

Ronald Auerbach b 1937

Ear Nose and Throat Surgeon

London

*Husband of Geraldine Auerbach
(née Kretzmar)*



From Bertrams to Britain, bolstered by bicycles

At about the age of nine, I discovered the local mobile library in Johannesburg and the first two books that I recall borrowing were one on goldmining and a memoir of Dr George Sava called *They Came by Appointment*, reminiscing about his Harley Street practice in London. From that age I knew wanted to be a doctor. At Athlone High School for Boys, we had compulsory cadets and I volunteered for the Medical Corps. Unfortunately, that did not exist and a promise of 'next year' never materialised.

My intentions were accepted unquestionably by my mother and my aunts and uncles. I sent in an application form without visiting the medical school and had an acceptance by post, based purely on my matric results. Two of my classmates, Arnold Ravdel and Ephraim Dove also applied and were accepted, though I did not know this until I saw them register at Witwatersrand University Medical School on the first day of term in January 1955. I do not recall any discussion about how we could afford this.

My mother was Bobbie Berg from Lithuania. She was divorced from her first husband in 1940 and in 1942 she married again to Arthur Friedman, a refugee from East Berlin. By the time I matriculated, she was estranged from her second husband and was working as a part-time bookkeeper. I have a half-sister Bertha Friedman. In this picture on the right we are together in Greenwich London in 1962. Bertha and my mother followed my wife and I to London in 1962 – but found living here very hard and after a few months, went back to South Africa to live in Durban.



My father, Albrecht Auerbach, her first husband, had come to South Africa from Frankfurt-am-Main via Paris and London in 1934 on one of the last boats, with refugees fleeing Nazi Germany, allowed in. He had sadly left our family before I was a year old and died when I was eleven. I never knew him.

This is a very poignant picture of my mother proudly holding me. It is inscribed 'To Daddy' and dated 11.11.37. I was seven months old.

School days

I started school first at Bertrams Junior and then went to Jewish Government School and from there to Athlone Boys High. Because there were many Jewish immigrant families living in our area – all my high school classes were filled with Jewish boys. School work came easily to me and I guess I was a diligent student sailing through my exams. I had my Barmitzvah at the Ponewes synagogue on 29 April 1950. Followed by a small kiddush in the synagogue, as the only celebration.

I had many friends. My best friend was Giddy Simenovitz – with whom I spent my entire school days and my time in Habonim. He went on to become a Professor of Jewish history at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and our families have remained close.



My Barmitzvah picture



Maybe I'm 7 or 8 here

Habonim

From my schooldays I had an active membership of Habonim, a Jewish youth movement based on the Boy Scouts model. My main social life was in Habonim, having remained as a participant and risen to various organiser roles. I attended the three-week summer camps regularly, acting as a campfire entertainer in later years. It was here that I first became acquainted with my wife Geraldine. I left the movement in my final year in anticipation of a forthcoming new career

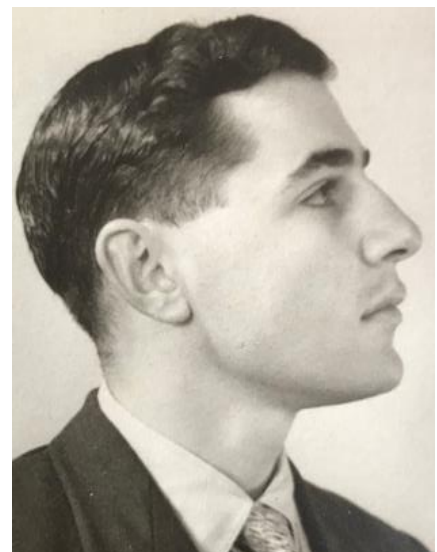
I applied for a bursary from the Johannesburg City Council which covered the first three years of my studies. I worked on Saturdays at a pharmacy in City and Suburban, and along with classmates, as tote assistant at the racecourse on Wednesday afternoons and also as a bar waiter at the Rand Easter Show. I lived at home and for travelling I relied on a succession of bicycles.



Trip to London December 1954



Before starting Medical School, I was invited by my late father's parents, who had managed to get to London in 1936, to come to visit them. They had been corresponding with me since I was a teenager, but this was the first time we would meet. It was an emotional encounter as they had not seen their son Albrecht (left) after they all managed to leave Germany



to different destinations. And here, off the boat train, was their grandson Ronnie (right) at a similar age. We bonded at once and continued to have a close relationship until their deaths, Grandpa Siegfried in 1971 and Grandma Minz in 1976.

On the boat going over to London in December 1954, I was placed at the dinner table each evening with none other than Father Trevor Huddleston, a famous anti-apartheid activist, and Dr Phillip Tobias, (later to become Professor of Anatomy at Wits. I cannot recall what must have been scintillating conversations. When I arrived in the anatomy halls two year later, after Tobias had spent a year in Cambridge and six months travelling around anatomy departments in the USA, he recognised me instantly, springing out of his office and pointing a finger as I walked down the corridor and exclaiming 'Auerbach, Transvaal Castle!'

My Grandparents, Siegfried and Minz Auerbach

Siegfried and Minz Auerbach were both born in 1886. Their families had been settled in Frankfurt on Main for generations. Minz, or Mina Wisloch, was from a wealthy family and the Auerbachs had pulled themselves up by their bootstrings.



They courted from an early age and married aged 24 in Frankfurt in April 1910. Their son **Albrecht** was born in March 1911 and daughter **Marianne** in October 1913. The family went hiking in the Black Forest and took annual holidays at Baden Baden.

After school in 1904 Siegfried (left) had been immediately taken on as an apprentice at the prestigious Frankfurt **Metallgesellschaft AG**. This was formerly one of Germany's largest industrial conglomerates. He worked his way up the company and was a local Director by the time that Hitler came to power in 1933. He had also enrolled at Giessen University and graduated in 1911 with a Doctor of Laws. From 1914 to 1918 during World War 1, Siegfried saw active service in the German Army in infantry regiment No. 81.



Above we see Albrecht and Marianne Auerbach in about 1916 and Siegfried and Minz Auerbach with their grandson Ronnie and great grandchildren Loren and Anthony in 1968.

During the war Siegfried wrote copious, meticulous and beautifully illustrated War Diaries, and I am pleased to see that they are now in the Jewish Museum in Frankfurt as we see below.



Hitler comes to Power

In 1933 when Hitler came to power and anti-Jewish sentiment, which was rampant at the time, became government policy. Laws were enacted banning Jews from positions of authority, from teaching in schools and universities and from performing in orchestras or the arts. Jewish children were banned from German schools and Universities. Jewish books were publicly burned. This was clearly a dangerous situation. Grandpa Siegfried's firm, being Jewish owned, was immediately 'Aryanised', and Siegfried and his fellow directors were thrown out of their jobs. They realised the writing was on the wall and that they had to leave Germany. At least they had warning and time to make plans. They first went to Austria in 1935. But they soon realised that that was not far enough (Hitler was soon to march into Austria and take over in 1938). They finally emigrated to England and found refuge here, in October 1936. They had managed to send much of their furniture and even Minz's grand piano, (thought they sadly never had a flat big enough to accommodate it – it lingered in the basement of their apartment block, Cleve House, Cleve Road NW6, where the moths and the damp conditions played havoc with it).

Albrecht was not so fortunate

Albrecht read law at Frankfurt and Berlin Universities from 1929 to 1933. When he could no longer study there, he emigrated in 1933 – to France and then via London to South Africa in 1934. He worked as a clerk in Coligny near Johannesburg and in Windhoek, South-West Africa.

He found it difficult to settle and struggled financially. In April 1936 he married my mother Bobbie Berg from a shtetl called Radwilisvick in Lithuania. They did not really have much in common.

I was born a year later – but sadly, my father did not stay. They separated soon after or even before I was born and were divorced in 1940.

He went on to marry Doreen Antonis in 1943. I don't know much about her or even him as I hardly ever saw him. I don't even have a picture of him in South Africa.

He was apparently a very sensitive and anxious kind of person. He did not feel comfortable in South Africa. He used to correspond with his father about mathematical problems. He committed suicide in Johannesburg in 1949 – when I was just twelve. He was 38.

Student Life at Medical School

Living at home, I was never to be a part of the student poker games or party revels, however, there was camaraderie of the workplace, especially as we often spent long hours working together. Many in the class formed study groups of twos or threes and early on I joined up with Chaim (Mike) Rosenberg. Thrown together by the 'firm' system, firm bonds were made particularly with Gerald Shulman, Jack Pretorius, Costa Gazidis and Joan Feldman.

Both the pre-clinical and clinical years were enjoyable rather than arduous. We were, on the whole, a serious group of students, intent on passing our examinations without thinking much about what our fate might be following qualification.

In my early student years, I had toyed with the idea of doing 'world medicine' – fighting malaria or polio or similar. I felt that this would be a cost-effective use of medical skills. However, the subject of epidemiology or community medicine was not taught, and my expansive idea faded. The closest teaching was the lecture or two and a field trip on ecology, which fuelled my interest.

As soon as the final year qualifying results were known, I was able to arrange an early, individual, graduation in the Dean's office and fly to London for a third visit to my paternal grandparents for several weeks, before having to start my 'house jobs' at Coronation Hospital. A second visit had been between third and fourth years. (That is why I am missing from that famous class of 60 graduation picture you can see here https://wits_medical_alumni_1960.mailchimpsites.com/)

House jobs

The allocation of pre-registration house jobs seemed to me to be random. I cannot recall how I was allocated to house jobs in medicine and then surgery at the Coronation Hospital. This required residency at ResDoc in Esselen Street. This was my first split from home, though by coincidence I had lived in Esselen Street as a small child when my single-parent mother rented a room in a house there. My mother and sister were also prompted to make a change and were living at the Jocelyn Hotel a few blocks away. Cycling up and down Hospital Hill to visit them, I came across a car with a CC (Kimberley) numberplate parked outside the Rondebosch Hotel most days. To my pleasure, I spotted that the owner was Geraldine Kretzmar and our friendship from Habonim days was renewed. Romance soon blossomed and by the end of the medical job under Dr S Grieve, we were engaged. Her brother, Theodore, was in my Medical School class, but this was coincidental.

The surgical job was under Mr (later Professor) Boris Lewin. The helpful and influential registrar Jerry Jersky assessed the four fledgling housemen, Kleintjie van Veen (later sadly to be killed in a car accident) Gerald Shulman (later a pathologist and haematologist) Michael Jaffe (later a paediatrician in Israel) and myself. He felt that I, of the four, was suited to carry on in surgery. I think his opinion was based on the dexterity that I had shown in adjusting the wheels and levers on the orthopaedic operating table. His opinion was supported by my future father-in-law, Noel Kretzmar, an enthusiastic general surgeon in Kimberley, who was keen on drawing aspirants into the surgical fold. Knowing that Geraldine and I were going to make a long visit Britain in 1962 he



strongly recommended studying for a higher diploma or qualification while abroad. Although leaving the choice to me, he strongly mentioned the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Wedding and Wanderings

I survived the six months of action filled surgery at Coronation, which included fatal stabbings, emergency heart operations and stomach 'pull-ups' for oesophageal strictures from caustic soda burns. Brightening the period was the companionship of my fiancée Geraldine, the prospect of our wedding in Kimberley in early February 1962 and a planned sea voyage to England and honeymoon. We had first met at Leaches Bay Habonim camp in December 1956 where I was the Shtilim entertainer, and she was a Shtilim Madricha.

In the picture below I am on the right in the suit and hat and Geraldine at the back on the left.



On our way to London

The trip was a combination of a further reunion with my grandparents, aunt and cousins in London, an element of the 'gap year' and a chance for further education and development. Without ever formally emigrating, the stay has lasted fifty-eight years. We arrived with three suitcases, have had three children, stayed in three temporary lodgings, and bought, in succession, three houses.

Arriving in London from scorching and vibrantly sunny Kimberley in February 1962 was a huge shock. Everything was cold, grey and damp.



Here we are with all the welcoming London family we met when we came to settle in London in 1962: Grandma and Grandpa with Marianne's three children John, Edgar and Helen and spouses.

Back row: Ronnie Auerbach, John Weissberger and his wife Inge (who liked to be called Suzanne) Sylvi Whitby who was Swedish and the wife of Edgar Whitby (name changed from Weissberger) and Geoff Perry husband of Ronnie's cousin Helen (in front of him)

Front row: Geraldine, Minz and Siegfried Auerbach – Helen Perry and in front of us, their son Stephen Perry, (whose younger brother Nicky had probably gone to bed).

Extended Honeymoon – or unemployment?

The first six weeks were treated as an extended honeymoon, but on reflection now they were days of unemployment. Sightseeing included travelling to job interviews. Every Friday the British Medical Journal was perused for Casualty jobs, a stepping-stone and requirement for any Fellowship examination. The catch-22 at the time was 'Visitors cannot get a job in the UK unless they have had job in the UK before!'. The only way to slip into the system was to get a locum (tenens) and I found one at Hillingdon Hospital as Junior Medical Officer in Casualty. Hillingdon Hospital had the responsibility of being the first-response hospital for any disasters at Heathrow Airport.

I may have had the unique experience, in the class of Wits medical graduates of 1960, of standing by for a passenger aircraft crash at Heathrow. A plane had run off the runway on landing and had run into a ploughed field. Fortunately, there were no fatalities, with the only injuries being twisted ankles from falling over furrows.

I kept a folding bicycle in the lock-up at Uxbridge Station, commuting from there to the hospital, and around the wards and to the doctors' residence. I felt at home as the hospital was built on the same British open plan barrack system as Baragwanath. (It has since been rebuilt)

Geraldine's parents Noel and Beryl Kretzmar came to visit us and (left) we were photographed in Petticoat Lane Market in London's East end in October 1963 shortly before our daughter Loren was born.



While at Hillingdon Hospital, talking to colleagues, my mind slowly turned towards Ear Nose and Throat surgery. I then did all I could to be prepared and came to grips with the mysteries of

the three orifices involved. I got an ENT position as a senior house officer at the Whittington Hospital then at the Royal National Throat Nose and Ear Hospital (RNTNEH) in the Soho branch. I then embarked on a three-year specialist training programme at the main (RNTNEH) centre in Gray's Inn Road, Kings Cross. During that time, I passed both the Primary and Fellowship examinations of the Royal College of Surgeons. I was fortunate to be able to stay in the same house in East Finchley during all my training, an unusual situation, as junior doctors mostly had to move considerable distances between posts.

Visits to Kimberley and General Medical Practice

For several years, whilst in training and as an established ENT surgeon, I continued to work in the general medical world. Our family used to visit Geraldine's parents in Kimberley for an extended stay every couple of years. I might actually have more extensive knowledge of Kimberley than Geraldine who was born and grew up there.

That is because to help finance the cost of travel and mitigate possible boredom, I frequently helped with holiday leave in the prominent Kimberley general practice of Drs Perel and Portnoi, so I knew my way round Kimberley as a whole – not just the family 'bubble'.

My father-in-law Noel Kretzmar also arranged a diverse succession of locums. Fortunately, I had maintained my registration with the South African Medical Dental Council. I may be the first qualified otorhinolaryngologist to perform an assisted birth delivery using the ventouse suction cup (carefully watched by the senior midwife). Our family also enjoyed South African holidays and safaris that included my brother-in-law **Theo Kretzmar** with wife Gwenda and their boys.



Here we are all together in Springs in 1977.

Consultant Posts

During my Senior Registrar year at the Royal London Hospital a new consultant post was advertised, covering a group of hospitals in South Hertfordshire, based at the Queen Elizabeth II hospital (QEII) in Welwyn Garden City, about 45 minutes' drive from North London. This was my first application for a consultant post, and I was appointed in April 1969, aged thirty-one, and just over seven years after arrival in the UK.

This was the first of three new hospitals in which I paved my career. It had been completed in 1962, the first new hospital to be built in Britain since World War II.



On my own, I was to consolidate ENT services in three more, smaller, hospitals, in Stevenage, Hitchin and Letchworth. Two years later a new large general hospital opened, the Lister Hospital in Stevenage, where my post was consolidated and a second ENT Consultant was appointed.



We loved living in the countryside and in a warm and exciting village-like community. Here above is our new-build 4-bed bungalow in Peace Grove outside Old Welwyn. Below are Loren and Anthony and cat in the lounge and also all three children on Antony's bed.

Above is our first house in Heath View N2. It was a wonderful nest box – a kitchen and lounge downstairs and two bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs. We had all our three children while living there from 1963 to 1970. We see here, Loren is in her South Hampstead school summer dress and Anthony in his playgroup gear. We built an extension there and I ran a playgroup for two-and-a-half-year-olds. Below we are in the extension there with Grandma Minz and Grandpa Siegfried.



My first brass plate: This picture above was when I first put up my brass plat outside A GP, Dr Somper's surgery in Moorlands, Welwyn Garden City> This is where I conducted my first private consultations on Sunday mornings.

Back to London

After four years in Welwyn, as the children were growing up, we wanted to get back to London.

I was intrigued and surprised to find a new consultant post covering Harrow, Wembley, Willesden and Harlesden in London was coming up. As explained at the interview I had a relative, cousin or grandparent, living within a couple of miles of each hospital. In addition, **Northwick Park Hospital in Harrow** (pictured below) opened in 1970, was the third new hospital, I had come across.

Although applicants changing their established consultant post was unusual, I was appointed. We moved to Harrow and I served there for 28 years from 1973.

The companion hospitals were the Central Middlesex Hospital (CMH) and its associated Wembley and Willesden General Hospitals, later centralised at CMH. We were 'reorganised' several times. In 1981, Northwick Park Hospital was joined in a new Hospital Trust with Watford General, Mount Vernon and Hillingdon Hospitals. My duties now centres at Northwick Park Hospital and Mount Vernon Hospitals and I relinquished CMH.



Ears, Noses and Throats (right I am dissecting a temporal bone at a course in France)

Although ENT was considered to be a 'narrow' speciality, I enjoyed its wide scope. Each orifice required a different approach and the ages of the patients ranged from neonates to geriatrics. The outpatient load was very heavy, though only 10 to 14 percent of patients required in-patient surgery. Outpatient clinics involved many minor procedures, either diagnostic or therapeutic, making a session both varied and energetic.

The intellectual challenges, apart from the medical, ranged from physics to psychiatry. The close physical proximity of the ears, nose and throat to the other specialities of ophthalmology, dentistry, maxillo-facial surgery, neurology and facial plastic surgery was a challenge.

Consultations about ENT conditions are frequent in general practice, ranging from simple sore throats to the complexities of hearing loss. With technical advances. ENT specialists were splitting off into each of the three divisions. My own interests tended towards otology (ears) including audiology and rhinology (noses) including allergy and rhinoplasty



This is a picture of Geraldine and her cousin Alma outside our house in Gerard Road, Harrow in the early 1980s

My work ethic

My work ethic was to take up the tradition of sea captains – being the first on board and the last to leave the ship; maintaining good discipline but with a flexible approach; attention to detail without losing direction; achieving respect but with humility.

As a junior doctor I was often disappointed to find some of my seniors tended to arrive late in clinics and make up for this by leaving early! One in particular, would pass on the difficult new referrals to the juniors and deal with the simple problems himself. By the time we had assessed the problems to discuss with him, he was gone. Another would leave the operating theatre before the list was over, leaving no cover for the junior should a difficulty arise.

I resolved to be the first to attend the outpatients, review every patient's notes before allocating cases to the two supporting juniors, and be the last to leave. I encouraged good history taking, urging that concise notes be written down as the patients told their story. I hoped the juniors would in their turn appreciate and imbibe this philosophy.

I always treasured three compliments to me from patients. One was '**No one has ever asked me those questions**', the second, on suggesting an operation '**I will go ahead, you seem to know what you are doing**' and on writing to the patient afterwards, which I always did, '**I have never had a report like this from any doctor**'.



Hospital Committees and Societies

To fend for your department, you had to keep up with committees. Over the years I was on the staff of eleven hospitals, and attended Medical Staff Committees at each, As I started in so many new hospitals, I was involved in the planning of two Departments of Audiology, equipping new operating sessions at Northwick Park, establishing a temporal bone dissection laboratory to train juniors in ear surgery, and upgrading the Outpatients at the Lister Hospital. I was invited to join the Hospital Trust's Ethics Committee based at Mount Vernon Hospital and later I was elected chairman. I was Secretary of the NW Thames regional ENT Committee which helped to plan services for the North West quarter of Greater London. As a long-time member of the British Medical Association (the doctors' 'trade union') I served as secretary of the Hertfordshire Branch and Chair of the Harrow Division.

I attended the ENT sessions at the **Royal Society of Medicine** in Wimpole Street (right) and I attended meetings and International Conferences of the British Association of Otolaryngologists.

We attended wonderful international ENT congresses in **Venice** (picture below).

We also went to a great ENT Congress in the Dolomites where it was skiing in the mornings, talks in the afternoons and fine dining in the evenings.



Lectures

I was always interested in teaching, either clinically or more formally through lectures. My main teaching was instructional lectures to, and arranging courses for, junior doctors, nurses, speech therapists and general practitioners. In keeping with my personal interests, mentioned below, I also gave light-hearted, and perhaps tongue in cheek talks to community groups. including 'How to be a hypochondriac' and 'How to treat your doctor', as well as 'Music and Medicine' and 'Medical matters in the Bible and Koran'

Personal Interests

On the physical side, I have always been drawn to repairing or making things. I still treasure, in my bedroom, the wooden bookrack that I made at school. I started with bicycle repairs and making camping equipment. When coming to London, car and home refurbishment and repairs became a hobby as well as a necessity. Mechanical achievements were fitting an exhaust and a towbar. On the home front, building a conservatory (with the help of the wife), digging French drains, making

wardrobes from scratch were very satisfying. I have had a long appreciation of tools and gadgets and would prefer buying a good set of pliers to purchasing a theatre ticket.

I later found that it was more economical for me to run a private consulting session on a Sunday morning and employ a handyman to do the ever-present household and motor repairs.

On the literary side, I enjoy playing with language, I have long been interested in the origin of words, puns, alliterations, acronyms and proverbs.



In parallel has been an attraction to **humour**, both written and in performance. My own sense of humour has been remarked on and usually described as 'very dry'. My forte is repartee. My wife still laughs at my interjections and quotations, some real and some composed in the course of conversation. Humour has often been useful to relax a patient during a consultation.

As my wife has worked with several very famous comedians I had my picture taken with Spike Milligan when he did a show for her at the Purcell Room in 1998 and also with Barry Humphries (Dame Edna Everage) at the Queen Elizabeth Hall when he introduced Max Brand's suppressed opera Maschinist Hopkins in 2001.

My wife and family

My wife Geraldine continues to have many projects on the go. A BA graduate of Wits, with a teaching diploma from the University of Cape Town, she taught art part time at girl's school in Harrow for 26 years. She is best noted though, for development of the study and performance of Jewish Music. Her major achievement was the founding and directing of activity that became the Jewish Music Institute that is now based at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) which is part of London University. Amongst many awards she has received are the Membership of the British Empire (MBE) from the Queen in 2000. She was also given an Honorary Fellowship of SOAS at graduation in 2008 (along with Michael Palin of Monty Python and travel documentary fame).

Since retiring she has initiated and developed a number of cultural and community organisations with newsletters and websites She has created and is active on the European Cantors Association established in 2012 www.cantors.eu, the Kimberley Jewish Community website (2013) <https://kehilalinks.jewishgen.org/kimberley/Home.html>, the Bert Jansch Foundation (2013)

<https://bertjanschfoundation.org/>, Malcolm Weisman recalls (2016) <http://malcolmweisman.org.uk/>, the International Forum for Jewish Music Studies (2020) <https://jewishmusic.hcommons.org/> and the Wits Medical School Diamond Jubilee project (2020) https://wits_medical_alumni_1960.mailchimpsites.com/

Homework

Our careers have been intertwined, with each supporting one another. Geraldine has largely worked at home and I had a consulting suite as part of the house. Our jobs, secretaries and children created an amicable and buzzing community in our home for several decades. (The



picture above is of Geraldine and me and our three children in the mid '80s.)

Retirement – in Stages

I had always enjoyed and thrived on doctoring. Saved from the abrupt cut off at a statutory retirement age, my medical practice has had a gradual transition and transformation over the years. I relinquished my NHS contract aged 64 and remained in full time private practice.

I stopped inpatient surgery when I reached 70 but continued with ENT outpatient consultations and procedures until I was 77. I then changed to Audiology and continued to deal with people's ears until I was 80.

Although now slowed physically with increasing osteo-arthritis, I remain mentally active and still seem to have too much to do.

Our three children and four grandchildren

Our children followed the arts rather than medicine. Our eldest daughter was a specialist in Norse and Viking Mythology as well as a singer. She married and had an amazingly fruitful and happy life as manager, wife and muse with the revered folk singer-songwriter and guitarist Bert Jansch. Very

sadly, both she and Bert died from different forms of cancer, within months of each other, in late 2011. They are buried together in Highgate Cemetery.

Our son is a doctor, but his doctorate is in the 'Structural Constellations' of Bauhaus artist Joseph Albers. Now that we have 'down-sized' to downstairs, in our Harrow house, we are fortunate that he and his artist partner and our two home-schooled grandchildren, aged eleven and six, live with us as a multi-generational family – which is wonderful, especially in lockdown.

We are also very lucky that our youngest daughter, involved in music and education, and her family with two daughters aged fourteen, and twelve, (below) live just 20 minutes away from us so we see them often.

On my 80th birthday in April 2017, we took the family on a memorable 'cruise' – on a narrowboat on the nearby Grand Union Canal – one afternoon.





In March 2020 – just before Lockdown for Covid-19 we celebrated Geraldine's 80th birthday at a tea party with song and dance with participation by all four grandchildren and all the guests at the Grim's Dyke Hotel in Gilberts music room.

Below is a picture of Geraldine and I, on one of our fairly recent birthdays.



Ronald Auerbach MB BCh, FRCS (Otol) Eng

Biographical sketch written by Ronnie Auerbach for the Wits medical school 60th anniversary project November 2020 https://wits_medical_alumni_1960.mailchimpsites.com/

And edited, expanded and adapted for the Kimberley website by Geraldine Auerbach, London, September 2021