

MY MEMORIES OF JULIUSZ SCHAUDER

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Dedicated to the memory of Juliusz Schauder

My earliest memory of Juliusz Paweł Schauder (nickname: Julek) is of a teenager throwing cherry pits at a group of four little boys about eight to ten years old, younger than himself: these were his two brothers, my brother and myself. The time was a few years before the outbreak of World War I. The place was a town named Rohatyń, a district town near Lwów. (Lwów was then the capital city of the Austro–Hungarian province of Galicja, which became a part of Poland after World War I.)

The friendship between our families dated several generations back. In Rohatyń my great-grandfather had been a barrister and both the father of Julek and my father had been his “koncypient”, that is, apprentices in his law firm before they themselves became barristers. (In Austro–Hungary a doctor of law had to be a “koncypient” for seven years before being admitted to an examination whose passing was required for admission to the bar.)

Julek’s father, a hunchback, was respected by his fellow lawyers not only as a good practitioner but also as a theoretician who was publishing articles in legal periodics. Julek’s mother gave the impression of being a rather unhappy person (frequently her eyes seemed to be red from crying). He had two brothers: Marian (Mańko), who was one year older than I and later became a teacher of Physics in Italy, and Karol (Karolek), two years my junior, who later studied law; he also