

Untimely demises

The resignation of David Laws, the Liberal Democrat who served briefly as Chief Secretary to the Treasury, had the potential seriously to destabilise David Cameron's coalition government. Laws, with his experience of the financial world and evident willingness to take the hard decisions necessary to bring down the British government's budget deficit, had seemed to be an almost ideal candidate for the post until a scandal arising from his private life brought him low.

An instructive lesson from the past can be drawn from the experience of Edward Heath's government, which came to power in June 1970 and almost immediately lost its key figure, Chancellor of the Exchequer Iain Macleod, who died of a heart attack the following month. Macleod was a man of exceptional intellectual gifts whose advocacy of progressive causes like the abolition of the death penalty earned him the hostility of the Tory right. The Marquess of Salisbury memorably dismissed him as 'too clever by half' – as if it were better for the country to be governed by intellectual mediocrities from the 'right' social background.

Whether Macleod could have averted the disasters that befell the Heath government will never be known. But his successor at the Treasury, Anthony Barber, lacked the understanding of economic and financial matters necessary to overcome the deep-seated problems that had faced every British government since the war and had by 1970 assumed critical proportions, in the form of a spectacularly inflationary wage-price spiral and a tidal wave of industrial unrest. The situation called for a Treasury heavyweight, as Dennis Healey would turn out to be (after the crisis of 1976 that saw Britain go cap-in-hand to the IMF), or as Kenneth Clarke proved to be after the debacle of Norman



Gustav Stresemann, 1878-1929

Lamont's 'Black Wednesday' in 1992.

The sudden death of Hugh Gaitskell in January 1963 at the age of 56 removed a leader of the Labour Party who had the proven determination to address the key question of Britain's economic competitiveness. Had he lived, Gaitskell would have become prime minister with the Labour victory at the election of October 1964. Instead, the reins of government fell into the hands of Harold Wilson, a masterly political operator but one who lacked any strategic vision for the British economy. When in 1969 his Secretary of State for Employment, Barbara Castle, presented her White Paper 'In Place of Strife', designed to refashion Britain's system of industrial relations and reduce its ruinous level of industrial disputes, Wilson ducked the issue and failed to back Castle. Whether Gaitskell would have acted differently remains an open question.

The deaths of Macleod and Gaitskell did not have the same consequences beyond their own domestic sphere as the untimely departures of two major German figures. In both those cases, their deaths removed men whose hold on power, had

it been prolonged, might have changed the course of European history. Gustav Stresemann, who died on 3 October 1929 aged only 51, was the man who had, more than anyone else, held the democratic parties of the centre together in their stand against the right- and left-wing enemies of the Weimar Republic. His death, in the same month as the Wall Street Crash, whose aftershocks were to devastate the German economy, removed what was probably the most effective political obstacle to Hitler's rise to power.

Stresemann was well placed to act as the lynchpin of a pro-republican coalition, precisely because he carried credibility with the more moderate elements of the anti-republican right. He had taken a stridently right-wing stance during the First World War and, after the collapse of the monarchy in 1918, had succeeded in thwarting the merger of his German People's Party (DVP), the party of the right-wing liberals, with the left-liberal Democratic Party (DDP). But the clear-sighted Stresemann gradually came to see that Germany's interests were best served by shoring up the young republic, ensuring stability at home and peace in Europe and avoiding the dangerous adventurism espoused by right- and left-wing extremists. He was the classic *Vernunftrepublikaner*, the politician who supported the Republic with his head, if not with his heart.

Stresemann's party joined the governing coalition in November 1922, just before the crisis year of 1923, which began with the French occupation of the Ruhr in January. The German government, militarily powerless, responded with the policy of 'passive resistance', which led to the collapse of the German currency and unleashed the notorious hyperinflation that rendered the Mark virtually

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UNTIMELY DEMISES *cont. from page 1*

worthless. Faced with these catastrophes and the dangerous erosion of government authority, Stresemann assumed the offices of chancellor and foreign minister on 13 August 1923, at the head of a coalition that included all the republican parties from the DVP on the right to the Social Democrats on the left.

Remarkably, Stresemann's government succeeded in overcoming the daunting challenges confronting it. The policy of passive resistance was dropped, opening the way to a settlement with the French. The economy was stabilised by the ending of inflation, through the introduction of a new currency. Finally, the Communist attempt to mount an armed coup in Saxony and Thuringia was defeated, as was the more dangerous threat from right-wing forces in Bavaria, which dissolved with the abject failure of Hitler's beer-hall putsch in Munich in November 1923.

Though Stresemann resigned as chancellor in November 1923, he remained foreign minister until his death, under no less than eight governments. Under his guidance, Germany was readmitted to the European family of nations, signing the Treaty of Locarno with the powers of Western Europe in 1925 and taking its place in the League of Nations in 1926. Even the thorny problem of German reparations was resolved in 1924 by the Dawes Plan, which regulated Germany's payments. The general elections of May 1928 brought a clear victory for the pro-republican parties, opening the way for a Grand Coalition under the Social Democrat Hermann Müller to take power. But by September 1930, Stresemann was dead, the coalition government had fallen apart, and the Nazis had achieved their political breakthrough, winning 107 seats in the elections of that month, the platform that would lift Hitler to power.

It is equally intriguing to recreate the historical scenario that might have developed had the German Emperor, Friedrich III, not died in 1888 at the age of 56, a mere 99 days after ascending to the throne. For Friedrich was a liberal by conviction and had during his long years as crown prince made no secret of his disapproval of the semi-autocratic system devised by Otto von Bismarck, the first chancellor of a united Germany, and of

Volunteer awards 2010

I was delighted to attend, along with Joanna Millan, the inaugural Jewish Volunteering Network (JVN) Awards event at the London Jewish Cultural Centre.

AJR nominees were shortlisted in two categories: Klaus Neuberg was nominated for the Bircham Dyson Public Choice Award for Inspirational Volunteer, while the Kindertransport Planning Committee was nominated for the Volunteer Team of the Year.

In both cases, over 50 nominations



from left) Hermann Hirschberger, Eve Willman, Berndt Koschland, Carol Hart, Sir Erich Reich, Klaus Neuberg

were received from a wide variety of Jewish charities. Unfortunately, we didn't win in either section.

I know all our nominees were surprised and delighted that their volunteering activities were acknowledged and appreciated not only by the AJR but by the JVN judging panel too.

It was a lovely evening, very ably chaired by the newsreader Martyn Lewis.

Carol Hart

Head of Volunteer Services, AJR

his desire to reform that system so as to bring it closer to the British model of parliamentary government. Friedrich was married to Victoria ('Vicky'), the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria.

Bismarck was Friedrich's sworn enemy and succeeded in having him excluded from the process of political decision-making. In this he was able to count on the support of Friedrich's father, Emperor Wilhelm I, formerly King of Prussia, a conservative of the old school with the narrow political outlook of the Prussian military nobility. He was a man of modest intellectual gifts who mostly followed his chancellor's line, though sometimes after a struggle. Wilhelm I lived to the age of 90, dying on 9 March 1888, 17 years after he had been crowned emperor at the already advanced age of 71. By then Friedrich was already terminally ill with cancer of the larynx; he died on 15 June 1888. He was succeeded by his son, the 29-year-old Emperor Wilhelm II, unstable, unpredictable and hostile to his father's Anglophile projects, who

was to preside over the period of rising international tension and the escalating arms race that culminated in the First World War.

Whether Friedrich would have succeeded in changing the course of German policy at home and abroad has been a matter of dispute among historians ever since. Some have maintained that he lacked the strength and independence of mind to effect the major reforms that would have transformed the intractably illiberal German empire into a genuine parliamentary democracy. It is also doubtful whether anyone could have diverted Imperial Germany from the expansionist course that ultimately drove it into war against a coalition of great powers – Britain, France and Russia (joined in 1917 by the USA).

But the kind of Anglophile policy that Friedrich would have favoured might well have removed the two principal causes of tension with Britain: the German acquisition of an overseas colonial empire and, above all, the development of a powerful German navy. There were no other major issues of conflict between Germany and Britain; and, given the meagre benefits that Germany obtained from both its colonies and its navy, it is at the least arguable that a more sensible emperor than Wilhelm II might have reined back Germany's march into confrontation with Britain. Had that been the case, there would have been no First World War, and very likely no Hitler and no Second World War either.

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Magic formula

A headline in the *Times* a few weeks ago read: 'Prisoners convert to Islam for jail perks'. The article told of the dramatic rise in the number of prison inmates who, known as 'convenience Muslims', admitted they had changed their faith because by going to Friday prayers they could get more time out of the cells. One inmate reportedly said: 'Food too. Initially, this is what converted me.'

For me, this rings numerous bells, one of which concerns my uncle, who fought as a German officer on the Eastern Front in the First World War.

My uncle witnessed how just before the Jewish High Holidays a

number of Jewish soldiers went one by one to their sergeant-major and asked for a few days off. Each of them gave as his reason: 'Israelit, Herr Feldwebel.' It proved a formality.

This scene was witnessed by a non-Jewish soldier who clearly didn't mind a few days off either. 'Must be that magic formula which has been working for each of them,' he no doubt thought, so why not try it out too? So he joined the queue and, when it was his turn, declared: 'Elit, Herr Feldwebel.'

While on the subject of my late uncle, I am reminded of yet another

story he told many, many years later, following his release from internment on the Isle of Man. He and a cousin were among the first to be interned there at the beginning of the Second World War as they were both living in flats close to the sea in Hove.

On arrival on the Isle of Man, all Jews were asked if they were orthodox and if they required kosher food. Now, as it happens, neither of these two men was at all kosher. However, my uncle's cousin claimed he was, in the hope of receiving better food and – sure enough – shortly afterwards an entire carcass was delivered to the kosher side of the camp, causing my uncle's cousin to gloat and, I imagine, my uncle to go green with envy.

The next step was for the animal to be examined by a rabbi – who declared it *treif* and promptly discarded it. Those in charge of the camp then passed it over to the non-orthodox side, reversing my uncle's and his cousin's roles. My uncle was triumphant!

I must admit that I don't like this story and that I disapprove of my uncle's attitude, which was by no means an isolated incident – a fact which cannot be stressed enough!

Margarete Stern

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PROVISIONAL ITINERARY

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Tuesday 5 October – Edinburgh

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Glasgow King's Theatre – 'Calamity Jane'

Wednesday 6 October

Garnethill Synagogue and Archives · Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum

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

Please note: members will be expected to arrange and fund their own travel to and from Glasgow

THE OTHER GERMANY

By 1959 it was already 20 years since I had come to the UK as a refugee. At the time, I happened not to be at home in north London but working in West Berlin. I had been sent there by my employers, one of the early British computer manufacturers. My job was to install an ambitious set of programmes at the offices of BEWAG, the local electricity company. Computers at that time had no long-term memory. There were no magnetic tapes – let alone disks. Our computer was merely used to augment the capability of a very substantial punched card installation.

I was chosen for this role because I claimed to speak German. I say 'claimed' because I had stopped speaking it on a daily basis when I was nine years old. I had also managed to acquire an English accent when speaking German. I don't know how this happened and I can't hear it myself when I'm speaking, but I am assured it's there. In the event, I managed to get by with what German I had since, at that time, the BEWAG staff didn't speak any English at all. Soon I found myself remembering all sorts of expressions I hadn't used since my childhood. Naturally I had to learn technical terms I had never come across as a child. Fifty years later I can still tell you what 'Gesamtbetrag' means though I haven't in the meantime found this piece of knowledge at all useful.

Having come from Austria, being in Berlin triggered no family memories – though I was well aware of what had emanated from that city in the 30s and early 40s. When people heard my name they asked me – in German – how this had come about. I told them I had come to Britain from Vienna in March 1939. I had assumed they would immediately realise why this had happened. But this turned out not to be the case. Surely the English accent couldn't account for this? It seemed odd that people just didn't seem to make the connection.

Twice I had to spell it out myself. The first occasion was when my company's locally employed office manager thought he could charm me by pointing out his own connection with the city of my birth. He had been stationed there during the war while serving in the German army. Contrary to his expectation, I found no pleasure in that thought. He persisted with his sugary sentiments and asked me how I could

bring myself to leave such a beautiful city. I snapped at him saying that the idea had been to stay alive. I think the truth must have entered even his thick skull and he immediately dropped this sickly line of conversation.

While working at BEWAG it was necessary to talk to many people. They would say how polite the Austrians were and I would nod and keep my thoughts to myself. I didn't see it as part of my job to remind these people of their country's shameful history in the recent past. With one exception this worked

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well enough.

My second provocation came from a very agreeable, well-educated young man with whom I had to deal. I don't recall having heard his official job title but I put him down as a management trainee. He spent most of his time sitting in on meetings held by 'Der Chef', the boss of the mechanical bookkeeping department.

This young man and I were once engaged in a one-to-one meeting on documenting my computer system. When the formal business had been completed he wanted to talk about politics. He talked about how his father had been a U-boat commander who failed to return from a mission. We agreed war was a terrible thing. He started to talk about NATO and the fact that West Germany had recently become a full member. He then asked me what 'we British' really thought about the

Germans. This put me on the spot. I found the young man agreeable – clearly the one person there with whom I had most in common due to our age and education. He was certainly too young to have played any role in the Holocaust. Even so, this was one occasion when I didn't feel particularly British. So I answered instinctively: 'Herr ..., wissen Sie nicht, dass ich Jude bin?' (Don't you know I am Jewish?)

He was visibly shocked. He mumbled that he had had no idea. The meeting came to an abrupt end. We had various discussions subsequently and he never referred to my bombshell and I saw no change in his attitude towards me.

When I returned to London I discussed this conversation with a Jewish friend. I said it seemed strange that a young intellectual with a keen interest in the world around him had failed to make such an obvious connection. My friend asked how old I thought the man was. I replied that he might be 25 years old. My friend then said that having been born in 1934 this Berliner would never have had Jewish friends or fellow pupils. On the other hand, he would certainly have been subjected to Nazi anti-Semitic propaganda. There would be nothing in his education or personal experience to suggest anything Jewish about me.

I have no doubt he reported this conversation to his boss, whose attitude towards me changed immediately, although he never referred directly to what he now obviously knew. The boss, also a Berliner, was in his mid-50s – he would certainly have mixed with Jews at school, at work and, in all probability, socially.

His anti-Nazi credentials were good. As a socialist, he had been imprisoned for many years by the Nazis. Although not a Nazi, he was still very much a German. He had clearly been puzzled by my attitude to work. He was highly critical of the team of British technicians who were servicing his punched card installation. I have to say they were an idle lot. I took pride in my work. I also knew I was there until the job was finished and I wanted to get home. There were no weekend trips home in those days. I worked the full customer's hours and then stayed on hours afterwards and also went in for several hours on Saturdays and Sundays. The other UK staff were out there for a set tour of duty. They insisted on

continued opposite

The circle closed

I wish you could have met my grandmother, Clara Schönmann! She was the kindest, most understanding and well-balanced person one can imagine and I have mourned her loss for most of my life.

When I left Vienna on the Kindertransport on 10 January 1939, saying goodbye to my Grosse Oma (Big Granny) was the hardest thing I had to do. She was called Grosse Oma to distinguish her from my other grandma, Kleine Oma (Little Granny), who was my father's widowed mother, a very small lady indeed, who lived with us in the Margaretenstrasse. Across the road, in a similar large flat to ours, lived Clara, together with my beloved grandfather, Jaques. Their flat was a cultural meeting place, a gourmet's delight and a true Jewish home. In it I learned to darn and mend, to knit and sew, to appreciate and try good cooking and to hear stories about our family. I also recall, in great detail, the *seder* evenings at my grandparents' home and going to the synagogue with my grandfather, especially at Succoth. The scent of the *etrog* on those occasions and the sight of the gleam on the gentlemen's top hats remain with me to this day.

Clara was born in 1877 in Pilsen, then Bohemia, now the Czech Republic, to Jakob and Marie (née Klein) Hermann. They owned and lived at No. 17 Central Square in Pilsen, a seventeenth-century house that now has a preservation order on it and has the rare privilege of brewing rights. Jakob was a textile dealer and she was one of three sisters. After her marriage to Jaques Schönmann, from Szenitz in Hungary, they moved to Vienna. My grandfather owned and ran a paper-processing factory where they made cigarette paper and the covers for straws. This was in the days when straws were made of straw – hence their name – and I recall, as a little girl, unwrapping my straws from their paper covers to drink my favourite treat on outings: 'Soda mit Himbeer'. This was



Grandma Clara with my cousin Helly, Vienna 1938. Helly Kaye (née Schönmann) now lives in Hertfordshire

a delicious mix of pure raspberry syrup and cold soda water and, when I had it again many years later, it brought back early memories sharply. In Vienna Clara and Jaques had two children, my uncle Paul and my mother Hanna.

My grandmother, a very cultured lady, studied piano from an early age and took lessons from Dr Leopold Frank, whose grandson, a Holocaust survivor, is Peter Frank, a distinguished orthopaedic surgeon in Manchester, related to us by a different route. Later, chamber music was played in the Schönmann home, with Clara at the piano and my late mother, Hanna, playing the violin. Clara was also active in her synagogue's ladies guild, where, among other activities, they prepared dowries for poor Jewish brides and layettes for the babies that came along later.

When in 1938-39 the opportunity came to escape the horrors of the Nazi regime, Clara would not accompany her son, who had managed to get out with his family, because her husband was ailing

and there was no way she would leave him behind. He died of natural causes in Vienna in 1941 and is buried in the Jewish section of the Central Cemetery there. We have extensive correspondence from grandmother describing the sad conditions under which she and Vienna's remaining Jews were living from 1938 to 1941 and telling of Jaques's deteriorating condition and how things were with all her many friends. She comes across as brave and patient and, while anxious to report the truth, reluctant to burden her family.

We now know that she and the remaining Jews of Vienna were deported to the Lodz ghetto on 15 October 1941 (by strange coincidence my mother's wedding anniversary) and that she was on the first of 5 transports of Viennese Jews from Lodz to Chelmno on 6 May 1942, where they were immediately killed on arrival. The Jewish date of her death, it now appears, coincided this year with my 82nd birthday.

We are trying to find out more about the life of these tragic people while in the Lodz ghetto: it appears they had to work but lived in very poor conditions indeed. Hundreds of letters these internees wrote but were never delivered to their destinations have been found; among them must have been letters from Clara as she, like most of her family, was such a regular correspondent. There may also be letters addressed to her which will never have been delivered. The sadness goes on and on.

We will continue searching and researching but what we have learned already has, in a strange way, completed a circle – we now know the end as well as the beginning of an exemplary and eventful life. A life that is remembered by all who survive in our family and is commemorated at Yad Vashem, on the pages of the AJR's 'Sheffield and East Midlands Memorial Book', and at the Imperial War Museum.

Dorothy Fleming

THE OTHER GERMANY *cont.*

starting work at 9.00 am (as per their UK contracts) unlike the Berliners and were not keen on working hard while on the premises. This man had evidently wondered why my approach to work was quite different.

But after he had been told about my origins I reckon he thought he now had the key to what it was that placed me apart from my British colleagues.

He would positively beam every time he saw me. A formal handshake wasn't enough. He would often pat me on the arm or the shoulder and share jokes with me. Had I stayed much longer I think there was a real chance I might have developed a German sense of humour.

Eventually my work was finished and I was called into the great man's office. He thanked me for all I had done and took it upon himself to give me

career advice: 'When you get back to London you should ask your boss for a salary increase. You should ask for half as much again as you're getting now. You should be more ...' There was a long pause for dramatic effect. Then, with a smile that was both seraphic and conspiratorial, he delivered the punch line: 'You should be more ... *Scottish!*'

Erwin Schneider



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor reserves the right
to shorten correspondence
submitted for publication

THE ISRAEL I LOVE

Sir – In his muddled article in your July issue, Peter Phillips claims to be an ardent fan of Israel and even labels those who put their names to advertisements criticising the country as traitors. But if you read on, it doesn't take him long to resort to lambast, claiming it's not the Israel he knew. A fair-weather Zionist indeed who, on his own admission, is ashamed of Israel with respect to his gentile friends.

It seems Mr Phillips cannot tell the Neturei Karta from other, more enlightened religious Jews, many of whom are nowadays considered the best element and the most motivated, with a high proportion serving in IDF elite units, a vaunted role once played by left-wing kibbutzniks. The 'Guardians of the City' are indeed a blight on our nation, but then Jews have always displayed a proclivity for discourse and diversity, which could also account for their success. One cannot blame Israel for this phenomenon – you can find these 'clowns' in this country too.

Mr Phillips is also against the state building homes for religious families in Jerusalem – a right to live and build wherever they wish he would never deny to other people. With so many places in dispute in the world, when did the *Guardian* last report on a few houses in dispute? It just isn't newsworthy – except when it comes to Jews.

For my part, I bemoan the way *this* country has changed in the 64 years I've lived here. Whilst England is steadily descending into a third-world country, and maybe ultimately into a seventh-century ideology, hardly a day passes when we don't hear of Israeli excellence and innovations in the field of medicine, science and technology that benefit all mankind.

Perhaps we may now look forward to Peter Phillips's next piece: 'Not the England I knew'.

Rubin Katz, London NW11

Sir – Poor Mr Phillips, who has, it seems, ditched Israel 'for the time being' as she does not meet his high Oxford University standards.

The Holocaust in France, where I was born, was preceded by considerable well documented, vicious anti-Semitic propaganda – and we know what happened

there. Fortunately, I survived and, when I came to Manchester in 1948, I also was exposed to Zionism and became a supporter of the Jewish state.

Although I too am worried about the growth in influence of the Haredi community, I would suggest to Mr Phillips not to be upset if the Israeli government decides to protect its citizens by every means available even if it does not meet the approval of the other nations. Do they not all have skeletons rattling in their cupboards?

I speak regularly in schools on the Holocaust and emphasise the dangers of propaganda. Perhaps Mr Phillips would like to attend one of my lectures – he may learn something from a mere Manchester University graduate.

If Mr Phillips no longer has a love affair with Israel, perhaps he could let us know the identity of his new love? Perhaps it is the US with its Guantanamo Bay prison camp, or Britain, or Russia, or even China or ...

Please note: I am still in love with Israel – but then I am not so fickle!

Marcel Ladenheim, Surbiton, Surrey

Sir – While I agree with Peter Phillips that today's Israel is not the Israel I knew some 50 – or even 30 – years ago, it is not fair to blame the Haredim for this. I think blame lies in the changed structure of Israeli society. Whilst Israel's founding fathers (David Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir, etc) envisaged a socially equal society, based on the idea of the kibbutz, today's Israeli society is a capitalist one like in the USA, where only money matters.

A few days ago the *Daily Mail* printed a report from its correspondent in Israel stating that while there are today 84 dollar billionaires in Israel, 400,000 people are living below the poverty line – mostly Haredim and new settlers and mostly in the West Bank. That is the true picture of today's Israel due to its incapable politicians.

Ossi Findling, London NW11

Sir – Peter Phillips does not recognise the Israel he knew because 20 per cent of its inhabitants are Haredim. It is a pity he does not mention the 20 per cent of Israeli Palestinians Lieberman wants to denaturalise or the 3.5 million Palestinians

who, after 43 years, still suffer occupation and consequently hate Israel more than ever. I do talk to my gentile friends about Israel because I want to show them there are Jews who care about human rights.

Peter Prager, London N12

A HIERARCHY OF SUFFERING?

Sir – I was deeply upset by Martha Blend's letter in your June issue. Does she assume that camp survivors were not also devastated by the loss of their nearest and dearest? Does she think that we were so preoccupied with our own suffering that, when selected for slave labour, we barely noticed that our families were in the other stream that had been selected for the gas chambers? There is anguish too deep for trumpeting and versifying.

I profoundly agree with her that it is unworthy and distasteful to produce a hierarchy of suffering. Why then does she fabricate these offensive contrasts out of a discussion of the definition of 'survivor'?

*Professor Felix Weinberg FRS,
London SW14*

Sir – I must write to protest against Martha Blend's attack in your June issue on Anita Lasker-Wallfisch and Kitty Hart – if anybody, it is *she* who is 'mean-minded'. All Anita Lasker and the several other correspondents agreeing with her did was to advocate correct usage of the English language. The word 'suffering' does not occur once in her letter – it is introduced by Martha Blend and, as Martha so eloquently points out in her poem in the same issue, you cannot 'measure' one person's suffering against another's – it is something extremely personal.

The word 'Holocaust', as generally understood, means the implementation of the 'Final Solution' in the early 1940s, from which it follows that we 'refugees' – who were lucky enough to escape the Nazis *before* the war – should not call ourselves 'Holocaust survivors'. Why argue about something so clear?

Fritz Lustig, Reading

Sir – The Holocaust Survivors Centre, to which I belong, has one condition of membership: you must have been in Nazi-occupied territory on 10 November 1938, i.e. Kristallnacht.

Events were pretty frightening on that day. My parents and I were not touched, but my uncle and both his sons were arrested. My aunt was kicked out of her flat. My uncle and younger son were released, but the older son was taken to Dachau and then Buchenwald concentration camps (so he was a camp survivor). Fortunately, he was released as well.

It was a foretaste of worse to come, but they were all lucky to get to Shanghai after I came to England, alone, in

December 1938.

I therefore feel we were genuine Holocaust survivors. We felt fear and danger but we had a chance to get out, whereas others did not.

(Mrs) A. Saville, London NW4

VICTIMS OF SHOAH NOT FORGOTTEN

Sir – Together with three other ex-Viennese, I was in Austria a few weeks ago to speak in schools about the Shoah and by chance this coincided with the opening of an exhibition in the 9th District relating to it.

As reported in the *AJR Journal* last August, a group of dedicated non-Jews has been working to trace the fate of the many Jews who lived in Servitengasse before the war. The exhibition was set up in an art gallery close to the Freud Museum in Berggasse and in a long panel listed the Jewish families living in each house along the street. The individual stories, with documents and photographs of 15 of these families, was shown in panels along the walls. In some cases, these included audio recordings or filmed interviews with survivors.

The opening ceremony was very well attended, with speeches and readings by local personalities and by Frieda Feuerstein, a survivor. Many local shops also had posters relating to the Jewish nature of the street before the war.

In spite of all that has happened, it is encouraging to know that there are Austrians who will spend time and resources on trying to ensure that the victims of the Shoah are not forgotten. There is a website – www.servitengasse1938.at – with more information.

George Vulkan, Harrow

A QUESTION OF NUMBERS

Sir – Germany is much larger than Austria, but from the articles in the *AJR Journal* it appears to me that as many Jews came to England from Austria as from Germany. Could you please print the respective numbers?

Also, in Germany, Jews lived in many cities like Hamburg, Cologne, Breslau and Munich, but all who came from Austria appear to have come from Vienna.

Henry Schragenheim, London N15

Before the war there were some 600,000 Jews in Germany and some 200,000 Jews in Austria, of whom 180,000 lived in Vienna. There are no precise figures but around 40,000 Jews came to the UK from Germany and around 30,000 from Vienna (Ed.).

MEMORIES OF ELEANOR RATHBONE

Sir – Dr Grenville's article (June) on the life and work of Eleanor Rathbone sent me back to my personal memories of her. She may have visited various internment camps more than once, but I definitely remember her visiting our camp (Onchan,

I believe) in June 1941 and interviewing me. The reason was presumably that among the relatively few internees left there at the time, I stuck out like a sore thumb – aged 18 and looking at the time much younger. Most genuine refugees and others of use to the war effort had been released but, having left school in June 1940 and not (yet?) being a student, I had fallen between the two stools of the release categories of student and schoolboy.

I consequently spent 15 months in the Isle of Man, by the end of which period one's existence was more boring and the company much less congenial than a year earlier. I explained to the distinguished visitor why I was still there and, when she then kindly offered to take my case up with the Home Office, I seemed to surprise her by knowing the reference number of my Home Office file (I still do: S,21834). Anyway, her intervention seemed to bear fruit – I was released on my nineteenth birthday, three months later.

F. M. M. Steiner, Deddington, Banbury

Sir – The city of Liverpool has indeed been fortunate in having powerful social thinkers and activists like Eleanor Rathbone and also Margaret Simey. Anthony Grenville rightfully mentions the local community's appreciation of Eleanor Rathbone's commitment to education by designing a school, the Rathbone, in Kensington. It served many hundreds of Jewish families over the years. I was a pupil of the 'Rathbone' along with four of my six sisters during the war.

*Professor Eric Moonman OBE,
London N7*

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST TIMES IN MY LIFE

Sir – As so many members of advanced years have written to the *Journal*, I felt that I too might make a small contribution before it's too late with regard to using a computer due to failing eyesight.

I am in my mid-nineties and still living on my own, but this is due largely to the fact that I have a wonderful daughter and three devoted grandchildren, who visit regularly.

As to living in this country – I came in 1938 – I too had to suffer the unpleasantness of domestic service (not knowing which side of the broom to use), but was fortunate in that my employer was an influential man who managed to get a domestic permit for my mother so that at least we had jobs not too far from each other and I was able to help her with her duties.

I always thought – no doubt like every other refugee – it was a great pity that it took the wartime government until 1943 to realise that Jewish refugees were the

most devoted to the cause of Hitler's defeat and prepared to do anything to bring it about. Speaking personally, I got a job in the Foreign Office as a temporary civil servant and it was one of the happiest times in my life knowing I was at last contributing to Hitler's defeat!

Marion Smith, Harrow, Middx

'SAVED BY ILL-TREATMENT'

Sir – I read with great interest Helen Fry's article on the *Dunera* affair (July), in which she quotes *AJR* member Willy Field as saying 'People were pushed around, some beaten up. We had our belongings confiscated and in some cases thrown into the sea. Neither daylight nor natural air ever reached the decks. We were treated like German prisoners, not refugees from Nazism.'

As it happens, this ill-treatment, presumably motivated by the guards' anti-Semitic proclivities, may well have saved them from being sunk. It would appear that a U-boat commander who was trailing the *Dunera* found some of the letters thrown overboard floating in the sea and recognised them as being written in German. He assumed that the ship was carrying German POWs and informed his colleagues accordingly, advising them not to attack it.

Perhaps this illustrates just how what we perceive at the time to be terrible calamities may in actual fact be what saves our lives.

Martin D. Stern, Salford

FOR WHOSE BENEFIT?

Sir – The UK has a national debt large enough to provoke terminal nightmares, carefully arranged by Messrs Blair and Brown, champagne socialists who disliked capitalism and had the power to do something about it. Why oh why then do we still hand over huge gifts to the tune of £1,000,000,000 each year to a 'nation' like the Palestinians?

Common sense tells me that a sizeable portion of this fortune will surely go into the making of weapons for the destruction of Israel.

Here in London, super-rich Arabs still hand out large tips to lackeys from suitcases stuffed with notes. Should not these funds be used for the benefit of needy Palestinians? Many hospitals here in the UK lack sufficient nurses with clean hands to administer modern medication. There is a dire shortage of midwives and the police are permanently understaffed. Why bottle-feed Palestinians when this country is so short of funds?

For more than 1,000 years, Jews anywhere, however rich or poor, have given all they had to support other Jews around the world. Why cannot the Arabs, with their vast wealth and territory, do the same?

L. Meyer-Levy, Wembley, Middx

continued on page 16

ART NOTES

Gloria Tessler

It has been a roller-coaster of a month for the **Ben Uri Gallery**. Their decision to stage an exhibition of Crucifixion paintings, **Cross Purposes: Shock and Contemplation in Images of the Crucifixion**, split the Jewish community. A *Jewish Chronicle* poll immediately after the opening resulted in a 66 per cent 'No' vote to a Jewish gallery featuring the Crucifixion, which David Glasser, co-chair of the Ben Uri executive, rejected as out-dated and unrepresentative. He moved swiftly to email the community in an attempt to reverse this vote and was vindicated by a 200-strong wave of positive emails in favour of the exhibition.



Emmanuel Levy, *Crucifixion* 1942 © Estate of Emmanuel Levy

Glasser and the curator of this show, Nathaniel Hepburn, consider the Crucifixion a valid and lucid subject for twentieth-century artists who have suffered or witnessed the Holocaust, the Soviet purges and the First World War atrocities. Many artists depict Christ's death agony as an image of the Holocaust and mankind's essentially wasteful nature. Many are brilliant, some subtle, others shocking, as the show's name implies.

Glasser has fought a long and courageous battle to steer the Ben Uri

in an ever more eclectic direction and has pondered the question of whether a Jewish gallery should only show Jewish art or broaden its remit to cover more universal artistic themes. This latest Crucifixion controversy proves something of an apotheosis for him. The exhibition shows 21 major paintings since 1915 including three important examples by Jewish artists, **Emmanuel Levy**, **Marc Chagall** and **Samuel Bak**.

Glasser's much vaunted recent purchase, a Chagall drawing which presents an androgynous Christ in pale lilac shades with a serpent-tailed Nazi at the bottom, is described as the artist's bleakest Crucifixion. **Graham Sutherland's** tortured, thorny, blood-spattered Christ was inspired by photos he had seen of the broken corpses at Belsen. In **John Armstrong's** highly gestural and stylised vision, the mourners are predominant, evoking the artist's view of a devastated civilisation. Then **Samuel Bak's** moving portrayal uses the famous photo of the young boy with his arms held up as he faces the Nazis. The painting divides into four parts: the boy's face is centred and his upturned hands become the nailed hands of Christ. **Emmanuel Levy's** well-known Christ in a *tallit*, beneath the red-painted word 'Jude', is the most self-evident of Christ's Jewishness and the most pointed expression of Jewish victimhood at the hands of the Nazis. Do go and see this highly thought-provoking exhibition, which is on until 19 September.

This year's **Royal Academy's** annual **Summer Exhibition** is a little more representative of the punters who sent work in this year than in the recent past. One of this year's co-ordinators, Stephen Chambers, assured me that two-thirds of the work hung this year had come from open submissions. It is hard to do justice to so much excellent work, but **David Mach's** massive gorilla made from coat-hangers, *Silver Streak*, is inevitably breathtaking. **David Hockney's** treescape in four seasons and **Anselm Kiefer's** disturbing *Einschüsse* are among 1,200 works, mainly for sale from £40 to £1 million.

Annely Juda Fine Art

23 Dering Street (off New Bond Street)
Tel: 020 7629 7578 Fax: 020 7491 2139

CONTEMPORARY PAINTING
AND SCULPTURE

REVIEWS

Against the tide of cruelty

THE OTHER SCHINDLERS: WHY SOME PEOPLE CHOSE TO SAVE JEWS IN THE HOLOCAUST

by Agnes Grunwald-Spier

The History Press (tel 01453 883 300; www.thehistorypress.co.uk), 2010, foreword by Sir Martin Gilbert, £14.99 hardback

In her introduction to this book, Agnes Grunwald-Spier – a Holocaust survivor with an MA in Holocaust Studies, a JP, a Trustee of the Holocaust Memorial Day Trust and a member of the Board of Deputies of British Jews who divides her time between Sheffield and London – has collected stories from 30 individuals who saved Jews. The author also describes how an official in Budapest turned her mother away from a queue of women destined for Auschwitz: she herself was a baby in her mother's arms and so both mother and child were saved. It was this random act of humanity which prompted her to research the stories of rescuers of Jews from the Nazis.

The rescuers come from all the countries under Nazi occupation and are categorised in accordance with their motives: religious, humanitarian and 'other'. Outstanding in the first category is Bertha Bracey, a Quaker who had lived in Germany. She describes the situation of German Jews with sensitivity: 'They find themselves ringed about with unreasoning hatred and cruelty. Jewish doctors and teachers ... who have given generously of their skill find themselves treated as pariahs cut off from any means of livelihood.'

In fact, the Quakers were most active in rescuing Jews. It was they who joined members of the Jewish community in petitioning the Home Secretary to allow thousands of Jewish children, myself among them, to come to England through the Kindertransport scheme.

In Budapest, Carl Lutz, brought up by a devout Methodist mother, saved thousands of families by using his authority as Swiss Vice-Consul to give them protective passes, work which was continued by the better-known Swedish consul, Raoul Wallenberg. The attitude of the local bishop, in contrast, was completely hostile, describing Jews as 'strangers who dominated the economy and the liberal professions beyond their true numbers'.

Hermann Maas, a Heidelberg pastor, became a friend of Jewish intellectuals and helped many Jews to escape from Germany. Soeur St Cybard, a French nun, took Josephine Levy into her convent. Aristides de Sousa Mendes, a devout Catholic with Jewish ancestors, as Portuguese

Consul General in Bordeaux, issued visas for Jews to emigrate to Portugal. He suffered for his actions under the dictator Salazar, who reduced him and his family to penury.

Of the rescuers with humanitarian motives, Jozef Barczynski saved the lives of 250 Jews in Poland. Achille and Giulia Costagutti took Jews into their home, which was close to the ghetto in Rome. Dr Feng Shan Ho, who worked at the Chinese embassy in Vienna, told his daughter how appalled he had been by the fanatical welcome the Austrians gave Hitler. He decided to issue visas to Shanghai, which became a vital escape route. It is also heartening to find among the rescuers a Lithuanian woman, Stephanija Ladigiena. Her shielding of Irena Veisaite is in marked contrast to that of many of her fellow-countrymen, who brutally clubbed to death their Jewish neighbours.

Jaap van Proosdij helped Dutch Jews in hiding by forging baptismal certificates for them. He says: 'I travelled daily to The Hague and made copies of official rubber stamps and the handwriting of officials.' He later commented on his action: 'Nothing else I ever did was as important.'

Schindler, a complex character, also has a place in this account, though his story is well known already through Kineally's book *Schindler's Ark* and the film based on it, *Schindler's List*.

It is notable that these people came from many walks of life. Those who rescued Jews in Poland took the greatest risks, as their entire family was liable to be executed if they were discovered. A sizable number of Jews in countries like Belgium and France were saved by neighbours if they had previously had friendly relations with them. All the rescuers had the kind of moral altruism which made them row against the tide of cruelty which enveloped Europe. They deserve our utmost gratitude.

The author's painstaking research has unearthed a large number of fascinating stories which have never previously been told. This is a book to dip into with great interest.

Martha Blend

An iconic figure

SOPHIE SCHOLL: THE REAL STORY OF THE WOMAN WHO DEFIED HITLER
by Frank McDonough

The History Press (tel 01453 883 300; www.thehistorypress.co.uk), 2010, 224 pp., £9.99 paperback

For a young, middle-class German girl in 1940s Nazi Germany to defy Hitler was, by any stretch of the imagination, a dangerous course of

What Would I Have Done?

by Harry Haines

*I would not willingly have done those things –
Joined to obey, supported that company,
Acquiesced, by thought or deed, to smaller evil
Within the all-consuming evil of the total sin.
No! I would have held my breath and burned
My thoughts to ashes to scatter on the graves
Of all the persecuted and worn the weeds
Of mourning for the death of my lived life.
But what would I have done if forced to live,
Participate? What would I have done
If given the violent, savage choice
Only between executed and executioner?
If they had forced me to go where
Their victims waited for my brotherhood
Or my hand to strike them down
My brotherhood beside them in their dying
Or my manicured hand to sign,
Turn the gas taps or burn their fleshless bones?
What would I have done
If they had taken my own son as hostage
To terrify, transport in stinking cattle trucks
Amidst all the jazz of screaming flesh
To the last moment of forgiveness
They forever cursed their sons to lose
If I failed to terrify, transport and murder
Sons of other men who'd put my own son
past forgiveness?
What would I have done?
Tear out my heart from feeling
Put out my eyes from seeing
Wither my flesh till no pleasure
Or pain could touch one dried nerve's end
So the relentless interrogator of the blood
Shall no longer question to discover
The answer to my feared cowardice.*

action. Frank McDonough's account of Sophie Scholl and her family takes the reader on a journey from her birth in May 1921 in Forchtenberg in the south German state of Baden-Württemberg to her execution in February 1943 in Stadelheim Prison, Munich. Her brother Hans and friend Christoph Probst suffered the same fate.

In his quest for the true story of Scholl's life and activism, McDonough has examined an unprecedented range of sources, trawled archives, read letters, diaries, Gestapo interrogation files and trial documents, and had access to interviews with surviving participants. The result is a straightforward account, meticulously researched, full of fine detail, and set in the context of the time.

A fervent anti-Nazi from her youth, Sophie's denunciation of the Nazi regime was conveyed through a series of leaflets attributed to the White Rose movement.

Sophie and her brother Hans were at the centre of a small group of activists whose members were mostly students at Munich University and who had opposed Nazism long before the war, and it was in Munich that the first leaflet was posted in June 1942. People were urged to engage in 'passive resistance' towards the Nazi regime 'before it is too late', calls that became more strident in the next two leaflets distributed in the first week of July 1942. The leaflets are reproduced in English in an appendix to this book, providing the reader with a real sense of the increasingly provocative content which implored the German people to undertake a broad range of action, including sabotaging the war effort and leaving the Nazi Party. The fourth leaflet was unequivocally condemnatory: 'We must attack evil where it is strongest, and it is strongest in the power of Hitler.'

Inevitably one asks what motivated an essentially ordinary girl, who loved reading, music, modern art and the outdoor life, to move into the dangerous arena of political activism. There were, as McDonough explains, a number of inter-related factors that influenced her, not least the fundamental values that her liberal-minded father, Robert, instilled in her. He was not afraid to express his anti-Nazi views at home and openly described the Nazi Party in the early 1930s as 'beasts and wolves'. In a similar vein, he considered Hitler little more than the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin'. Sophie's youthful opposition to Hitler was reinforced when her brother was arrested and interrogated by the Nazis for suspected *bündische* activities

in 1937. But, aside from this, religious idealism had a part to play, principally through the influence of Cardinal John Henry Newman's writings and his 'theology of conscience' – though just how great an impact these, and Sophie's Christian beliefs, had is debatable.

The courage of Sophie and the White Rose members who defied Hitler does seem to have had an impact in post-war Germany for there are innumerable streets, schools, parks and public places named after her and her brother. Similarly, the 2005 film *Sophie Scholl: The Final Days* was a box-office success in Germany, making Sophie an iconic figure. As Frank McDonough's biography shows clearly, she stands out as a young idealist who was driven by a high moral code and acted selflessly in the interest of her fellow citizens, and for which she paid the ultimate price.

Susan Cohen

continued overleaf

REVIEWS *continued from page 9*

MUSIC

Dancing under the gallows

**NASH ENSEMBLE WEEKEND:
'MUSIC IN THERESIENSTADT-TEREZIN,
1941-1945'**

Wigmore Hall, London

London's prestigious Wigmore Hall devoted Saturday and Sunday 19-20 June to music composed in the Nazi camp Theresienstadt-Terezin. The weekend was devised by the Nash Ensemble's Artistic Director Amelia Freedman and presented by Simon Broughton, who also wrote the programme notes and interviewed some survivors. A film focusing on the music composed and played in Terezin was shown, there was a talk and interviews with survivors, and an excerpt from the original performance of the children's opera *Brundibar* was performed. Baritone Wolfgang Holzmair took centre stage. In addition, the programme included works by Smetana, Krasa, Ullmann, Suk, Schulhoff and Haas. There was also an exhibition of drawings by the children of Terezin. On both days, the Wigmore Hall was packed.

Virtually the entire Jewish cultural elite was forced to live in Theresienstadt, situated 60 km from Prague. The Nazis used the camp as a showcase, allowing inmates to stage a whole range of entertainment, including plays, concerts, opera, cabaret and café concerts. In reality, the prisoners were suffering starvation and this, together with hard labour, meant a daily struggle for survival. Of the 140,000 people who passed through the camp, about 20,000 survived.

Among the prisoners were individuals of the stature of Pavel Haas, Gideon Klein, Hans Krasa, Erwin Schulhoff, Karel Ancerl and Frantisek Zelenka, a well-known stage designer. All were sent to Auschwitz in October 1944. Ancerl, who saw his wife and children selected for the gas chambers on arrival, survived to become chief conductor of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra.

At first, musical instruments were forbidden in the camp, but some were smuggled in. One cellist dismantled his instrument and wrapped the fragments in a blanket together with glue and clamps. Eventually cultural events were sanctioned by the Nazis and there were performances of grand opera, choral works, music hall, cabarets, and satirical and political shows. These performances took place in attics and cellars.

In the words of the survivor Zdenka Fantlova, an actress, 'People needed to live some kind of normal life under

abnormal conditions because it gave them hope and made them forget their situation ... Of course there were transports constantly being assembled going to the East. We didn't know what it meant, we were quite ignorant of what was in store for us – only the Germans knew. So they let us get on with it and we were just dancing under the gallows.'

Bronia Snow

A balanced understanding of Germany

**AN HISTORIAN'S PILGRIMAGE:
MEMOIRS AND REFLECTIONS**

by **Frank U. F. J. Eyck**

*Calgary: Detselig Enterprises
(temerondetselig.com), 2009, 473 pp.,
CAD 27.95 paperback*

These are Frank Eyck's incomplete memoirs, edited posthumously by his widow. In the opening chapter, he describes the thoroughly acculturated society of German Jews to which his family belonged. His father, Erich Eyck, was a prominent liberal journalist, lawyer and historian, among whose circle of friends were many distinguished German democrats like Theodor Heuss, the future president of the German Federal Republic (who would be guest of honour at Frank and Rosemarie's wedding in 1955).

Frank arrived in England as a refugee from Nazi Germany, was interned on the Isle of Man almost immediately after leaving school, joined the Pioneer Corps, and in 1944 was moved to the Army's Psychological Warfare Division. There he monitored and analysed German and French broadcasts and, after Germany's surrender, became a member of Information Control in the British Zone of Occupation. This organisation published local news sheets for the Germans and later, when the Germans were again allowed to publish their own newspapers, licensed and supervised the German press. After he was demobilised he went to Oxford, then joined the German Service of the BBC, then became a Research Fellow at St Antony's College, Oxford, during which time he wrote a book on Prince Albert. Subsequently he became a lecturer in German History at the University of Exeter and, finally, Professor of German History at the University of Calgary in Canada.

The book would have had a different balance had Frank lived to complete it. As it is, the bulk of it concerns his experience of and reflections on Germany, as a soldier and later as an observer, commentator and historian. He quotes extensively from the memos and reports he wrote at the time and his insights and reflections are therefore not retrospective: they stand

up remarkably well and are a tribute to the wisdom and balanced understanding of Germany and to a complete lack of the rancour or triumphalism one might perhaps have expected from a refugee.

There is hardly anything about the pilgrimage of the title, which was one from secular Judaism through Methodism to being accepted into communion by the local Roman Catholic church in Calgary.

There are unfortunately many misprints in the book (one of which also wrongly credits me with being a Professor of Philosophy at London University).

Ralph Blumenau

A story of agents and lovers

MOONLIGHT OVER DENMARK

by **J. H. Schryer**

*The History Press (tel 01453 883 300;
www.thehistorypress.co.uk), 2010,
240 pp., £8.99 paperback*

Moonlight over Denmark is a sequel to *Goodbye Vienna*, which was published in 2009 and reviewed in this journal. The author brings together his special interest in German and Austrian soldiers in the British forces with an adventure story and complex love interest. The action takes place in Denmark during the Nazi occupation and in the United Kingdom. One of the main characters is an ex-Austrian serving with the Special Operations Executive in Denmark who has fallen in love with a Danish-Jewish refugee also involved in undercover work. Another ex-Austrian agent is so obsessed with revenge for what has been done to him and his family that his actions jeopardise the aims of the anti-Nazi operations. To complicate matters, his wife does not realise he is still alive and has married the officer in charge of the programme.

If considered purely as a thriller, the book is quite enjoyable but many of the actions are so contrived and dependant on coincidences that it is difficult to consider the story as something which could possibly have happened. It seems to have been surprisingly easy for a British agent to pretend to be a German U-boat sailor and to be accepted by the captain and crew. The background of the characters is also rather difficult to accept. From a historical, if perhaps pedantic, point of view, it seems unlikely that refugees, secret agents and rescued RAF airmen can easily be transported from neutral Sweden to England. The book ends with a rather interesting and puzzling enigma – suggesting that a further sequel is envisaged.

George Vulcan

AJR leaders' message to AGM: 'Legacies crucial'

Speaking to a well-attended Annual General Meeting at the AJR Centre, Chairman Andrew Kaufman said the time had come 'to blow our own trumpet'. The AJR had for years gone about its charitable works within its ageing community modestly and diligently – maybe the time had come to broadcast our services so that the Anglo-Jewish community as a whole might perhaps learn a little from the way in which we helped our members.

Referring to the AJR's current financial situation, Andrew pointed to a deficit of £1.5 million – a massive hole that could be plugged only by the generosity of members who leave us legacies. How vital legacies are to our ability to provide our much-needed services cannot be over-emphasised, he added.

We still have over 3,000 members, Andrew continued, of whom nearly one-third are looked after by our 'extremely professional' Social Services Department, ably led by Sue Kurlander. Our social and welfare services, self-aid and homecare grants are a lifeline to so many members.

There are currently 44 regional groups, which in the previous year catered for nearly 1,500 refugees and survivors. The AJR is now a truly nationwide organisation with almost one-third of our members based outside London and

the South East.

Andrew praised the high quality of the food served at the AJR Centre, which last year also supplied over 10,000 meals-on-wheels. Gratitude is due to Cassie and her kitchen staff as well as to Susie and her team, who run the Centre with such tender, loving care.

The AJR has a wonderful band of volunteers, Andrew said, who are superbly organised by Carol Hart. He referred to a wonderful evening a few weeks earlier at the Jewish Museum with a very entertaining talk by Eve Pollard and a buffet supper served 'courtesy of our own three-star Michelin kitchen'.

We are very proud, he continued, of the *AJR Journal*, our mouthpiece to the outside world, which is so professionally edited. Not to speak of the letters pages, where members get the opportunity to speak their minds – 'And boy, do you succeed!'

The AJR is proud to support Holocaust-related institutions and projects. In the previous year, the most prominent beneficiaries of the AJR Trust were the Wiener Library, Beth Shalom and the Jewish Museum. The AJR is also happy to fund students on school trips to Auschwitz and on commemorating Holocaust Memorial Day.

Turning to the AJR's major special interest group, it is a matter of intense

pride that Erich Reich, the Chairman of the Kindertransport, has been knighted. Sir Erich has raised over £60 million for general charitable causes and the entire Jewish charitable community has reason to be thankful to him.

Finally, the AJR Chairman thanked the 'very supportive' Management Committee, Directors Carol Rossen, Gordon Greenfield and Michael Newman, and all staff at Jubilee House and Cleve Road.

AJR Vice-Chairman and Treasurer David Rothenberg echoed Andrew Kaufman's concern with the organisation's difficult financial situation. 'We are continually spending more than we have coming in,' he stressed. Legacies are 'crucial': without them, the organisation couldn't survive. Last year was a bad year. At the same time, he said, he was very aware that the receipt of a legacy also meant that a member had been lost.

David emphasised that however generous the Claims Conference was, its grants could not be guaranteed. We could expect a greater demand on our resources over the next few years. This is due mainly to demographic reasons – our members are ageing – and the fact that costs are continually rising fast.

Marion Koebner was elected to the Management Committee, all of whose existing members were re-elected unanimously.

Matura 70 years on

On 11 June this year eight very old men met for lunch in the shady garden of a cafe in one of the courtyards of the Schottenhof, the vast complex of buildings in central Vienna that houses, *inter alia*, a basilica, a monastery, a grammar school, shops, offices and flats. Though clearly not in the same buildings, that institution has been there since 1158. When we met previously, five years ago, it was dinner rather than lunch and there were still more of us to commemorate an occasion that has no equivalent in this country, but is familiar to Germans as *Abitur* and to Americans as High School Graduation.

The notional date was June 1940, when we would have celebrated our *Matura* if there had been no Hitler and no war. In fact, the venerable Schottengymnasium did not exist on that date – no longer or not yet. (Like all Catholic schools in Austria, it had been closed down by the Nazis in 1938 and was not reopened by the abbey that had founded and run it until 1947.) The 41 boys who had been

in our form in 1938 had been dispersed between various other schools and locations and those who had stayed in Austria took their emergency wartime *Matura* early in 1940 before being conscripted into the Wehrmacht.

If the date was a bit synthetic, the location was not, for that garden courtyard is less than 100 metres from the school yard and buildings which we had attended together all those years ago. The name too is a historical inaccuracy, for the 'Scots' referred to in the name were in fact Irish, but the twelfth-century Viennese mixed up two separate groups of Gaelic-speaking Celts.

This ancient grammar school deserves an accolade for being socially mixed: the Jewish physician Victor Adler, who founded the Austrian Socialist Party, and the last emperor, Karl I, were both old boys of the school, and to this day the children of socialist trade unionists mix with sons (and now also daughters) of families like that of the reigning prince of Liechtenstein.

Perhaps more important from our point of view is that for maybe 100 years the reputation of a school run by Benedictine monks as one providing a liberal and progressive education encouraged Jewish and Protestant parents to send their sons there. The tolerance across social and political fault lines has worked across military allegiance too; the *Klassenkollege* who had travelled from Edinburgh to attend the reunion and had lost an eye in Belgium as a major in a British tank unit sat between two former members of the Luftwaffe.

That after all these years more than a quarter of us are still alive and in touch with each other may be remarkable, but more than half of us go back even further than that: at least four of this group were together not only in the Gymnasium but also in the same primary school before that, thus going back to 1928 rather than 'only' 1932. How's that for stability of contact?

F. M. M. Steiner

INSIDE the AJR

Newcastle Witness in Palestine

Serving in the British army in 1946 at the age of 20, David Hughes was posted to Cyprus just as Holocaust survivors were arriving and being held captive



David Hughes

on the island to prevent their entry to Palestine. We were privileged to hear at first hand his vivid description of the events he witnessed when the ships arrived in Famagusta harbour. One of his six books is a fictional story inspired by the little-known history he was involved in. To this day David feels personal guilt that Holocaust survivors were further incarcerated on the orders of the British government of the time.

Walter Knoblauch

Norfolk indefatigables

We met once again for lunch at the Norwich synagogue, munching the greatly appreciated goodies Myrna had shlepped all the way from the metropolis and only stopping to shmooze at intervals.

Frank Bright

Ealing 'A fairly cloudy view with some breaks of sunshine'

Roger Beales gave an informative talk on the Bank of England from its formation in 1661 to the present day. He gave us a fairly cloudy view (with some breaks of sunshine) on the current economic climate.

Esther Rinkoff

Next meeting: 3 August. David Barnett, 'London's First Hotels'

West Midlands (Birmingham) Days of suffering and endless loss

David Lawson's talk on the Jews of Ostrava, the town which proceeded with the first deportation of a Jewish community in the Nazi period, proved poignant and enlightening. We had one survivor in our midst from those days of suffering and endless loss.

Ruth Shire

BOOK CLUB

Our inaugural meeting took place at Café Also in Temple Fortune. We decided to read *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Society* for discussion at our next meeting on 25 August (same venue, 3.00 pm). Coffee/tea and excellent cake were served. All welcome – come and join us!

Rita Rosenbaum

Iford A controversial story

We heard a rather different view of the Holocaust. Prof Ladislaus Löb recounted the controversial story of Reszö Kasztner's negotiations with Eichmann over the

rescue of a number of Hungarian Jews.

Ivor Perl

Next meeting: 4 August. 7th anniversary; Alf Keiles

OUTING TO KEW GARDENS

Members from several groups met on a visit to Kew Gardens. It was a great pleasure to be out in the open in such a beautiful spot and to meet people one hadn't known before. Thank you to the AJR staff for having arranged the visit (and the transport) for us.

Fritz Starer

HGS British and/or Jewish?

Though our scheduled speaker, Edna Fernandez, was unable to join us, we had a most interesting in-house discussion, moderated by Hazel Beiny, about our British and/or Jewish identity. Also, we thanked Rosemary Lewis for setting up our group 6 years ago, and AJR Director Michael Newman gave us a short information session.

Laszlo Roman

Next meetings: 2 August: Outing to West Lodge. 9 August: Edna Fernandez, 'The Jews of Kerala'

Pinner 'Jews along the Thames'

'The Medieval Jews along the Thames' proved a novel subject of absorbing interest as presented by Rabbi Dr Jonathan Romain, who has made a study of English Jews and their special status as chattels of the king before their expulsion in 1290.

Walter Weg

Next meeting: 5 August. Annual Garden Party (by invitation only)

Café Imperial Veterans interviewed

An excellent show of veterans. Derry Dinkin of the Second World War Experience Centre interviewed some of our veterans. The 70th anniversary of the *Dunera's* leaving Liverpool for Australia was discussed, along with much reminiscing.

Hazel Beiny

OXFORD REGIONAL GET-TOGETHER

Dr Anthony Grenville spoke to us about his book *Jewish Refugees from Germany and Austria in Britain, 1933-1970*. Paul Weindling and Tashia Scott outlined their research into refugees who worked in medicine and nursing. A discussion group on identity concluded we were British but Jewish by religion; a second group considered 'Do they need to know? Sharing our experiences with children and grandchildren'; the theme of a third group was 'Holocaust education'. A splendid catering effort. Thank you to everyone for what you did.

Anne Selinger

Wembley A very pleasant afternoon as usual

A report about a visit to Kew Gardens led to a discussion of plants and trees and to the topic of gardening in general. Various other current affairs topics were discussed too. A very pleasant afternoon as usual.

Myrna Glass

Next meeting; 18 (not 11) August

Bradford's Jewish immigrants

Most of our (growing) membership was able to come for Stephen Tendkow's riveting talk on the contribution to the wealth and culture of the evolving city of Bradford by German immigrants 1830-1890, many of whom were Jewish.

Anna Greenwood

Next meeting: 11 August

Cambridge Co-authors on refugee themes

Dr Helen Fry and James Hamilton, co-authors of a number of books on themes relating to Jewish refugees from Germany and Austria, gave us a most interesting talk.

Keith Lawson

Next meeting: 19 August. Siobhan Mellon, Cambridge Carbon Footprint

CHILD SURVIVORS ASSOCIATION

The AGM, on 6 June at the London Jewish Cultural Centre, was well attended and preceded by a sandwich lunch. The discussion afterwards was most interesting. The question was: Would you pay a visit to Poland or Germany? Opposing views were aired emphatically in this company, consisting of people with backgrounds as far apart as western France and eastern Poland. The 'won't goes' were in the majority.

Henri Obstfeld, Secretary,
Child Survivors Association-AJR

Next meeting: 1 August. Strawberry Tea

Temple Fortune Judy Kelner's Desert Island Discs

Judy Kelner played for us her 8 favourite records. Her wide-ranging choice of music included *Verdi's Requiem* and *Autumn Leaves* sung by Yves Montand.

David Lang

Next meeting: 12 August. Tony Dinkin QC

BETTER THAN THE RITZ: CREAM TEA AT CLEVE ROAD

On 4 July some 30 members came to a cream tea in the gardens of Cleve Road. We were very lucky with the weather and the afternoon started with everyone being served Pimms – soft drinks were available but not very popular! The tea that followed included scones, Danish pastries and home-made Sacher Torte. If that wasn't enough, we were then given strawberries and cream. Those present said it was better than tea at the Ritz – and I have to agree. A big thank you to Cassie and Sharifa for making all the food, to Julian and Joseph for being barmen and helping out wherever needed, to Jan for helping to serve the food, and of course to Susie for arranging the afternoon. Looking forward to next year's!

Carol Rossen

Wessex Delicious cream tea at Athelhampton

Fifteen of us visited Athelhampton, an interesting 15th-century country house in Dorset. After relaxing walks through

well-kept, walled gardens, we enjoyed a delicious cream tea. *George Ettinger*

Edgware The story of Pears soap

At our 4th anniversary meeting, Andrea Cameron treated us to the fascinating story of the origin of Pears soap in the late 19th century. The company was started by a farmer's son but the family is no longer connected and the soap is now manufactured in India and exported to the UK.

Edgar H. Ring

Next meetings: 2 August: Outing to West Lodge. 17 August: David Barnett, 'Jewish Trades in Regency London'

Welwyn Food for thought

Climate change is made worse by excessive energy use, we were told. Penny and Siobhan of Cambridge Carbon Footprint provided food for thought: by monitoring in detail how much energy each of us uses in the home, on travel, on food etc, we can identify savings without hardship.

Alfred Simms

Next meetings: 2 August: Outing to West Lodge. 12 August: 5th anniversary and David Barnett, 'Jewish Trades in Regency London'

Brighton and Hove Sarid 'Back to the Brink'

A larger than usual turnout saw Scarlett Epstein's documentary film 'Back to the Brink', which features Ceska Abrahams and Otto Deutsch. Ceska was there to explain how the documentary came about

and to answer questions on her personal story.

Hazel Beiny

Next meeting: 16 August. Geoffrey Gould, 'Visiting Refuseniks'

Cleve Road 'Catering for a laugh'

Bernard Ecker told us about his 50-year career in the hotel and catering business, which began with helping his mother with the cooking. He started by making jam tarts to avoid boredom when his school was bombed and he had to stay at home for months.

David Lang

Next meeting: 31 August. Howard Falksohn, 'Argentina – Place of Refuge'

East Midlands Summer meeting

We held our summer meeting in the home of Jurgen and Ruth Schwiening in Mkt. Bosworth in the heart of Leicestershire. Fifteen of us, including our 'youngest' member, 103-year-old Meta, enjoyed our hosts' lovely garden, a sumptuous lunch, and a talk by a member describing his childhood experiences in Poland during the war.

Bob Norton

North London 'Abstract Impressionism'

Myra Sampson's enthusiasm was evident in her inspiring talk on 'Abstract Expressionism', which burst upon the art scene in the 20s and 30s. She pointed out the importance of knowing something about the artist in order to appreciate his/her work.

Hanne R. Freedman

Next meeting: 26 August. 9th anniversary celebrations with Jane Rosenberg

Hendon 'Britain a tolerant society'

On our 4th anniversary, Susannah Alexander gave us a very interesting talk about 'The Jews in England' (Part 2). Britain has always been a tolerant society, she concluded.

Annette Saville

Next meeting: 23 (not 30) August. Howard Falksohn, 'Argentina – Place of Refuge'

ALSO MEETING IN AUGUST

Radlett 2 August. Outing to West Lodge

Oxford 17 August. Annual Lunch at home of Susie Bates

Norfolk (Norwich)

Myrna Glass 020 8385 3077

North London

Jenny Zundel 020 8882 4033

Oxford

Susie Bates 01235 526 702

Pinner (HA Postal District)

Vera Gellman 020 8866 4833

Radlett

Esther Rinkoff 020 8385 3077

Sheffield

Steve Mendelsson 0114 2630666

South London

Lore Robinson 020 8670 7926

South West Midlands (Worcester area)

Myrna Glass 020 8385 3070

Surrey

Edmée Barta 01372 727 412

Temple Fortune

Esther Rinkoff 020 8385 3077

Weald of Kent

Max and Jane Dickson
01892 541026

Wembley

Laura Levy 020 8904 5527

Wessex (Bournemouth)

Mark Goldfinger 01202 552 434

West Midlands (Birmingham)

Fred Austin 01384 252310

Paul Balint AJR Centre

15 Cleve Road, London NW6

Tel: 020 7328 0208

KT-AJR

Kindertransport special interest group

Monday 2 August 2010

James Smith

'The Beth Shalom
Holocaust Centre'

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PLEASE NOTE THAT THE CENTRE IS CLOSED ON TUESDAYS

August Afternoon Entertainment

Mon	2	KT Lunch – Kards & Games Klub
Tue	3	CLOSED
Wed	4	Sheila Games
Thur	5	Jane Rosenberg
Mon	9	Kards & Games Klub
Tue	10	CLOSED
Wed	11	John Gough
Thur	12	Katinka Seiner
Mon	16	Kards & Games Klub
Tue	17	CLOSED
Wed	18	William Smith
Thur	19	Roy Blass
Mon	23	Kards & Games Klub – Monday Movie Matinee
Tue	24	CLOSED
Wed	25	Guyathrie Peirs & Bill Patrick
Thur	26	B I N G O
Mon	30	CLOSED – BANK HOLIDAY
Tue	31	CLOSED

AJR GROUP CONTACTS

Bradford Continental Friends

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Cambridge

Anne Bender 01223 276 999

Cardiff

Myrna Glass 020 8385 3077

Cleve Road, AJR Centre

Myrna Glass 020 8385 3077

Dundee

Agnes Isaacs 0755 1968 593

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Hazel Beiny 020 8385 3077

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Essex (Westcliff)

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Glasgow

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Inge Little 01423 886254

Hendon

Hazel Beiny 020 8385 3070

Hertfordshire

Hazel Beiny 020 8385 3070

HGS

Gerda Torrence 020 8883 9425

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Susanne Green 0151 291 5734

Ilford

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Andrea Goodmaker 020 8385 3070

Child Survivors Association-AJR
Henri Obstfeld 020 8954 5298

A long train journey

I am five years old at the time of the Anschluss and was born and live in Vienna, the first-born boy. I am looking forward, as young children do, to a happy and contented childhood in a professional family, my father a dentist, my mother a contented housewife, looking after me and our home, where my father also carries out his profession.

The first five years of my life, sure enough, conform to the life mapped out for me, with visits to my maternal grandparents in Leopoldstadt and to my paternal grandmother in Ottakring. I attend the local Kindergarten. I go with my parents, when I'm older, for Sunday lunch to restaurants for Wienerschnitzel and Erbsenpuree. I go for walks with my grandfather on the Kai, where he lost me once.

I begin to be aware of tension at home. My father has something on his mind. He doesn't pay so much attention to me any more – he is preoccupied when he

is not attending to his patients. There is something troubling him – and my mother. I don't seem to see my friends any more. I stay over one night in my aunt's flat. She had a baby in July 1938. I help look after the baby and I hear trampling, marching feet outside the window at night and I am aware of fear and anxiety around me, and it's dark in the room, the lights out. I am vaguely aware of anxious discussions going on with relatives going in and out of the flat, especially with my mother's brother and his wife and my mother's mother and sisters.

Suddenly I find myself looking down from high up on a train at weeping relatives because we are going away. I don't know where, but I'm with my mother and father and uncle and aunt so it should be alright. I go on a train journey. I am aware of stations at night and a long ride on trains – and suddenly I am looking up at an enormous aeroplane, looking at the engines.

... I am 76 years old. I am in the lobby of the Great Synagogue in Seitenstetengasse in Vienna. I look up at the plaque on the wall commemorating those from Vienna who perished in the Holocaust. I cannot quite read the names on the plaque so I look at the book beneath and, together with the names of my family, I see my own ...

Emil Landes

ANNE FRANK FESTIVAL



(from left) Sylvia Hurst, Rachel Magdeburg (Festival Co-ordinator), Tali Padan (Educator)

Newcastle AJR member Sylvia Hurst spoke at the opening launch of the Anne Frank Trust Community Cohesion Festival at Woodhorn Museum, Ashington, Northumberland. Events at the festival, organised by the Anne Frank Trust UK and Northumberland County Council, included a panel discussion on 'Human Rights, Asylum Seekers and Refugees' and a screening of the film *The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas*.

Rachel Magdeburg

European Association of Jewish Survivors to meet in London

This year's Annual Conference of the European Association of Jewish Survivors (EUAS) is being organised by the Child Survivors Association-AJR.

It will take place from 13 to 16 August at Roehampton University, overlooking Richmond Park.

Further details can be found on the EUAS website www.eu-as.org

Anyone interested should contact CSA-AJR secretary Henri Obstfeld on 020 8954 5298.

NORTHERN SECOND GENERATION GATHERING

Sunday 19 September 2010, 10.30 am-4.00 pm in Manchester

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For further details, please contact Barbara Dresner Dorrity on 0161 368 5088 or at barbara@ajr.org.uk

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OBITUARY

Serina Zigman, 1923–2010

Serina (Seri or Auntie Nina) Zigman, who passed away peacefully in February this year, arrived in the UK on a kindertransport in spring 1939. She was placed with a Jewish family in Hampstead Garden Suburb, north London, and expected to be welcomed as part of their family. However, she soon realised that her position would be that of a domestic, that she would not attend school, and that the parcels her mother was still able to send her via an intermediary in New York would never reach her but were being stashed away by the mistress of the house!

Seri met fellow Austrian Erich Weiss at the Jewish ex-servicemen's club in Swiss Cottage and they married in 1953 with a reception at the Dorice in Swiss Cottage.

I publish below a selection of quotes from translations of cherished last letters to Seri and her sister Hilda from their beloved mother Lea (Laura). They could not bring themselves to re-read their contents once they had discovered her fate – it was simply too painful to do so. Now, after their death, the letters have been lovingly restored and archived at Yad Vashem. A lifetime later, we, Nina's nieces, have been more fortunate perhaps than other second-generation survivors in that we have the opportunity to be able to read our grandmother's



Serina with parents Laura and Isador Zigman, 1938, Vienna

words, 'hear her voice', and gain a little understanding of the person she was. We were robbed of grandparents but blessed with the best parents, aunt and uncle any child could ever wish for.

17 March 1941

My dearest beloved children! Now to you, my dearest Serinka, your letter really attracted attention, you write so

well, I would love to hold you close and wish you happiness and good luck. Continue to be good and God will help you. We'll be happy together. I kissed your photo many times and spoke with you and you answered me that a joyful time will come when we'll all be together. We kiss you [you in plural – S.R.] from the depths of our hearts. From your devoted parents, whose prayer is to see you.

2 July 1941

Finally I have an opportunity to write you a few lines and, with God's help, my letter will find you in good health. I met the mother of Miss Kramer and she promised me [...] her daughter would visit you and pass on the letter. I thank her from the bottom of my heart for her efforts; for this God will surely reward her well. My dearest, I can tell you that, thank God, we are well and father is working. We pray to God that we will have good news from all of you. How are you, my dear ones? I hope you are well and I pray that we will receive a few lines back in the same manner because my heart is full of worry and longing. We, father and I, kiss you from the bottom of our hearts.

From your devoted parents, with prayers that we will soon receive good news from you.

Sue Rutherford

Claims News

Terezin Declaration

At the end of May in Prague, 43 nations adopted a set of 'Guidelines and Best Practices for the Restitution and Compensation of Immovable (Real) Property Confiscated or Otherwise Wrongfully Seized by the Nazis, Fascists and Their Collaborators during the Holocaust (Shoah) Era between 1933-1945, Including the Period of World War II'.

The guidelines can be read in full on the AJR website at http://www.ajr.org.uk/documents/Terezin_guidelines.pdf

French compensation

The Commission for compensation of victims of spoliations resulting from the anti-Semitic legislation in force during the Occupation in France (CIVS) has published a report for the first ten years of its operation.

To December 2009, the Commission

registered 26,470 claims: 17,480 material claims and 8,990 bank-related claims. As of that date, there were still 1,127 case files to be examined.

The total amount of compensation awarded is 453,428,986 euros with an average compensation of 28,700 euros per claimant.

In the past year, approximately 60 new claims were lodged on a monthly basis. To read the report and previous statements, visit www.civs.gouv.fr/spip.php?article118

Hungarian Holocaust lawsuit

At the end of February, the heirs of 95 Hungarian Holocaust survivors filed a Ft. 250 billion (c. £725 m) lawsuit against the Hungarian railways, MAV, citing its role in the deportation of more than 400,000 Hungarian Jews to Auschwitz following the Nazi occupation of the

country in 1944.

Based on nine years of research, the plaintiffs, mostly descendants of Hungarian Holocaust survivors living in Israel and the US, claim that MAV was 'fully aware' that its carriages were being used to deport Jews.

The first hearing of the case, at the Chicago Northern District Court, was in April with the subsequent hearing set for August.

The AJR has no involvement or interest in this lawsuit. For more details on how to participate, contact Cynthia Nevek by phone on 00972 2 6738906, by fax on 00972 77 7802008 or by email at nevek@013.net

Written enquiries should be sent to the AJR, Jubilee House, Merrion Avenue, Stanmore, Middx HA7 4RL or by email to mnewman@ajr.org.uk

Michael Newman



LETTER FROM ISRAEL



Life as a freelance translator

I never intended to become a translator. It just happened. I first began translating after my daughter was born and I could no longer go out to work. My knowledge of Hebrew was minimal and I frequently had to use a dictionary but, with the passing years, this was needed less and less. For a long time I worked from home as a freelance translator from Hebrew to English, then in a paid position at Israel's central bank, translating and editing its English-language publications.

As a freelance my work was very varied, ranging from novels of varying literary merit to academic articles and books. During that period I spent some years translating what eventually appeared in six volumes as *Selected Knesset Debates*. These began with the pre-State People's Council and the pre-Knesset Provisional Council of State, with their fascinating discussions about various aspects of founding the Jewish state. The project continued up to the Ninth Knesset in 1981 (the one sitting now is the Eighteenth), when the funds ran out.

Working on that project brought me

into contact with one of the most affable and knowledgeable men I have ever met, Dr Netanel Lorch. He had been Clerk of the Knesset for many years, as well as the author of several books on subjects relating to Israeli and modern European history. Every few weeks I would go to his house to collect a cardboard box containing another set of thick blue volumes – the Hebrew equivalent of Hansard – and receive general guidelines from him about which debates (those of historical interest) and speakers (a representative selection) to focus on. Then I would go home and delve into the enthralling world of Israel's early years, with its internal and external conflicts and its moments of triumph and disaster.

In a debate about arms coming into Israel prior to the Sinai Campaign in 1956, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion quoted a poem by the 'national poet' Natan Alterman, rather than replying directly to the question. I don't think that sort of thing happens in the Knesset today. That project stretched my translating abilities to the limit, as well as giving me a rare insight into the rhetorical abilities of Isra-

el's founding fathers (and mothers).

Since retiring from the Bank of Israel I have slipped back into my previous freelance role. It makes a change from the turgid prose of practitioners of the 'dismal science', even though I occasionally find myself tackling that material too. Recently I was asked to translate the autobiography of someone who had lived through the pre-state period and Israel's early days. He recounted his experiences in the Palmach, the pre-state fighting force, being trained in night-fighting by Orde Wingate and bringing clandestine immigrants to the country on ships in varying states of seaworthiness. One of these ships was the *Exodus*, which he commanded. I was asked to do this translation in haste as his 98-year-old widow was not in good health and, despite having lived in Israel for 60 years, was unable to read the Hebrew text. Just a month or two after submitting the translation I saw her obituary in the newspaper. I hope she managed to read the memoirs, or that someone read them to her.

There is a lot to be said for working on a freelance basis. You are free to take the morning off if you feel like it, or work late at night if a deadline looms. However, there is also a lot to be said for the security of a steady job, a regular salary and a pension. I still haven't made my mind up as to which I prefer, but I feel that my work has given me a unique perspective on Israel.

Dorothea Shefer-Vanson

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *continued from page 7*

KINDER AND PALESTINIANS

Those Kinder who, as Rubin Katz reports (June), now join the Arabs in a boycott of an Israeli shop, approve of Hamas's deadly deeds and express solidarity with Palestinians also approve, by implication, the death at Auschwitz and Maly Trostinec of those tens of thousands denied entry to Palestine. Had it not been for the Palestinians' attitude to those knocking in desperation at the door of a country to which they had an even greater and older historical and religious connection, my, and most readers' parents, brothers and sisters, would have survived.

Frank Bright, Martlesham Heath, Suffolk

'WHITHER GOEST THOU?'

Sir – I cannot understand why you continue to give so much space to Mr Fred Stern (July). He is of course entitled to his views, though I cannot be the only person who finds the way he expresses them thoroughly offensive. I cannot see what the views he airs with tedious repetition have to do with the interests of the members of the AJR. I see from his recent contribution that a letter he wrote to *The Times* went unpublished. Perhaps the editor of the *AJR Journal* could in future follow the example of the editor of *The Times* and allow more space for the interesting and highly

informative articles of Anthony Grenville and others.

*Irene Walters,
London N8*

Sir – It was Abraham Lincoln – not Thomas Jefferson – who proclaimed 'You can fool some of the people all the time,' as Fred Stern began his article 'Quo Vadis'. The full text of this well-known quotation is 'You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time.'

*Eve R. Kugler,
London N3*

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