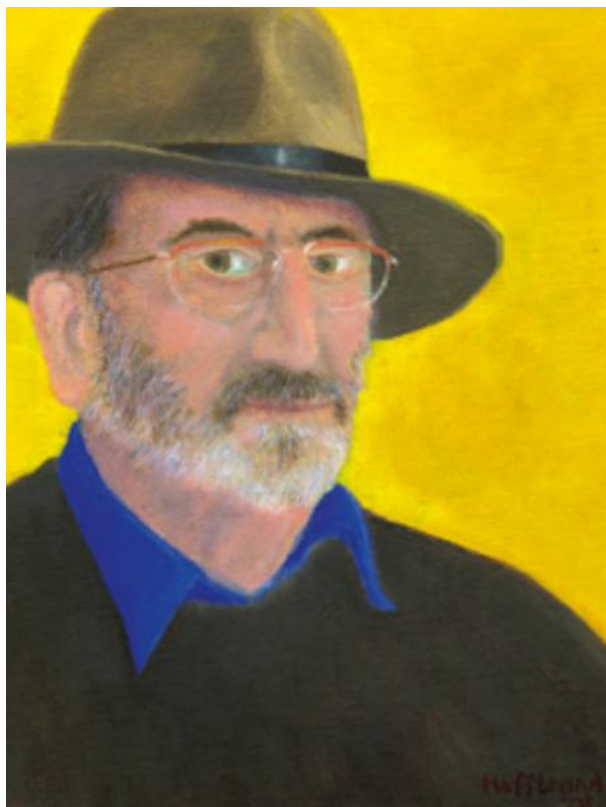


Barry Hoffbrand

Born 1934.

Biographical life story by his brother Victor.

Available online at www.livesretold.co.uk



Contents

1. Grandparents
2. Parents
3. Childhood
4. Career
5. Obituaries
6. Tribute

This life story was extracted in 2021, with acknowledgement and thanks, from the autobiography of Barry Hoffbrand's brother Victor, which is also in the Lives Retold collection. Barry Hoffbrand's life story includes three obituaries, which are archived from their publications with acknowledgement and thanks

1. Grandparents

This chapter is extracted from the autobiography of Barry Hoffbrand's brother Victor, which is also in the Lives Retold collection.

Our father Philip had been born in Latvia on December 27 1896 and was brought by his parents, Wolf and Hannah, together with his older brother Abraham, sister Edith, and younger brother Sam to England in 1901. Pogroms against Jews were rife in Eastern Europe and many Jews were escaping to North and South America, Western Europe and other countries including Palestine. One of Wolf's brothers, Morris, went to South Africa and others to the USA.



Philip's mother Hannah Hoffbrand in about 1941.

The Bradford family was extremely poor with our grandmother Hannah selling chickens to maintain the family. Her husband Wolf (spelt Wolff on his death certificate and Wolfe on his wife Hannah's death certificate) had some unspecified mental problems which prevented him from working and for which he had been admitted to the psychiatric hospital in Menston near Otley. Wolf died there in 1934 at the early age of 64. My Hebrew name, Yehudah Ze'ev, remembers him, Ze'ev in Hebrew being a wolf.

Hannah was a real family matriarch, who seemed extremely old to me but was only 72 when she died during the War in 1943.

2. Parents

All three of Hannah's sons left school at an early age to become tailors. In Philip's case this was at age 11. He served as a tailor in the First World War from November 22 1917 in the 3rd battalion of the Leicester regiment, sewing and mending soldiers' uniforms. His official demobilisation was October 6 1919 when he went back to live with his parents in rented accommodation at 56 James Street.



The front door of Philip Hoffbrand's tailoring business in Drewton Street.

In 1930 Philip married Minnie Freedman, daughter of Sarah and Morris, a cabinet maker in Leeds. Her family came to Leeds from Byelorussia. Minnie had no sisters but five younger brothers. As the eldest, she helped to bring up all of five of them.

The two youngest of Minnie's five brothers, Barney and Jack, who were privileged with higher education, trained as pharmacists at the Technical College in Bradford, living with us in Peel Square for some of their student careers. Their three elder brothers were Sam, a tailoring machinist, Harry who worked with his father as a cabinet maker, and Solly, a cutter.

None of their wives had a major career but Sam and Solly's wives worked part-time also in tailoring as machinists.



Philip and Minnie Hoffbrand on their wedding day.



Minnie (centre) with her parents on her right; brother Harry is in front of his father Morris and Abe (Jack) on his mother, Sarah's, lap. Sam (the eldest) is on Minnie's left and Beryl (Barney) next to Sam; Solly is in front of Sam.

Philip had a stressful life establishing his own tailoring business, employing up to 10 staff (with various problems with most of them); with two major fires and one burglary at his business at Drewton Street, and the demands of his customers for their suits to be finished by 'yesterday' and altered to fit every irregularity in their anatomy.

At home there was the loss of two babies before Barry was born. We tried to help with the business, sweeping floors, writing out invoices, carrying suits that needed a final pressing through the city to a presser when one was not employed directly at Drewton Street. We also took vacation jobs at the Empire Stores, a national mail order business.



Philip and Minnie's sons Victor and Barry aged 3 and 5.

Minnie was no slouch when it came to mathematics, where she excelled. It is difficult to know what she could have achieved if her life had not been devoted to bringing up five brothers and then, after her marriage, coping with her first two sons dying and then two sons to bring up. Derek born in 1931 died from meningitis at the age of two, a second baby was dead at birth, strangled by the umbilical cord. Then came Barry and me, the two sons who survived.

Minnie provided daily lunches and dinners for the three males in her family. In those days supermarkets did not exist and shopping for food was done from specialised shops or from stalls in the covered or open Rawson market. Yoghurt, cottage and cream cheese were made at home from fresh milk which was delivered from large metal churns, measured out with gill and pint sized metal mugs. The kosher butcher had to be visited, and fish bought on the day it was to be cooked and eaten.



Philip and Minnie Hoffbrand on Blackpool Pier with their sons Barry and Victor.

Like many Jewish immigrants from Russia and the Pale of Settlement of the Jews at the beginning of the 20th century, our father Philip had no opportunity for formal education after the age of 11 or to learn a profession. He was, however, highly intelligent. Selftaught he played both bridge and chess well. He had a keen interest in classical music and opera, taking Minnie to such operas as ‘Cav and Pag’, Tosca and La Bohème. He was a Puccini enthusiast. Minnie did not enjoy opera and she later was to admit that these outings were boring experiences and that she would rather have gone to Bournemouth.

Philip read poetry by Robert Burns and the Victorian romantics; geography books about Africa and other underdeveloped countries, and history books including five volumes with sepia-coloured photographs of the First World War. He had a large collection in 20 volumes of the world’s greatest short stories and all of Shakespeare’s works. These are now at our Suffolk home, Green Farm.

It was presumably from our father that Barry and I inherited our enthusiasm for music, poetry and literature as well as the brainpower to achieve the academic success that he had been denied.

3. Childhood

In this chapter Victor Hoffbrand, brother of Barry Hoffbrand and author of this life story, describes his childhood memories of life with Barry.

My first memories are of the early years of the war. Iron railings were taken from in front of our home in Bradford to make munitions; the wireless communicated Churchill's speeches, and bombs fell on the city and its outskirts.

According to my 18 month older brother Barry, one hit the store Lingards, another Rawson Market while a third fell on the outskirts of the city in Heaton Woods. We all had our own large cumbersome gas masks, which fortunately were never needed.

Barry and I were evacuated away from the city for some weeks, with our mother and other families, to Threshfield near Grassington in Upper Wharfedale, our father staying behind to continue his business and act at night as a fire warden. I was inconsolable when I wanted to go in a lorry to school with the other children, perhaps the first indication of my need for an academic career. I was denied this early education because I was considered too young.

We lived at 42 Peel Square near the centre of Bradford. All the terraced houses, as well as most of the other buildings in Bradford, were built in sandstone but had become blackened over the years by a century of exposure to smoke from the many mill chimneys. In our childhood the centre of the city was permanently enveloped in smoke which could be seen from 15 miles away in Ilkley and Otley in Wharfedale.

Bradford was built in a river valley surrounded by low hills. The river, the Bradford Beck, known locally as T' Mucky Beck, was the filthiest river in England. Twenty per cent of the world's wool at that time went through Bradford, the water which flowed down from the surrounding hills being used for washing wool. In the 19th century the Beck became underground when building in the city centre took place over it.

At the front, Peel Terrace had faced the Infirmary Hospital. The main Victorian hospital building had already been demolished and we watched its remaining solitary tall chimney being blown up in January 1939. The hospital was replaced by the new Bradford Royal Infirmary Hospital in Duckworth Lane about a mile away.

The house had a cellar, an inside and outside lavatory and a cobbled street at the back. There was no fridge or freezer, or central heating. Coal burnt in open, black iron fireplaces which, with supplementary electric radiators, heated the house in winter. Food rationing and shortages meant we had little meat or chicken. Salmon came in tins. Dried bananas, dried eggs, Spam (tinned compressed meat, gristle and fat) were included in the rations, but grapes, bananas, oranges, melons, other fresh fruit, fresh vegetables and meat that needed to be imported were absent.

School was a State primary school, Green Lane, which we could walk to, up a cobbled street past Drummonds Mill, one of Bradford's large clothmaking mills.

Among my early memories are three in-patient admissions in the Children's Hospital near the school, the first into a cot, with a broken right arm; the second into

a bed, again with a broken right arm, and the third for removal of tonsils which seemed then to be standard paediatric practice. A general anaesthetic involved chloroform on a pad of cotton wool pressed on the face which, having experienced it once, I dreaded. After prolonged periods with my right arm in Plaster of Paris, I became and remain partly left handed. I also suffered badly from eczema with coal tar ointment spread over arms and legs at night and then covered in bandages to protect the bed linen from being soiled.

During and just after the war we read the comic magazines Beano, The Dandy, The Wizard and Hotspur with such characters as Desperate Dan, Keyhole Kate, Lord Snooty, The Great Wilson (who was an incredible athlete able to jump higher and longer and to run faster than anyone else in the world). The first books I clearly remember were King Arthur and his Knights, the Arabian Nights and Wind in the Willows and then the Richmal Crompton's Just William books. Later the Arthur Ransome books became top of my reading list, the descriptions of children's holidays in the Lake District being particularly appealing.

We listened on the 'wireless' to ITMA (It's That Man Again, Tommy Handley), Workers' Playtime, Housewives' Choice, to detective programmes such as Paul Temple and Dick Barton, and to comedians Max Miller, Tommy Trinder and Arthur Askey. We went to pantomimes at the Bradford Alhambra starring Norman Evans as the Dame, to black and white 'pictures' starring comedians Charlie Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, Abbott and Costello, the Marx Brothers and George Formby.

Among the Hollywood stars we were enthralled by (whether in black and white or Technicolor) were Spencer Tracy, Katherine Hepburn, Errol Flynn, Cary Grant, Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Bette Davis, Gary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, James Stewart, Ingrid Bergman, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Danny Kaye and Alan Ladd.

The Disney films, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Pinocchio, Dumbo and Bambi remain as vivid in my mind as when I first saw them over 70 years ago.

In 1944, near the end of the War, we moved to the outskirts of the city to where Frizinghall meets Shipley, into a three bedroomed semi-detached house with small front and back gardens in Grove Road. Barry and I shared a bedroom. The move was a welcome change from the black and grey existence in central Bradford to one that seemed to be of glorious colour. Now we had trees in the road, flowers in the garden, a garage and only an inside lavatory. There were woods within a few hundred yards, Heaton and Northcliffe, where we could walk, cycle and play games of hide and seek. Like Christopher Robin and Pooh Bear we raced sticks down the streams. We could get dandelion and burdock to drink from the farm we went through. As we got older we learned to cycle and to play tennis in the local Northcliffe public courts.

Within 30 yards of our home lived uncle Sam, auntie Betty and their son Eric, our cousin six years older than me. He was a delightful 'older, older brother' who taught me to ride a bicycle. With his parents Sam and Betty and often Richard Cope's parents Cissie and Alfred, Anne and Leon Salem (also close friends who

lived in Grove Road) and sometimes our Leeds relations, we were often driven by our father to the Dales or even to the seaside at the weekends.

At the end of the war in Europe in 1945 celebrations took place in the streets around Grove Road on VE Day. I remember Eric announcing to us later that year that the Americans had dropped a bomb of immense power causing enormous destruction and loss of life in Hiroshima.

Eric and his parents, Sam and Betty as well as Abraham and his daughters, Maureen and Barbara, and my parents, Barry and I did get together for the wedding in Leeds of Maureen, the oldest of mycousins, to Ted Gould.

Eric was to qualify as a dental surgeon, marry Joyce, a beautiful teenage girl from Manchester, and they produced two sons, Andrew and Paul. Sadly Eric at the age of 50 developed renal failure due to the genetic disease, polycystic kidneys, and died at the early age of 58 despite a kidney transplant (which was rejected). Dialysis caused fatal aluminium poisoning. Fortunately for both his sons, Andrew and Paul, renal transplantation for the polycystickidney disease they inherited from Eric, has proved successful.

When we moved home, we transferred our primary school education from Green Lane to a State primary school, Albert Road School, in Saltaire, easily reached by trolleybus from Grove Road. Saltaire is a village built by Sir Titus Salt, a Victorian industrialist, for his workers in the enormous mill he had established on the banks of the river Aire. Large numbers of the local population were working in the Mill, many wearing clogs. Enormous lorries laden with bales of wool lumbered through Saltaire to and from the Mill. Salts Mill was bought by Irene's son, Jonathan Silver in 1987.

From Albert Road School both Barry and I gained entrance scholarships to Bradford Grammar School (BGS) which happened to be one of the best schools in England. To our parents' relief we would have the rest of our school education free. I started in the primary section, Thorneville opposite Manningham Park, in 1945, joining a class that included Israel Silman and Alan Jerome, both to become close friends. We transferred to the senior school in Manor Row, near Drewton Street in Bradford in 1946. This was an old broken-down building in which one day our schoolroom ceiling fell in, covering our desks in rubble and dust, fortunately at lunchtime when the room was empty.

In 1949 we moved to the splendid new BGS in Frizinghall, an easy walk there, and back home for lunch, which we did most school days. Playing fields surrounded the school; there was a large indoor swimming pool and the building was light, the sandstone not yet blackened.

Our father initially offered Barry and me financial rewards for coming first, second or third in end of term examinations in any subject but soon stopped this when it became too expensive. Needless to say, our parents were tremendously proud of our academic achievements at school and later at university, although they were sad that we never returned afterleaving school for university, to settle in the North.

I knew from an early age that I wanted some form of academic career but it was when I was 14 or 15 that I decided on medicine. At age 11 the pupils at BGS were divided into those studying the classics such as Greek and Latin and those studying more modern subjects including chemistry. English, maths, history, physics and a modern language were core subjects in both paths. Barry chose the classical route and I chose modern, already knowing that my future career would be in science of some sort.

4. Career



This chapter, describing Barry Hoffbrand's career, was archived in 2021 with acknowledgement and thanks from the website of the Jewish Medical Association UK. It was written by Dr Laurence Buckman.

Barry grew up in Bradford, the son of a tailor from Latvia. One of his Bradford cousins later became my daughter-in-law's grandmother. He went to Bradford Grammar School and Queens College, Oxford and thence to UCH where he qualified in 1958. He was appointed Consultant Physician to the Whittington Hospital in 1970. He had a strong specialist interest in renal disease and hypertension and published very widely.

I met him in 1974 as a new clinical student at the Whittington and I was impressed by his kindness and compassion to the patients, his colleagues and his students. He was an enthusiastic teacher who never taught by ritual humiliation, which was sadly quite common at that time. Barry had a great sense of humour, and often broke a tense moment with a joke. He instinctively knew how to get the best out of his team and every experience was turned into an educational experience. It was no surprise that the Academic Centre for Postgraduate Medicine was established there and Barry was its Director from 1975 to 1981. He created an environment that enabled a generation of junior doctors to pass their MRCP examinations.

He was an excellent diagnostician who specialized in taking on patients with obscure problems and helping them to a successful resolution, and he was fascinating to watch at work. As a result of his well-earned reputation, he had a large coterie of patients who appreciated his thoroughness and his refusal to talk down to them. It was natural that I would refer patients back to my former teacher when I became a North London GP and he never disappointed me.

I enjoyed our educational correspondence on complicated matters and he carried on teaching me long after others had given up. Just occasionally, he would refer patients of his to me, as I imagine he did with others of his many grateful former students. He retired from the Whittington in 1999 and developed a second career in art and art history.

He held several offices of the Royal Society of Medicine (RSM), serving as Vice-President, and founding their Nephrology section. He edited the Postgraduate Medical Journal for many years. He was a member of the Royal College of Physicians (RCP) Council and an examiner for the RCP. He served as President of the Harveian Society of London and of the London Jewish Medical Society – now the Jewish Medical Association (JMA) – where he was a regular and enthusiastic attender. The JMA was where he was able to meet old friends and colleagues, and at JMA meetings he could still contribute to debate.

He had clearly lost none of his enthusiasm for Medicine, but, at the same time, in retirement he became a very accomplished artist as well as art historian. He was a keen member of the MCC. His daughter Sara says that he was still so busy that lockdown posed no problem. There was so much to do on-line: Zoom gatherings with friends, on-line-chess and bridge, on-line life drawing and Whats Apping with his grandchildren. She felt that it was lucky for him that in death he looked like he had fallen asleep at the computer, so that for his family the lasting memory of him will continue to be that of vitality and undiminished interest in life.

In 1961 Barry married Marina Morduch, a fellow student at University College Hospital, London, who became a psychiatrist. He was devoted to his wife and their three children, Sara, Julia and Rachel. Barry is survived by Marina, his children and seven grandchildren.

We will all miss him.

5. Obituaries

British Medical Journal

The following obituary was written by Professor Philip Graham who was a close friend of Barry's. Philip is an Emeritus Professor at Great Ormond Street Hospital who specialised in child psychiatry. It is archived with acknowledgement and thanks from the British Medical Journal.

Barry Hoffbrand was a national leader in postgraduate medical education. From 1980 to 1994, he was Editor of the Postgraduate Medical Journal. In this key position, he created a viable and successful clinical educational journal to rival the best. In the view of his successors, it was 'a reflection of his industry, dedication to quality and accuracy, and his wise editorial judgment that the journal came to occupy its successful position in the medical publishing world.' Barry's experience in postgraduate education was developed locally in his position as consultant physician to the Whittington Hospital, in north London. This hospital had a long tradition of providing excellent training in postgraduate medicine. Eventually an Academic Centre for Postgraduate Medicine was established there, and Barry was its Director from 1975 to 1981. In this capacity he helped countless junior doctors succeed in passing challenging postgraduate medical examinations.

After his appointment as consultant to the Whittington in 1970, Barry rapidly built up a reputation as a brilliant diagnostician and wise medical opinion. Over his nearly thirty-year tenure of this post, he came to be regarded as the physician other doctors would consult about medical problems suffered by themselves or members of their families. Especially in the days before imaging made diagnosis of conditions such as endocarditis much easier, he was able to work out what was wrong with patients when other specialists had failed.

He was particularly supportive of his junior staff. One who worked as his registrar recalled 'he taught me so many of the key skills you need to work as a consultant physician such as listening to your patients and looking after your team.' Unlike some consultants, he was supportive when junior doctors complained of the long hours they were having to work.

As well as his appointment at the Whittington Hospital, Barry was an honorary physician to the Italian Hospital. This appointment led him to learn Italian so that he could converse with his patients there.

In addition, he held a number of key positions in the medical world. He was Honorary Secretary, Honorary Librarian and a Vice-president of the Royal Society of Medicine (RSM) and President of its Clinical Section. He was a founder member and Senior Secretary of the RSM Section of Nephrology. He was a member of the Council and an examiner for the Royal College of Physicians. He served as President of the Harveian Society of London and of the London Jewish Medical Society. He was editor of *The Apothecary* from 2003-2005.

Barry was the older of two sons, both of whom achieved eminence in the medical profession. He was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, to Philip and Minnie (née

Freedman) Hoffbrand. His father ran a bespoke tailoring business and his mother was a housewife. His parents were both from Jewish immigrant families originally from Eastern Europe. He was educated at Bradford Grammar School, from where he was awarded a place to read medicine at The Queen's College, Oxford. He was a bright undergraduate and left a permanent record of his time in Oxford on the Quondam's Cup, a large, silver trophy kept behind the bar in the Queen's College sports pavilion. This has a list of years engraved on the side, with each having a name and a number next to it. For a year in the 1950s, it said "Barry Hoffbrand 13.6". This was because he had managed to drink a yard of ale in this time recorded in seconds.

After undergraduate education at the University of Oxford, Barry entered University College Hospital Medical School on a Goldsmid Scholarship and qualified as a doctor in 1958. After holding junior hospital appointments at University College Hospital and St. Luke's Hospital, Bradford, he spent a year at the Cardiovascular Research Institute, San Francisco. After junior hospital appointments at University College Hospital and the Brompton Hospital, he was appointed Consultant Physician to the Whittington Hospital in 1970. He had a strong specialist interest in renal disease and hypertension and published well over a hundred original papers, book chapters and review articles on these and related topics.

After his retirement from the Whittington Hospital in 1999, he remained vocal in his advocacy for the hospital. In letters to the press, he articulated powerful arguments against the proposed closure of the Accident and Emergency Department, citing its value to the integrity of the hospital as a whole and its importance to the large local population as well as in postgraduate education. From 2009-2015, he was Founding Chairman of the Whittington Hospital Organ Donation Committee.

In addition, Barry became an accomplished artist. He studied at the Hampstead School of Art where he showed, according to his teachers, 'remarkable ability, knowledge and intuition as a painter'. His creative drawing teacher spoke of his 'unusual concentration, willingness to experiment and strong sense of fun.'. It is not unusual for doctors to start painting after retirement; the powers of acute observation they have developed during their professional careers proving an advantage. What was unusual about Barry was that he became a not insignificant art historian. He developed an ability to spot previously unnoticed medical features in well-known works of art and published articles about his findings.

Thus, in a well-known engraving by William Hogarth Plate V in *The Harlot's Progress*, Barry noticed that one of the doctors portrayed, John (Jean) Misaubin, while previously thought to be a lowly quack, was, in fact, a well-established, wealthy doctor of Huguenot extraction. The fact that Misaubin was inducted into a fashionable Freemason's Lodge shortly before his death, led Barry to investigate clues to Freemasonry in other of the engravings of Hogarth. At the time of his death, Barry was due to give an invited lecture entitled 'Henry Harford, the last Proprietor (and Provincial Grand Master) of Maryland' at an American conference hosted by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

As well as being a kind, compassionate doctor, Barry had an infectious and irreverent sense of humour. He was wonderful company. He felt passionately about a number of issues of contemporary importance. He frequently had letters in both the national and local press published on these matters, especially the health service, Brexit, antisemitism and Israel. His enthusiastic support for Brexit was regarded as wildly idiosyncratic by most of his north London friends, but his obvious generosity of spirit meant that his opinions never lost him friends. He was a keen follower of cricket and a member of the MCC.

In 1961 Barry married Marina Morduch, a fellow student at University College Hospital, London, who became a psychiatrist. He was devoted to his wife and their three children, Sara, Julia and Rachel. Barry is survived by Marina, his children and seven grandchildren.

Consultant Physician, Whittington Hospital, London (b. 1934, q Oxford/University College Hospital, London 1958, DM, FRCP), died suddenly from cardiac arrhythmia, 24 April 2020)

Ars Quatuor Coronatorum

The following obituary, by James Daniel, was archived in 2021, with acknowledgement and thanks, from Ars Quatuor Coronatorum, the Transactions of the Masonic Lodge Quatuor Coronati.

On 24 April 2020 W. Bro. Dr Barry (Ian) Hoffbrand, MA, DM, FRCP, PJGD, PGStwd, a fit 86 year-old, played bridge in the morning and then, unexpectedly, died.

Barry, a friend of mine, had been actively pursuing his several other interests until the last. In the days before his death, for example, he had attended his 'life' class (he was a gifted artist) and entertained the members of Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge No. 4 at some length during their social internet meeting on 15 April when, à propos the application of dietary restrictions during crises such as the current Covid-19 one, the question arose as to whether locusts could ever be considered kosher. Barry returned to the subject the next day and circulated this amusing addendum on what he called the 'Creepy Crawlies' and which for me epitomises so much about him:

In the light of our discussions yesterday and having a moment or two spare I did a littleresearch on locusts/grasshoppers/crickets as grub. There are four varieties of locust that are decreed permissible in Leviticus XI, 21–22 with legs for jumping as well as four feet. The ancient rabbis not to be out done described 8 varieties in the Talmud and some apparently were still considered kosher by the last Yemenite and North African communities. As there are nearly 400 species of the creatures that are non-kosher and no one can really tell them apart there is a blanket ban on the lot, making any creepy crawly forbidden. Thank you God for not outlawing smoked salmon.

There are lots of CCs available online and Crunchy Critters.com offers a wide range

of bugs, insects and even the Black Edible Scorpion (suitably circumcised for Health and Safety reasons). When I was teaching in Libya in the 80s (the good old Gaddafi days) I was told that the two leading causes of death were road traffic accidents and scorpion stings. I did survive a minor dose of the former.

There is a suggestion that the markings on the belly on one locust species resemble the letter Chet, the 8th letter in the Hebrew alphabet. I doubt if this is the origin of alphabet soup as the creatures are best eaten fried. It is interesting, however, that the plague of locusts visited on Pharaoh and the Egyptians was number 8.

What a learned and entertaining member Quatuor Coronati Lodge missed by not electing him to full membership until the year of his death! He had won the lodge's Norman B. Spencer prize as long ago as 2005 for his paper 'Dr Misaubin – Hogarth's Quack – a much-maligned Mason'.¹ More recently the paper he submitted for the lodge's Tercentenary Conference in 2016, 'Portrait of the First Noble Grand Master: Images of John, 2nd Duke of Montagu' was published in the lodge's Reflections on 300 Years of Freemasonry.² As Bro. Newman replied when I told him of Barry's death, 'What an immensely valuable contribution Barry would have made to the work of the lodge. I am glad that he was elected as a member and sorry I am that we did not do it earlier.'

Barry had already retired as a consultant physician and nephrologist by the time he joined 'No. IV' in 2000 and we became acquainted. At the time of his death he was still in office, though both offices were unofficial: Master of the Wardrobe ('MotW', a post created for him in 2015) and Assistant Almoner (for which he had volunteered as soon as the lodge was locked down in late March). He had risen through several official offices before serving as WM in 2014, whence he became the lodge's Grand Steward in 2015 and a member of Grand Stewards' Lodge. As MotW, Barry quickly reviewed and updated the lodge's property register and took a particular interest in the 'Hoppner' portrait that he found hanging in the Grand Secretary's office. He proved that the portrait was indeed of Sir Lionel Darell Bt (RWM of Somerset Lodge No. 2, 1795–1803), that it was by William Owen RA and not John Hoppner RA – and, more importantly, that the lodge had paid for it and still owned it. He was thus able to reclaim the lodge's property and to arrange and oversee its restoration before having it re-hung in Lodge Room 17 where it still hangs today behind the Master's chair.

From the research that led to that recovery arose Barry's talk on 'Sir Lionel Darell Bt (1742–1803), his Family and other Matters', the first of his series of talks called 'Lives in a Lodge' that he gave at its November meetings. At first it was difficult to keep him to the ten minute rule he had been set, but Barry was soon to show that he was perfectly capable of restraining his enthusiasm when at the Quarterly Communication in March 2017 he ably seconded the proposal to re-elect the Grand Master with these few words:

Over the years, Brethren with far greater oratorical skills than mine have, in proposing and seconding such a motion, said almost everything that it is possible to say in the praise of His Royal Highness, and of his outstanding qualities. I cannot hope to emulate their efforts or to find something novel to urge in support of the re-

election. What I can do is now to ask you Brethren to show your whole-hearted support for the motion which has been so ably proposed by Brother Machado.

No one was more surprised than W. Bro. Barry Hoffbrand, SLGR, when he was appointed as an active JGD in April that year, an unusually senior first appointment to Grand Rank but so well deserved.

If space allowed I could relate many more of the details of Barry's medical and Masonic careers, but they are available elsewhere and would overload this personal record of such a short-lived member of Quatuor Coronati Lodge.

I will just add two further messages from Bro James Campbell: 'Barry was a lovely man. Great sense of humour', and from the Secretary of Grand Stewards' Lodge: 'Barry was an asset to any of our lodges, attending regularly. He fulfilled the Grand Design, communicating happiness to his Brethren.'

6. Tribute

The following tribute to Barry Hoffbrand is published in the autobiography of his brother Victor, which is also in the Lives Retold collection. The tribute is based on the talk given by Victor on Zoom at the 'Shiva' prayers on the evening of April 30 during the coronavirus pandemic. His family and friends 'attending' from England, Israel, USA and France were using in total 184 computers.

My first memory of Barry was when I was learning how to dress myself and he patiently explained that socks could go on either foot but shoes only one, left or right. I continued to benefit from his 18 month older wisdom for the rest of my life.

We shared our childhood in Bradford, developing our love for the Yorkshire Dales, cycling and cricket. We were both right handed bowlers and left handed batsmen, Barry better at both than me. Later we had a stand of 38 runs playing for the Oxford University Jewish Society against Carmel College. Barry made 37 of the 38 runs. We played chess, tennis and squash together and we played as partners in bridge for more than 70 years.

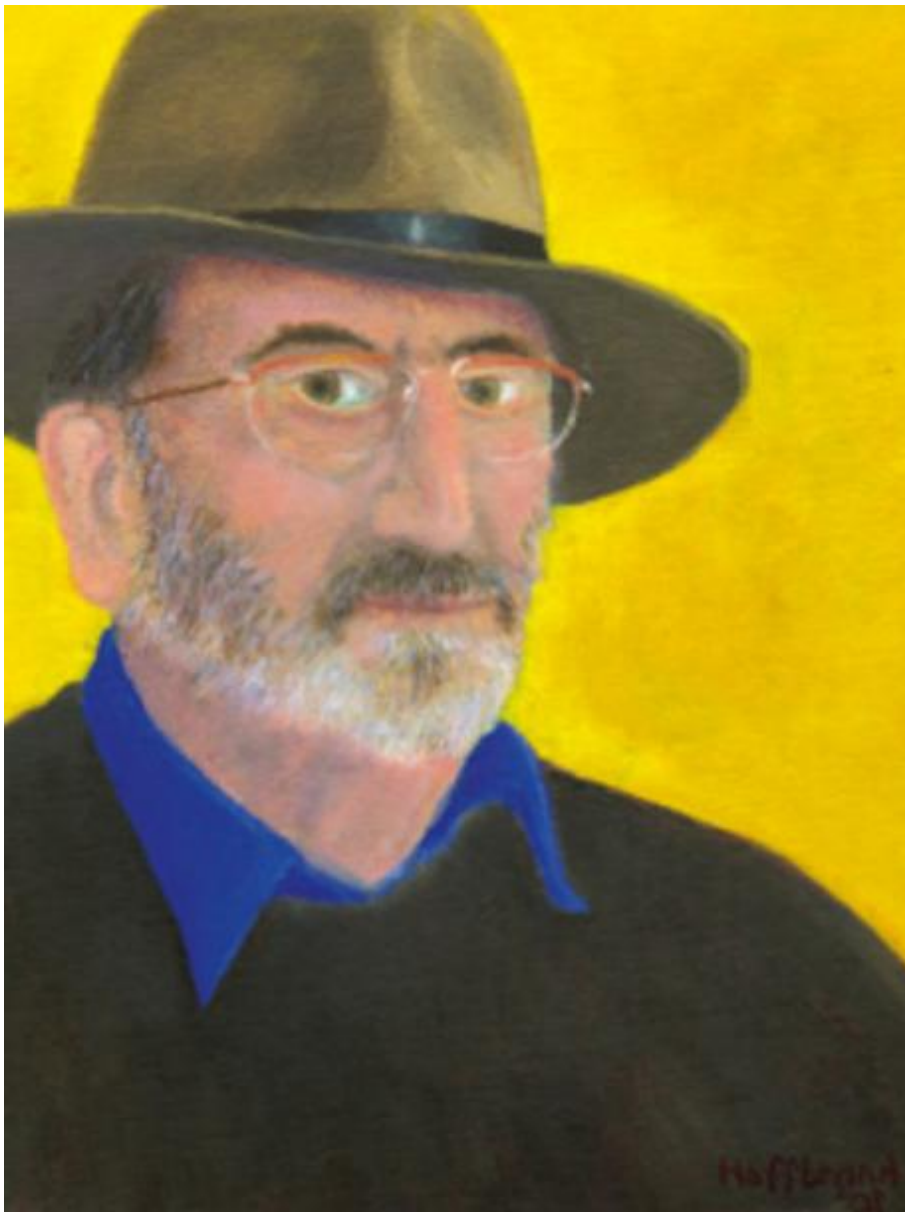
Barry walked me to our primary school and later to Bradford Grammar School. He took me by train from Bradford for my first day at Oxford. We were in the same college, Queen's, and Barry introduced me to the many social activities there and showed me the way for my first attendances at the science laboratories and lecture theatres. He was only a year ahead of me but seemed a lot wiser. He was always kind, sympathetic and patient, ready to listen and to give sound advice to me or indeed to anyone else who sought it.

Our paths separated when Barry continued medical studies at University College Hospital and a year later I went to the London Hospital but we kept close contact. We shared digs until Barry married Marina. Later we enjoyed many holidays together with Marina and Jill and our young families. In the early years our mother came with to enjoy summer holidays with her six grandchildren.

Our medical careers progressed in parallel. Barry became a distinguished physician at the Whittington Hospital. He not only organised and ran the major postgraduate teaching course there but also edited the postgraduate medical journal. Countless physicians are grateful to Barry for helping them get through the examination for membership of the College of Physicians, the qualification essential for their careers. Barry was for many years an examiner for the College as well its Regional Adviser for the North-East Thames and a member of its Council.

Barry was a superb, dedicated clinician, admired by all his colleagues and loved by his patients. When he became chairman of the medical committee of the Italian Hospital, he learned Italian. When he joined the Apothecary Society, he edited its journal. He was Vice-President of the Royal Society of Medicine. We both were members of the London Jewish Medical Society. Naturally Barry became its president. After he retired as a physician, he became a governor of the Whittington Hospital as well as President of the Harveian Society of London.

Barry later developed the talent for art he had shown at school. As usual for Barry, no half measures. He produced many superb paintings and sketches. I was deeply touched when, with the help from photos supplied by Jill, he painted a portrait of me sitting on the pool terrace at Green Farm, as a surprise for my 70th birthday.



Barry Hoffbrand self portrait, 2008.

Barry was incredibly modest about his achievements, almost to the point of secrecy. He expressed surprise when I wanted to read his articles or indeed go to exhibitions of his paintings. I was amazed when he said, the day before he died, that he was flattered when I asked if I could include an image of one of his paintings in the memoirs I was writing. We shared a love of music, often meeting by chance at the Wigmore Hall. Many of our friends have written to say they will miss seeing Barry there and discussing the music with him. Barry was much fonder than me of Wagner but nevertheless Jill and I sat through, with Barry and Marina, four evenings of Wagner's Ring in Cardiff. We both adored Schubert's music.

Barry had remarkable drive and intellect. He wrote many scientific papers especially on hypertension and renal diseases. After he retired he researched and published articles and lectured frequently on such subjects as the identity of doctors depicted in 17th and 18th century paintings and about the Huguenot physicians who fled from France to England. At the time of his death Barry had three such articles just published or in press. True to his character as an achiever, Barry became a member of the MCC. We were due to go together in June to Lords for the West Indies test match. Sadly this will not happen.

In the many letters of condolence we have received the words kind, compassionate, caring, much loved, a gentleman, a mench, genial, affable, modest and humorous appear fequently. I would like to add another – he was passionate. Barry was passionate about his family and proud of their achievements. He was passionate about the many friends he loved and loved him. He was passionate about everything in which he seriously engaged and about causes in which he believed.

He was prepared to put his head above the parapet in the numerous letters he wrote to The Times, Ham and High, Camden New Journal and Jewish Chronicle on topics he felt strongly about such as the NHS, the Whittington Hospital, Israel, anti-semitism and Brexit.

All our lives have been diminished by Barry's death. My deepest sympathies are to Marina, Sara, Julia and Rachel and their families. It is sad that in the present circumstances families cannot get together even for a few hugs.

I want to finish on a very personal note. Barry and I were very close and loved each other. We were never rivals and were proud of each others successes. My highest honour has been to be known all my life as Barry's brother.



Barry and his wife Marina in 2011.
