Britain in the last resort would help I thought.

The normal call-up age in Czechoslovakia was 18 but students were allowed to finish their studies first. I was due to be called up in the summer of 1939. If I stayed abroad and there was nowar, would I be a deserter and be unable to return home? The uncertainty was maddening. There were so many things to consider. Finally I made up my mind to return.

After doing a lot of sightseeing I got to like London. I met Paul Fejer and a Czech whom I had met first in Stratford. They both decided to stay in England. On 28th August I boarded the train at Victoria and travelled via Boulogne, Strasbourg, Eger/Cheb to Prague where I arrived the next day. On August 30th I was re-united with my family. There was much to talk about.



112. Mr. Wiltshire, Jean and I in front of his house in Turkey Road, Bexhill; June 1939



113. The International Youth Centre, Stratford-on-Avon; August 1938. Middle row from left, the second person is Czeck, I am fourth. Mrs. Walton third from right, on her left LaMaison, assistant warden. The three Indians sitting on ground were members of SMH; on left Mohansing on right Mathur