

AJR journal

The Association of Jewish Refugees

Members past and present

For decades after the war, refugee institutions like the AJR were largely staffed by former refugees, members of the first generation. Until the mid-1990s, the senior offices in the AJR were held by figures like Theo Marx and Ludwig Spiro; its senior social workers, following in the tradition of Adelheid Levy and Margot Williams from the early days, were mostly refugees; and this journal was edited by Richard Grunberger, a Kindertransportee from Vienna, until his death in 2005. There was also a host of first-generation refugees who worked with the AJR to support or entertain its members: many readers of this journal will remember, for example, Gretel Beer's cookery column or Alice Schwab's art notes. Having a sweet tooth and a Viennese background, I am not likely to forget Gretel Beer's recipe for *Mohr im Hemd*, a deliciously calorific pudding whose dark chocolate (the 'Moor') is covered with whipped cream (his 'Hemd', or white shirt).

So it was all the sadder to learn of the death of Irene White on 22 July 2016, just short of her hundredth birthday. Irene White was one of nature's helpers. She was a nurse by profession; she married and brought up two children, then, after her husband's death, turned to voluntary work for her fellow refugees. Among her many charitable activities, she will probably best be remembered for her recording of the contents of *AJR Information* onto cassettes for the benefit of visually impaired members. She helped at the AJR Day Centre in Cleve Road, at the Old Age Homes run by the AJR and the Central British Fund, and at Belsize Square Synagogue.

Irene White was born in Dessau in 1917 and brought up in Berlin. She grew up in a highly cultivated German-Jewish family. Her father, Georg Michelsohn, was a doctor who also wrote poems. In 1934 she emigrated to Palestine, then in 1938 to Britain. Her memoirs, *I Came as a Stranger* (London: Hazelwood, 1991), look back on six decades of her life, starting with her emigration as a young girl.

While still in Palestine, where she started nursing, Irene White was taken under the wing of a distinguished British army officer, Colonel John Henry Patterson, through

whose good offices she was able to come to Britain, to take her diploma in nursing at St Mary's Hospital, London. Patterson, though non-Jewish, had commanded the Zion Mule Corps, which fought in the Gallipoli campaign in 1915-16, and then the Jewish Legion, as the five



Theo Marx, 1920-2010

battalions of Jewish volunteers raised by the British to fight the Turks in the First World War were known. Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, whose father was a close friend of Patterson, has described him as the godfather of the modern Israel Defence Forces. Patterson was present at the circumcision ceremony of Yonatan Netanyahu, Benjamin's elder brother, who was named after Patterson; Yonatan was killed in action, commanding the Israeli commando unit in the rescue operation at Entebbe airport in July 1976.

Irene White belonged to that generation of refugees whose attitude to Britain was shaped by their early years in this country and especially by the war, when she experienced a solidarity and comradeship that as a refugee she valued highly. The title of her memoirs was inspired by a visit she made as a welfare officer to an elderly refugee lady. As she was leaving, that lady said to her: 'You came as a stranger, and you left as a friend.' In the introduction to her book, White continues: 'These were exactly my feelings when I came to England, with only a slight variation. I came as a stranger, and I stayed as a friend. May it remain a country of freedom and fair play for ever.' The much vaunted 'spirit of the Blitz' that enabled British civilians to overcome the sufferings of the war and the hardships of

the austerity years was exemplified by the readiness of ordinary people to give the common cause priority over their private interests. After celebrating her marriage to Allan White, a fellow refugee from Germany, with a wedding lunch at the Cosmo Restaurant in Swiss Cottage, Irene spent her wedding night treating air raid casualties at Hampstead General Hospital; her husband spent the night in an air raid shelter.

Irene had had her first experience of wartime nursing at Park Prewett Hospital, near Basingstoke in Hampshire, where she was thrust into the midst of the emergency of May 1940 when the hospital was flooded with casualties evacuated from Dunkirk. While her husband joined the Royal West Kent Regiment, later transferring to No. 3 Troop, 10 Commando, an élite unit mainly composed of German-speaking refugees, Irene, then living in a rented house in Temple Fortune, north of Golders Green, was exposed to the nightly routine of air raids and fire-watching. The matter-of-fact style in which she describes the dropping of incendiary bombs, as markers for the German bombers, conveys the calm determination with which ordinary civilians confronted the attacks on London:

It was one of our jobs to take the metal dustbin lids and cover the fire bombs before they exploded and illuminated everything. The house next door to us caught fire. We formed a bucket chain and, with the help of our neighbours using hosepipes, stirrup pumps and very primitive equipment, the fire was put out.

For Irene and Allan White, as for many refugees from Nazism, the experiences of the war and the post-war years of austerity shaped their attitude to life in Britain, providing a key element in the foundations on which they rebuilt their lives as a young married couple starting out in a new country, but with the loss of their families all too fresh in their minds. White's memoirs transport her readers back to a vanished London of pea-soup fogs, orderly queues, austerity and shortages – for the first few weeks of her life, her

Members past and present continued

baby daughter slept in a drawer lined with a blanket – but also of courtesy and consideration for others:

When you are alone and very young with no friends or relations, do not know the language well and have no money, the slightest kindness is like a gift from heaven. Altogether, England seemed like a sanctuary to me. People were helpful and, of course, the policemen were wonderful.

After the war, White was able to observe the process of integration anew, in the case of her mother, who arrived from Palestine in 1947, intending to spend a year in Britain, and ended up staying until her death in 1981. At first, her mother was alarmed by the swirling fogs that enveloped the city and, still more, by the crowds of men gathering four deep in St John's Wood; she took these for a portent of revolutionary unrest, but soon learnt that they were simply queuing at Lord's Cricket Ground. In those days, White noted, 'a revolution was not really cricket!' Although Allan White later built up a multi-million pound business, the Veterinary Drug Company of Yorkshire, working with the vet James Herriot of *All Creatures Great and Small* fame among others, the habits, values and attitudes of the couple's early years in Britain continued to influence their family life across the decades.

This is a pattern readily recognisable in other memoirs by refugees, where the first, pre-war period of settlement proves painfully difficult, but is followed by the experience of the common commitment of wartime – any period of internment apart – and by a growing sense of integration into and of identification with British society, leading on to a mostly happy, stable and prosperous life. Two examples of this are Edith Argy's *The Childhood and Teens of a Jewish Girl in Inter-war Austria and Subsequent Adventures* (BookSurge, 2005) and Marianne Elsley's *A Chance in Six Million* (privately published, Deddington, Oxfordshire, 1989).

Edith Argy, née Tintner, came to Britain on a domestic service visa and endured dreadful conditions skivvying in British households; she even contemplated returning to Nazi-occupied Vienna. Marianne Elsley, née Josephy, arrived on a Kindertransport from Berlin as a teenager, alone and bereft of her adored parents whom, as she rightly feared, she would never see again.

Marianne Elsley trained as a nurse, withstanding the Victorian harshness of the training regime. She was accepted at Salisbury Infirmary, where 'a young man turned me into a real English woman with a genuine British passport, by marrying me!' She later became a respected pillar of her local community in the quintessentially English setting of the picture postcard village of Deddington, Oxfordshire. Edith Argy lived through the Blitz in London: 'When I witnessed people's stoicism and courage and sense of humour, amidst all the devastation, I felt proud, almost privileged, to live in London – among the English – at that moment in time.' After the war, she emigrated to Australia, met her husband and returned with him to London, the city she loves; she lives in a desirable area of west London and continues to contribute her elegantly styled articles to this journal.

Anthony Grenville

KT LUNCH

Wednesday 16 November 2016
at Alyth Gardens Synagogue
12.30 pm

We are delighted to be joined by
Jonathan Arkush

President of the Board of Deputies
of British Jews

Jonathan is a barrister by profession, specialising in property, probate and commercial law as well as a mediator.

He was elected Senior Vice President of the Board of Deputies in May 2009 and chaired the Board's Defence Division for two three-year terms until 2015. His responsibilities included defending the community against antisemitism, discrimination and any threat to Jewish faith and practice in the United Kingdom, and forging deeper understanding between the Jews of Britain and other faiths. He was elected President of the Board in May 2015.



For further details and booking,
please contact Susan Harrod at AJR on
020 8385 3070 or email susan@ajr.org.uk

We look forward to seeing you

AJR on the Big Screen

The AJR is delighted once again to support the **UK International Jewish Film Festival** by sponsoring the Closing Night Gala film, *Fanny's Journey*, based on the true story of Fanny Ben Ami, who led a group of Jewish refugees from certain death to safety in Switzerland.

Fanny Ben Ami will be coming specially from Israel to take part in a Q&A after the film which will be shown at 7.30pm on Sunday 20 November at the Regent Street Cinema.

Visit ukjewishfilm.org for tickets and information about this year's Festival.



Annual Election Meeting of The Association of Jewish Refugees (AJR)

The Annual Election Meeting of The Association of Jewish Refugees (AJR) will take place at **4 pm on Wednesday 7 December 2016 at Winston House, 2 Dollis Park, London N3 1HF.**

Agenda: Annual Report, Financial Report, Discussion, Election of Trustees.

All questions for the chair should be submitted by **Friday 4 November 2016** to the Chief Executive at Winston House, 2 Dollis Park, London N3 1HF.

If you wish to attend please contact **Karin Pereira on 020 8385 3070 or at karin@ajr.org.uk**

'Encounters with Albion: Images of Britain in Texts by Jewish Refugees'

Dr Anthony Grenville will present his forthcoming book at the Wiener Library, 29 Russell Square, London WC1B 5DP on **23 November 2016** in conjunction with the new exhibition **The Bitter Road.**

6:00 – 6:30 pm Exhibition viewing
6:30 – 8:00 pm Lecture and Discussion

Registration:
tel 020 7636 7247
via info@wienerlibrary.co.uk
or via the link
<http://bit.ly/2cHFkmq>

AJR Chief Executive
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Carol Hart *Community & Volunteer Services*

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

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GOLD AND SILVER CELEBRATION 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AJR



Introducing the afternoon's proceedings, AJR Chairman Andrew Kaufman remarked that 'our venerable and indomitable institution' – now 75 years old – had developed from a self-help organisation in July 1941 into *the* national charity supporting and representing members and their families.

It was astonishing, he added, that the AJR, having guided members on the process of becoming naturalised British subjects in the years after the Second World War, was now, following the Brexit vote, providing guidance on how to reacquire German or Austrian citizenship!

Andrew referred with pride to recent AJR events. A plaque had been unveiled on the Wiener Library's Wall of Honour to Hans and Eva Reichmann. As Chairman in the 1950s, Hans had cemented the AJR as *the* representative

body of the Jewish refugees, while Eva had broken new ground with her studies of Nazism and antisemitism. In addition, a plaque had been unveiled to Sir Rudolf Bing, General Manager at Glyndebourne opera house for 12 years until 1947, and one was due to be unveiled within days to Lord Schon, the industrialist and founder of Marchon Products, in Whitehaven, Cumbria. Andrew also praised the recent two-day seminar at JW3 that had explored the AJR's past, present and future.

The AJR Chairman paid tribute to the dedication of Sue Kurlander and Carol Hart for delivering our critical social, welfare and volunteer services; to David Kaye for ensuring the AJR remained in the best possible position to disburse financial assistance to those

in greatest need; to Susan Harrod for the outreach meetings and social opportunities programme;

to Tony Grenville for his historical overviews in the *Journal* in continuation of Rabbi Leo Baeck's very first article written in January 1941; and to Carol Rossen – 'for so long synonymous with our annual celebration' – and Lorna Moss. In conclusion, Andrew thanked all AJR staff, in particular Chief Executive Michael Newman, for their efforts over the past year.

Having made a plea that members remember the AJR in their wills and wished members and their families a happy, peaceful and sweet New Year, Andrew introduced 'today's real attraction', the performers: soprano Glenys Groves, baritone Jonathan Fisher and tenor Peter Bronder, accompanied by violinist Anne Martin and Scilla Stewart on piano.

AJR COMMEMORATES LIFE OF INDUSTRIALIST LORD SCHON

The AJR has unveiled a special commemorative plaque in honour of the industrialist Lord (Frank) Schon at the house in Whitehaven, Cumbria, where he and his family lived.

Born in Vienna in 1912, Frank Schon fled to the UK in March 1939 following the Nazi occupation of Prague.

Having been bombed out of London in 1940, he relocated to Whitehaven, where, with Fred Marzillier, he founded Marchon Products Ltd, a company making synthetic detergent raw materials. At its height, it employed over 2,000 people. Three years later he also founded Solway Chemicals Ltd and is credited with having brought employment to the depressed Cumbria area.

In 1967 he was appointed Chairman of the National Research Development Corporation, a position he used

to improve working conditions for industrial workers.

Frank Schon was knighted in 1966 and made a Life Peer in 1976. Concluding his maiden speech to the House of Lords on his appointment, he noted 'The debt that I owe to the kindness and humanity of the British

people cannot be discharged.'

AJR Trustee Frank Harding said: 'Having arrived in this country with limited means, and having been interned as an "enemy alien", Frank Schon's skills and determination enabled him to make an enormous contribution to his adopted country.'



(from left) Mary Leech, daughter of housekeeper of Lord Schon; Harry King, childhood friend of Yvonne Saville and Susie Keller, daughters of Lord Schon; Yvonne Saville; Frank Harding, AJR Trustee; Susie Keller; Lyndon Coats, present owner of house; Jamie Reed MP; Teresa Coats, present owner of house; Michael Newman, AJR Chief Executive; Cllr Wendy Skillicorn
Photo courtesy of *The Whitehaven News*

Celebrating AJR's 75 Years

The AJR's 75th Anniversary seminar at JW3 was truly inspiring. At the very least, it was a pleasure to meet Tony Grenville at last and put a face to my favourite Page One of the *AJR Journal*! It was good to be among so many AJR friends of long standing but it was also good that many people had come who were neither AJR members nor had been to JW3 previously.

The richness of the programme was awesome: the order and chairing of the sessions had obviously been carefully thought out. Trudy Gold's breathtaking opening gallop through the history of the Jewish community in Germany was absolutely gripping, as her presentations always are. Together with Tony Grenville and Bea Lewkowicz outlining the history and achievements of the AJR, this was an amazing introduction. Far from 'knowing it all', I discovered how much I had *not* known and I suspect others found the same.

In the second session, we were treated to a birds-eye view of the heritage and culture of the Jewish refugees from Central Europe by two rabbis – Jonathan Wittenberg and Julia Neuberger – who moved the factual dimension of the first session into a more emotional ambience.

After lunch, the conference moved on to a more nuanced and intimate scrutiny of some of the actual journeys triggered by the refugee crisis of the 1930s-40s. The relevance to today's refugee crisis was inescapable and was probably awoken in most people's minds. Some potent themes that need our attention began to emerge: the dignity that was preserved within the indignity of allowing refugees who were professionals to do only menial work – compared with today's interned refugees, who are allowed no work; the general hostility towards 'migrants' today, even children; and the increasing use of the fictional 'Boy in the Striped Pyjamas' instead of factual testimonies in schools. The most moving presentation of this panel was undoubtedly that of Peter Kurer on the role of the Quakers. This led to a discussion of the lack of acknowledgement of Quakers in Holocaust teaching and to questioning why some rescuers,

such as Nicholas Winton, are rightly celebrated but many others, like Wilfrid Israel, are hardly known at all.

In the fourth session, on the contribution to Britain of the Jewish refugees, we were treated to presentations by Lord Alf Dubs, Rabbi Hugo Gryn's daughter Naomi, Fritz Lustig, and Leo Baeck's great-grandson James Dreyfus. It was clear that, despite tribulations and trauma, refugees who were treated decently have repaid their country of refuge handsomely. This raises the question of what we can expect from today's asylum seekers if we don't protect them from increasing ignorant xenophobia and sheer misplaced hatred.

Unfortunately, I had to miss the final session of the first day as it clashed with the Holocaust Education Trust's annual dinner, to which I took as guests my granddaughter, a Teach First graduate, and her husband, a Holocaust Educational Trust Ambassador from their Lessons from Auschwitz Project. This final session brought in wider contacts in partnership with the AJR: the British Academy (Lord Stern), Central British Fund (Lilian Levy), World Jewish Relief (Paul Anticoni), Council for At-Risk Academics (Stephen Wordsworth), Wiener Library (Kat Hübschmann), and Belsize Square Synagogue (Rob Nothman).

The theme of wider connections continued on the second day, which addressed the future of Holocaust education. In the first panel, Phil Lyons (National Holocaust Centre), Robert Posner (Anne Frank Trust) and Ben Barkow (Wiener Library) gave an overview of projects and material already in operation and in process which will ensure that Holocaust education continues into the future when no live witnesses are left. The three organisations and many others ensure that testimonies, artefacts and projects will continue to be available but, of course, no one can ensure how they will be used by future educators and received by future learners.

This led into the theme of the

last panel session, presented as an 'Intergenerational Conversation'. I represented the First Generation of refugees, Anita Grosz and Raymond Simonson the Second Generation, and Michael Newman the Third Generation. The fact that a Third Generation refugee now heads the AJR shows that the Jewish community will definitely keep our Holocaust legacy from being abandoned or forgotten – but is this the most we can hope for or want for the future? There are survivors of other genocides now reaching a stage of readiness who need to speak out about their journeys and legacies: Remembering Srebrenica is an organisation already sending survivors to speak in schools.

Personally, I always become concerned at Jewish events that focus on the Jewish story of the Holocaust, in which we lost six million of our European community and so many of the few survivors have given so much to their new communities. Commemorating the Jewish loss and the Jewish story is vitally important – essential but not sufficient. I sometimes experience the focus on the Jewish story, especially in schools, as a Jewish-only story, as a form of denial. A reduction to six million of the more than 60 million lives wantonly curtailed in world war is too 'neat and tidy' and perhaps the maximum that most minds

can tolerate. It is very important that we have Yom Ha'Shoah to focus on and mourn our Jewish loss – but the Holocaust was a loss to the whole of humanity and humanity needs to learn and mourn.

As the outstanding Holocaust historian Professor Yehuda Bauer recently stated at JW3, the Holocaust is unique in being a totally

unprecedented form of annihilation of a target group on an industrialised scale that has not been repeated – yet. But it *could* be repeated if we don't learn from the Holocaust in its wider context of genocide and determine to prevent it. In my view, the two most urgent lessons of the Holocaust that we have not yet learned are to treat all people as equal human beings (no superior or inferior ethnic groups) and to intervene when unacceptable violence begins, instead of turning a blind eye and letting it escalate out of



Lord Dubs



Lord Stern

Ten Came Back

'Ten came back,' he says with ... is it satisfaction or resignation? Hard to tell what is going on in the mind of this elderly, pleasantly rotund man. He is showing us round the oldest, functioning synagogue in France. We are in Provence, in a town called Carpentras.

The synagogue is a listed tourist attraction and we have followed the signposts to a rather unimpressive building, with a plaque in Hebrew and French announcing that we have arrived. The door appears to be locked and two tourists are standing outside it, looking lost. They have rung the bell, they say, to no avail. We join them, but in another couple of minutes they give up and wander off. It is not pleasant to stand around in the blazing sun. We persevere and ring again and wait. I am here with my daughter, my son-in-law and grown-up grandson.

After only a few more moments the heavy door creaks open and we are greeted by our genial guide. We are immediately made to feel welcome and even special.

The tour begins mysteriously underground. We are taken through a series of linked areas that provided a safe space for the Jewish community of 15th-Century Carpentras to follow their prescribed way of life: rooms to hold meetings and to enjoy *Kiddush*, a bakery, a place to preserve *kosher* meat, and two *mikvahs*. There is a third *mikvah* that is huge and fills with spring water to this day. We

are shown an ancient *matzo*-making contraption but when put to the test, none of us can guess what it is.



'Elijah's Chair'

Apparently it still works. However, we are told that the present congregation prefers to buy *matzo* in packets from the supermarket.

Our guide is immensely knowledgeable and shares his knowledge generously. We are transported into the world of mediaeval Jewry in turn sheltered by, and forced to shelter from, the warring popes and their clergy who were busy building a new Catholic stronghold in nearby Avignon.

At last, when we reach above ground level, and finally enter the amazingly beautiful synagogue, we encounter more recent history. Before the Second World War, there were

500 Jewish families in Carpentras; now there are 17. The young people move away, our guide says, to find better work opportunities elsewhere in France or abroad. They come home for the high holidays, he says, but perhaps it's more for 'mama's cooking'.

We look around the synagogue. It is truly very beautiful and obviously cherished. It has a unique feature: a very small, ornately gilded chair is set into the wall to the right of the *bimah*; it is a chair in readiness for the coming of Elijah. There are many precious objects in the synagogue and we hear the story our guide clearly loves to tell. He must have told it a hundred times but he is still moved by it as are we: 'This was Vichy country during the war and the French police posed a greater threat to the Jews than the Italian army stationed in the town. When the persecution of the Jews began under the Vichy government, the Christian community took away all the valuables from the synagogue and hid them in their churches. After the war every single item was returned. Many of the Jews of Carpentras enjoyed the protection of their neighbours. Only 16 families were betrayed and deported and miraculously, ten came back.'

Our guide is gentle and forgiving and I admire him but I do not want to rejoice and I want my grandson to remember that 'only' six entire families were murdered.

Hedi Schnabl-Argent

Celebrating AJR's 75 Years *continued*

control. There is nothing specifically Jewish about these two lessons. Jews were not the only victims in the Holocaust. Humanity needs a much wider approach to learning about the Holocaust in the context of its predecessors in the first half of the 20th Century and continuing genocides in the second half of the 20th Century into the 21st.

In my view, commemoration and learning are vital but not sufficient without action. The learning we need to add to the way we



Rabbi Baroness Julia Neuberger

currently commemorate and teach the Holocaust is to face and understand denial in ourselves and all around us. Denial of unacceptable injustice that we see but do not perceive all around us propels us into being 'bystanders' when we can and need to be active 'upstanders'. Denial keeps us locked in the delusion that 'There is nothing I can do about it – and, in any case, it's just human nature and you can't change that!' If you believe you can have an effect, you will. We have angels as well as demons in our

human nature. We need a conference on 'Exposing Denial'.

I am left pondering on something that Alf Dubs said at the AJR seminar. When praising Nicky Winton for his rescue actions, Dubs said that Winton's greatness was that 'He didn't *have* to do it, he *chose* to do it!' I would respond to this that Winton did not have to do it *from any outside pressure*. The pressure was *from inside himself* and he had to do it because of who he was. This is something that perhaps defines rescuers. Humanity needs more people who have experienced being helped, cherished and valued and are therefore driven from inside to be concerned about others.

Ruth Barnett



Letters to the Editor

The Editor reserves the right to shorten correspondence submitted for publication

DEATH OF A SURVIVOR

Sir – Following an operation, I had to stay in the hospital for a week. The general hospital was gradually turned into a geriatric one. It was a familiar hospital – I often passed it.

It was a solid, even charming building, well situated between Hampstead Heath and the Everyman Cinema. The pub at the end of the passage was frequented by people like Jasper Carrott and myself.

I was too absorbed in my own considerable problems to pay attention to my fellow sufferers. But there was a bed at the end of the ward that forced one to pay attention. The occupier was an aged – but not too old – German Jew, who kept us awake at night by screaming and shouting in a language, a very special German dialect, that no one could understand.

We didn't know what was wrong with him. One of the nurses told me he had only a very short time to live. He should have been in a room of his own but that room wasn't available at the time. Most of the nurses on the ward were ladies from the Caribbean. They were good nurses but German wasn't their forte.

Next to my bed there was a cab driver, a heavy smoker like myself. We sometimes met in the smokers' room opening off the corridor. He told me that the German had no visitors except, very rarely, a woman called Ilse, who told him that the man – called Albert – had been working with her in a small workshop owned by a German refugee. All the employees spoke German. A few years before, the owners had sold the workshop and retired to Majorca.

About Albert, she knew only that he had lost all his family – murdered or perished in the various concentration camps. He alone had managed to get to England a few weeks before war broke out. He had no family in England.

We tended to think that escaping from Nazi-occupied Europe was an answer to all problems. It is true that Thomas Mann produced some of his best work in exile. It is also true that Stefan Zweig committed suicide in exile.

Albert got very loud and demanding in his last three days. It was heart-wrenching to watch the West Indian nurse trying to communicate with him and failing. He couldn't help either. 'Why don't you give

him a strong sleeping pill?' I asked her. 'We don't have that kind of medication on this ward,' came the reply.

Albert died in the middle of the night. They removed him very quietly. I didn't even wake up. The next morning I saw the empty bed.

The cab driver told me what had happened. My first reaction was not sorrow but anger that Albert was just as much a victim of Hitler as the family he had left behind.

Nicholas Pal, London NW6

AJR 75TH ANNIVERSARY SEMINAR

Sir – A great amount of work was done by AJR staff (and no doubt volunteers) who arranged this fantastic 75th celebration at JW3. We thank you so much.

At each session there was such an interesting, sincere, profound group of learned men and women on the panels – their chairpersons too.

As a second generation woman, I (Helen) felt emotional but thankful to have heard the many speakers. I returned home in the knowledge that there are organisations that are still here to help Holocaust refugees and survivors. There are also books we can obtain at the National Holocaust Centre and at the Memorial to be in Victoria Tower Gardens.

A most interesting two days: informative, dedicated, caring.

Thanks too to Judy Trotter for her constant attendance.

PS: The hot and cold drinks and delicious pastries were much appreciated too.

Helen Grunberg and Sue Arnold

AJR LUNCH A WONDERFUL AFTERNOON

Sir – Once again the AJR gave all its members a wonderful afternoon at the annual Watford Party – good food, nostalgic music and, above all, good company!

It's always so enjoyable to meet up with friends and colleagues from other parts of London whose paths we rarely cross as travelling becomes more difficult. To see familiar faces and catch up on personal news is a distinct pleasure and makes this annual event so very special.

My thanks to everyone concerned for making this day out possible for so many of us. It is greatly appreciated by us all.

(Mrs) Meta Roseneil, Buckhurst Hill, Essex

Sir – We did so enjoy the AJR Lunch at Watford. It's always such a pleasurable event and so good to meet up with old acquaintances and make new ones. Lunch was plentiful, delicious and, as usual, the musical entertainment quite delightful. Please pass our thanks on to all involved in organising the event – both at the AJR and at the Hilton. We wish you and your colleagues a very Happy New Year!

Hanne and Leslie Freedman, London N14

A black and white floral chiffon scarf was left behind at the Lunch. Could the owner please contact us (Ed.).

MORE OR LESS LAMARR

Sir – Victor Ross's very well written piece in your October issue reminded me of a tourist trip to the Golan Heights some years ago. Trekking along the taped path indicating where the mines laid by the Syrians had not yet been cleared, we looked back into the valley below and replicated the Syrian soldiers' view. An Israeli woman who was in the group went into hysterics. She explained that the soldiers must have looked directly on to her property. We thought she imagined potentially being in their line of fire but she said she was much more concerned they would have seen her sunbathing in her garden in the nude!

Rudi Leavor, Bradford

Sir – Victor Ross's personal reminiscences of Hedi Lamarr's figure in the October issue of the *Journal* must surely rank as the name-dropping of the year by coupling hers with that of US President Reagan!

Heinz Vogel, Canterbury



AJR CARD AND GAMES CLUB

Please join us at our new Card and Games Club on Monday 28 November 2016

at North Western Reform Synagogue, Alyth Gardens, Temple Fortune, London NW11 7EN

Open to all levels Bridge players – come and join us

We offer Card games, Bridge, Backgammon, Scrabble – you decide. Games are dependent on numbers being sufficient – the more the merrier!

A sandwich lunch with tea, coffee and Danish pastries will be served on arrival.

£7.00 per person

Booking is essential – when you book please let us know your choice of game.

Please call Susan Harrod on 020 8385 3070 or email susan@ajr.org.uk



THE JEWS OF MESOPOTAMIA

Sir – Anthony Grenville's October article about Baghdad's Kristallnacht begins with a sketch of the Jews of Mesopotamia. He writes that when King Cyrus allowed the Jews of Babylonia to return to Judea, many chose to remain in Mesopotamia and that '[t]here they survived the many conflicts, conquests and changes of regime that affected the area', which he then goes on to describe.

I appreciate that this period was not the subject of the piece but the Jews of Mesopotamia, well over a million of them, did far more than just 'survive' and an entire article could be written on their achievements – without which it is arguable that Judaism might have disappeared from history altogether.

The Book of Ezra gives the number of Jews who returned to Judea as 42,360. Their descendants eventually fell under the rule of the Romans, who crushed all the revolts against them. Persecution intensified when the Roman Empire became Christian. Judea remained under Byzantine rule when the Western Roman Empire fell to the barbarians and the Byzantines abolished the Jewish Patriarchate. Scholarly centres were closed down and that meant that the work they had been doing on the Talmud (the Yerushalmi) could no longer be maintained.

The situation was very different in Mesopotamia. Ever since the time of the Babylonian Captivity the rulers of the area had recognised the Exilarch as the head of the Jewish community. Except for a relatively brief period of persecution by the Mazdaists (440 to 486 and again from 579 to 589), the Jews of Mesopotamia enjoyed complete religious freedom for the over 2,400 years before the Muslim conquest of the area (and that religious freedom continued for many centuries under Muslim rule). More importantly, there were centres of scholarship in the academies at Sura and Pumbedita. These accepted the leadership of the Judean academies as long as they existed but when these were suppressed, the Mesopotamian academies took over as the leading religious authorities for Jews throughout the world until the 1030s, when they closed and were replaced by academies in Spain. In particular, they took over the work on the Talmud: the Babylonian Talmud (the Bavli), much longer and more detailed than the Yerushalmi, became the authoritative text of the Talmud. They also produced the *siddur* (prayer book) which was used throughout the diaspora.

It is also the Jews of Mesopotamia who, participating in the urban and mercantile culture of the region, were the first significant Jewish trading community and so gave the Jews a tradition which would stand them in good stead when medieval Christian Europe excluded them from land ownership and agriculture.

When we consider the importance of the Talmud and the *siddur* in shaping

the identity of Judaism for centuries to come, we can surely say that the Jews of Mesopotamia saved Judaism.

Ralph Blumenau, London W11

ALDOUS HUXLEY CONNECTION

Sir – I am the editor of *Aldous Huxley's Selected Letters* (Chicago 2007) and am now preparing a supplement of more letters for the *Aldous Huxley Annual*. While preparing my supplement, I came across a letter to Huxley from Dr Hildegard Grunbaum dated 27 December 1939 pleading for his help. Her two children, then 13 and 12, were, she hoped, going to be taken to England and she asked Huxley's help in getting her a position as matron or similar at Prior's Field, the school his mother founded and which Dr Grunbaum had attended as a child. She remembered all the Huxleys and hoped he could help. The fact that she lived until 1974 indicates that she did escape to the UK and her daughter, Marianne Cornelia Parkes, was featured in your June 2006 profile number.

I've been unable, however, to contact Marianne in order to ask whether she could add any information about Aldous's possible intervention in 1939. I know that he and his first wife Maria actively helped Maria's Belgian relatives during and after the war so it wouldn't surprise me if he pulled strings to help get Dr Grunbaum into the UK.

Any help readers can give me would be most welcome.

*(Dr) James Sexton, Vancouver, Canada
sexton@camosun.bc.ca*

IN SEARCH OF OLD 'SHEFFORDIANS'



Sir – During the dark days of the Second World War, following the 'Operation Pied Piper Tomorrow' broadcast, our community housed a number of children from the Kindertransport.

We have had several contacts with, and visits from, pupils of the Menorah Primary School in London. During their visits we have managed to arrange for them to meet members of the families that took in children back in those sad days.

We have also had visits from the grandchildren of those 'Sheffordians' who have come to see where their grandparents spent some of their childhood.

Rabbi Lody van de Kamp, who resides in Holland, has visited our community with a group of students from his university

studying the Kindertransport routes into England. He unveiled a plaque in memory of those days.

If you can help Lody with any information about that time in Shefford, or any other contacts that he could track down, I am sure he would be most grateful. His email address is lbvdk@hotmail.com

We would also welcome any other descendants of those 'Sheffordians' to come and visit our town.

*Paul F. J. Mackin, Shefford Town Mayor,
Bedfordshire*

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT

Sir – In your September issue you included an item stating that the University of Huddersfield and the Leeds-based Survivors' Friendship Association were to create a major centre for memorialisation of the Holocaust.

In December 1938 my sister Hilde Gernsheimer (née Simon), aged 12, and I, aged 13, arrived in Dovercourt from Hamburg on what we understand was the second Kindertransport. We were among 25 girls offered shelter by a Jewish group from Leeds and Harrogate in what was to be the Jewish Convalescent Home in Harrogate.

We were fortunate in the good care we received and we attended local schools. In December 1939 I had a tonsillectomy at the Harrogate hospital. On Christmas morning I received a beautiful gift from Mary, Princess Royal and Countess of Harewood. It was a large chintz-covered sewing box that I treasured but I had to leave it behind owing to lack of room in my suitcase when in 1945 we emigrated to America.

I will be delighted if this information is of interest to you.

*Ruth Heinemann,
Lake Worth, Florida, USA*

ILLEGAL VISAS?

Sir – I read David Lang's article on the 'Righteous Gentile' Aristides de Sousa Mendes in your September issue with interest.

After the fall of Paris in June 1940, my mother, sister and I took refuge in unoccupied France, in Beaulieu-sur-Dordogne, Corrèze. My father, who had enlisted in the French army, managed to be picked up together with the Poles at Dunkirk and made every effort to bring us over to England.

My mother obtained some transit visas and in February 1942 we arrived in Lisbon, where there seemed to be something amiss with our documents, and we were detained for several days before flying to England.

I was only 12 years old at the time and have always thought that mother had gone to Marseille for the visas but, reading the article on Aristides de Sousa Mendes, a thought crept into my mind regarding our detention in Lisbon – as to whether the visas were issued illegally. I don't know whether there is any way of finding this out after the passing of so many years.

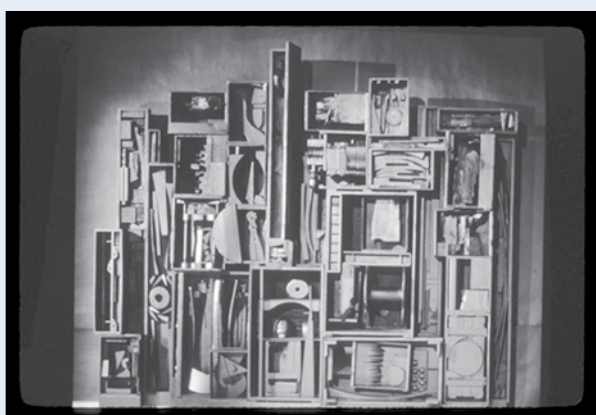
(Mrs) Isa Brysh, Bournemouth

continued on page 16

ART NOTES

GLORIA TESSLER

The Royal Academy is showing 163 works by 30 artists in its first major UK exhibition of **Abstract Expressionism** in nearly six decades (to 2 January 2017). The works include sculpture, which reflects the aspirant, thinly vertical forms of the accompanying paintings. Abstract



Louise Nevelson *Sky Cathedral* (1958)

Expressionism emerged at a time when freedom of expression was being celebrated in American culture and politics after the Second World War. While standout artists **Mark Rothko**, **Jackson Pollock**, **Willem de Kooning**, **Arshile Gorky** and **Clyfford Still** present a vision of dancing shapes, woven swirls or deep and ambiguous colours, you are deceived if you feel this is all it is.

Many early works are figurative and we see how the Surreal transformation, and later the abstraction, took root within each individual artist via a slow, personal progression rather than representing an art movement *per se*, as the curators emphasise.

The freeing from rigid forms that is loosely termed Abstract Expressionism began to flower in the 1940-50s. It did not come easily. Jackson Pollock grappled with figuration. Some, like the Armenian-born Arshile Gorky, who left for America, fused Surrealism with Cubism, absorbing the works of **Kandinsky** and his intricately florid forms. While Rothko developed rigid blocks of divided colour poured onto the canvas, Pollock became increasingly diverse. One gallery shows his 19ft-long *Night Mist* with its strangely

animalistic shapes at one end and the more calligraphic *Blue Poles* at the other. The provenance of *Blue Poles* is controversial. It was bought for A\$1.3 million by the Australian National Gallery in 1973 and approved by former Australian Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, creating political uproar in a country not ready to appreciate this art form. The scandal virtually brought down the Labour government – which had actually purchased for the nation an investment worth between A\$20 million and A\$100 million today.

After the Second World War some of these artists exercised a deeply lugubrious mood such as **Franz Kline's** *Vawdavitsh*, a thick scrawl of smudgy black on white, clearly representing the bleakness of the war, while Rothko's divided blocks of dark colour, sometimes edged with imperceptible shiny white patches, offer emotional depth. The main colour may be black but the black always promises the light, and the passion of this highly intellectual painter is visible if you care to lose yourself in his work. Both he and Pollock use large canvases which arguably render the impact more powerful.

Rothko, who made his first breakthrough in 1946, was influenced by **Rembrandt** in his love of light and by Clyfford Still, a noted American painter whom the Gallery is keen to promote in Britain.

Willem de Kooning's brilliant colours and Surreal imagery describe the female form in often disturbing ways but women artists themselves are less represented here, which may perhaps be a sign of the times. Exceptions include **Helen Frankenthaler**, whose striking *Europa*, full of curves and arabesques, is loosely based on **Titian's** *Rape of Europa*. However, *Sky Cathedral*, a monumental, multi-layered black sculpture, by **Louise Nevelson**, is thrilling and she is said to have influenced **Anselm Kiefer**.

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CONTEMPORARY
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

REVIEWS

A remarkable story

THE WOMAN WITH NINE LIVES by Iby Knill

Leeds: *Scratching Shed Publishing*, 2016, 208 pp. paperback, £13.99, ISBN 978-0993510113

This autobiography is a sequel to *The Woman Without a Number* (Scratching Shed Publishing, 2010) and covers the life of a remarkable lady after her liberation.

Iby Knill was born in 1923 and the earlier book describes her happy childhood in Czechoslovakia, cut short by the Nazi invasion in 1939. In February 1942, to avoid the fate of Jewish girls being rounded up for prostitution, she was sent into hiding in the countryside. Eventually she escaped illegally into Hungary, where she stayed with a cousin in Budapest before being arrested. In June 1944 she was sent to Auschwitz. By pretending to be a nurse she managed a transfer to a slave labour camp in Germany. From there she was sent on a death march to Belsen but, before reaching it, she was liberated by Allied troops in April 1945. The first book also describes the immediate aftermath of the war and her marriage to a British army officer, Bert Knill. A ten-page extract from that book describing life in Auschwitz is appended to the new autobiography.

Iby's mother and brother, Tomy, survived the war: an early chapter digresses from her own story and describes Tomy's experiences during the war in his own words. Her mother's story is also related in a separate short chapter. Her father and other relatives became victims of the *Shoah*.

Iby arrived in Britain in March 1947 and initially lived in Bristol with Bert's sister and brother-in-law as well as Bert's son from his first marriage. Bert himself was posted to Truro after his return from Germany. In what the author calls Life One, she describes her first impressions of England, initially in Bristol and later with Bert in Cornwall. She also writes about the background of Bert's wider family and throughout the book family members appear frequently. In 1948 Iby gave birth to a son, Chris, and had to cope when Bert was temporarily posted to west Africa shortly afterwards.

Despite her bitter experiences during the war, Iby Knill was a feisty and ambitious lady and Lives Two

to Eight describe her various house moves and careers. One of the most interesting began when she was a volunteer in Civil Defence at the height of the Cold War. This led to her meeting the Queen Mother when the Bristol Civil Defence Team won a national competition with her help and she still treasures the Silver Shield with which she was presented. Due to her commitment and ability, together with a touch of luck, she eventually reached the position of Chief Civil Defence Officer in Leeds.

Another of Iby's Lives in Leeds led her to becoming a Senior Administrative Officer responsible for 'Further Education: Grants and Awards'. This was despite admitting that she knew nothing about the subject! Being ambitious, however, she was still looking for further promotion and to do so she first needed to obtain a degree, which she achieved through the Open University.

An important part of Iby's life related to music and other cultural interests and these became especially important following the death of her husband. Regarding religion the book is not very clear. Although, of course, she was born Jewish, Iby had little or no contact with the community but became very involved with a local church in Leeds. As a result of this, at the age of 76, she embarked on an MA course in Theology and Religious Studies at St John's College in York. In one of the discussions at a tutorial group, the question of the Holocaust arose and Iby, who had not spoken about this for many years, admitted she had been there. This seemed to open a floodgate of memories and a desire to tell the world about the horrors she and her fellow Jews had experienced.

On Holocaust Memorial Day (HMD) in 2005, Iby was one of the survivors invited to St James Palace to meet the Royal Family and the event made a great impression on her. In 2009 she was the main speaker at the HMD event in Huddersfield and continued her active participation in Holocaust education with further talks. In October 2010, after winning a BBC competition, a documentary film about her life was shown on BBC1. At the age of 93 she still has a full programme of talks for many organisations, both large and small, as can be seen on her website: ibyknill.co.uk This November, Iby is to be awarded an Honorary Doctorate at Huddersfield University for her work in Holocaust education.

The book tells a remarkable and impressive story but occasionally moves backwards and forwards in time, which can be confusing. It can probably also be better appreciated if it is read after reading the author's previous book.

George Vulkan

Seeing the best in people

SAFE PASSAGE

by Ida Cook

London: Harlequin UK, 2016, 294 pp. paperback, £8.99

The *Daily Telegraph* newspaper describes the Cook sisters on the jacket of this book as 'The most effective British transporters of Jews out of Germany between 1937 and the outbreak of war'. That quote – a shade hyperbolic as such a description might be more accurately bestowed on Frank Foley in the British embassy in Berlin – suggests that we have in our hands a memoir of how a number of German Jews were rescued. But the book is much more than that. The story of how Ida and Louise managed to rescue at least 29 families comprises but the middle third of the book: much of the remainder tells how these two sisters fell in love with opera, saved up to hear it live from America to Vienna, and made lifelong friends of some of the most famous singers of the 1920s-30s. 'It is', Ida says, 'a book about star-gazing'. It is, in fact, a reprint of a book first published in 1950 (updated in 1976) under the rather more apposite title *We Followed Our Stars*.

But it was opera that led the sisters into their rescue mission. The Austrian conductor Clemens Krauss and his soprano wife Viorica Ursuleac committed to their care a refugee who made it to England and from then they dedicated themselves to making multiple trips to Europe, at ever-increasing danger to themselves, to save more refugees. There they conducted interviews, returned to London with jewellery and furs, usually the refugees' sole remaining capital, and found the necessary guarantors back in England. These self-described 'ordinary middle-class' women could afford these journeys because Ida was a successful writer of romance fiction (under the name Mary Burchell) for Mills and Boon; she spent her lavish income on rescuing the desperate while she and Louise lived modestly.

As one might expect from an experienced writer, the book is engagingly written, with humour aplenty, and great sadness too (there will be no dry eyes at the story of the hop-picker of Kent who lost her sons in battle). There are both joyful and heart-breaking stories about refugees and insightful ones about opera stars. All is written with generosity and circumspection, though in somewhat old-fashioned Upper-Sixth language – the American spelling employed thus seems out of place.

It is a pity too that through five reprints and three editions no one has corrected several misspelt proper names: Kultursgemeinde; *Der Liebe der Dane*; Gydnia. Perhaps in Ida's vivid description of the Blitz there is a little too much about noble England's stiff upper lip. And Ida observes everything with a certain rose-tinted naivety. Throughout the book Clemens Krauss is presented as a man of integrity and a great saviour of Jews, who joined the Nazi Party only because he *had* to in his important position as Director of the Vienna State Opera. Yet an alternative view is that he took full advantage of the vacuum caused by the hasty departure of Vienna's Jewish musicians. He later went before the denazification tribunals and was expediently cleared, as were other artists with dubious records who were of benefit to Austria (such as Karajan and Böhm). 'This was, understandably, the fate of many fine artists who had done no more than pursue their profession during those troubled years,' writes Ida. 'I don't think many of them resented the inevitable inquisition into their behaviour during those years.'

But then, the sisters were always willing to see the best in people. Theirs was the optimism of fundamentally decent people, who 'called ourselves Christian and ... tried to do our best'. They richly deserved their 1963 declaration as Righteous among the Nations.

Tanya Tintner

CLASSIFIED

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'Closure': Kristallnacht in Arnsberg

Kristallnacht is indelibly inscribed in our lives as Jews. While much has been written by Jewish people who lived through this horrific night and its after effects, it's not often that a German Christian has written about what he witnessed that night. Ludger Frieling was the son of neighbours of my great-uncle, Josef Grüneberg, a cattle and horse dealer, and his family, who lived in the Husten district of Arnsberg in North Rhine-Westphalia. Ludger is the only living witness of the Kristallnacht outrage in Arnsberg.

During a recent visit to Germany, my cousins David Gruneberg (England) and Marilyn Jacuel (Israel), grandchildren of Josef, were put in touch with Mr Frieling, who is now 90 years old. He wrote down his memories of the Grüneberg family, their business activities and his friendship with their children. He also wrote the following about what occurred on Kristallnacht (in the original English):

On November 9th 1938 I was then 12 years old, I played on the Königstrasse with my friends near the house of the Grünebergs. Suddenly a big motor lorry appeared and stopped before the Grüneberg house. Quite a troop of men in their brown SA uniforms sprang from the truck and rushed into the house and beat the whole Grüneberg [family] heavily and shut them in the cellar. We children outside on the street heard their cries and weeping but none of us knew the reasons of such an outrage. Then the Nazis smashed and crushed and shattered the whole furniture in all rooms and threw it through the windows on the street. The Nazis destroyed everything in the whole house. We children stood motionless and silent on the other side of Königstrasse and watched these dreadful happenings, not knowing

what was the matter but surmising that something evil was going on.

Then the Nazis saw us and called on us to throw stones at the house of the Grünebergs, especially as they did already. But nobody did so, except one or two. The others quickly ran away. Just at that moment, my mother appeared and ordered me to come home at once. Our parents did not talk to us [about] what happened to the Grünebergs and we did not dare to ask. Perhaps the parents thought us too young for being told the whole dreadful truth. But my father at once went

to the Grünebergs and helped as a physician, against the command of the Nazis, to take care of the hurted and wounded Grünebergs. Especially Josef Grüneberg had been maltreated very heavily. He died only 3 weeks later.

Josef Grüneberg had five children. Two of them emigrated to South America. Kurt and Berthold, who were married, and Adolf emigrated to England in February 1939 intending to buy a farm and, once they had settled, to bring their wives and Kurt's two children to join them. Sadly they were prevented from coming to England: all were deported and murdered. The three brothers eventually remarried and had families once more. David and Marilyn are Kurt's children.

Josef Grüneberg was the brother of my grandfather Moses. The Grüneberg family was perhaps the largest and most well-known family in that area of Westphalia. My father married Grete Grünwald of Neheim (Arnsberg). The Grünwalds were the mainstays of the synagogue in Neheim. My uncle was the president of the synagogue and my mother, when a young girl, played the harmonium in the not so orthodox synagogue. My father's family of brother, sisters and their families

comprised 14 people: none of them survived the concentration camps, with the exception of his brother and his wife and three daughters, who had emigrated to Holland before the war; hidden by Dutch farmers, they were able to resume their lives after the war. All my mother's family, who lived in the area, comprising 13 people, including her parents, were murdered.

Now there are no Jews living in Arnsberg but on 10 November each year they hold a memorial service for all the Jews who had lived there and were deported to concentration camps. Over 200 people from the area were deported; only two survived.

Several years ago, I and my family, including children and older grandchildren, were invited by the mayor of Arnsberg to the Kristallnacht memorial service. Given that this was the first time my family had returned to where their paternal antecedents had come from, it was a special occasion. My son-in-law Stephen Levey being the Musical Director of the London-based Shabbaton Choir, I asked them to join us. It was an unforgettable day. We were met at the airport and taken by coach directly to the Jewish cemetery in Neheim. Though the cemetery had not been vandalised during the Nazi period it had been neglected. However, the local Arnsberg council has taken it upon itself to keep it neat and tidy. They had also placed a memorial stone there in memory of the murdered Jews. We were able to hold a service there, the first since 1938, and I was able to say *Kaddish* over my paternal grandparents' graves, while bearing in mind other relatives who were buried there and those who did not return.

From there we were taken to what had been the synagogue and was now a meeting hall for the town. It had been completely rebuilt and decorated, even with all the Hebrew sayings around the walls. The Nazis hadn't burnt the synagogue down – neighbours had pleaded with them not to do so fearing their wooden houses would catch fire. So the Nazis destroyed only its inside! We held a short service there, attended by all the local dignitaries and townspeople. Again, the first time since 1938.

The Shabbaton Choir gave a concert of Israeli and liturgical music in a larger hall in the town, attended by over 300 people, none of them Jewish. The Choir was enthusiastically received with many encores! It was an unforgettable and highly emotional day. In a way, it felt like closure.

Gerry Gruneberg



With grandsons Gideon (left) and Benjy at my grandparent's grave in Neheim

The Research Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies presents
The Fourth Martin Miller and Hannah Norbert-Miller Memorial Lecture

'The Personal Impact of Nazi Persecution: Experiences and Life Stories'
Professor Mary Fulbrook (University College London)

Thursday, 1 December 2016, 6.00 pm

The Court Room, University of London,
Senate House, Malet St., London WC1E 7HU

Mary Fulbrook is an internationally acclaimed historian of Germany
Her latest book is *A Small Town Near Auschwitz: Ordinary Nazis and the Holocaust* (2012)

Please register by 25 November 2016 with
jane.lewin@sas.ac.uk or tel 020 7862 8966

Stunde Null: A New Start

As someone born in 1954 and not brought up in an earthquake zone, I have always had a certain fascination with the concept of a *Stunde Null* – a New Start. The term – many readers will of course be familiar with it – refers to that moment when, in Germany or occupied Europe in 1944-45 the Allied forces occupied a specific area and, for what amounted to a matter of minutes there was a pause, a deep intake of breath, a political vacuum, and then the new rulers took control, establishing an administration, repairing shattered utilities, organising the clearing of rubble or the removal of corpses and the provision of medical care to the wounded and others needing it, gradually beginning the painful process of recreating what had been destroyed – not just bombed buildings and bridges but educational and health and judicial systems and a relationship between the administrators and the administrated.

Of course this means that the *Stunde Null* was at different places at different times until the final capitulation of Nazi

These thoughts came to mind when seeing on the television how cities such as Aleppo or Daraa now look ... Once upon a time people lived here. Now only survivors live here. Many have died, many have fled. None of this is 'News' – and yet there are still people who assume that the refugees should 'go home' and not remain in Europe. One must just make it unwelcoming enough here and then, the theory seems to be, they will see the error of their ways and return to their shattered home towns, they will stop hammering on border fences, they will stop climbing into leaky unstable boats and they will be happy with their lot.

Germany and it also means that some places had been more badly affected, at least physically, than others, but the general idea is, I trust, clear. A clean break with the past might not be so easy and people still argue to what extent issues of 'denazification' worked or the guilty were identified and punished and, to some extent, the arguments about restitution and rehabilitation have still not ended (nor do they show any signs of so doing), but one government had been deposed and a new one had taken over and the work of reconstruction could at last begin.

And what work it was! A brief look at photographs from the time reveals entire cities laid flat, entire urban areas without a single intact roof, roads impassable due to the rubble and craters. Where could one even think of starting?

The same of course applies to cities affected by natural catastrophes – volcanoes, typhoons, earthquakes, tsunamis But in this case we refer to human destruction and, although one could well define humanity as a natural catastrophe too, that would be going too far for some people!

In ancient times, towns were often destroyed and the next people to come along would simply take the stones they could find – and presumably move the bones – and build again on top. This is how *tel*s developed and modern cities are often built on the relics of previous ones. Rather than a city developing organically, growing outwards as new people move in, someone had to sit down, so to speak, and say 'Let's start here and here!' Not far from where I live in Berlin is a spot where a great-uncle used to live – except that the spot is now occupied by a dual-

carriageway road. Some bits can be created; others are gone for ever and can never be restored; sometimes the opportunity is taken to adapt the new town plan to more modern requirements and even correct historic bottlenecks.

But this means a person with authority – and the means to assert it – getting things moving again after a few seconds of Nothing. Like re-booting a computer.

These thoughts came to mind when seeing on the television how cities such as Aleppo or Daraa now look. Acres of concrete rubble, twisted reinforcement bars of steel, piles of dust and dirt where once homes, schools and hospitals stood. Once upon a time people lived here. Now only survivors live here. Many have died, many have fled. None of this is 'News' – and yet there are still people who assume that the refugees should 'go home' and not remain in Europe. One must just make it unwelcoming enough here and then, the theory seems to be, they will see the error of their ways and return to their shattered home towns, they will stop hammering on border fences, they will stop climbing into leaky unstable boats and they will be happy with their lot. Have I misunderstood the political discourse of recent months? If so, I am sure a reader will put me right.

But even assuming the military and political circumstances allowed it, where would one *begin* clearing up the mess? Which priorities would one set, what could outside agencies do to help, who would even want to live there any more? In German cities railways had to be laid to move the rubble – *Trümmerbahnen* – and people mobilised, given the resources and the hope they would need to help them start this overwhelming task. But it took decades – we know that – and some of the scars still show, decades later.

Stunde Null. A Clean Start. No start is ever wholly clean: one always builds upon what went before. In the *Midrash*, even God was on a learning curve when creating the world! I wonder how many such New Starts we will still need to experience and how many we shall deserve.

Walter Rothschild

Rabbi Dr Walter Rothschild was born in Bradford, UK, was ordained by Leo Baeck College, and has lived in Berlin since 1998 serving mainly communities around Germany and Austria.

AJR FILM CLUB

Please join us at our next Film Club.

Our film showing will be at
Sha'arei Tzedek North London Reform
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at 12.30 pm

A lunch of smoked salmon bagels,
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'WOMAN IN GOLD'

starring Dame Helen Mirren

BOOKING IS ESSENTIAL

Sixty years after fleeing Vienna, Maria Altmann (Helen Mirren) attempts to reclaim family possessions that were seized by the Nazis. Among them is a famous portrait of Maria's beloved Aunt Adele: Gustave Klimt's 'Portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer I'. With the help of young lawyer Randy Schoenberg (Ryan Reynolds), Maria embarks on a legal battle to recover this painting and several others, but it will not be easy as Austria considers them national treasures.

£7.00 per person

Please call Susan Harrod on 020 8385 3070
or email susan@ajr.org.uk



GREAT DAY OUT IN SAINT ANDREWS



(from left) Eva Szirmai, Alice Malcolm, Claire Singerman, Hamish McHamish, Renate Mackay, Flora Selwyn

A coachload of folk from Glasgow with representatives from Edinburgh, Perth, Montrose and St Andrews enjoyed a delicious sandwich lunch in the hallowed premises of the Links Golf Club. After lunch the coach took us to South Street in the town. While some wondered round the shops, others went to admire David Annand's bronze statue of Hamish McHamish – St Andrews's answer to Edinburgh's Greyfriars Bobby! Hamish the Cat entertained the town for over 16 years, giving rise to many stories and traditions such as 'If you don't feed him you'll have bad luck!' Many thanks to Agnes for organising a great day out.

Flora Selwyn

PINNER Origins of 'SWAG' *et al*

What is the origin of the expression 'Rule of thumb' or 'Robbing Peter to pay Paul'? Did you know that 'SWAG' is an acronym of 'Sold without a guarantee'? Julian Romain entertained and educated a group of nearly 40 AJR members and friends with the origins of a wide range of similar expressions. He is an official City of London guide and an amusing speaker.

Ernest Simon

GLASGOW CF Yom Tov Nosh

We met at Agnes's house for the annual pre-Yom Tov lunch. Myrna reminded the 21-strong attendees of the significance of dipping the apple in the honey. It was delightful to celebrate together and wish everyone good health and happiness for the year ahead.

Anthea Berg

EALING Forerunner of the Modern Department Store

David Barnett gave us a fascinating

account of E. Moses & Son, one of the most famous businesses in London in the 19th Century. The firm was a pioneer in the sale of ready-made clothing and expanded to cover all household goods. It can be regarded as the forerunner of the modern department store.

Leslie Sommer

HULL CF More of the Same Please!

We all enjoyed a hearty lunch at Hull's East Park Pavilion Café. Conversation as always was lively and the sun shone for us as it did at this venue last year. Here's to more of the same in 2017!

Wendy Bott

BOOK CLUB A Lively and Enjoyable Meeting

We had a really lively and enjoyable time when we met at Joseph's Bookstore. Our next book is Kelli Estes's *The Girl Who Wrote in Silk*. As the conversation is so varied, do come even if you haven't read the book!

Margarete Weiss

LIVERPOOL An Admirable and Inspiring Woman

A bumper group of members enjoyed lunch and an excellent talk by Dr Susan Cohen on the life and work of Eleanor Rathbone, a most admirable and inspiring woman.

Wendy Bott

ILFORD Historic Work

Peter Hedderley gave us a resume of his involvement in the various 'Winton Train' anniversaries. Peter is not Jewish so his enthusiastic support in recalling the Winton evacuation is quite remarkable. We thank him for his historic work over many years.

Meta Roseneil

HARROGATE/YORK Indian Summer

We enjoyed an excellent discussion at the lovely home of Edith Jayne followed by a delicious afternoon tea. Windows and doors were wide open to enjoy York's Indian summer!

Wendy Bott

CARDIFF AJR Update

Michael Newman described the excellent work of the AJR, now celebrating its 75th anniversary. He gave such an interesting survey of the work done by the AJR that there was a rapid response from members and a lively discussion ensued. A most successful visit.

Stella Lightman

(sister-in-law of the late Martha Blend)

ESSEX (WESTCLIFF) 'How To Be Happy'

The 'other' Peter Jones was our guest speaker on 'How To Be Happy'. He kept us entertained even though his first wife died shortly after they married. Everyone knows the expression 'As happy as Larry' and this Peter Jones epitomises the saying.

Larry Lisner

KINGSTON AND SURREY 'Dazzling Daliahs'

Appropriately for a hot summer's day, Nick Dobson entertained us with his 'Dazzling Daliahs' talk. These magnificent flowers love the sun and are the most intelligent of all plants. The range of colours, shapes and sizes is amazing. The talk led on to one of Susan Zisman's wonderful teas.

Kathryn Prevezer

NEWCASTLE Forgotten Hero

We watched the film *Carl Lutz: The Forgotten Hero*. Carl Lutz, whose efforts saved up to 62,000 people in Budapest, received no recognition for this huge achievement from his own country after the war; it was many years before this recognition was given. Our meeting took place exactly 15 years to the day on which the first AJR meeting was held in Newcastle.

Agnes Isaacs

BROMLEY CF As Time Flows By

A lively gathering on the hottest September day in Lianne's lovely home. Conversation flowed: Israel, Ireland and Australia to name but a few countries visited and discussed. Time flew by. Welcome to new member Gerda Alum and good to catch up with the regulars. We can't wait to meet again.

Esther Rinkoff

KINDER LUNCH
'The Emergency Zoo'

We were delighted to meet Miriam Halamy and to hear about her writing, in particular her book *The Emergency Zoo*. Ann and Bob Kirk were also at the meeting and Ann's mother's letters formed part of the story. It was also lovely to be joined by children from Year 6 at Akiva School who came to hear Miriam talk. As usual, a delicious lunch.

Susan Harrod

BRADFORD CF Congenial Conversation

Bradford members enjoyed a good Social Get-together. In fact, my suggested discussion topic went by the way as congenial conversation took over. All nicely rounded off with delicious afternoon refreshments!

Wendy Bott

BRIGHTON Recalling WWII

Joined by Ben, a student eager to learn from our members about WWII, we had a discussion on, among many other subjects, the circumstances leading up to the war, Kristallnacht, the camps, and the *Exodus* journey to Palestine. This being our last meeting prior to Rosh Hashanah, Esther brought not only cake but also apple and honey.

Shirley Huberman

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Henri Obstfeld
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NOVEMBER GROUP EVENTS

Bradford	1 Nov	Social
Ealing	1 Nov	tba
Ilford	2 Nov	Lesley Urbach: 'Sir Isaac Shoenberg'
Pinner	3 Nov	Geoff Bowden: 'Murder Most Profitable – The Life and Career of Agatha Christie'
Glasgow	6 Nov	Barbara Winton guest speaker at joint event with Glasgow community
Essex (Westcliff)	8 Nov	Benji Gordon, documentary maker
Bromley	10 Nov	Social Get-together
Whitefield/Prestwich	14 Nov	Social Get-together
Birmingham	15 Nov	Social Get-together
Edgware	15 Nov	tbc
Oxford	15 Nov	Meeting at home of Helga Brown – Lunch
Radlett	16 Nov	Laurence Collins: 'Don't Write Me Off Just Yet – Jewish Nonagenarians'
Brighton	21 Nov	David Barnett
Norfolk	22 Nov	tba
Glasgow Book Club	24 Nov	Social and Discussion
North London	24 Nov	David Tomback: 'From Succahs to Skyscrapers'
Glasgow	27 Nov	Pre-Chanukah Lunch
North West London	29 Nov	Nick Dobson: '1066 – 950th Anniversary of Battle of Hastings'
Book Club	30 Nov	Social
Wembley	30 Nov	Nick Dobson: 'Agatha Christie, Queen of Crime'
Pinner	1 Dec	Chanukah Party
Wessex	1 Dec	Chanukah Party
Ealing/Wembley	6 Dec	Joint Chanukah Party

EDGWARE UJIA Support for Israel

Harvey Bratt spoke about UJIA (United Jewish Israel Appeal), which provides support, education and training for the development of deprived areas in the Galilee. UJIA believes young people are crucial to the future of Israel and organises annual youth visits to Israel.

Susan and David Jacobs

RADLETT Refugee Films

We had a very stimulating talk by Sharon Portner, a film producer who has made a number of short films on Jewish refugees in this country. She wanted to hear our response to her idea of making films of refugees being interviewed by their grandchildren rather than by, for instance, a journalist – the discussion resulted in no conclusive view. Unusually, the meeting ended with a short recital on violin and cello given by two of our host's grandchildren.

Fritz Starer

IMPERIAL CAFÉ Please Can We Meet Again?

Lord Eden kindly hosted us in the comfort of his officers' mess with, among other things, delicious rugelach made by his wife Joy. Much was discussed, including the locations of our soldiers on D-Day and VE Day and, with regard to Brexit, children requesting their parents' original nationality. A lovely morning – please can we meet again?

Esther Rinkoff

NORTH WEST LONDON Operation Thunderbolt

Professor Saul David gave one of the best talks for a long time on his book *Operation Thunderbolt*, which describes the rescue by IDF special forces of some 80 hijacked Israelis from Entebbe, Uganda. The operation was a great success but sadly the commander, Col Yoni Netanyahu, was killed in the operation.

Edgar H. Ring

WEMBLEY 'Winton Children'

Peter Hedderly, who works in the travel industry and has special expertise in trains, showed a fascinating film about Sir Nicholas Winton and the children he rescued from Czechoslovakia. Peter, who has met many of the 'Winton children', feels it is very important that these things should not be forgotten.

Kathryn Prevezer

EDINBURGH Family Histories

Hostess Francoise Roberson and Northern Outreach Co-ordinator Agnes Isaacs made me extremely welcome

and the conversation was warm and fascinating as all nine of us gave brief summaries of our family histories. The variety of countries from which our parents came, the times when they came, and the reasons for coming were so varied but each one was compelling and unique. I look forward to joining the AJR and to the next Edinburgh meeting.

Nigel Harper

NORTH LONDON Jews of Jamaica

Henry Cohn gave a truly fascinating talk on a subject of which we had no prior knowledge. We learned that Jews first arrived in Jamaica in the 16th Century to escape persecution in Portugal and Spain. Later there were immigrations from other European countries and in the 20th Century from Lebanon, Syria and Israel. Now, the population has dwindled due to emigration to the USA and Canada. There is only one synagogue, no rabbi and the future of the community of about 200 is looking decidedly uncertain.

Hanne R. Freedman



Benjamin Disraeli

OUTING TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Monday 12 December 2016

11.00 am followed by lunch

Guided Tour conducted

by Rachel Kosky

'Your Loyal Subjects'



Amy Winehouse

On Rachel Kosky's fascinating and ever-popular tour of the National Portrait Gallery, discover members of the Jewish community who became representative British subjects in the fields of politics, finance, industry and culture. Their stories and those of the artists are also the story of the development of the Jewish community in the UK, including the first and only Jewish-born British Prime Minister, two controversial artists who became father and son-in-law, the founding of ICI, and a 1930s Jewish émigré who wrote *The Buildings of England*.

While there is of course some walking involved, there are portable stools which members can take with them around the gallery.

We will arrange travel by coach and, following the tour, lunch in the Portrait Café.

For further details, please contact Susan Harrod on 020 8385 3070 or at susan@ajr.org.uk



Visit to Air Transport Auxiliary Museum

Tour led by Paul Lang

TUESDAY 22 NOVEMBER 2016

FLY A SPITFIRE SIMULATOR

Join us for a visit to the **Air Transport Auxiliary Exhibition**. Listen to a forgotten story of courage, skill and sacrifice. 70 years on, it is difficult to believe that Britain was so desperate that the amateur pilots of Air Transport Auxiliary (men and women) were employed to fly dozens of different types of war plane between factories and front-line squadrons.

You will have the opportunity to fly a Spitfire Simulator and we will have lunch in a local restaurant before our return.

For an application form, please call Head Office on 020 8385 3070 or email esther@ajr.org.uk

Antiques Roadshow Sharing Your Story

The BBC is working with the UK Holocaust Memorial Foundation to create a special edition of the *Antiques Roadshow*, looking at artefacts from the Holocaust and exploring the extraordinary stories behind them.

This episode will include artefacts of such historical importance that they are priceless. So, in a rare break with the traditions of the programme, the BBC has decided that items will not be valued.

The *Roadshow* has featured stories and objects owned by Jewish families during the Second World War in previous editions: jewels buried by families fleeing the Nazis, a precious watch that is a permanent reminder of a relative who lost her life in Auschwitz, even a ring a Holocaust survivor kept hidden through several concentration camps.

The *Antiques Roadshow* is now interested in hearing more accounts that tell of this dark period in history. As well as telling the stories of loss and tragedy, they want to discover stories of hope and love for a special episode to be filmed later this year and due to be aired in January 2017.

If you or your family would like to share your story, please contact the BBC at shareyourstory@bbc.co.uk

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OBITUARIES

Hedy Stempels Brainin, born Vienna 22 July 1928, died Berne, Switzerland, 15 July 2016

The third of four children, Hedy was the daughter of Russian-born father Salamon Brainin and Polish-born mother Sophie Hacker, who met and married in Vienna, where he had been interned as an enemy alien before the First World War. After some initial struggles, Salamon was able to build up a successful fur business, which enabled him to bring his younger siblings and elderly parents to Vienna from Russia.

Salamon's parents died before the Nazi horror began, following which the entire family emigrated to London in December 1938. He had already established a branch of the Brainin Brothers, their Viennese fur business, in London's New Bond Street. Included in this extended family were two orphaned nephews and a niece, whom Salamon brought up alongside his own children. He arranged for Norbert, the talented oldest boy, to study the violin and this gifted child went on to become the leader of the Amadeus Quartet, achieving fame and fortune worldwide.

Hedy had very little general schooling

due to a delicate constitution and an overly anxious mother, as well as the constant air raids. However, she did have a keen interest in psychology and began working for Anna Freud at her War Nurseries, both in London and Essex, at the age of 16. There she looked after severely disturbed children and attended Miss Freud's lectures. Hedy was also a talented artist, able to produce wonderful likenesses of family and friends, though she regarded this only as a hobby.

Hedy married very young, going to live in Berne with her Swiss husband and bearing him three children. She always put her children and home above everything else but, when she was able to find the time, she took evening courses in philosophy, another interest of hers. And she had a love for music, listening to it at home and going to concerts.

Once the children were grown up she married Koos, a Dutch lawyer with the EEC, with whom she lived for many years

in Brussels. He had been a war hero, having taken part in the Resistance alongside his brother and saving many lives, but at a cost: his brother was shot in front of him by the Gestapo and Koos himself was captured and tortured, narrowly escaping death.

Hedy added Dutch to her formidable list of languages as her husband preferred to speak it when not at work. When she later relocated to Berne, where they had settled on Koos's retirement, she took up Yiddish and delighted in using it with members of a small group with whom she had grown very close.

Koos was subsequently given the Righteous Among the Nations award at Yad Vashem. He predeceased her.

My beloved sister Hedy died having suffered from a cruel form of dementia. In the last few days of her life, she slipped into a coma from which she never awoke.

Mary (Putzi) Brainin Hutterer



Elisabeth Ben David-Hindler, born Vienna 4 November 1949, died Vienna 11 May 2016

Elisabeth Ben David-Hindler (Liesl) was the originator and chief organiser of the *Steine der Erinnerung* (Stones of Remembrance) association in Vienna.

Her parents met in England, where they had been surviving as refugees. Her mother Ditta had spent the war years in safety on a visa as a domestic servant, having arrived at the age of 17. Her father Hans had been interned as an 'enemy alien' and then established himself in employment. The couple were both enthusiastic Communists

and they met at the Austrian Centre, a haven for like-minded refugees. Communism was a popular counterculture to fascism at the time and it was there that they discussed the possibility of returning to their beloved homeland and helping to rebuild it on the alternative model.

They married, had a son, and returned to Vienna with him soon after the war. It was a war-ravaged, Russian-occupied Vienna. Their daughter Elisabeth was subsequently born and she grew up in the shadow of that environment and received her upbringing and a good education there. She was only

barely aware of her roots but it was made clear to her when she entered her teens why her parents had been exiled. She began to make contact with some surviving Jewish relatives.

Elisabeth became a teacher in a democratic school, a career she pursued for 23 years. In 2005 an uncle from Israel, Ephraim Levanon, asked her to organise a plaque on the building in which he and his parents had lived in the Porzellangasse in the Ninth District. The parents had been deported and killed and he wished to commemorate them. Such plaques already existed in certain towns in Germany but there were none in Vienna.

In attempting to organise this plaque, Elisabeth began to tackle some of the problems inherent in the project. Not everyone in Vienna was sympathetic. Indeed, the owner of the apartment block in question was reluctant to have such a thing installed on his wall. It was clear that if there were to be memorials of this kind they would have to be in the form of engraved plates sunk into the paving stones in front of the building, where they would reside on municipal land. Elisabeth went about

establishing the necessary relationships with people in local government, who in most cases were much more helpful.

When a square in the Second District, the home of many Jews before the war, was being redesigned in an urban renewal project, Elisabeth decided to enlarge the scope of her work. The authorities here were not only keen to support her: they actually appreciated the opportunity to express their feelings of regret and remorse about what had happened. This first project comprised some 84 memorial stones and her husband, who was an engineer, helped with the technical details. This was Elisabeth's opportunity to start a tradition of consecration ceremonies, with surviving relatives coming from abroad and local dignitaries attending and giving speeches.

Elisabeth died prematurely of an aggressive illness at the age of 67, in the presence of her daughter Daliah, two friends and her sister-in-law.

Elisabeth's work has by now the status of an ongoing project. There are hundreds of memorials in most of the districts of Vienna where Jews lived and consecration ceremonies are taking place several times a year. The work is being continued by her daughter Daliah and several colleagues. A fitting tribute to a great woman.





LETTER FROM ISRAEL

Dorothea Shefer-Vanson

Zionism or Judaism?

The headline in the paper one morning made me shudder. It reported that Israel's Minister of Education, Naftali Bennett, had proclaimed that it was more important to focus on Jewish studies in schools than on maths and science subjects.

Admittedly, the party that Bennett represents, Jewish Home, stands for those values that the religious segment of the population regards as paramount, but one would expect the Minister of Education to take into account the views of the general population, the majority of which sends its children to secular schools. After all, the religious segment of Israel's population has its own schools, covering all the various shades and gradations of religious observance. In addition, all secular schools are required to include Bible studies and Jewish subjects in their curricula and this has always been the case.

What Bennett's ideas sound like to me is proselytising – or even an attempt at brainwashing. After all, children's minds are malleable and pupils generally tend to accept what they are taught by figures of authority, i.e. teachers. In addition, I fail to see how secular teachers can be expected to impart values, customs and mores to which they do not themselves subscribe.

The episode brought to mind my long-lost youth when, as the product of an orthodox home, it was the most natural thing in the world for me to

join the Bnei Akiva youth movement. As teenagers we had some good times at weekly meetings, weekend seminars and summer camps, Bnei Akiva in those days was more moderate in its approach to religion than it is today, and boys and girls mixed freely, though I have the feeling that our way of enjoying ourselves then is probably not what today's youngsters would regard as having a good time. We spent weekends and summer holidays together in rented boarding schools or under canvas, dividing our time between serious subjects and having fun, always under the guidance of some older, supposedly more responsible, members.

One incident that stands out in my mind is a Shabbat lunch when, uplifted by the enthusiastic singing of the entire camp, one of our leaders declared 'It is by expanding observance of the Shabbat to include all Jews everywhere that we will finally attain our goal of *Medinat Halacha*, i.e. the State of Israel run on the lines of the universal observance of Judaism.'

At the time I found that inspiring but today the thought fills me with horror. Israel today is witness to a constant battle between the efforts of the religious parties to impose their views on the entire country, with the result that on Shabbat there is no public transport, all shops are shut and essential infrastructure maintenance work cannot be implemented. It goes without saying that the attitude towards women in orthodox Judaism is unacceptable in today's modern,



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egalitarian world.

Israel's unfortunate electoral system has given rise to a situation in which coalition governments are unavoidable and the stranglehold of the religious parties obliges governments to accede to their demands. If it is their intention to make Israel a *Medinat Halacha* I'm very much afraid they will find themselves in a state of their own, possibly together with the Muslim extremists with whom they have so much in common.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *cont. from p.7*

'UNANSWERED QUESTIONS'

Sir – With reference to the recent article 'Britain and the Holocaust' by Anthony Grenville, may I ask some questions?

He implied that medical practitioners were prevented from practising. My father, a Viennese doctor, was allowed to work as a GP alongside an English doctor as early as 1941. How come? Also, he wasn't interned in the Isle of Man, and again I ask 'How come?' Was internment selection

completely haphazard?

I'd also like to know more about the correspondence between Anthony Eden and the Air Ministry. Who was it that didn't want Auschwitz bombed? Also, how many Jewish refugees did the UK take from Europe between 1933 and 1938, between 1938 and 1939, and between 1945 and 1948? As for the £50 that had to be paid as a guarantee by sponsors – was that per family or per person? How

much is that £50 worth now? Next, how many refugees came by boat, and how many by plane to Croydon Airport? Were these German and Austrian Jews stateless? Lastly, if the British did not send refugees without visas back to Germany, where did they send them?

I think another article by Anthony is needed.

*Peter Phillips,
Loudwater, Herts*

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