

## The Association of Jewish Refugees/ British Academy Appeal

Enclosed with this month's issue, readers will find a funding appeal issued jointly in the names of the Association of Jewish Refugees and the British Academy. It is now nearly 50 years since the two organisations were first formally associated, through the Thank-You Britain Fund, which the AJR set up in 1963 and which was so successful that it raised the sum of £96,000, principally from the refugees from Nazism who had fled to Britain.

A cheque for this amount, worth almost £1 million in today's money, was formally handed to the British Academy at a ceremony in the Saddlers' Hall in the City of London on 8 November 1965. (The date was presumably chosen to fall as close as possible to the anniversary of the Kristallnacht pogrom of November 1938.) Photos of Sir Hans Krebs, the Nobel Prize-winning scientist, who handed over the cheque on behalf of the AJR, and Lord Lionel Robbins, the distinguished economist, who accepted it in his capacity as President of the British Academy, are on the reverse side of the leaflet.

The story of the Thank-You Britain Fund as seen from the viewpoint of the AJR and its members was told in our issue of May 2005. This article concentrates instead on the British Academy, while also explaining the reasons behind the new funding appeal. The Fund originated in 1963 out of a proposal that the Jewish refugees from Central Europe should make a public gesture of thanks to their adopted homeland, to be paid for by their donations; accordingly, an appeal was launched. The AJR, which was responsible for the administration of the Fund, resolved that the money raised should be devoted to scholarly research that would benefit British society. It decided that the British Academy was the appropriate

recipient institution.

The British Academy, which received its Royal Charter from King Edward VII in 1902, is the most prestigious British institution that supports and promotes the humanities and social sciences. One of the great national learned societies, it occupies a place in those fields comparable to that of the august Royal Society in the sciences. The Academy is one of the leading bodies that funds research in the arts and social sciences in Britain, across a wide range of academic disciplines from history,



Lord Lionel Robbins (left) and Sir Hans Krebs

philosophy, literature and languages to law, politics, psychology and economics. As its website states, 'Our purpose is to inspire, recognise and support excellence in the humanities and social sciences, throughout the UK and internationally, and to champion their role and value.'

The Academy also functions as an independent fellowship that represents the humanities and social sciences and consists of some 1,000 distinguished scholars. The list of its past fellows reads like a role call of the greatest names in its subject areas: the economists J. M. Keynes, William Beveridge and Friedrich Hayek, the philosophers A. J. Ayer, Karl Popper and Isaiah Berlin, the writer-scholars C. S. Lewis and Henry Moore,

the classicist Maurice Bowra, the art historian Kenneth Clark, the archaeologist Mortimer Wheeler and the historians Alan Bullock, A. J. P. Taylor and Max Beloff, among a host of other famous names. Current fellows include George Steiner, the literary scholar, the historian David Cannadine, the classicist Mary Beard, the political scientist Vernon Bogdanor (David Cameron's tutor at Oxford), the archaeologist Barry Cunliffe, the philosopher Roger Scruton, the professor of linguistics David Crystal, and the political philosopher Quentin Skinner.

With the agreement of the AJR, the Academy used the money raised by the Thank-You Britain Fund to establish a research fellowship, the Thank-Offering to Britain Fellowship. This was intended, as its founding statutes stated, to promote research into 'human studies widely interpreted and their bearing on the well-being of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom'. The Fellowship is now awarded alongside the highly respected Leverhulme Trust Senior Research Fellowships, which are awarded annually to established scholars in mid-career, to enable them to take a year's leave to carry out a major piece of research. Competition for these awards is extremely fierce, and only scholars of genuinely high distinction (and considerable productivity) are considered in the awards process. So the Fellowship, originally funded by an appeal to the refugees from Hitler, has taken its place at the highest level of British academic and intellectual life.

Recipients of the Thank-Offering to Britain Fellowship have included such outstanding scholars as Hew Strachan, the historian of the First World War, and Stefan Collini, the authority on English literature and intellectual history. Since 2008, when the Academy re-established

 **AJR/British Academy Appeal** *cont. from page 1*

a closer relationship with the AJR, this journal has reported annually on the recipients of the Thank-Offering to Britain Fellowships, Dr Patricia Clavin (Jesus College, Oxford), Dr Alexander Lingas (City University, London) and Dr Eugene Rogan (St Antony's College, Oxford); these are scholars of outstanding ability working in subject areas broadly related to the concerns of the Jews who fled from Hitler to Britain.

The fact that money raised by the refugees from Hitler has funded research of such prestigious quality over nearly half a century should be a matter of great pride to the refugee community, and especially to AJR members. The original decision to dedicate the Thank-You Britain Fund to academic scholarship reflected the high tradition of respect for education and learning widespread in German and Austrian Jewry, which had a reverence for *Bildung* unusual even among Jews, the 'People of the Book'. That tradition remains one of the outstanding features of our community today, and it is one that this journal strives to maintain.

However, the capital sum from which the Thank-Offering to Britain Fellowship is funded has been gradually eroded, so that the Fellowship can no longer be awarded every year. This is threatening what is arguably the greatest single contribution that the Jewish refugees collectively have made to British public life. To preserve that contribution, the AJR and the British Academy are launching an appeal intended to replenish the fund on which the British Academy can draw. The Academy wishes to use the money raised to overhaul and modernise the awards. It intends to establish annual research grants of £10,000, which will be awarded to younger scholars, to enable them to conduct the first pieces of research so vital to their career development; and to create an updated version of the Thank-Offering to Britain Fellowship better suited to academic research in the twenty-first century. (It is envisaged that both types of award will carry the AJR's name, making clear their connection to the Jewish refugees.)

The funding campaign is being launched in the *AJR Journal* as a mark of respect to the AJR and its members, who played the leading part in the successful appeal of the 1960s. Speaking as an academic who appreciates the high quality of the scholarship that the Fellowship has produced over the years, I would urge

readers to consider making a donation, however small. One of the most impressive documents that I discovered when researching the original Thank-You Britain Fund was the list of donors from the 1960s, some 3,000 names long, most of them 'ordinary' refugees who could not afford more than relatively small amounts, but who were determined to contribute to a project that reflected the values of their community and was of benefit to British society. The Fellowships have also created a lasting memorial to the Jewish refugees from Hitler who settled in Britain. Now that the generation of the refugees themselves is disappearing, the Fellowship's function as a memorial to our community takes on ever greater significance.

The Thank-You Britain Fund brought the AJR into contact with the cream of British intellectual life. The Fund's patrons, including representatives of the British Academy and the refugees from Hitler, could scarcely have been more eminent. They were Lord Robbins, President of the British Academy and author of the Robbins Report of 1963 on higher education; Sir Isaiah Berlin, one of the great intellectual figures of his day; the scientists Sir Ernest Chain and Sir Hans Krebs, the two refugees from Nazism who had won Nobel Prizes by 1964; and Sir Ludwig Guttmann, director of the Stoke Mandeville Spinal Injuries Centre (see our September 2012 issue). The committee responsible for administering the Fund included Alfred Dresel, then chairman of the AJR, and Werner Rosenstock, its general secretary, and its co-chairmen were AJR vice-chairman Werner Behr and Victor Ross, who, as readers know, still wields an active pen.

The calibre of the members of the committee appointed within the British Academy to oversee the Fellowship reflected the importance that the Academy attached to the refugees' gift to Britain:

**AJR Chief Executive**  
Michael Newman

**Directors**  
Carol Rossen  
David Kaye

**Head of Department**  
Sue Kurlander Social Services

**AJR Journal**  
Dr Anthony Grenville Consultant Editor  
Dr Howard Spier Executive Editor  
Andrea Goodmaker Secretarial/Advertisements

Views expressed in the *AJR Journal* are not necessarily those of the Association of Jewish Refugees and should not be regarded as such.

## Kristallnacht

### 74th Anniversary Memorial Service

**Belsize Square Synagogue**  
**Wednesday 7 November 2012**  
**at 2 pm**

**Guest Speaker: Trudy Gold,**  
**Executive Director, London**  
**Jewish Cultural Centre**

Please join us for a service to commemorate the 74th anniversary of Kristallnacht at Belsize Square Synagogue on Wednesday 7 November 2012 at 2 pm.

Rabbi Jonathan Wittenberg will lead the service and light refreshments will be served at its conclusion.

We are arranging free transport to and from the Synagogue with collections in Stanmore, Golders Green and at Finchley Road Station.

**Please contact Karin Pereira at**  
**AJR Head Office on 020 8385**  
**3070 or at [karin@ajr.org.uk](mailto:karin@ajr.org.uk) if you**  
**would like to travel on the coach.**

Lord Robbins, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Sir Isaiah Berlin, the historian Sir Denis Brogan, the anthropologist Sir Raymond Firth, H. L. A. Hart, Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, the Nobel Prize-winning economist Sir John Hicks, and Professor Arnaldo Momigliano, a former refugee from Mussolini's Italy. Through the current appeal, it is hoped to continue the AJR's participation in this high tradition of scholarship. Readers will be kept informed of the progress of the appeal.

**Anthony Grenville**

## The Association of Jewish Refugees in Great Britain Benevolent Society

**The**  
**Special General Meeting**  
**to consider the proposed**  
**reorganisation of the Society**  
**will be held on**  
**Thursday 15 November 2012**  
**at 3:00 pm**  
**at the AJR Paul Balint Centre,**  
**Belsize Square Synagogue,**  
**London NW3 4HX.**

*Members are referred to the enclosed letter from the Chairman.*

## ON REFLECTION

Rudi Leavor

### No going back

When we emigrated we were lucky to be able to do so in comfort. On a Sunday in mid-1937 we were at my grandmother's and her sisters' flat for afternoon coffee when my father bent down to me and whispered into my ear 'We are going to England.'

I knew that my parents had often been to England in order to ascertain how they could emigrate there, but this was the first time I had been made aware that it really was at hand. My first thought was that we were going by train and ship and that this would be a great adventure; my second thought was that we were going to leave Germany and find safety in England; my third thought was that we had to leave our relatives in Germany. However, all three thoughts came together within a few seconds.

In November the farewells from our mainly elderly relatives took place in their flat in order to prevent trauma at the station. Uncle Arthur Blumenthal, a fairly well-off businessman, said 'So, you really want to emigrate!' He refused to face up to the danger signs and he, his daughter Evi, son-in-law Werner Simon and four-year-old grandson Daniel were murdered at Auschwitz.

At the Lehrter Station there were about 50 friends to see us off. My father had bought second-class tickets – a great exception to the norm but it was an exceptional occasion! The four of us, my parents, my sister Winnie and I, went two each into adjacent compartments so as to have room to look out of the window and wave. As the train moved off, 50 white handkerchiefs fluttered in the air, except for the Radziewski family, who stood at the end of the platform so that they would be the last ones we would see.

We stayed overnight in Hamburg and the next day took the boat train to Bremen and Bremerhaven. A man in civilian clothes inspected our papers and asked my father to accompany him to another compartment. The train stopped at a station and started again before my father had returned. I asked my mother 'Where is Vati?' I had visions of him having been taken off the train – it would have been a tragedy to have come so far and be prevented from reaching safety when so near. My mother was equally anxious but said soothingly that she thought he was on the train, which he was: he had been searched for contraband.

In Bremerhaven we embarked on

the cruise ship *Deutschland* and rested a while in the cabin to recover from the previous few days. I have to relate that my father and I often played a piano piece for four hands entitled *Dornröschens Brautfahrt* (Sleeping Beauty's Bridal Journey) by Max Rhode. Still exhausted, we went in to the dining room. At the exact moment of our entry, the small band started to play this piece. After our nerve-wracking experiences of the last few days, when we had been physically and mentally at our nadir, this music sounded as if it came from paradise and lifted our spirits a thousandfold. The conductor could never have dreamt how great a pleasure it was for us to hear these strains. The sheets of music we had used to play the piece are now in the Jewish Museum in Berlin.

I can follow all this up with a little anecdote. My father had, of course, paid up to the end of November for the flat in which we had lived. On the morning of our 24-hour journey from Bremerhaven to Southampton, he gathered us together at the stern of the ship and ceremoniously threw the keys to the flat into the sea as if to say 'With this gesture we break our links with Germany – there's no going back!'

### Full circle

In 1873 Rabbi Josef Strauss of Hamburg applied to the West London Synagogue to become their (possibly senior) rabbi. Having been provisionally accepted by letter, he presented himself for interview. However, his strong German accent was not acceptable to the elite of that synagogue and he applied to the Bradford Reform Synagogue, recently founded mainly by ex-German wool merchants to whom his accent was very familiar. Indeed, the interview probably took place in German. At any rate, he was accepted, settled in Bradford, married a local girl and founded what was to become a large family which became a household name.

Recently I was privileged to officiate at the stone-setting of Roy Stroud, grandson of Josef and the last of that generation. The entire family attended, numbering some 40 people. I told them what they already knew – though not in these terms – that had Josef been accepted by West London in 1873, none of them would have been here today.

By a quirk of fate, Rabbi Baroness Julia Neuberger, a distant relative of

mine who had recently become a 'Friend' of the Bradford Synagogue, had just become Senior Rabbi at West London Synagogue. Her ancestors originated from Germany but, as she was born in the UK, she has no trace of an accent. So, where Josef was turned down and came to Bradford, Julia was accepted by West London. Truly a case of the wheel having come full circle ... over a period of 139 years!

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## ERIC'S STORY

A picture which recently came into my possession shows part of a synagogue in the house in which my grandparents, parents, sister and I lived. The house, large and detached, was in the village of Salzhemmendorf, some 30 km from Hamelin. Salzhemmendorf had a population of some 1,000 inhabitants and one school, which my sister and I attended. There was one other Jewish family in the village but they had no children. There were several Jewish families in the surrounding villages.

The house was built in the 1700s as both a schoolhouse and a synagogue – at that time, a fair number of Jews apparently lived in the area. In the 1860s the school was attended by 15 or 16 children. The entire right-hand side of the house was the synagogue. There were three rooms on the left-hand side and six large rooms on the first floor which served as classrooms. Presumably some of these rooms were used by someone who lived there, maybe a rabbi or teacher.

On a hill outside the village was a Jewish cemetery which contained graves of people I didn't know, with five exceptions: a single grave – that of my father's brother, who had died in France on service with the German army; a double grave – that of the parents of the other family on his side; and a second double grave – that of my father's parents.

My father and his four brothers were born in that house, my father in 1884. My grandfather was a butcher and cattle dealer, as was my father. They traded from a shop converted from the left-hand front room of the house. At the back of the house was a large yard, a slaughter house, stable and barns. The cellar was converted into a cold store with ice cut from the local river in winter, keeping the meat fresh until the following winter.

I was born in 1922 in Hannover. For as long as I can remember as a child, services were held in the synagogue on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. Somebody came from Hannover to hold the services and the five or six Jewish families from neighbouring villages came along with relatives staying with them for the *yom tov* – so there was always a minyan.

My bar mitzvah, in February 1935,

was, I think, the last service to be held in our synagogue – things were beginning to get difficult. Sometimes I would go to Hamelin or Hannover and I remember Chanukah parties there.

But back to my little *shul* in Salzhemmendorf – 'salt village', so named because there was a salt water spring there. Later a small spa was established with a hotel and hot salt water bath by the city of Hannover. Schoolchildren in the village were allowed six baths a week during the summer holidays! We were allowed an hour in the tub, then a big lounge to rest for an hour while we had cocoa and biscuits!



Eric Davidson (Erich Davidsohn), mother Elfrida Davidsohn (née Guttman), father Robert, Eric's cousin Julianne (adopted; he usually referred to her as his half-sister)

The house we lived in didn't belong to my family, but to the Hannover Synagogue Authority. My parents built on it extensively in the late 1920s-early 1930s.

In the early morning of 9-10 November 1938 about four men in SA uniforms plus the local policeman entered the synagogue. The SA men smashed the benches and threw the books about – but didn't touch the Ark or the curtain in front of it. The SA men weren't local. Nothing else in the house was touched – this, my parents thought, was due to the policeman's influence.

About midday the policeman came again with a man in civvies and told my father and me that we were to be taken to Hamelin prison. My father's protests that he was a war veteran with the Iron Cross, that his brothers had also fought in the First World War and that two of them had been killed were to no avail. We saw that many Jewish men were there already, four or five to a cell. The only consolation I still have from spending that day in the prison is the knowledge that after the

Nuremberg trials Nazi leaders (at least those who had been caught and hadn't yet committed suicide) were hanged in that very same prison.

In the middle of the night we were bussed to a police barracks in Hannover. Many Jewish men were there already. The next day we were taken to the railway station and made to stand on one platform packed close together. Pictures were taken by the press; young boys were pushed to the back and fat men had to stand in the front. A passenger train came and we had to get on with no idea of our destination. Of course, several of the adults had some idea. I don't remember how long

the journey took, but it was probably the next day when we arrived in Erfurt. From the station we were bussed to Buchenwald. By this time we knew where we were being taken because of the area in Saxony. On arrival, God help those who weren't fast enough – heavy sticks were flailing around their heads.

We were separated from long-term inmates. These were Socialists, Communists, Gypsies, Jehovah's Witnesses etc who only had to renounce their own particular beliefs to be released, but did not. There were others, in particular dangerous criminals

who became *Kapos* – as bad as the Nazis themselves. We were separated from these in our own compound, which consisted of five huge huts each accommodating 2,000 men.

In the huts there was a shelving system for use as beds, into which we crawled and in which we couldn't sit up. Our first food, brought the next morning, consisted of one army loaf for between six to eight of us and one cup of 'coffee'. At lunchtime we were given some sort of broth, made from fish or meat. The very *frum* were told by the rabbis to eat whatever was given.

The first Sunday no food arrived. When it was realised that no food would come on Sundays, those who had taken charge in each hut cut down the daily ration of bread. During the day we had to leave the huts and stand in line or sit all day cross-legged. There were daily beatings whenever the guards felt like it. Many men, the older ones in particular, died under these conditions. There were quite a few doctors and they did what they could.

After the first week names were called and releases started. On the morning of 6 December my name was called. You had to rush to the gate or miss being released. A quick farewell to my father and I was away.

No food was given but – worst of all – we couldn't go to the toilet. We were given money for the rail fare and bussed to the station. Several of us got on the train direct to Hannover and arrived in the middle of the night. The other people on the train kept well away from us.

In the middle of the night I made for my aunt and uncle's place, which wasn't too far from the station. Luckily they were still there, as were my mother and sister. My mother had gone to the Gestapo every day pleading for my father's and my release.

Next day we had to report to the Gestapo and my mother and I had to sign that I was hale and hearty. A doctor found nothing wrong with me. My father was released on 12 December.

Many Jewish men who had got wind of what was going on got up to various dodges to escape capture. I heard of some going to public toilets or riding on trains or trams in Berlin.

After my father came home we didn't return to the village but found a flat in a house owned by Jewish people. We had furniture and clothing brought to us. Whilst I had been away my mother had put my name down for the Kindertransport. My parents had been trying to go to Argentina since 1935 but it hadn't worked out.

On 7 February 1939, just before my 17th birthday, I came to England with the Kindertransport. We landed at Harwich and were taken to Warners Holiday Camp in Dovercourt. We were treated very well and stayed there six to eight weeks. Then 50 of the older boys were moved to the Kitchener Camp at Richborough. Only one hut had been made suitable for habitation and we moved in. More huts were made habitable and Jewish men came from Germany until the camp held 3,000.

Many well-known people, including the Chief Rabbi, Dr Joseph Hertz, came to visit us. With the camp filling up, we boys were moved again. This time, a Christian association offered to take us for training in farming at a large estate called Turners Court near Wallingford, Oxfordshire. There were four large houses for boys who came to the notice of this society through the police and social services – they were orphans and were treated very badly. We were kept apart from them. At first we lived in large marquees, then wooden huts were built for us. We had our own people

who looked after us. We complained about the treatment of the other boys and got to see the man in charge, a colonel. After that the lot of the boys improved somewhat.

One high spot of my stay there is that during the annual ploughing competition I won the prize for the best-kept horse, then I won the ploughing competition with a prize of 5 shillings. I was rich! A Milky Way cost 1d in those days and a Mars Bar 2d. I loved them!

Until war broke out we all received letters from home. As my parents were in Argentina by then, letters occasionally came from there, though many letters never arrived.

During the war I worked on farms from Yorkshire to Buckinghamshire and in Sunbury-on-Thames in 1945-46. Here I met my wife Della.

As I mentioned, the house with the synagogue we had lived in in Salzhemmendorf had belonged to the Hannover Jewish community. The Germans took it over and after the war my mother was instrumental in having them thrown out and reclaiming it for the Jewish community.

Eventually, my parents went to Argentina in June 1939 to work as ranchers, as did so many other Jewish families. They had their Jewish religious objects packed into crates and shipped there. A synagogue was established in a village called Moises Ville, where my sister still lives and where services are still held. My father died in 1964 so I never saw him again. My mother came to England in 1965 for six weeks.

Argentina has a large Jewish population. As I mentioned, my parents had been trying to emigrate there since 1935 but the Argentine government had made it difficult to get visas. The reason for taking up farming in Argentina (apart from wanting to get away from Germany) was that a system created for Jewish people for this purpose suited us, who had spent all our lives in rural areas and semi-farming pursuits.

It all began in 1880, when a Baron Hirsch in Paris donated a large sum of money to buy virgin lands in the centre of Argentina for the purpose of getting Jews out of Russia. This had fallen into disuse after the First World War, but was restarted around 1934-35 for German Jews. It wasn't easy to get accepted into the scheme – you had to be a sizeable family and have some knowledge of farming. I went to a large farm in Silesia to be tested. The boys and girls there were preparing for *Hachshara*. About 20 of us were tested for three months on our ability to work.

Although I was no longer in Germany

at the time, my parents were accepted into the scheme and left for Argentina, taking with them agricultural tools and implements. They were given 100 hectares of virgin land, in the middle of which was a bungalow. They also received one horse, one cow and a well with a windmill to pump the water. The main crop was alfalfa, a clover-like cattle feed, and possibly some grain and maize. Living conditions were harsh but I think most of those who went over there eventually made a go of it. All this, however, was not a gift: everything had to be repaid and that money was used to buy more land for the scheme.

In the mid-fifties things again became difficult, with the rise of the Peron government, who aroused the peons (natives), the 'sleeveless ones', promising them land, in particular land the immigrants had made fertile. Never mind that there was plenty of untilled land still available – but of course it was hard work to make it arable.

At that time too, many of the Jewish settlers were getting older and starting to receive reparations and pensions from Germany. Many, including my parents, sold out and settled in villages like Moises Ville. I think most of them had a reasonable retirement and old age.

**Eric Davidson**

*This article is part of a book-length document the author was writing shortly before he passed away in 1998 (Ed.).*

## ARTS AND EVENTS NOVEMBER DIARY

**Wed 14** Professor Jacqueline Rose, 'Absolute Fiction: Hannah Arendt and the End of Mental Freedom' Centre for German-Jewish Studies, University of Sussex, Fulton A, 5 pm. Tel 01273 606 755 or email [information@sussex.ac.uk](mailto:information@sussex.ac.uk)

**Wed 14** B'nai B'rith Jerusalem Lodge. Rosalind Zeffertt, 'My Experiences as a London 2012 Olympics Volunteer' At home of Sue Raingold, 2.30 pm. Tel 020 8907 4553

**Fri 16** Dr Jenny Carson, 'Quaker Service: The Friends Relief Service in Post-war Europe' At Wiener Library, 1. 00 pm. Admission free. Tel 020 7636 7247

**Mon 19** "The Strongest Possible Terms": The Evolving Role of Parliamentary Condemnations of Atrocities Past and Present' At Senate House, Room 261, Malet Street, London WC1, 6.30 pm. Admission free. To book a place please email [hrc@sas.ac.uk](mailto:hrc@sas.ac.uk)

**Thur 22** Dr Lars Fischer, 'Introducing Gertrud Mayer-Jaspers' Centre for German-Jewish Studies, University of Sussex, Arts A108, 4 pm. Tel 01273 606 755 or email [information@sussex.ac.uk](mailto:information@sussex.ac.uk)



# Letters to the Editor

*The Editor reserves the right to shorten correspondence submitted for publication*

## THOSE WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE – A TRIBUTE TO REFUGEE DOCTORS

Sir – The recent Paralympic Games and their connection with the remarkable Dr Ludwig Guttman prompt me to add that there were probably many highly qualified refugee doctors in this country who made unsung contributions to medical science and, in the process, never left their humanity behind. It made me recall how much I owe to one in particular.

In 1941 at the age of 16 I was struggling to make a living in Oxford as a seamstress. Through no fault of my own I was involved in a road traffic accident and admitted with minor head injuries to the Radcliffe Infirmary. There I was seen by a neurologist, Dr Wertheimer. I don't know if he came from Germany or Austria, but he spoke with a marked foreign accent. He not only treated my injuries but saw a pale, young and rather emaciated girl and took the trouble to find out more about me.

I have to thank him for his guidance in letting me leave the sweatshop and directing me into the path of my future career. I never saw him again nor was I able to thank him. So I am writing this little tribute to all those surviving doctors who made a difference.

*Ursula Rosenfeld, Manchester*

## GUARDIAN COMMITTEE FOR REFUGEES, BOSTON

Sir – The historic town of Boston in Lincolnshire, with around 25,000 inhabitants, would not have been expected to show interest in 1939 in helping Jewish refugees. Yet a local architect, Hedley Mobbs, who had become aware of the persecution and dangers threatening Jewish people in Austria, Germany and Czechoslovakia, decided to take action.

A devout Methodist himself, he approached other Christian denominations, business people and associations in the town in order to set up a committee to help refugees.

Before my sister and I, aged 13-and-a-half and 12, had arrived in London on 2 August 1939, on what was later to be called a 'Winton Train', the Guardian Committee for Refugees in Boston had already helped two older couples to come to Boston. One had come from Vienna, the

other from Carlsbad, and both had been found accommodation.

My sister, Sonja, and I had been able to leave occupied Czechoslovakia thanks to the efforts of a group of farsighted people, among them Nicholas Winton, who had come to Prague to enable endangered children to leave. Once the operation to arrange transports of children to come to Britain had begun, Winton had returned to London to find homes and guarantors for the children before the British authorities would issue permits for them to come. Hedley Mobbs had responded with an offer to help.

At the end of August Sonja and I, together with another young Czech refugee, George Rosenstein (now Roden), arrived at Boston station, where Hedley Mobbs had come to meet us with his 16-year-old daughter Dorothy. George was to stay with the Mobbs family; my sister and I were given a home by another member of the Committee, Florence Elsey, until a house rented by the Committee was furnished with donated goods, including even a piano, to accommodate all the refugees. At the time, there were plans to receive more Czech children but, as we learned later, the train scheduled to leave Prague in September was not allowed to leave due to the outbreak of war.

The majority of those 230 children perished. All through the war the Guardian Committee took good care of us all, solving any problems which arose. Sonja and I were fortunate in being given a place in the High School; George joined a tailor in the town until he volunteered in 1941 to join the RAF and then served in the Czech Squadron.

Most of the other members of the Committee remained unknown to us, but the Mobbs family and Florence Elsey took a close personal interest in our welfare, treating us all as 'family'.

When Sonja, George and I received the news that our families had perished, they were there to give us solace and support.

After leaving Boston we kept in touch and visited them until the end of their lives. Dorothy remained a close friend but sadly died in July this year, the last link with those who showed us such warm interest and affection when we needed it most. We

owe them all a debt of gratitude.

*Hana Kleiner, Edgware, Middx*

## BBC FILM ABOUT BRADFORD HOSTEL BOYS

Sir – It may be of interest to some AJR members that the BBC made a film about the 24 Bradford Hostel Boys on the occasion of their 50th anniversary in 1989. This can be seen on the internet: google 'Bradford Kinder Transport'.

*Albert A. Waxman, Shipley, West Yorks*

## A VERY KIND AND THOUGHTFUL PERSON

Sir – It is with much sadness that I have to report that Henry Schragenheim, a family friend of long standing (our mothers were school colleagues) passed away in May at the age of 87 and I shall certainly miss the many indignant and irate letters he sent to the Journal on a regular basis.

He was steeped in Frankfurt am Main Avodah Judaism and bravely fought his corner continuously. I am sorry that in future I will no longer see his name in your columns. Perhaps other readers will feel likewise. He was a very kind and thoughtful person.

*(Mrs) Meta Roseneil, Buckhurst Hill, Essex*

## AJR PROPOSED REORGANISATION

Sir – Enclosed with the October issue of the *AJR Journal*, members will have received a letter from Andrew Kaufman outlining proposed structural changes to the AJR Friendly Society and AJR Charitable Trust.

Many of these changes are sensible but there is one pernicious suggestion. The transfer of membership to the new organisation also involves the removal from members of their voting rights. Future Boards will essentially be self-selecting and self-perpetuating. We know that people who live in established democracies often don't bother to use their vote, but this is not a good reason to remove their franchise any more than it makes sense to throw away a fire extinguisher simply because it has never been used.

I am sure the present Board is beyond reproach. But times and Boards change and should some future Board conduct itself in an unsatisfactory manner, members would have very limited powers to restore good governance. In this context, the removal of voting rights appears an altogether retrograde and unnecessary measure.

May I urge members to write to Andrew Kaufman and other Board members, and/or to attend the AGM on 15 November, to ensure our voting rights are maintained in the new organisation.

*Arthur Oppenheimer, Hove, Sussex*  
Please refer to the enclosed letter from AJR Chairman Andrew Kaufman and the revised proposed rule changes that accompany this month's Journal (Ed.).

## TWO JEWS, THREE VIEWS

Sir – I always look forward to the *AJR Journal* and consume every article and letter with enthusiasm – the same applies to the *JC*.

What I look forward to most of all are the controversies and differences of opinion. To use a cliché: two Jews, three opinions (at least!).

I learnt this at first hand when I was captain of Leytonstone Maccabi soccer team about 56 years ago. There can be nothing worse than being 'captain' of a Jewish soccer team because there are 11 captains all barking orders at the same time! Lovely!

In your September issue, Rudi Leavor writes: 'I was offered orange with cranberry juice – an odd choice as many of those present may well have been on statins, for whom cranberry juice is a no-no drink.'

This is news to me. It is, however, well known that grapefruit juice should not be drunk if one is on statins and I'm wondering if Mr Leavor is mixing these two drinks up?

I've just read the packing slip with my simvastatin tablets again and only grapefruit juice is mentioned.

This will concern many of your readers who, like me, are on statins.

(Dr) Dennis Dell, Aylesbury

## CUNARD SERVICES, STATINS AND SENIOR MOMENTS

Sir – Concerning Ernie Goldman's letter about an Erev Shabbat service on a cruise liner (October): on all three Cunard Queen liners a simple request at once reserves a room for Erev Shabbat services with plenty of wine, *challah* and *siddurim*. I have held services, including short sermons, every time I have been on a cruise with Cunard with good attendances.

Fritz Starer (October, 'No-No Drink') is right about warfarin (not statins) not being compatible with cranberry juice. But I made another mistake in renaming my old school (in your previous issue) Alfred-Kerr-Schule. I should have said Judith-Kerr-Schule. Senior moments!

Rudi Leavor, Bradford

## A THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON

Sir – We would like to say how very much we enjoyed the AJR Celebration Lunch at the Hilton Hotel in Watford.

The meal was good, the entertainment excellent and AJR staff as hard-working and friendly as always.

Thank you for a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon. We both enjoyed it immensely and look forward to next year.

Susie and David Barnett, Billericay, Essex

## THE CULTURE OF RESCUE

Sir – Readers of this journal will be aware from my previous letters of the unique interfaith relations that are part of *besa*, the Albanian code of honour which makes

every family prepared to offer strangers hospitality and, if need be, help. *Besa* resulted in Albanians of various religions, often at risk to their own lives, saving over 3,000 Jewish refugees before and during the war, a fact still not widely known.

If *besa* were accepted elsewhere, the world would be a much better and safer place. Albania is the only country in which an Association of Friends of Israel is headed by a Muslim whose grandfather was an imam and it also has numerous Muslim members. A number of Albanians are already part of the Righteous among the Nations at Yad Vashem.

On 22 November at 6.30 pm the Wiener Library, together with the Albanian Embassy, will be holding an evening celebrating Jewish-Albanian solidarity against the Holocaust. The meeting, held at the Library and entitled 'The Culture of Rescue', will discuss Albania's unique interfaith relations in order to encourage the adoption of such relations in the rest of the world. I do hope readers will be able to attend.

Dr T. Scarlett Epstein OBE,  
Hove, Sussex

## JOINT SUPPORT FOR REFUGEES

Sir – I was touched to read Dr Scarlett Epstein's letter in the May *AJR Journal* about the JOINT's support of refugees. Her warm words of praise for our efforts were especially profound as the JOINT is still helping needy Jews today. We're providing critical food and healthcare to the world's poorest Jews in countries like Ukraine with our partner WJR; increasing employment opportunities for people in the north of Israel with our partner UJIA; and investing in young Jewish leadership and rebuilding Jewish communities from Vilnius to Budapest. We're also supporting victims of natural disasters in Haiti and Japan through robust development and rebuilding projects.

As we approach our 100th anniversary, our commitment to the principle that Kol Yisrael Areivim Zeh Lazeh – all Jews are responsible for one another – remains strong, determined and undiminished. If any of your readers would like more information about our work in 70+ countries, please look at our website, [www.jdc.org](http://www.jdc.org), or write to me at [sollyk@jdc.org.il](mailto:sollyk@jdc.org.il).

Solly Kaplinski, Executive Director,  
Overseas Joint Ventures, JDC Jerusalem

## ONE BRUSH FOR ALL?

Sir – A serious reading of pre-Anschluss history will persuade Messrs Farago (October) and Tait (July) that while Austria had masses of underground Nazis, there were also powerful opposing political parties and a strong anti-German public opinion. Forced military occupation was therefore the only way to achieve the takeover.

That this brought the mob into the streets and led them to engage in familiar

Nazi brutality was inevitable, but no valid reason for condemning a whole society. Our family lost everything, but in our despair we also received much sympathy and support from decent Austrian non-Jews.

(Dr) Hans L. Eirew, Manchester

## GIVE IN TO TEMPTATION!

Sir – Ronald Leaton suggests (September) that readers avoid Austria. This is understandable if you remember what happened to Jews there. However, if you grew up in Austria and Germany, you can still appreciate the early-20th century art of these two countries. If you do, you can enjoy it at the Neue Galerie in Manhattan. In a lovely building on Museum Mile in New York, Ronald Lauder established this terrific gallery.

Lauder had a good friend by the name of Serge Sabarsky, with a gallery specialising in art of this period. Their intention was to open a place displaying early-20th century art only from Austria and Germany. But, before they could open, Sabarsky passed away and it was left to Lauder to carry out the plan. This he did in style. He proceeded to buy a large collection of Schiele, Kirchner, Klimt and others, jewellery and furniture. The most notable painting – and a visit to the gallery would be justified just to view it – is a Klimt, the *Portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer*. For that he paid a rumoured \$135,000, the highest price paid for a painting at the time.

However, there are two further attractions in the gallery. On the ground floor you will find a lovely bookshop as well as the authentically Viennese Café Sabarsky. If you can get a table, maybe you could try the goulash soup and finish with one of the cakes, which are like works of art and might make spending on dinner unnecessary. The pastry won't make you resemble the very slim Adele Bloch-Bauer, but I suggest you give in to temptation – just this once.

Janos Fisher, Bushey Heath

## PRIDE IN THE JEWISH HERITAGE

Sir – Peter Phillips's disapproval of those who fail to assimilate to his liking has become rather tedious. He berates 'frummers', Zionists like me, and elected Israeli leaders. He approves only of the long-deceased Ben-Gurion, a crusty old Labourite who ordered the Palmach to fire on a shipload of Holocaust survivors bringing in vital arms to the fledgling state, sending it to the bottom. If only he knew that B-G was the first PM to vote 'frummers' the largesse that irks him so!

I was a teenager when I landed here, so, unlike him, I don't boast pukka English: my accent is tinged with traces of Polish, Yiddish, Yorkshire, Tyneside and East Midlands – all places I have passed through. This mishmash can be useful: if someone up north asks where I come from, I say 'down

*continued on page 15* ➔

ART  
NOTES

Gloria Tessler

Who or what were the Pre-Raphaelites? Tate Britain's first major showing for 40 years leaves the question in the air. **Pre-Raphaelites: Victorian Avant-Garde** (until 13 January 2013) indicates that these artists, in direct contrast to their French Impressionist contemporaries, had no specific manifesto and were anything but avant-garde.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood sprang onto the art scene in September 1848 in an emotional and spiritual rejection of the machine age and radical Victoriana. With the birth of the Chartist movement, they caused ruptures in the new industrial society, rejected modernity, and even dressed in the flowing, romantic garb of a long-gone era.

Sectarian divisions, scientific enquiry and social unrest, which began to erode the power of the established church, were grist to their artistic mill. But these artists looked backwards, not forwards: they were revisionists seeking to re-create the mediaevalism that preceded the High Renaissance of Raphael, Leonardo and da Vinci.

Or were they? Their luminary was the English writer John Ruskin, who reminisced about the *liberation* of the mediaeval age, when *truth* was valued above *beauty*: 'The mediaeval principles led up to Raphael,' he wrote 'and the modern principles lead down from him.' But from our 21st-century perspective, the Pre-Raphaelites' often bleak and narrative paintings had little to do with his vision. Their precise observation of life, love and nature was not literal but dramatic – a truth mitigated by metaphor.

The Tate illustrates this with the sumptuous beauty of **Dante Gabriel Rossetti's** women – those familiar full lips and flowing auburn locks imitated by 1960s hippies.

Artists like **William Shakespeare Burton** often used literary sources or imaginary historical episodes like his *Wounded Cavalier* in the arms of a Puritan woman set in the English Civil War. His

broken sword is plunged into a tree, symbolising his dying physical body, watched by a shadowy, bleak figure – perhaps the other disputant in a duel.

**John Everett Millais's** *A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's Day, Refusing to Shield Himself from Danger by Wearing the Roman Catholic Badge* is depicted with his forlorn lover. He wears purple; her black garb foretells tragedy.

**William Holman Hunt's** *The Shadow of Death* portrays an athletic young man, whose upheld hands clutch at something unseen. His mother, opening a chest, sees his shadow on the wall, which prefigures his crucifixion.

And yet these hopeless romantics without portfolio moved art forward – despite their love of historical narrative – in the direction of the Symbolists, the Vorticists, the Surrealists – even Picasso himself, in terms of the distortion of the body into disparate forms. They loved Shakespeare and Tennyson and used their heroines as their subject matter, e.g. Holman Hunt's *The Lady of Shalott*



Dante Gabriel Rossetti *The Beloved ('The Bride')* 1855-56, oil on canvas

and Millais's *Ophelia*, dead in the water under a green arbour, still clutching her flowers.

As in William Blake's *Jerusalem*, these artists brought the Bible home. **William Dyce's** *The Man of Sorrows* shows Christ not in the Judean desert but in some rocky Scottish firth. Holman Hunt's *The Scapagoat* truly evokes human suffering, while his *The Hireling Shepherd* attacks negligent Anglican clergy.

But the Pre-Raphaelites were criticised by Victorian society for their romantic liberalism, and their salvation from artistic isolation came – ironically – from Northern English-Jewish industrialist buyers.

## REVIEWS

## Brave young people

**BERLIN GHETTO: HERBERT BAUM AND THE ANTI-FASCIST RESISTANCE**  
by Eric Brothers

*Stroud, Gloucestershire: Spellmount/The History Press, 2012, 224 pp. hardcover, £18.99, ISBN 978 0 7524 7686 5*

In the days before the Berlin Wall came down, the East Berlin Museum of German History on Unter den Linden displayed several anti-Nazi leaflets printed and distributed by the Herbert Baum group during the Nazi era. What the exhibit did not spell out was that this group was predominantly – though not entirely – Jewish.

The reviewed book focuses on this group of brave young people. Most were Berlin members of the Young Communist League of Germany, the youth association of the Communist Party. Some, however, came from the Social Democrats and others from the left-wing Zionist Hashomer Hatzair. Some emphasised their Zionism and studied Hebrew, but the majority opted for anti-religious Marxism and wanted to carry on the fight in their German fatherland.

In the early years the group confined themselves to 'ideological schooling', reading and debating as well as hiking and camping – activities unlikely to rock the Nazi regime. Later they printed and tried to distribute anti-Nazi leaflets, some of which simply said 'Hear the voice of truth. Tune in to Radio Moscow.' Leafleting was dangerous. Bundles were thrown by riders from speeding bicycles. The Berlin public showed little sympathy and was likely to denounce them. The group then decided to pack leaflets into buckets or into flower boxes with a small explosive charge and a timing device – they could then be far away when the leaflets were scattered.

Most distributions were in working-class districts but one of the leaflet showers descended on an audience being addressed by Goebbels himself. When the explosive went off he had to duck under a desk. Later they were considering more active resistance but the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact paralysed and perplexed them. The German invasion of the Soviet Union relieved them of their ideological quandary: they could now go in for more active resistance. In 1942 the Nazis organised a photographic exhibition, 'Soviet

Paradise', to show the poverty and misery of life in the USSR.

The group's charismatic leader, Herbert Baum, decided on sabotage even though some members thought this too risky and feared reprisals with respect to the Jewish community. They borrowed a manual from the city library to learn how to make an incendiary device. Things went wrong immediately. One of the briefcases in which they carried their device started to burn prematurely. They quickly discarded their explosive material – leaving incriminating evidence in the hands of the Gestapo. A few visitors to the exhibition sustained minor burns. Goebbels recorded the sabotage in his diary but a few days later could report the arrest of 'five Jews, three half-Jews and four Aryans'.

Almost the entire group had been rounded up. One of them had 'sung' and given away his comrades. A few survivors believe him to have been a spy. Others think he collaborated only to try to save his wife. Virtually all the group were executed, including the suspected traitor. When an Allied bombing raid damaged the only available guillotine the rest were hanged. Ten were executed in a mere 37 minutes!

The activities of the group were certainly amateurish but one has to respect their courage. Some of their actions appear doubtful. They undertook 'expropriations' against wealthy Jews – 'capitalists'. They pretended to be Gestapo officers and confiscated paintings, cameras and carpets, which they sold to finance their activities. No doubt they thought that if they did not grab these assets, the Nazis would.

Eric Brothers describes their activities in great detail. Some of this material is based on his interviews with a handful who survived, but most is retold from the astonishingly large number of previously published accounts – East German, West German and in the Yearbooks of the Leo Baeck Institute.

When the author tries to set events into their wider context he errs repeatedly. A few examples: The Baum family came from Posen/Poznan, which Brothers describes as 'handed over to Poland as part of war reparations'. Not true. Both the founders of the German Communist Party are described as Jewish. Rosa Luxemburg was; Karl Liebknecht was not. Even the title of the book is misleading: the Nazis never established a formal ghetto in Berlin. One might have hoped for better editing from the History Press.

Peter Fraenkel

## Tripping up the conscience

**STOLPERSTEINE/STUMBLING STONES: ZUR ERINNERUNG AN MENSCHEN AUS DÜSSELDORF, ERKRATH, LANGENFELD, METTMANN, MONHEIM UND RATINGEN (Stolpersteine/Stumbling Stones: Remembering People from Düsseldorf ...)**

*edited by Hildegard Jakobs, Angela Genger and Andrea Kramp, translated by Marion Koebner, Düsseldorf: Droste Verlag, 2012, 232 pp. hardcover, 29.80 euros, ISBN 978-3-7700-1476-7*

**T**he need to acknowledge, remember and provide for continuing engagement with the history of the Holocaust has produced a lively culture of memorials, especially in the USA and Germany. The quality of these has, naturally, varied. Some of the largest and most prominent – the bare carcass of Daniel Liebeskind's Jewish Museum in Berlin and Peter Eisenmann's Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe (also in Berlin) – are marked by a high degree of abstraction and symbolism. They steer well clear of the flesh-and-blood human reality of the victims.

*Stolpersteine* – stumbling stones – are different. Conceived by the artist Gunter Demnig, they bring memorial culture down to street level. They are personal, local, a little bit awkward, liable to cause embarrassment. They are about who used to live in your house or flat and the inconvenient truth that these people were murdered. They are also about neighbours and raise the awkward question of what kind of neighbour you yourself might have been under other circumstances.

In Germany *Stolpersteine* are a phenomenon. They are to be found in over 500 localities as well as in several other countries, including Austria. In form, they are small, brass plaques set into the pavement and they record the residence, date of deportation and place where the commemorated person perished. They are like gold-coloured cobblestones, catching the eye and tripping up the conscience.

The city of Düsseldorf has embraced the culture of *Stolpersteine* and the supporters of the memorial and commemorative sites of the city commissioned this book. It records the project and reminds us that behind the bare facts incised on each stone lie a real person and a real life lived. The editors and the translator (it is a dual-language book) have done their work well.

*Stolpersteine/Stumbling Stones* is a fine volume, beautiful to look at and profoundly moving in its catalogue of biographies. The genius of Demnig is his vision of literally bringing the victims home. Home is where their

hearts were; the expulsion from their homes must inevitably have been a key moment of suffering in their long agony of persecution. Re-uniting people posthumously with the places where they lived and, it is to be hoped, knew some happiness, is a great act of humanity, apology and reconciliation.

As so often, it is the photographs that are most poignant. One in particular caught my eye. Dagobert David (Tiergartenstrasse 3, Düsseldorf Düsseldorf) was extremely dapper and probably of short stature. The photo shows him proudly and happily strolling in the countryside in his three-piece suit, pocket square, well-polished shoes and elegant cane. His wife and children are arranged in the photo next to his – neat, clean, prosperous and unsuspecting.

Dagobert perished in the Ulmenstrasse remand prison in 1937, accused of currency offences (he was in banking). His family ultimately moved to Britain after the war but his son, Felix, who had been sent to England in 1936, returned to Germany after becoming ill and was taught in Berlin at the Jewish Kaliski School (where my great-aunt Hilde Rosenthal-Lauphardt was among his teachers) before eventually reaching safety once more in the UK (Hilde was murdered in Auschwitz).

What immediately captured my attention about Dagobert was his physical resemblance to a dear friend. Arbitrary as this is, it turned out that there was a deeper connection between us – through the Kaliski School. And this highlights something about the tragedy of the Holocaust and the wonder of the *Stolpersteine*: the unlooked-for connectedness of us all, friends and strangers, Jews and Gentiles alike. Thanks to Demnig, traces of these destroyed webs of connection are rendered visible once more and the sheer bloody madness of the Nazi enterprise – to excise one section of society as though it were entirely free-standing and unconnected to the rest – is brought sharply to mind.

This is not a book you read cover to cover. It is a coffee-table book for picking up and browsing. But, like the *Stolpersteine* themselves, the book will trip you up if you are expecting coffee-table blandness. As you turn the pages you will inevitably be gripped by the astonishing immediacy of this simple way of remembering.

Next spring I will place a *Stolperstein* outside great-aunt Hilde's flat in leafy Dahlem in Berlin, where she and her husband Fritz last knew what it was to have a home. It is partly thanks to this book that I'll do so.

Ben Barkow

*Reviews continued overleaf* ➔

## MY BIG BROTHER

In front of me is a slim booklet entitled *J'ai 100 ans et je me souviens ...* (I Am 100 Years Old and I Remember ...). Shortly after his 100th birthday a friend of his youngest granddaughter interviewed my brother, Leo Tintner, over a few days and he told her what he remembered of his life.

He was well into his 10th year when I was born and – incredibly these days – my arrival came as a total surprise but, it seems, a pleasant one, which he proudly proclaimed to his playmates in Vienna's Auenbergpark.

Although he was four at the start of the First World War and almost nine when it ended, there is no mention of it in his memoir nor did he ever talk to me about it.

Tragedy struck when our mother, whom he adored, died in 1924 at the age of 39. He felt, rightly or wrongly, that Papa had eyes only for me and left home while still in his teens. We saw little of each other for some years and for much of my childhood I felt like an only child. I do remember, though, that at a very early age I threatened children who annoyed me by invoking my 'big brother'.

I can only guess at his lonely life in furnished rooms, but at the age of 20 he discovered bridge, which was to become his life-long passion, and at 23 he married Sari, a Hungarian five years his senior. By that time he already earned enough money, as a junior executive in a

publishing firm, to support a wife and, two years later, a child. At 15 I was proud aunt to beautiful, blonde, blue-eyed Susi.

After the Anschluss Leo lost his job and, following two unsuccessful attempts at escape, he finally arrived in Paris toward the end of 1938. From there he made his way to Nice, where, he was told, it would be easier to get a provisional visa. With the help of the local refugees' committee, Sari and Susi were eventually able to join him. They all lived in a furnished room and their main income came from bridge. Leo was already an excellent player and nearly always won.

At the outbreak of war Leo was interned in Les Milles as an 'enemy alien'. Later he served in the French army in North Africa but, possibly in 1941, he managed to get back to Nice, which was still *zone libre* (unoccupied). But from July 1942 onwards Jews were deported from all over France. The family moved to a hotel in Monte Carlo, where they mistakenly believed themselves to be safe. An Italian bridge friend of Leo's saved them from deportation and helped them to escape to Switzerland. There, they were immediately separated, Leo and Sari in different camps; Susi, by then seven years old, was taken in by a Jewish family.

In 1944 the family was able to move back to Nice, where both Leo and Sari found jobs with the American army. Eventually they settled in Paris, where Leo

started a business in the basement of the building where they lived in a rented flat, with Sari and a friend his only assistants. By the time he took early retirement in his late fifties, his firm employed 35 people.

He was undoubtedly a successful businessman but all he ever really wanted was to play bridge. After he and Sari retired to Cannes – Susi was married by then – he joined a bridge club, where he played every single afternoon.

Leo had become Léon and Tintner was pronounced with the stress on the last syllable. He successfully took part in international competitions and won countless medals for his adopted country. Cannes made him an honorary citizen and he was interviewed on local television. As he grew older, French bridge columnists nicknamed him 'le vieux lion' (the old lion) when reviewing his exploits.

He and Sari suffered a terrible loss when Susi died of cancer at 44. She left five children.

I saw my brother for the last time in June last year, shortly after he had moved into a nursing home. 'So you are his little sister!' said the nurses. They had recognised me from the photo on his bedside table.

Alas, I no longer have a big brother. He died in his sleep on 26 January this year, exactly two months before his 102nd birthday. He left five grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Edith Argy

### REVIEWS *cont. from page 9*

#### A wonderfully adventurous life

##### A EUROPEAN LIFE

by Eric Bourne

Bank House Books ([www.bankhousebooks.com](http://www.bankhousebooks.com)) 2012, 135 pp., £12 plus £2 p&p or from Amazon, ISBN 9781904408970

Educationist Eric Bourne has collected some fascinating memories in this book. Eric was born in Berlin in 1924, the son of Social Democratic activist Robert Breuer. Robert's background made him a prime Nazi target so, within days of Hitler coming to power, he escaped via Czechoslovakia to Paris. Soon Eric and his mother (originally from a wealthy family whose money was lost in the 1923 hyperinflation) left their comfortable flat in Rudolstaedter Strasse and joined him in the French capital.

The nine-year-old boy took with him happy memories, including of holidays on the Baltic coast and Switzerland, and, on arrival in the UK, was hastily despatched to Bunce Court School, near Faversham. Here, like many other refugees, he enjoyed a carefree childhood under the care of the humanitarian educator Anna Essinger, who had moved her boarding school from southern Germany to Kent in October 1933.

After seven years the idyll was over for Eric although the school's philosophy remained with him. He reluctantly left to learn about farming as his contribution to the war effort and to avoid being interned as an 'enemy alien'.

How one sympathises with his tribulations: hand-milking cows, operating a horse plough, and having a boss who, although Jewish, was 'crude, rude and a bully'. Life was made bearable by learning to drive a tractor and woodland walks with a local girl, Julia.

In 1943 Eric joined the British army. Soon he sailed to more exotic shores, in India and Burma. He returned to Liverpool in July 1946 and was demobilised with the rank of second lieutenant.

Back in civvy street, he studied at Queen Mary College, becoming president of the student union and chairman of the National Association of Labour Student Organisations.

Eric's background inspired him and his first wife Margaret to take up residential youth work in Essex and at the new Pestalozzi Children's Village near Hastings under the Trust's chairman, Dr Henry Alexander, himself a German Jew.

As County Youth Officer for Derbyshire, Eric fell in love with the glorious local countryside, where he eventually retired

with his American wife, Lois.

The Inner London Education Authority beckoned in 1968 when he became an Inspector of Further Education and was promoted to Staff Inspector. Helped by a team of talented colleagues, he worked tirelessly to better the lives of disadvantaged young people.

I found Eric's early life more interesting than his educational career but was intrigued by the return to his birthplace in Berlin, where he went several times after retirement. On his first visit in 1987, he surveyed the then divided city from the top of the viewing platform and he gives a stark illustration of the wall and death strip – the barren and heavily mined area shutting off East Berlin. Some things had changed, but the appearance of others, such as the ornate Hohenzollerndamm Station and his old school, remained the same. His childhood flat seemed far smaller than he remembered it.

By Eric's own admission, his story is not a continuous narrative but a series of stand-alone essays, so there are some repetitions and overlap and the privacy of his close relatives is maintained. Eric has clearly made the most of whatever life has thrown at him during his wonderfully adventurous life. His book is a good read.

Janet Weston

## A very special occasion

*A brief report of the awarding of the Order of Merit to Ruth David (née Oppenheimer) at the German Ambassador's residence in London appeared in last month's issue of the Journal (Ed.).*

**T**hursday 13 September was to be my special day at the German Embassy in London to receive the *Verdienstkreuz*, the Order of Merit. I was slightly nervous, feeling that this occasion was quite daunting, no doubt with dignified formality and diplomatic etiquette to the fore. I was being awarded the Order of Merit because the relevant German authority assumed I had done a good job in the schools, had taught their history without bitterness apparently, and was 'committed to furthering good relations among nations'.

I was glad to know that my family was coming: from France, siblings Michael and Feo and Marc Madar, Feo's son; from England, my children Margaret and Simon with Rob and Liza and a number of good friends, including three former pupils who have all remained faithful; and, from Germany, Renate Knigge-Tesche, who had probably activated the authorities to grant me this award. Renate was responsible for all the visits I had made to the many schools in Germany and in over 16 years we had got to know each other well.

Also present were my oldest friends in Germany, Renate and Helmut Starck, through whom I had started my trips to Germany 30 years ago. Barbara Linnenbrügger, whom I had got to know through my old Fränkisch-Crumbach friends, came too. She has taken on such a lot since meeting me and other members of the family; her life has changed to the extent that she is doing research on the Oppenheimers, in particular writing a biography of our mother, Margarete Oppenheimer-Kraemer. From the same part of Germany, the Odenwald, came Brigitte Diersch and her husband Klaus, whom I have known only a relatively short time but who have also become very good friends. I met Brigitte through her research, and later book, on Doris Katz, our older sister Hannah's best friend in pre-war Germany.

My trip from the Midlands to London's St Pancras Station was a good start: on arrival I was met by Margaret and Rob, who had made sure they would be there in time, having arrived at Euston earlier from Birmingham. Not only these two, but the entire French contingent was present and we all waited for Renate

Knigge-Tesche to join us from Eurostar. She had a really early start, getting up at two, a tram journey to Mainz station, and from there to Cologne, Brussels and London. She arrived looking cheerful and we were all glad to see her.

We waited a while over refreshments at St Pancras before leaving for Belgrave Square. I was conscious that London was increasingly overcrowded, there were skyscrapers in Bloomsbury I'd never noticed before, and taxis were clearly not the speediest form of transport. Simon had thoughtfully booked us a room in a superior pub,

*The Ambassador shattered my composure by pointing out that he had read my book (how many would have taken the trouble in a similar situation?).*

*He even quoted relevant passages and stressed words which, in context, had considerable significance: 'appreciation, horror, reconciliation'.*

the Pantechnicon, five minutes' walk from the Embassy. There we had a bite of lunch and more talk.

Outside the Embassy, on a stone decoration, sat someone who smiled sweetly at me: Greteli Morton, whom I'd first met in Leicester in 1960 when she was ten! Now she's a grandmother! I was delighted she'd come from a far-flung corner of Wales, probably further than anyone else. And I recognised other friends drifting towards the Embassy, a grand Georgian building. We were expected and brought up marble (?) stairs, the kind one sees in Hollywood films, and ushered into a lounge with so much space I thought roller skates would have been appropriate footwear.

Staff appeared. Butlers? Doormen? Waiters? Flunkeys? All amiable and unobtrusive, offering drinks, fruit juices and wine and the most elegant *morceaux* to eat ('bits' sounds too common in this context). There were large windows and doors, a splendid moulded, patterned ceiling and massive floral decorations.

The Ambassador, Georg Boomgaarden, and his wife quickly appeared and welcomed us with friendly handshakes and kind words. The Ambassador was far from formal – kind, friendly and so very welcoming – his wife too was sweet and unpretentious – speaking to as many people as they could. More guests appeared. I was thrilled to see three ex-pupils, from Wisconsin (US), south London and Newbury, Berks.

Margaret's friends Peter Ruback and François Brutsch arrived, having only had to walk through SW1, their home territory. The Starcks from Krefeld, Germany, Helmut and Renate, had come earlier and the Embassy, warned that Helmut was frail, had allowed them the use of a small flat in the Embassy to rest before the proceedings.

I never discovered how many we were but we were a good and motley crowd – French, German, English, Christians and Jews. I distinguished myself early by going up to Helmut and, in my effort to embrace him, caused him to spill his cranberry juice on the highly polished parquet. My instinct was to duck down and clean it with a tissue but I was slow and witless and, before I could do anything sensible, the Ambassador was down on his hands and knees mopping up the spillage. The action seemed typical of him.

After about 20 minutes, the Ambassador asked us to be ready for the ceremony. He shattered my composure by pointing out that he had read my book (how many would have taken the trouble in a similar situation?). He even quoted relevant passages and stressed words which, in context, had considerable significance: 'appreciation, horror, reconciliation'. I couldn't have hoped for anything better and was very moved, as was everyone present. I found it difficult to read my own words after that and Renate Knigge-Tesche, used to reading bits of text on our visits to schools that I found tear-jerking, read the end of my German piece for me. I had prepared an English translation and was asked to read that too. I thought I could manage easily but choked before the end. What did the dear man do? He gave me a hug. Later his wife did the same. I was dumbfounded. I didn't think ambassadors practised that kind of frivolity. I must repeat: he was a dear, good man and I a grateful guest. We left light-heartedly. Perhaps I shouldn't speak for my companions, but I had a great sense of relief and happiness too.

We returned to the Pantechnicon, this time to its lofty attic, where in a smaller area we were closer together and everyone seemed to enjoy the occasion, the food and the presence of friends. We chatted happily and probably overstayed our welcome. It was clear to all of us that the occasion had been very special and had reminded us of values that were important to all our lives.

**Ruth David**

# INSIDE the AJR

## Sheffield 'Memories of First Days at School in Nazi Europe as Compared with the UK'

Steve Mendelsohn began the discussion with memories of his childhood in Breslau and of coming to England on the Kindertransport. His early schooldays were pleasant but, when the Nazis came to power, his non-Jewish school friends no longer talked or played with him. By contrast, school in England meant very hard work and an unfamiliar language, but at least he was not persecuted. Most of those present at the discussion had also had difficult childhoods and even today memories are still raw.

*Peter Maitlis*

## Bromley CF Companionship, Lively Discussion and Relaxation

Liane Segal opened her home and garden to us for our meeting, organised by Hazel Beiny. Thirteen of us, including three second-generation members, enjoyed a sumptuous lunch and an afternoon of companionship, lively discussion and relaxation on a delightfully sunny day.

*Dorothea Lipton*

## Ealing Sri Lankan Cleft Lip and Palate Project

A stimulating account of 25 years of the Sri Lankan Cleft Lip and Palate Project, highlighting treatment, teaching, research and the development of self-sustaining teams, was presented by Dr Michael Mars, who founded and has directed this project since 1984.

*Helen Mars*

## Café Imperial A Few Good Men

A Major, two Sergeants and two Royal Engineers made up the company this morning. Welcome to new recruit Stefan Simon. We discussed corruption in the army days, exchanging cigarettes for diamonds and US soldiers for nylon stockings!

*Esther Rinkoff*

## Wessex

### Privileged to Watch Watermarks

We were delighted to see George and Susan Ettinger after a long absence. Following an excellent lunch prepared by Myrna and local ladies, we were privileged to watch a DVD of *Watermarks*, about the women swimmers of the pre-war Vienna Hakoah club.

*Harry Grenville*

## Leeds CF Recollections of Coming to Live in Leeds

In connection with the Leeds Heritage Project, members recalled how they came to be living in Leeds. One member described how she began her life as an internee in Holloway Prison. Another member was declared a danger as her interpreter at the police station spoke only Yiddish and said she couldn't be Jewish.

*Barbara Cammerman*

## Pinner Model for 'Big Society'?

Our charismatic speaker, Olympic Badge-wearing Leonie Lewis, Director of Jewish Volunteering Network, gave us a deeper understanding of the needs and social responsibilities of a wide range of voluntary work. We learned Hebrew words basic to the Jewish ideal of volunteering, which may even be the model for the 'Big Society'.

*Walter Weg*

## Glasgow A Very Moving Film

We watched intently the acclaimed documentary *Watermarks*, a very moving film for all present, particularly those who were from Vienna and could recall swimming in the same pool all those years ago.

*Agnes Isaacs*

## HGS Life in the Old Police Force

David Wass, who served over 30 years in the Metropolitan Police, entertained us with his recollections of daily life (and death) in the old police 'force' – as opposed to the current police 'service'.

*Laszlo Roman*



**Front Henry Grunfeld, Ruth Lachs Back Werner Lachs, Professor Robert Moore**

Professor Moore gave an interesting and enlightening talk to the Manchester group on 'Jewish Self-help and Rescue in Nazi-occupied Western Europe'

## Visit to RAF Museum Fascinating Experience

Everyone found it fascinating to see close up the aircraft which dominated our younger days: the Spitfire, Hurricane, Halifax and Lancaster, Mosquito, the American Mustang and Flying Fortress – even the evil-looking Messerschmitt. There was also a 4D film show which

gave us a little something of the terrifying experience of being a rear gunner in a B17 on an American bombing raid over Germany. And, to round it off, a cream tea in the Museum restaurant! Thanks again, AJR.

*David Barnett*

## Essex (Westcliff) Memories of a School Teacher

Our guest speaker, our own member Susie Barnett, told us about her memories of being a school teacher, including some funny times. We had a very good turnout of members and guests but some sad news about losing two members. Another good meeting.

*Linda Fisher*

## Glasgow Book Group Enthralling Read

We discussed Betty Mahmoody's autobiographical *Not Without My Daughter*, about her and her little girl's detention by her husband in Iran and perilous escape to the USA. An enthralling read.

*Halina Moss*

## Kingston upon Thames CF A Unanimous Gold Medal

In true Olympic spirit we took part in our own event: eating! Enthusiastic cheers could be heard for Susan Zisman, our culinary participant, who used her considerable skills for the preparation of salmon, salads and cakes for 15 people. The decision to award her a Gold Medal was unanimous.

*Jackie Cronheim*

## East Midlands (Nottingham) Mingling and Socialising

There were 21 members for lunch and the usual mingling and socialising. Unfortunately over the years a few members have found it more difficult to come. Some sadly have passed away and we miss them. Ruth David couldn't attend – she was receiving the Order of Merit at the German Embassy (see page 11); we are all proud of her. As always, we were delighted to see Esther, a spark of sunshine, who brings us news of the great metropolis.

*Bob Norton*

## Newcastle

### The Jewish Community of Penang

Newcastle members had the opportunity to learn about the little-known Jewish community of Penang. Brian Milne came across the Jewish cemetery while out for a walk in Georgetown when on honeymoon and shared his findings with us. There was once a Yahudi Street and a Jewish community there. All that's left now are the cemetery and the names on the headstones. Brian's research is ongoing; he can be contacted at brian.rosedas@gmail.com

*Agnes Isaacs*

## St John's Wood A Unique Story

It being almost Rosh Hashanah, Hazel supplied some delicious honey cake

*continued on page 16* ➔

## NOVEMBER GROUP MEETINGS

<b>Norfolk</b>	1 Nov	Lunchtime Social Get-together
<b>Pinner</b>	1 Nov	Story-telling by Members
<b>Hull CF</b>	4 Nov	At home of Olive Rosner
<b>Café Imperial</b>	6 Nov	Social Get-together
<b>Ealing</b>	6 Nov	Anthony Grenville, <i>AJR Journal</i> Consultant Editor
<b>Northern Kristallnacht Commemoration</b>	6 Nov	At IWMN
<b>Ilford</b>	8 Nov	
<b>Norfolk</b>	8 Nov	
<b>HGS</b>	12 Nov	Ros Nagler, 'Light-hearted Poetry'
<b>Essex (Westcliff)</b>	13 Nov	Social Get-together
<b>Welwyn GC</b>	13 Nov	Social Get-together
<b>Bradford CF</b>	14 Nov	Lorle Michaelis's 99th Birthday
<b>St John's Wood</b>	14 Nov	Joyce Sheard, WheelPower
<b>Brighton-Sarid (Sussex)</b>	19 Nov	Angela Schluter, 'Jewish Mother, Nazi Father'
<b>Edgware</b>	20 Nov	David Barnett, 'A Jewish Boy Made Good: The Story of Joseph Nathan and GlaxoSmithKline'
<b>Didsbury</b>	21 Nov	Childhood Memories of Holidays
<b>Radlett</b>	21 Nov	Discussion of an Item of Sentimentality
<b>Hendon</b>	26 Nov	Chris Carr, Hearing Aid Specialist
<b>Temple Fortune</b>	27 Nov	Quiz and Early Chanukah Party
<b>Wembley</b>	28 Nov	Social Get-together
<b>North London</b>	29 Nov	Angela Gluck, Separated Child Foundation

### CONTACTS

Hazel Beiny, Southern Groups Co-ordinator  
020 8385 3070

Myrna Glass, London South and Midlands  
Groups Co-ordinator  
020 8385 3077

Susanne Green, Northern Groups Co-ordinator  
0151 291 5734

Susan Harrod, Groups' Administrator  
020 8385 3070

Agnes Isaacs, Scotland and Newcastle  
Co-ordinator  
0755 1968 593

Esther Rinkoff, Southern Region Co-ordinator  
020 8385 3077

KT-AJR (Kindertransport)  
Andrea Goodmaker 020 8385 3070

Child Survivors Association-AJR  
Henri Obstfeld 020 8954 5298

### Ros and the Centre



I would like to introduce myself to all of you. I'm Ros Collin, the relatively new manager of the AJR Paul Balint Centre.

My background in brief: Before the children were born, I was a merchandiser at M&S. Then for ten years I was a volunteer Soviet Jewry campaigner. I followed this by 16 years as director of the Jewish AIDS Trust (supporting Jewish people with HIV and providing educational programmes for Jewish youth in schools, youth clubs, etc). Deciding to work part-time, I then ran a community centre in Mill Hill before arriving at the AJR. A varied and interesting career!

I sincerely hope I will be meeting those of you who live in and around London very soon. Why not pop into the Centre on a Tuesday or Thursday? Stay all day or just for lunch – it's really up to you. If transport is an issue, please get in touch and we'll see what we can do to help.

In addition to our regular programmes this month, we are introducing 'Let's Read and Discuss' (a poem or article), a Knitting Circle, and, hopefully in the very near future, a current affairs' discussion group. Be our guest as a first-time visitor

### AJR Paul Balint Centre

**LAUNCHING**

#### 'POMKNITS'

**Tuesday 13 November at 12 pm**

Come and hear how you can help needy elderly Jews in Ukraine by knitting squares which will be made up into blankets for them.

Then join our **Knitting Circle every Tuesday and Thursday** – and/or continue this important project at home

**LAUNCHING**

#### 'LET'S READ AND DISCUSS'

(a short story or poems)

**every second Thursday at 11 am**

No homework – just come along, listen, share, read the article if you wish and discuss the content of the short piece being presented to you

**For further information, please call the Centre on 020 7431 2744**

and see if you like it.

And don't forget the AJR Chanukah Party on Thursday 13 December!

Looking forward to seeing you very soon. All good wishes

Ros

### Meals-on-Wheels

To order Meals-on-Wheels please telephone **020 8385 3075** (this number is manned on Wednesdays only) or **020 8385 3070**

### THE AJR PAUL BALINT CENTRE - LUNCHEES FRESHLY PREPARED

Please note that lunches at the AJR Paul Balint Centre have been freshly prepared on the premises by our in-house chef Cassie since January 2012

**The AJR Paul Balint Centre**  
at Belsize Square Synagogue  
51 Belsize Square, London NW3 4HX  
Telephone **020 7431 2744**

**Open Tuesdays and Thursdays**  
**9.30 am to 3.30 pm**

### LUNCHEON CLUB

Thursday 15 November 2012

**Andrea Cameron**

**'Livery of the Stationers'**  
Reservations required – please telephone **020 7431 2744**

### KT-AJR

**Kindertransport special interest group**

**Tuesday 6 November 2012**

**Gaby Glassman**

**'Your Legacy'**

**PLEASE NOTE THAT LUNCH WILL BE SERVED AT 12.30 PM**  
Reservations required  
Please telephone **020 7431 2744**

### NOVEMBER ACTIVITIES

#### EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY

10 am to 12 noon	Coffee/Chat/Board Games/ Knitting Circle
11 am	Seated Exercises
	<b>THURSDAY 1</b>
1.45 pm	Margaret Opdahl (singer) <b>TUESDAY 6</b>
10 am to 12 noon	One-to-One Computer Lessons
12.30 pm	KT Lunch, with speaker <b>THURSDAY 8</b>
10 am	French Conversation
11 am	'Let's Read and Discuss'
1.45 pm	Kinnor Trio (classical music) <b>TUESDAY 13</b>
10 am to 12 pm	One-to-One Computer Lessons
12 noon	Introduction to 'Pomknits', with speaker
1.45 pm	Will Smith, Musical Entertainer <b>THURSDAY 15</b>
12 noon	Luncheon Club, with Speaker
12.45	Lunch <b>TUESDAY 20</b>
10 am to 12 noon	One to-One Computer Lessons
1.45 pm	Ronnie Goldberg, singer with guitar <b>THURSDAY 22</b>
10 am	French Conversation
11 am	'Let's Read and Discuss'
1.45 pm	Roy Blass, Keyboard Vocalist <b>TUESDAY 27</b>
10 am to 12 noon	One-to-One Computer Lessons
1.45 pm	Mick Ryan, Musical Entertainer <b>THURSDAY 29</b>
1.45 pm	Paul Coleman, Musical Entertainer

## FAMILY ANNOUNCEMENTS

### Death

**Schwab, Peter** Born Chemnitz 9 August 1922, died London 19 September 2012. Husband to Mia, father of Susan, Irene and Stephen, grandfather of Rebecca, Daniel, Samuel, Alexei, Katie and Ruth, great-grandfather of Charlotte, Elijah and William. Sadly missed.

## Second Generation Network

**Tue 6 November** Talk by Martin Davidson: 'Being Second Generation: The Grandson of an SS Officer Gives His Perspective'

**Tue 13 November** Discussion Group: Topic tbc

All events at the Wiener Library, 29 Russell Square, London WC1, 6.30 for 6.45 pm. Tel 020 7636 7247 or email [info@secondgeneration.org.uk](mailto:info@secondgeneration.org.uk). All Second Generation welcome.

## 75th Anniversary of the Kindertransport Special Reunion

**Sunday 23 June 2013**  
at JFS,  
North West London

Calling all Kinder! The AJR Kindertransport Committee is delighted to announce a Special Reunion to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the Kindertransport, which will take place on Sunday 23 June 2013 at JFS in North West London.

The Reunion, which will include contributions from Kinder, JFS pupils and guest speakers, will be a unique opportunity for Kinder and their families to reconnect and socialise and pay tribute to the British Government for offering them a safe haven.

In the coming months, we will be publishing further details about the Reunion, and other special events which we will be organising to mark the 75th anniversary, in the *AJR Journal*, the *KT Newsletter* and on the AJR website.

## OUTING TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND

**THURSDAY 22 NOVEMBER 2012**  
Threadneedle Street,  
London EC2R 8AH

### Tour of the Bank of England Museum

Our outing will consist of a visit to the Bank of England Museum, which tells the story of the Bank from its foundation in 1694 to its role today as the United Kingdom's central bank. The historical displays include material drawn from the Bank's own collections of books, documents, silver, prints, paintings, banknotes, coins and photographs. There is a display of gold, including Roman and modern gold bars, alongside pikes and muskets once used to defend the Bank. Computer technology and audio-visual

displays explain the Bank's present-day role.

After the Tour of the Museum, Tim Pike, Agent for the Bank of England in Southern England, will talk to our group and answer any questions.

We will finish the afternoon with tea at a nearby hotel. Cost: £25.00 pp to include transport by coach.

**For further details, please contact Susan Harrod on 020 8385 3070 or at [susan@ajr.org.uk](mailto:susan@ajr.org.uk)**



## PLEASE JOIN US FOR A SPECIAL EVENT TO CELEBRATE THE LONDON OLYMPICS AND PARALYMPIC GAMES

**MONDAY 3 DECEMBER 2012**  
11 am to 3 pm

### AT STOKE MANDEVILLE – THE BIRTH PLACE OF THE PARALYMPICS

The day will include a tour of the Stadium and a talk by Wheelpower, the registered charity of the Paralympics.

Transport will be available to all members. Refreshments and lunch will be provided.

For full details and an application form, please contact Susan Harrod on 020 8385 3070 or at [susan@ajr.org.uk](mailto:susan@ajr.org.uk)



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Per single column inch 65mm £12.00  
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**'A very special reception'**

Tribute was paid to Carol Hart (pictured), current Chair of the Jewish Teacher Training Partnership and the AJR's Head of Volunteer Services, along with Naomi Greenwood and Lira Winston, for their 'significant contributions to Jewish Education and Teacher Training over many years'. A 'very special reception' took place at the Wohl Campus for Jewish Education in London in the presence of Chief Rabbi Lord Sacks.


**LETTERS** *cont. from p.7*

south' and vice versa! Not unlike Haim Ginsberg, who anglicised his name twice – first to Henry Gainsborough, then to Jones – having got fed up with being asked what his previous name was!

Integration is desirable but Mr Phillips's idea of assimilation, devoid of any Jewish input, would lead to Jews in the Diaspora becoming an extinct species. He has clearly forgotten that fully integrated German Jews were sold out by their *Landsleute*.

Ashamed Jews tend to distance themselves from their heritage, yet there is much to be proud of: their success in exile is despite all the odds against them; they also turned that meagre strip of land called Israel into a great success – a leader in the scientific, high-tech and medical fields of important benefit to mankind. And yet, Israel is widely demonised, with marginal Jews playing a part in this defamation – they remind me of the *Judenräte*.

It was the Torah that sustained the Jews throughout their long exile. Their struggles and suffering centred round their religious beliefs. Herzl, in an effort to save the Jews of Europe, was prepared to settle for Uganda but was overruled. Nor would Argentina do, which Jewish barons were willing to fund and colonise as a safe haven. Finally, it was the teeming masses of the Pale, yearning for Zion, that prevailed. And it was their hardy sons and daughters who went out to till the soil and settle the land. These young Zionists

**SEARCH NOTICES**

**Bauer, Elizabeth Therese**, born 1/1/1921, came to England via Kindertransport in 1939. If you have any information, please contact Matt Knight at [mjkworldwide@hotmail.com](mailto:mjkworldwide@hotmail.com)

**Boas, Kurt Ferdinand MD**, son of Ismar Boas and Sophie Asch, born Berlin 13/2/1890. Was dermatologist at Crimmitschau/Sachsen until 1935, then deported to KZ Sachsenburg. Any info pls to Harro Jenss, MD at [h.jenss@gmx.de](mailto:h.jenss@gmx.de)

**Brighton home for Jewish refugee boys** About 50 boys and choirmaster from Cologne were housed near Seven Dials. Any info please to Jackie Mills at [jrm@shawcable.com](mailto:jrm@shawcable.com)

**Deutsch, Emmanuel**, born around 1880, married Lea/Laura Lauber and lived in Vienna, where they ran a fruit and vegetable stall in the Naschmarkt. Any info on the family pls to [segaldebbie@hotmail.com](mailto:segaldebbie@hotmail.com)

**Dormitzer, Else** survived Theresienstadt and lived in London after the war. She had two children: Elisabeth Rosenfelder, who also lived in the UK, and Hildegard Haas, who lived in Holland (Hilversum). I am an Assistant Professor of German in the USA and my research focuses on German-language poetry from Theresienstadt. Any info pls to Dr Sandra Alfers at [Sandra.Alfers@wwwu.edu](mailto:Sandra.Alfers@wwwu.edu)

My aunts **Freudenstein, Greta** and **Rosenberg, Hannah**, both from Frankfurt am Main, were possibly on the Kindertransport. Any info pls contact Steven Wimpfheimer at [wimpf1@gmail.com](mailto:wimpf1@gmail.com)

**Kindertransport photo** sought. Does anyone

have a photo of a child on a KT train departing from an identifiable station (preferably in Berlin)? The photo should show the name of the station and will be used in conjunction with a brochure to be produced for a commemorative train journey in 2013. Pls contact [neilhoward@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:neilhoward@blueyonder.co.uk)

**Krausz Gertrud/Prochownik** and **Krausz, George** Researcher seeks info for book about Berlin Jewish families persecuted by the Nazis. Contact [hans-theo\\_wagner@web.de](mailto:hans-theo_wagner@web.de)

**Lemmé, Maria (née Schwarzkopf)**, artist, died Theresienstadt 1943. Researcher seeks information about relatives of hers who came to Britain. Please contact Margrit Timme at [friedrichtimme@aol.com](mailto:friedrichtimme@aol.com)

**Lichtenberg, Samuel** Family Tree Ltd, based in Budapest, are doing research for purpose of locating heirs to an estate. Researching Samuel's family led us to the UK and the 300 Jewish children who found refuge in Windermere. Pls contact Marija Stojanovska Rupcic at [rupcic@familytree.hu](mailto:rupcic@familytree.hu)

**Rosenfeld, Lotte** Born 8/8/22 in Aachen, Rhineland, emigrated to England in 1938-39, possibly on Kindertransport. Any info pls to Stefan Kahlen at [ccalen@web.de](mailto:ccalen@web.de)

**Seelig, Annemarie** lived in Teddington, Middlesex and was relative or friend of Georg Manasse, ex-director of Schocken department store in Zwickau, Saxony, whose biography I am writing. He emigrated in 1935 to Sweden. Pls contact Jürgen Nitsche at [junitsche@aol.com](mailto:junitsche@aol.com)

may not have been religiously observant but they were inspired by the writings of the Prophets who had once trodden the same ground. Past glories and struggles for freedom against tyranny fired their imagination and led to modern Zionism and the eventual rebirth of the state.

*Rubin Katz, London NW11*

**NATIONALISM – CURSE OF THE MODERN WORLD**

Sir – Dorothea Shefer-Vanson ('Letter from Israel', October) misunderstands certain historical events and their implications.

'Legitimate' is defined as 'in accordance with law or conforming to established standards of behaviour'. Neither basis existed then (or exists now).

The Balfour Declaration expressed only the political view of the then British government and did not purport to go further.

The UN Partition Resolution expressed the opinion only of a majority of its members then voting – and not unanimously – and the organisation is now at least three times as large as it was then. Does Dorothea Shefer-Vanson believe that a similar resolution would pass today?

Herzl's views, not accepted unqualifiedly, should surely be seen as of their time, when European empire-building was reaching its peak and the movement of peoples, not just individuals, into lands occupied by others seemed natural. The USA was not then complete,

in the form we know it today.

Israel exists. The clock cannot simply be turned back. But the adoption of a better perspective is the essential requirement of moves towards a civilised solution.

My own view is that nationalism, anywhere, is the curse of, and a burden on, the modern world. Pete Seeger was right: 'Yankee, Russian, white or tan, Lord, a man is just a man, We're all brothers and we're only passing through.'

*Alan S. Kaye, Marlow, Bucks*

**SPEECHLESS FOR ONCE**

Sir – Being consistently exhorted to recycle everything and to economise wherever possible – and maybe as I am naturally inclined that way – I have become quite adept at it, I think.

I had quite a shock recently on being charged some £5 in postage for just three letters abroad. One birthday card alone to a granddaughter in Israel cost almost £2 in postage – quite out of proportion to the £1 for three I normally pay for birthday cards at my cut-price shop. And what with 28 grandchildren (G-d bless them all), this all adds up!

'Buy smaller cards in future,' the lady behind the PO counter advised me, 'and don't recycle as it's those labels you stick on and the selotape which is making them so heavy, and buy thinner notepaper.'

It left me speechless – a rare thing!

*(Mrs) Margarete Stern, London NW3*



## LETTER FROM ISRAEL

Dorothea Shefer-Vanson

### Defiant Requiem

Any performance of Verdi's Requiem anywhere in the world is a memorable event. I have heard it played several times and am invariably stirred, moved, uplifted and invigorated by the music, regardless of the standard of the performance. Hearing it played in Jerusalem under the title 'Defiant Requiem', commemorating the performance of the music in the Theresienstadt concentration camp under the baton of inmate Rafael Schächter, was something quite extraordinary for all those who heard it. But I felt that for me it had a special significance. The performance, which was given in the framework of the Israel Festival last summer, was the project of American conductor Murry Sidlin. In a bold move, the music was interspersed with readings describing the performance of the work in Theresienstadt and filmed accounts by camp survivors who had participated in the performance or attended it.

During my teenage years in London I heard the Requiem played on LP records almost every Sunday. That was the day on which my late father would sit at his desk in our back room, his

head wreathed in cigarette smoke, as he attended to his accounts or typed letters on behalf of the various organisations for which he worked in his spare time to earn a few extra pennies. He had arranged for a loudspeaker system to be built from our front room so that records played on our radiogram, which was his pride and joy, could be heard in both rooms simultaneously. It was my task to attend to the four 33 rpm records which formed the boxed set of the Requiem and had to be turned over or changed every 20 minutes. Each time I hear the Requiem now I recollect exactly at which point each record ended, requiring my intercession so that the music could continue. Unfortunately, I don't remember who the artists were, and those records have since gone the way of all flesh.

The book by Josef Bor describing the agonising events surrounding the performance of the Requiem in Theresienstadt, *The Terezin Requiem*, translated by Edith Pargeter and published in 1963, was on my parents' bookshelf when I was still living at home, and I must have read it almost as soon as they bought it. The moving account of all the

obstacles that had to be overcome in order to perform the music in the concentration camp made a deep impression on me. It never occurred to me that it could be dramatised. My own grandmother was deported to Theresienstadt from Hamburg, and perished there in early 1943 (before the performance of the Requiem). I have translated the letters she sent from there, as well as the diary kept by Martha Glass, who was also from Hamburg.

In the performance devised by Murry Sidlin, Israeli actors gave some readings in Hebrew, Sidlin himself gave others in English, and an upright piano was used to accompany some of the music instead of the full orchestra, reminding the audience of the conditions under which the music was performed at Theresienstadt. At those moments the stage was darkened and, when the full orchestra resumed, the stage was lit, serving to underline the contrast between then and now. At the end of the performance the audience was requested not to applaud but to stand for a minute of silent contemplation. While we were standing, the soloists, the members of the orchestra and the choir quietly walked off the semi-darkened stage.

It was a truly moving performance of a remarkable piece of music, an event which few of those present will forget – least of all me, who felt that by some remarkable coincidence several strands of my life had been brought together. But I couldn't help wondering what my father would have made of it.

#### INSIDE THE AJR *continued from page 13*

before introducing Helen Fry. Helen told us the unique story of Howard Triest, the subject of her latest book *Inside Nuremberg Prison*. Howard was born in Munich but served with the US forces during the war, becoming the only German-Jewish refugee translator to the psychiatrists in the Nuremberg prison cells when the top Nazis were held there.

David Lang

#### Welwyn GC Enthralling Story

David Lawson had us enthralled as he retold Eva Erben's story from her idyllic childhood in the Sudetenland, through the

horrors of Theresienstadt and Auschwitz, to contentment in Israel. David translated Eva's newly published autobiography *Escape Story*.

Marianne Linford

#### Iford Film Family

Howard Lanning spoke about his family's involvement in the film business. His father, a director of silent films, was followed by his sons and now his grandsons are becoming known in this sphere. It was fascinating to see clips of former productions and made for a very interesting morning.

Meta Roseneil

Dr Anthony Grenville's book *Jewish Refugees from Germany and Austria in Britain, 1933-1970* has been reprinted. For copies (paperback), write to Anthony Grenville at the AJR, enclosing cheque for £22.50 (incl. postage and packing) made out to the author.

