

AJR journal

The Association of Jewish Refugees

Royal salutes

The British royal family has long held a special place in the hearts of AJR members. The monarch acts as the figurehead of the nation that admitted the Jewish refugees from Hitler after 1933 and, as head of state, is the symbol of the national community whose citizenship most of those refugees chose to acquire after 1945. While the British politicians and civil servants responsible for dealing with the Jewish refugees in the 1930s and 1940s were almost all associated with the complexities, ambiguities and straightforward shortcomings of the immigration policies of those years, most refugees have almost automatically assumed that the monarchy – standing above politics – can be respected without reservation.

The AJR has since its earliest days been eager to show its respect for and loyalty to the monarchy, taking pride in the fact that in the post-war years most of its members came to regard themselves as loyal British citizens. For example, when King George VI died in February 1952, the AJR sent a devotedly loyal message of condolence to his widow, Queen Elizabeth (the Queen Mother), which appeared on the front page of the March 1952 issue of *AJR Information*: 'On behalf of the Jewish Refugees from Nazi oppression who have found a new home in this country we beg leave to express to Your Majesty and to the Royal Family our deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement. The reign of His Majesty King George VI was of special significance for the community we represent. While he was King, Jewish persecutees from the Continent were admitted to this island and later granted British citizenship.'

On a happier occasion, when the tercentenary of the readmission of Jews to England in 1656 was celebrated at a grand banquet held at the Guildhall on 29 May 1956, *AJR Information* published part of the speech given by the Duke of Edinburgh and stated with evident pride: 'Mention was made especially and conspicuously of the recent refugees whose contribution to the national cause was generously



King George VI, 1895-1952

acknowledged. Extensive extracts from some of the principal speeches are printed on this page, as we believe that our friends who may have listened in to the broadcast part of the proceedings will wish to keep a record of the memorable utterances.' Even allowing for the more deferential attitudes of the day, the terms of this recommendation to AJR members ('our friends') to read and keep the Duke's words convey a profound sense of gratitude and pleasure at royal recognition of the refugee community. Much more recently, the AJR has been honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales at The Roundhouse in Chalk Farm on 9 November 2014 for the commemoration of the Kindertransports that included the London premiere of Carl Davis's *The Last Train to Tomorrow*.

Readers who share these sentiments will have been disturbed to see the images published in the *Sun* last July of four members of the royal family giving the Nazi salute in 1933. It is obvious that two of those filmed, the Princesses Elizabeth (as she then was) and Margaret, were far too young to understand the significance of the gesture they were being asked to make; the scene tells us precisely nothing about their political views when they were older.

It is, however, far from reassuring when defenders of the royal family attempt to trivialise the giving of the Nazi salute by claiming, as the 'historian' (as the *Daily Mail* styles him) James Holland did, that there could hardly have been a British child who did not give the salute in jest at some point in the 1930s; in point of fact, there were tens of thousands of Jewish children, for a start, who would not have been seen dead giving the *Hitlergruß*.

Enough is also known of the political views of the Prince of Wales, the future Edward VIII, who was to abdicate in December 1936 to marry Wallis Simpson, for readers not to be completely surprised at seeing him pictured laughing as he gives the Nazi salute. One cannot class the Duke of Windsor, as he became after his abdication, among the small band of British Nazis but rather as one of those members of the upper classes who flirted with the Third Reich, as his visit to Germany in October 1937 demonstrates. He is probably best defined as a potential sympathiser who chose to close his eyes to the more repellent aspects of Nazi policy. It is absurd to claim, as the historian Andrew Roberts did, that the photo published in the *Sun* shows him mocking the Nazi salute, when he is plainly doing no such thing; it was in full earnest that he gave the Nazi salute during his visit to Germany, when he and his wife were photographed smiling as they shook hands warmly with the Führer.

The Prince of Wales's social circle included people who were close to Nazi views and attitudes. Among them was the socialite Alexandra Metcalfe, whose unrestrained admiration for Oswald Mosley and his fascists earned her the nickname 'Baba Blackshirt'. She was the daughter of Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India at the time of her birth in 1903; his Indian servants had called her 'Baba Sahib' – 'the Viceroy's baby'. In 1925, Alexandra married Major Edward Dudley Metcalfe, known as Fruity, a close friend and equerry to the then Prince of Wales; when, as Duke of Windsor, he married Wallis Simpson in France on

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 Royal salutes continued

3 June 1937, Metcalfe acted as best man. He was a member of the January Club, a discussion group founded by Mosley in 1934 to attract support from Establishment figures for his British Union of Fascists. The Duke played an ambiguous role during the war. In summer 1940, when Hitler invaded France, he and the Duchess fled, travelling to Spain and then to Portugal; the Germans, possibly planning to install him as a puppet monarch, hoped to persuade him to return to Franco's Spain, if necessary by kidnapping him. That prospect so alarmed Churchill that he ordered the Duke to return to Britain under threat of court martial and packed him off as Governor to the Bahamas, where he could do no further harm.

More unexpected and more disconcerting for loyal admirers of the royal family is the image of Elizabeth, the wife of the future King George VI and later the much loved Queen Mother, holding up her hand in the Nazi salute. For Queen Elizabeth, as she became when her husband replaced his brother Edward VIII on the throne, is widely admired for her role during the war, when she joined the King on morale-boosting visits to the blitzed East End and supported her husband, never confident in his royal role, during his time of trial. The usual crew of 'royal historians' appeared in the press to explain away the photograph. One of these, Hugo Vickers, claimed that, far from being pro-German, Elizabeth had become strongly anti-German during the First World War and had remained so well after 1945; Vickers fails to explain why this resolute antipathy to all things German apparently did not extend to the Nazi salute.

The truth is probably that, like many other members of the upper classes, Elizabeth saw little harm in making the Nazi salute in 1933, so soon after Hitler's assumption of power. For the monarchy, as for many on the right, the chief enemies

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Michael Newman

Finance Director
David Kaye

Heads of Department
Karen Markham *Human Resources & Administration*
Sue Kurlander *Social Services*
Carol Hart *Community & Volunteer Services*

AJR Journal
Dr Anthony Grenville *Consultant Editor*
Dr Howard Spier *Executive Editor*
Karin Pereira *Secretarial / Advertisements*

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

KRISTALLNACHT MEMORIAL SERVICE

at Belsize Square Synagogue

Wednesday 11 November 2015, 2 pm

Guest speaker: Sir Peter Bazalgette, Chair, UK Holocaust Memorial Foundation
Professor Leslie Baruch Brent will recall his experiences on Kristallnacht 1938
Rabbi Jonathan Wittenberg will officiate

We will be lighting memorial candles. Light refreshments will be served at the conclusion of the service.

We are providing free transport to and from Belsize Square Synagogue with collections at Stanmore, Golders Green and Finchley Road Station.

Please contact Karin Pereira at
AJR Head Office on
020 8385 3070 or at karin@ajr.org.uk if you would like to travel on the coach.

were the Bolsheviks, who had murdered Tsar Nicholas II, George V's cousin, and his family in 1918; the growth of the socialist left was seen in royal circles as a broadly similar threat to the existing order and to the monarchy in particular. By comparison, the Third Reich initially appeared reassuringly patriotic, authoritarian and hierarchical. Can one ever imagine members of the royal family giving the clenched fist salute of the militant working class, even in jest, as carelessly as they gave the Nazi salute in the images published in the *Sun*?

The brutality and excesses of the Nazi regime alienated many of those who were in 1933 potentially predisposed to sympathise with it. But during the 1930s organisations were established that found a ready membership, small but influential, among those on the right who remained attracted to Nazi Germany. These organisations were located politically between the mainstream of the Conservative Party, which, while supporting Prime Minister Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, regarded Nazism with distaste, and the convinced supporters of Nazism in Mosley's British Union of Fascists. They included the Anglo-German Fellowship, founded in 1935 to promote links between Britain and Germany; its members included Lord Redesdale, father of the five 'Mitford girls', the Duke of Wellington, an outspoken anti-Semite, and Admiral Sir Barry Domville, who was detained during the war as a Nazi sympathiser. Domville also founded The Link in 1937, to promote Anglo-German friendship. The Right Club, founded in May 1939 by the renegade Conservative MP Archibald Ramsay (also detained), had on its badge the initials P.J., standing for 'Perish Judah', and stood at the extreme end of these now forgotten groupings.

Anthony Grenville

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 **11 am on Tuesday 24 November 2015 at Belsize Square Synagogue, 51 Belsize Square, London NW3 4HX.**

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

The following have been nominated for re-election as Trustees: Andrew Kaufman, Joanna Millan and Sir Erich Reich.

All questions for the chair should be submitted by Monday 16 November 2015 to the Chief Executive at Jubilee House, Merrion Avenue, Stanmore, Middx HA7 4RL.

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



AJR GROUPS ANNUAL CHANUKAH PARTY

Thursday 10 December 2015
at

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

£8.00 per person payable on the door
(places must be booked in advance)

Starts at 11.30 am
Ends at 3.00 pm

A welcome by AJR Chief Executive
Michael Newman

Morning entertainment by Brian Goldrich
– Continental songs and poetry. This will be followed by a delicious lunch.

After lunch we will have further entertainment by Bronwen Stephens, who will perform a selection of well-known opera and songs from the theatre.

It is essential that we know exact numbers for catering.

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

'Melodic Memories': AJR Celebration Lunch, October 2015

'Such a wonderful afternoon! Lovely to meet up with "old" friends and meet new folk. Lunch was beautifully served, quite delicious, and the musical entertainment was truly superb. Please convey our thanks to everyone at the AJR and at the Hilton Hotel who had a hand in organising this event' – AJR members Hanne and Leslie Freedman

In his address to members and staff, AJR Chairman Andrew Kaufman began by pointing out that 2015 was a significant year for anniversaries – all the way from Magna Carta in 1215 and the Battle of Waterloo in 1815 to, among many others, the 75th anniversary of the Kindertransport (culminating in the exceptional success of the Roundhouse concert last November) and the present day's start of events commemorating the AJR's 75th anniversary.

Alluding to the plight of today's refugees, Andrew urged our elected officials to provide help wherever possible.

Marvelling at the 'sheer number' of meetings and outings the AJR organises, Andrew praised the work of the Welfare Services – 'our paramount concern' – led by Sue Kurlander; Carol Hart and her team of Volunteer Managers; the Finance Department, led by David Kaye; and the Editors of the Journal. He thanked all staff, led by Chief Executive Michael Newman, for all their efforts over the past year.

Andrew then paid tribute to Helena Reid and Andrea Goodmaker, each of whom had left the AJR after many years of dedicated service, and welcomed the new Head of Human Resources and Administration, Karen Markham. He expressed gratitude to Carol Rossen and Lorna Moss for organising today's Lunch and was sure members would join him in

sharing with Carol happy memories of Adrian – 'an unforgettable character'.

In conclusion, Andrew welcomed back 'close friends' of the AJR: soprano

Glenys Groves, tenor Alexandre Naoumenko, baritone Jonathan Fisher, violinist Cormac Browne, and Diana Franklin on piano.



Awards for AJR volunteers

At this year's Wohl JVN Volunteering Awards ceremony at Finchley Synagogue, the AJR had two nominations shortlisted. The Dementia Befriending Service was highly commended and



Colin Stodel

Helen Sarkany

Helen Sarkany, our nominee for Volunteer of the Year, won the award.

Helen Sarkany is Chair of the Advisory Group that allocates funds from the Claims Conference to UK survivors and refugees from Nazi oppression. She also chairs the Survivors' Advisory Group at the Holocaust Survivor Centre

in Hendon as well as representing survivors and refugees at the Board of Deputies.

A Points of Light award was also presented to Colin Stodel who, in addition to volunteering for JVN, volunteers one day a week for the AJR's Computer Help project. The Points of Lights award, given by the Prime Minister, recognises outstanding individuals – those who are making a change in their community and inspiring others.

Carol Hart, Head of AJR Volunteer and Community Services

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helpline for older people
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The Nuremberg Laws – 80 years on

Eighty years ago, on 15 September 1935, Jews lost their German citizenship, when Hermann Göring, President of the Reichstag, announced new anti-Jewish legislation to the specially convened session of the Reichstag in Nuremberg. The so-called 'Nuremberg Laws' were prefaced by the statement 'Moved by the understanding that purity of German blood is the essential condition for the continued existence of the German people, and inspired by the inflexible determination to ensure the existence of the German nation for all time.'

The laws comprised two main parts. First, the 'Reich Citizenship Law' restricted citizenship of the Reich to 'subjects of the state who were of German or related blood who proved by [their] conduct that they were willing and fit to faithfully serve the German people and Reich.' Only a Reich citizen (an Aryan) was entitled to political and civic rights.

As the London *Jewish Chronicle* commented on 20 September: 'in less time than it takes to record the fact in writing they formally repealed Jewish emancipation ... [and] henceforth formally robbed [Jews] of the full German citizenship and degraded [them] to the status of an inferior class.'

Second, the 'Law for the Protection of German Blood and German Honour' banned marriages and extramarital relations between Jews and Aryans. Moreover, Jews could no longer employ German women over the age of 45 (reduced to 35 a month later) as maidservants. The laws also made the swastika the national flag. Göring declared: 'Naturally the Jews will not be allowed to hoist this holy flag.'

Hitler told the Congress: 'You have now adopted a law the importance of which ... will be recognised only after many centuries.' The meeting concluded with wild cheering and the singing of The Horst Wessel Song.

The *Jewish Chronicle* described the laws as a 'scandalous affront to modern practice which should place the Nazi Reich outside the community of civilised people ... We protest indignantly against this savage handling of a helpless little minority in order to bolster up a rotting system based on a bogus racial theory.'

Several local British newspapers printed a Reuters' report which observed that 'henceforth the Jews have lost their right to vote and all other political rights. Considerable speculation has also been aroused by Hitler's threat that if the new laws do not succeed in solving the Jewish problem it will be handed over to the party to solve.' It is rather unsettling today to read of this respected news agency talking blandly of 'the Jewish problem'.

The *Jewish Chronicle* asked 'What guarantee is there that arbitrary bullying is now at an end?' The truth was, as that newspaper guessed, that the Nuremberg Laws simply heralded a new wave of anti-Semitic legislation that brought about the further segregation of the Jewish community. In October 1935 two Britons, Eric Mills, Commissioner for Migration and Statistics in Palestine, and Frank Foley, Passport Control Officer in Berlin, reported to the Foreign Office in London: 'German policy is clearly to eliminate the Jew from German life, and the Nazis do not mind how this is

accomplished. Mortality and emigration provide the means.'

In late October, Rudolph Selz, a naturalised British subject of German-Jewish origin who had lived in Germany for ten years, was arrested for having sexual relations with an Aryan woman. This matter raised the thorny issue of whether the German Government intended the Nuremberg Laws to apply to foreigners. The British protested and Selz was ordered by the German authorities to leave the country. In early November a court near Hamburg imprisoned a Polish Jew for *Rassenschande* ('race shaming'). The presiding judge pointed out what was clearly the case: that the new law extended to all Jews.

On 14 November 1935 the 'First Regulation to the Reich Citizenship Law' defined a Jew more precisely and introduced the notion of a *Mischling*. Henceforth, anyone with three Jewish grandparents was defined as a Jew even if they themselves had converted to Christianity or had long forgotten any Jewish practice. A *Mischling* of the First Degree was anyone with two Jewish grandparents; those with one Jewish grandparent were 'Second Degree *Mischlings*'. The law took account of other categories and combinations, each with its own terminology. On 27 October 1942 the Nazis decided that a *Mischling* of the First Degree would be sterilised, but a *Mischling* of the Second Degree was to be treated as German but be subject to certain restrictions.

A profession of licensed 'family researchers'

arose to help individuals prove their Aryan credentials. The churches made their baptismal registers available for inspection by Nazi officials to enable them to check an individual's Aryan descent.

The British Parliament did not sit in September so the Nuremberg Laws were not discussed by either House. As a result, most MPs failed to appreciate that the Laws had deprived Jews and non-Aryans of their citizenship and this was evident during parliamentary debates about the internment of German and Austrian Jews between 1939 and 1941, when they were treated as 'enemy aliens'.

The first mention of the Nuremberg Laws in Parliament seems to have been by the Bishop of Chichester during a debate in the Lords on 27 July 1938. His concern lay with the non-Aryan Christians, who, he stated, were 'worse sufferers than the Jews. While the Jews have the great Jewish community behind them, the non-Aryan Christians' [claims] ... have not, I am sorry to say, been brought home in the way they should be brought home to the Christian Churches.'

The Nuremberg Laws were neither the first nor the last of the anti-Jewish legislative measures introduced during the Nazi period. They were one step – albeit an important one – in the process of isolating those defined as Jews from mainstream German and, after 1938, Austrian society.

Lesley Urbach

AJR/BRITISH ACADEMY

Commemoration and Celebration:

The British Academy and the Jewish Refugee Academics in Britain after 1933 10 November 2015

1:45pm – 2pm	Guests arrive
2:00pm – 3:15pm	First session <i>chaired by Dr Eugene Rogan</i> Sir Otto Kahn-Freund <i>by Professor Sandy Fredman FBA</i> Sir Ernst Gombrich <i>by Professor Richard Gombrich</i>
3:15pm – 3:45pm	Coffee Break
3:45pm – 5:00pm	Second session <i>chaired by Sir Erich Reich</i> Sir Ernest Chain <i>by Sir Ralph Kohn FRS</i> Sir Ludwig Guttman <i>by Baroness Tanni Grey-Thompson</i>
5:00pm – 5:15pm	Comfort Break
5:15pm – 6:00pm	The Thank-Offering to Britain Fund and the British Academy <i>by Dr Anthony Grenville</i>
6:00pm	Reception
6:30pm	Welcome and thanks from the President, Lord Stern Response from Andrew Kaufman, Chairman, AJR
7:30pm	Conclusion

To register, please contact Jennifer Hawton at the British Academy, 10-11 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1Y 5AH, on 020 7969 5258 or at j.hawton@britac.ac.uk

The Königsberg Rowing Club and Siegfried Herman



I have recently moved house and have been sorting out old photographs. I came across one in particular which shows a team picture of the Königsberg Rowing Club circa 1930. (It was obviously a Jewish club but I call it the Königsberg Rowing Club for want of a better name.)

My late father, Siegfried (Siegie) Herman (Herrmann), appears sitting cross-legged in the front row holding the flags. It may be of interest to readers of the AJR Journal and some of them may even be able to give me more information about the club or indeed may recognise some of the members. My father always seemed most reluctant to speak about his early life in Königsberg and, as far as the Rowing Club is concerned, all I knew was that he had been a member.

My father was born in Königsberg on 30 October 1904. He left Germany in June 1939 and arrived in England via Kitchener Camp. My mother, Gretchen Herman (Herrmann), and I, aged three, followed on three months later and joined him in Kitchener Camp on 2 September 1939, the day before war broke out.

We all three left the camp in October 1939 and went to Manchester, where my father had a short-lived job in a knitting factory before being interned on the Isle of Man. My mother worked as a domestic and I was placed with Quaker foster parents for a year. Both my parents have now passed away, my father aged 74 and my mother aged 96. I am looking forward to my 80th birthday next month together with my wife, four children and their spouses, nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The following article appeared, I believe, about five years ago in a booklet published by the Quakers commemorating the Kindertransport. It describes how my mother and I received official permission to travel to England in August 1939.

In May 1939 members of the local Zionist organisation in Königsberg, East Prussia, came to my parents' home late at night and told my father that he had to leave immediately or the Nazis would come to take him the next day. Travel arrangements were made quickly, but only for my father as, although my parents had visas and affidavits for themselves, they had not managed to find anyone prepared to take me – a three-year-old boy. The men from the organisation assured my parents that they would do everything to obtain the necessary papers for me but stressed that it was imperative for my father to leave immediately.

My mother had already written letters to refugee and Zionist organisations, churches, Quaker movements – tens of letters all over the world – but until then she had had no positive response. In July 1939 she heard from the Society of Friends in Manchester that an old acquaintance of the family – a Mrs Schaefer – had translated letters from Germany and by chance had read the letter sent by my mother. Mrs Schaefer persuaded them to find a home for me and the result was that an affidavit was granted, which in turn allowed us to apply for a visa enabling us to come to England. Only now could the passport be sent to the British embassy in Berlin for the coveted visa stamp.

The passport was despatched and we awaited its return. By the beginning of August it had not been sent back and everybody knew that time was running out. My mother packed a bag for me and a small suitcase and we set off on the long and precarious journey through the Polish Corridor, arriving in Berlin in mid-August. She had friends living in the city and we stayed with them overnight. Early the next morning I was left with the friends and my mother went to the British embassy. The scene outside was chaotic with hundreds of people all waiting and wanting some

form of help.

My mother pushed to the front and at last the embassy doors opened. An official announced to the crowd that he was very sorry but diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Germany were to cease: the embassy had no option but to close its doors immediately. With that the official backed into the building and attempted to close the great doors. My mother threw herself against the doors and managed to persuade the officials at least to return her passport with or without the visa. She was pulled inside and told to wait on a seat. She remembered that as the longest half-hour of her life. The official returned with the passport stamped with the visa – it had already been processed and was ready to be sent to her in Königsberg!

We continued our journey to England. I lost my teddy bear overboard on the sea journey but we arrived safely on 2 September 1939. We were reunited with my father and then I went to live with a wonderful Quaker family in Broadbottom, Cheshire, for one year.

Danny Herman

'TRIBUTE TO A TRUE HERO'

The Royal Mail is to issue in 2016 a special commemorative stamp honouring Sir Nicholas Winton. The decision to issue the stamp follows an online petition launched by the *London Jewish News* backed by over 100,000 people.

AJR Chief Executive Michael Newman said: 'This recognition of Sir Nicholas by the Royal Mail will bring his remarkable endeavours to the attention of the British public and be a fitting tribute to a true hero.'



Frederick Feigl, 1884-1965

Information and reminiscences relating to Czech émigré artist Frederick Feigl, his many years in the UK, and his artwork sought for retrospective exhibition in the Czech Republic in summer 2016 and accompanying bilingual publication.

Please contact Rachel Dickson at
racheld@benuri.org
 or on 07919 221 788



Letters to the Editor

The Editor reserves the right to shorten correspondence submitted for publication

REFUGEE CRISIS

Sir – In July 1942 in Paris a policeman disobeyed orders and helped my mother, sister and me to escape the round-up, in which nearly 13,000 people – mainly foreign-born Jews and including 4,000 children – were interned in the Vélodrome d'Hiver awaiting deportation. Conditions were horrendous: no food, no water, no sanitation, during a heatwave.

Recently, I watched a report on Greece. It showed thousands of people, including women and children, being herded into a football stadium: no water, no food, no sanitation.

I, like many other Holocaust survivors, dedicate myself to speaking in schools and other institutions throughout the UK. Every year at an event to commemorate Holocaust Memorial Day, we listen to the great and the good, including our prime minister, utter all the clichés: 'Never again', 'Don't be a bystander.'

Instead of demonising these people, it is time that our politicians found their humanity, and that we in the UK accepted our share of responsibility for our fellow human beings.

Joan Salter, London N10

Sir – In response to Nick Sigler's letter in the October journal, he will be pleased to know that Tzelem, a cross-community organisation of rabbis for social justice, have written to the Prime Minister regarding the refugees.

The letter was delivered by two Kindertransportees, Rabbi Dr Harry Jacobi and Ernest Simon. More information and the text of the letter can be found at <http://www.tzelem.uk/#!pressreleases/c1r2r>

Annette Ray, Tunbridge Wells

Sir – I have been gratified to read the many letters in the October issue appealing to our government to offer sanctuary to the Mediterranean migrants. This is only right and proper for a community which has so much to thank the British people for with respect to their hospitality in the pre-war era.

However, is it right that massed migrants should be forcing their way across Europe's borders without permission? Given the oft-expressed hatred of our way of life and intent to harm us on the part of extremist Islamic groups, should we not be cautious about whom exactly we allow into our country?

Should this country really open its doors to people who are only interested in taking advantage of the benefits on offer? Would we have complained had we been fortunate enough to have received government food and accommodation, even if it wasn't to our taste?

We live in very different times from the 1930s and must act with our heads as well as our hearts.

Peter Briess, NW3

REMEMBERING THE HOSTS

Sir – What public expression of appreciation has so far been offered to the families who gave homes to the *Kinder* and without whom the Kindertransport would not have taken place?

No doubt many *Kinder* showed their own appreciation but they may have been too young and too traumatised to fully understand what was happening at the time. They would previously have lived for up to six years in households where there was unemployment and a boycott on businesses. Moreover, they would have been expelled from schools and other educational institutions or from sports and

recreational organisations and, in many cases, their homes.

In November 1938 their fathers were taken to concentration camps; any remaining shops were destroyed, as well as synagogues, which had also served as vital 'soup kitchens' in many areas.

Many of the older *Kinder* felt guilty about those they had left behind. Not an easy, happy bunch of children to take responsibility for! Nor can there be any comparison with the war-time evacuees from endangered cities to the countryside, when host families were compelled and paid to take in children. *Kinder* were taken in by volunteers without payment.

Now we have commemorated anniversaries of the Kindertransport, as well as those who helped with the actual transportation, could there be something to remember those who, by opening their homes, made it possible to save so many children?

Bettina Cohn, Bristol

IN PRAISE OF GREAT MEN (AND WOMEN)

Sir – I would like to congratulate our editor, Anthony Grenville, on his latest editorial. His discussion of 'Germans, Greeks, Jews' (October issue) was everything that a leading article should be: erudite, wide-ranging, informative and well written. We are fortunate to have his monthly deliberations.

At the same time, our thanks should go to the executive editor, Howard Spier, for running the Journal so effectively and as a constant presence. And, whilst I am praising great men, let us not forget the ever-present Gloria Tessler, who adorns the Journal with her monthly reports on art exhibitions – always informative and well-judged. (I am looking forward to her review of Tate Britain's extraordinary Frank Auerbach retrospective; he and I were together at Bunce Court School.)

Professor Leslie Baruch Brent, London N19

WHITEWASH CONSPIRACY?

Sir – All credit to Walter Goddard and David Wirth (September) for bringing to our attention the gradual change in description of blame – away from 'Germany and the Germans' to the Nazis. It is as if the two were quite separate entities.

Over the last few years there has been a marked tendency in the press and on TV to describe the oppressors of the Second World War, and the perpetrators of the Holocaust, not as Germans but as Nazis. As was pointed out most graphically in both letters, we fought a war, nearly to the death, against Germany – albeit controlled by the evil of the Nazi Party.

It is as if the media had been instructed by the Government or the EU (?) not to refer to Germany or the Germans in connection with the events of 1933-45 but to the Nazis. A similar whitewash has been applied to the first victim of Nazi oppression – namely 'innocent' Austria. Roll the film of screaming swastika-flag-waving hordes in Vienna in March 1938!

Is there a 'whitewash conspiracy' afoot or is history about to be rewritten?

Peter Collins, Hatch End

MEMORIES OF THE KITCHENER CAMP

Sir – Recently some of my family took me to Sandwich in Kent and we managed to photograph the plaque that commemorates the Kitchener Camp at Sandwich's entrance.

There is a larger plaque in the Sandwich Museum as well as a very interesting book containing many articles, diaries and notes about the camp.

This camp saved the lives of many Jewish men aged 17-70 who had been arrested by the Nazis in Germany. My late husband, Heinz Weinberg (later Henry Young), was one of these men. He was



released from Camp Hohenstein in Saxony to enter the Kitchener Camp and he then joined the 74th Pioneer Corps.

We visited Sandwich when the plaque was originally put up and met many old members of the camp at that time. Our recent visit to the Sandwich Museum was very moving. I thought this photograph might be of interest to some of your members.

(Mrs) Ruth Young, Sidcup, Kent

BRIAN SEWELL – THE GOMBRICH CONNECTION

Sir – I felt I must tell you about a fact that no writer of an obituary of the art critic Brian Sewell has mentioned.

I met him, quite by chance, in a hospital department. He sat in the small corridor waiting for another test. As I passed him I noticed he was looking very miserable and I said to him 'Cheer up, you're in the best possible hospital!' (the Royal Brompton). As he started to say something, I knew immediately who he was – I'd heard him frequently on Radio 4.

We got talking and, in answer to his query, I told him I had originally come from Germany. That got him started and I didn't leave the hospital until a good hour later. He told me he had been extremely fortunate to have been taught all he knew about art by German refugees, Gombrich being the one he seemed to revere most!

I kept in touch with him till his last days.

Susie Shipman, Ilford, Essex

MARRIAGES OF CONVENIENCE

Sir – I am the only child in a circle of Viennese refugees who came to Philadelphia and New York between 1939 and 1942. I am writing a book based on the story of my parents, Fritz (b. 1911) and Gertrude (b. 1913) Baumohl, and their circle through the Red Vienna years and the rising darkness of the Fascist, and then Nazi takeover, of Austria.

Between 1938 and 1942 my parents escaped three times – very narrowly each time – from Vienna, from Paris, and from a small village in the south of France. Each time, they each



Ida Pollak, 1938

took only one suitcase, so the book is entitled *Two Suitcases: Remembering What Matters When Things Fall Apart*.

I know that my aunt Ida Baumohl (Pollak or Polak, Friedman or Freedman) (b. 1909) came to England in January 1940 with a 90-day visa under the name of Ida Pollak. The family story has it that she married an English-Jewish doctor named Rudi Pollak, who was making marriages of convenience to one woman in need of papers to

the next, with a two-year wait in between. In Vienna Ida was a kindergarten teacher and she worked as a nanny in England before going to Philadelphia. I don't have the date for her arrival there but it was probably the same year, 1940.

I'd love to hear from anyone who has stories connected to such marriages of convenience.

I'm also interested in anecdotes about any refugee who was active in the SDAP in Vienna between the wars. I realise I'm late in trying to collect these stories – that's why I'm writing the story as fiction (well, it's more fun too!). Still, I want to get the details as exact as I can, so the more I can find out the better.

Can someone direct me to any email discussion group where such topics might be discussed?

Eve Neuhaus, San Luis Obispo, California, USA

THE ODIIOUS KARL-EDUARD VON SCHNITZLER

Sir – I am somewhat mystified from which pit Anthony Grenville dragged up the name of the odious Dr Karl-Eduard von Schnitzler (July).

I met this individual in 1959 when my then employers decided to exhibit at the Leipzig Spring Fair. Two German-speaking colleagues and I were delegated to man the exhibition stand. The day after our arrival we were visited by the GDR TV Service and asked to participate in an interview. We agreed on condition that three subjects were not mentioned: politics, religion and sex.

Next day, at the agreed time, the TV crew arrived, accompanied by von S. Whilst the equipment was set up this individual launched into a diatribe lasting some 20 minutes maligning everything relating to the West. During this discourse he mentioned the name of Richard Dimbleby at least 10 times – all to no purpose and with no connection.

The interview concluded, he and crew departed. The interview was to be shown during the TV airing of the VIPS' opening *Rundgang* on the Sunday morning. We were provided with a receiver to watch. Imagine our surprise when our dialogue was dubbed and we found ourselves offering praise for East German products of which we had no knowledge.

There were also 'London Remigranten' in the GDR, as I discovered many years later. It was suggested that I might like to have a meal at the GDR, Press Club. When my companion and I arrived we were received by close on 20 individuals all speaking fluent English. All they wanted to know from me was whether the Cosmo café was still in the same place and whether it was thriving. When I explained that I had only visited it once 10 years earlier, their interest in me disappeared.

Herbert Haberberg, Barnet

'UNCRITICAL REVIEW'

Sir – I spent well over a year with Mark Lynton – as an internee in England, in the Isle of Man, in Canada, and in 251 Company of the Pioneer Corps.

Anthony Grenville's August article is a very uncritical review of Lynton's book *Accidental Journey*, which is very much in contrast with what Tom Bower had to say about it: 'No doubt Lynton has entertained countless idiots with his colourful stories of bravado and wisdom.' He goes on to say that Lynton could be exposed as 'a silly joker'. These are harsh words, and partly quite unjustified. 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum' has always been my maxim.

Peter Wayne, London W14

THE GERMAN-JEWISH PILOT WHO BOMBED BERLIN

Sir – I was surprised by the errors in Janet Weston's comments in your July issue about Peter Stevens (born George Franz Hein) in her review of the biography *Escape, Evasion and Revenge*. She referred to Peter still being a German citizen at the start of the war. German Jews lost their German citizenship on 15 September 1935 after the Nuremberg Laws were enacted. She later suggests that had Peter's identity been known by the Germans when he was a POW in Germany, he would have been shot as a traitor. In fact, he would have been murdered as a Jew.

While I am writing, I want to say thank you to Hazel Beiny for the excellent work running AJR groups and for the care she gave my mother and other family friends. That she is no longer with the AJR is a real loss and I wish her the best of luck.

Lesley Urbach, London N3

'REASSURINGLY LIMMUD'

Sir – I am hoping to attend Limmud in December for the first time and I am trying to locate like-minded people who might

ART NOTES

GLORIA TESSLER

When you read that the **Ben Uri's** centenary exhibition *Out of Chaos* at **Somerset House** represents, in Chairman David Glasser's words, 'a snapshot of less than 5% of this wonderful but hidden collection', the word 'hidden' says it all.

It's wonderful to gaze again on **David Bomberg's** *Ghetto Theatre*, with its tragic desolation, **Soutine's** wistful *Soubrette*, **Jacob Kramer's** melancholic *Day of Atonement*, or **Mark Gertler's** prophetic *Merry-Go-Round* (now in the Tate Collection). It's like meeting old friends you know you won't see again for years.

The exhibition, which includes a short film on the Ben Uri's history, is illuminating, well curated and full of artistic surprise. But I ask once again: why is this art hidden? What's wrong with the Jewish community that nobody of generosity, imagination and creative spirit can muster the resources to find a permanent London home for these treasures?

And these are treasures, make no mistake – locked away in storage, out of sight, in a virtual replica of the dark times in which so many of these fine works were painted – often courageously in the shadow of pogroms, anti-Semitism, Nazism, condemnation, mass murder. In the time of the Nazis, many fine Expressionistic and Symbolist works were banned as 'degenerate' and even exhibited as such.

In the freedom of 21st-century Britain, why must these paintings be hidden at all? They should be available to us all because every work, painting or sculpture has a soul, a meaning beyond the mere making of it. Each one tells us a story of leave-takings, of uprootings, of fierce challenges, of deprivation and – most important – of the loss of family life, of together times forever splintered as the artist makes his or her way across the seas to a new homeland, hopefully secure against past anguish. That was true at least for the survivor artists. Others were

martyred. All the more reason to honour their courage, their dignity in the face of the disaster that second-generation Jews of the 21st century hope never to have to face as they did.

But it's not just the question of Jewish art that the Ben Uri in its centenary is celebrating today. David Glasser and his colleagues, and the patrons and scholars associated with the Ben Uri, are also mindful of the Gallery's place within the whole panoply of immigrant art. In his preface to its programme, David Glasser dedicates the exhibition to all the immigrant artists who came to Britain in the 20th century.

But this view begs a different question. Is there a *Jewish art*? The pogroms and the Holocaust answer that with a resounding yes. If you pick only one painting at the exhibition, take **Josef Herman's** *Refugees* (1941), in which an aggressive cat with a mouse in its teeth is poised on a rooftop above a terrified couple with a child, eyes round with terror.

The Ben Uri began life in 1915 in London's East End with 80 works. Today, it counts over 1,300. Let's hope its centenary will herald a progressive new phase.



Josef Herman *Refugees* c. 1941. Ben Uri, The London Jewish Museum of Art © Estate of Josef Herman

REVIEWS

A remarkable and successful life

I WAS HITLER'S NEIGHBOUR

by **Edgar Feuchtwanger**

Bretwalda Books 2015, 172 pp.
paperback, £11.99, ISBN 978-1-910440-00-1

Perhaps it is worth noting initially that there is no connection between Edgar Feuchtwanger, eminent academic and historian, and Wilhelm Furtwängler, German composer and conductor! Edgar is, however, the nephew of the late Lion Feuchtwanger, author of the well-known *Jud Süß* and *Erfolg* (Success) and one of the earliest writers to realise the danger of Nazism, especially to the Jews.

Edgar Feuchtwanger was born in 1924 and lived in Munich in the same street in which Hitler had a private flat. Occasionally as a child he actually saw Hitler and remembers that from his window he could see Mercedes motorcades leaving Hitler's home.



Edgar Feuchtwanger

Edgar's family was Jewish but fully assimilated and very much part of German intellectual life. His father was a successful publisher and the author describes how various well-known literary figures came to the family home. Although he did have a bar mitzvah, religion did not play an important part in his upbringing. He had a happy childhood within a large family and had many Jewish and non-Jewish friends. He also enjoyed visiting the lakes of Upper Bavaria with his parents. The rise of Nazism seems initially to have had little impact on him. This applied also to his early schooldays, but things changed dramatically after Kristallnacht, when his father was arrested and taken to Dachau.

Soon afterwards Edgar was sent to England and, due to good family connections, he managed to obtain a place at Winchester, one of England's top public schools. His parents were able to follow early in 1939. He enjoyed school and seems to have easily fitted into his completely new environment. With an enviable

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CONTEMPORARY
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

memory he recounts many anecdotes of his time at Winchester and writes of the numerous interesting and well-known people he encountered there. The school also influenced his interest in the Church of England, within which he felt quite at home, and in later life he had little, if any, contact with the Jewish community. Ironically, early during the war, Edgar's father, who had been interned in Dachau a year earlier, was again interned, this time on the Isle of Man, but fortunately under entirely different conditions. He was also one of the earliest to be released. During the war and after finishing school, Edgar was drafted into war work, helping to turn trees into railway sleepers – quite a contrast to life at Winchester!

After a few months he won a scholarship to Magdalene College in Cambridge and he again describes the many people, some later to become famous, whom he met there. There are interesting descriptions of life as an undergraduate in Cambridge at that time and of the philosophical discussions with tutors and colleagues. He mentions that during this time he was gradually moving from his earlier leftish views and tending more towards the right.

After graduating, Edgar Feuchtwanger began his academic career, mainly at what became Southampton University. As well as teaching at the university, he became involved with the Workers' Educational Association and lecturing to military personnel both in the UK and, later, in Germany.

During his career Edgar often visited Germany and observed the gradual changes in attitudes among the population from the time immediately after the war and after the reunification. Besides lecturing and writing, during the later stages of his career he was also frequently engaged in organising conferences on security and international relations.

Throughout the book Edgar recounts anecdotes, both serious and amusing, about his life and makes frequent – possibly too frequent – references to the many different people he met. At times, this drifts into digression and confusion of timing but it does not detract from the overall story of a remarkable and successful life. Only in the last chapter does he refer to his private life, including his happy marriage to the daughter of a brigadier, and to the successful careers of his children. Overall, the book vividly describes his remarkable journey from childhood

in pre-war German-Jewish intellectual circles to life within upper-middle-class society in England.

George Vulkan

No Shakespearian tragedy

LEVI KOENIG: A CONTEMPORARY KING LEAR

by Dorothea Shefer-Vanson

2015, 215 pp., available from Amazon

Despite the reference to Shakespeare's tragic king in the subtitle and the eponymous protagonist's surname, the play has relatively little in common with this novel beyond an aged father with three daughters. Lear decides to award the largest share of his kingdom to the daughter who loves him the most, but intrigue, murder and mayhem ensue. He discovers too late that the older two daughters are conniving shrews and only the youngest is loving and true. He dies in madness and despair.

The novel's Koenig is elderly and five years widowed, leaving him with his three daughters – Gloria, Renata and Corinna – whose initials correspond with those of Lear's daughters, Goneril, Regan and Cordelia. The daughters love their father in their own way, especially when his existence doesn't interfere too much with their lives. They are strong-minded Gloria, who threw her husband out years ago; Renata, who gets through life only with the aid of wee drinkies; and insecure Corinna, who over-eats and occasionally mangles her vocabulary in a rather charming way.

Because Levi has become frail the daughters have arranged a live-in carer for him, a Filipina called Flora. Matters take a surprise turn when Levi hands over control of his finances to the daughters and Gloria discovers he has been making substantial payments from their mother's foreign bank account to an unknown woman – and Levi is in no mood to explain who she is.

The story is told largely through the inner thoughts of all concerned. We soon discover that the daughters are self-absorbed whiners, dealing with a failing but manipulative father and what they see as their thoughtless, ungrateful families. Though Flora is the only person who offers Levi unqualified care and affection, the sisters regard her with suspicion and

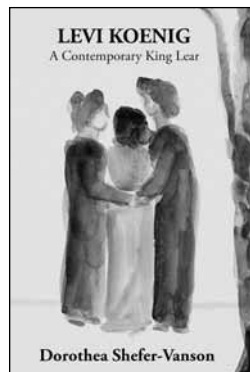
a certain level of contempt; they stop just short of calling her a *Schvartze* and all it implies. We learn, a few drops at a time, about their mother, an interesting and rather subtle character – was she as self-effacing as her daughters see her, or did she merely find the best way of dealing with her less than perfect husband? What, and how much, did she know? (Are the home-made cookies and rolls she left behind in the freezer just a touch passive-aggressive?)

Putting reminiscences into a character's thoughts to provide necessary background is a valuable literary device. But a vast quantity of this book is written as thoughts, sometimes running unbroken for pages – Levi Koenig's unspoken monologue runs from p. 64 to p.70, unbroken but for a spoonful of soup on p. 69. Not a few times the line of thinking resembles not normal rambling thoughts but a memoir, the sort of thing one would write out for historical or informative purposes – Levi's description of what *Kristallnacht* was, for example. (Would anyone preparing Shabbat dinner bother thinking about her husband's reciting Kiddush over 'the special braided Challah that's supposed to commemorate the bread that was displayed in the Temple in Jerusalem'? For that matter, is Flora really convincing in contemplating the kitchen's 'decaying wooden cabinets and wobbly drawers' when she has only the sketchiest grasp of the tenses of 'to be'?) And so many of those interior monologues contain one or other of the daughters' endless *kvetching*. This is where an editor (the book is self-published) might have done a little judicious pruning.

But these are minor quibbles. This is a very readable book, with deftly drawn characters who deal with modern concerns that everyone will recognise: the care, and loss, of elderly parents, disappointment in a spouse one once adored, the realisation that life didn't turn out as expected – and not for the better either.

Finally, Levi Koenig dies – far from madness or despair and without letting on who the mystery woman is. Yet disquiet thyself not – there's a delightful twist right at the end. But only if you've been paying close attention.

Tanya Tintner



ISRAEL RIGHT OR WRONG?

Jews face a complex dilemma in relation to Israel: do we support Israel right or wrong? If this has to be yes for now, how bad does the wrong have to get before criticism surfaces and is expressed? And then must we make sure we never show even a tiny crack in our wholehearted support when talking to non-Jews?

And what if the account of wrong-and-right doings published by Israel's information service sometimes turns out to be misinformation – something we have come to expect only from others?

It took me a long time to question Israel's policy. Nothing takes away the emotional bond of course. My grandmother, Nina Salaman Davis, was a friend and supporter of the early English Zionists such as Israel Zangwill. My grandfather, Redcliffe Salaman, wrote *Palestine Reclaimed*, letters from a Jewish officer in Palestine in 1920. He later amended parts of the book when he realised that investment from outside was partly the reason for the relative fertility of Jewish, as compared to Palestinian, farmed land.

But an even closer link comes from my mother's family, the Polianovskys, who escaped from the pogroms of post-First World War Ukraine and settled in Haifa. My mother, Miriam, lived there till she was 15: she came to England to visit her eldest sister and fell for her brother-in-law's brother, Raphael Salaman (I can provide a family tree!). They married four years later and lived in England, which my mother loved – but for the rest of her life she wept when she heard Hebrew, attended a Passover service, or talked about the loss of anyone's mother. Her mother, Bhatia Polianovsky, died of pneumonia in Palestine in the mid-1930s. Her best friend at school in Haifa was her Palestinian neighbour: she and her mother became close to the whole family – her friend's father would tell Mum she must be a barrister when she grew up because she was so good at arguing (and cards!).

But if anything, she and my late aunt, Esther Hamburger Salaman, the last of the Salaman siblings, were ahead of me when I began to fear that Israel was losing its moral compass around the time of the massacre at Sabra and Shatila in 1982 and, for me at least, worries began to harden by the time of the second *intifada* in 2000, quickened by the assassination of Rabin in 1995. More than one of the 'Gatekeepers', the Shin Bet (Israeli secret service), in the interviews filmed in 2012 by Israeli film maker Dror Moreh, said that only Rabin of the Israeli prime ministers of the last 40 or so years had truly wanted a two-state solution and peace.

I decided to write a piece about Israel when I read Ruth Barnett's contribution to the *AJR Journal* in July. She welcomes

'Support Israel, definitely – but support what you think is good for the State of Israel. If you think that the two-state solution is good for the State of Israel then this is what you have to pursue. And by that you will help the State of Israel to exist.'

the extension of Holocaust education to genocides that have followed 'our' Holocaust and suggests we also support calls for the commemoration of the earlier Ottoman massacre of the Armenians. This reminded me of one cheering aspect of the sorry situation in Israel-Palestine – the capacity of Jews historically and in the present to look at things objectively and with compassion.

So, for instance, there are several organisations in Israel and in the Diaspora which are monitoring the treatment of Palestinians in Israel and the Occupied Territories.

For example, my husband and I recently heard a spokesman for Rabbis for Human Rights, Arik Ascherman, whose main concern has been attempting to stop the destruction of Palestinian olive harvests by Israeli settlers, the illegal demolition of Palestinian houses, or Israeli soldiers roughing up young Palestinian civilians.

There are also many other such human rights organisations, including B'Tselem, the Israeli Information Centre for Human Rights in the Occupied Territories. B'Tselem is very worried currently about the lack of prosecutions in the cases of arson crimes: they report that in the three years since August 2012 Israeli civilians set fire to nine Palestinian homes in the West Bank. Additionally, a Molotov cocktail was thrown at a Palestinian taxi, severely burning the family on board. No one has yet been charged in any of these cases.

In the USA, where policy-makers can make a real difference, the New Israel Fund has its HQ and US organisations like J Street challenge Israel to show its commitment to peace, including recognising how great an obstacle the settlements are to a lasting agreement.

I give the last word to film-maker Dror Moreh:

The State of Israel was established after the Holocaust, which was the most devastating event in the history of the Jewish people, when six million Jews died. Israel was established so that 'never again' could something like that happen. Jews feel they have to support Israel today because it is a safe haven for

them. But what happened is that they thought they had to support Israel no matter what. And I'm saying to them: don't do that. Support Israel, definitely – but support what you think is good for the State of Israel. If you think that the two-state solution is good for the State of Israel then this is what you have to pursue. And by that you will help the State of Israel to exist.

Jenny Manson

Out of Chaos: Ben Uri – 100 Years in London

Presented in association with the Cultural Institute at King's College London

2 July-13 December 2015

Inigo Rooms, Somerset House East Wing,
WC2R 2LS

FREE ENTRY

Access: from the central door of the East Wing from the Somerset House courtyard or from the King's Quad via the King's College Strand entrance

Gallery Open: Mon-Sun 11 am-6 pm
and Thursday: 11 am-8.30 pm

www.benuri.org.uk

ARTS AND EVENTS NOVEMBER DIARY

Tues 3 Dr Lucy Noakes 'A Broken Silence? Mass Observation, Armistice Day and "Everyday Life" in Britain 1937-1941' At Centre for German-Jewish Studies, The Keep Archives, Woollards Way, Brighton BN1 9BP. 5:30 pm. Contact Diana Franklin
T +44 (0)1273 678771 (University)
T/F +44 (0)20 8455 4785 (London)
d.franklin@sussex.ac.uk

'Nuremberg: An Evaluation 70 Years On: Reflections on the Holocaust, Liberation and Aftermath' Course by Dr Helen Fry: **Week 1: Wed 4 Nov – Nuremberg: Hitler's Henchmen Behind Bars; Week 2: Wed 11 Nov – The Nuremberg Trial; Week 3: Wed 18 Nov – The Enduring Mystery: Nuremberg & Rudolf Hess** At JW3, tel 020 7433 8988 info@jw3.org.uk

Mon 9 Dr Bea Lewkowicz: 'The Refugee Voices Archive, Part 2' A short film about the émigré artist Milein Cosman and a presentation on the AJR's Refugee Voices project. 1.00pm. Room 5 at 'Out of Chaos' exhibition (see above)

Wed 18 'November 1938: Testimonies from Kristallnacht' At Wiener Library, 4 pm-7.30 pm. Tel 020 7636 7247

What it means to be a refugee

It means

for you, your family and friends to have been the victims of hate, persecution, violence and destruction in your own country,

to have been driven out of the home you were born in and risked your life fleeing,

having had to leave behind family and friends and all that was familiar to you in the country you loved,

to find a country that might be willing to give you refuge,

to be robbed of your nationality and all that goes with it,

to learn a new language,

to understand a new culture and way of life,

to endeavour to be accepted but also to realise that you are only tolerated and that the permission to stay may be conditional or temporary,

to learn not to express your opinions too strongly for fear of being told 'You can always go back to where you came from if you don't like it here!',
to have the feeling that you must be eternally grateful for the new opportunity and should therefore keep a low profile,

to have to work harder than the indigenous population in order to prove your worth,

to accept the feeling that you will be regarded with some suspicion and perhaps fear, and seen as a foreigner and not quite belonging,

to learn to be 'thick-skinned' and not to show the hurt inflicted by some who may see themselves as 'superior'.

But being an immigrant also means

to come with hope and goodwill and the enthusiasm to create a new life,

and, above all, to offer your own self to new friends and new challenges.

Ruth Schwiening née Auerbach

I Remember Mutti

There had been Mama, who died in a tragic accident when I was four years old. I remember throwing a tantrum shortly after her death, demanding to know where she was and when she would be back and being told by my father that she was in heaven. And people who were in heaven were blessed but unable to return to earth.

Then, when I was five years old, came Claire, whom I called Mutti and who looked after me, loved me, and made sacrifices for me until I left Vienna in September 1938 almost 19 years old.

It took me about half a century to find out what had happened to Claire, my stepmother. A cousin who, with a dead Jewish father (my uncle Bruno, who died of a war wound in the 1920s) and a living fully 'Aryan' mother, had survived the war in Austria, told me that Claire had been deported. My reluctance to make further enquiries was due to a mixture of cowardice and guilt: I was afraid of what I was going to hear and I felt partly responsible for her death. Although I had done my best to get her to England on a domestic visa, my best hadn't been good enough. I had let her die.

It wasn't until the 1990s that I, supported by a Viennese friend, went to see the curator of the Landstrasser Museum (the museum of the 3rd District), who told us that Claire had been taken, from some address in the 9th District, to Izbica on 12 May 1942. He gave me a slip of paper on which he had written the information – which I promptly mislaid. A Freudian slip, no doubt. I didn't really want to know.

Another quarter of a century was to pass until Vera, an American with very little German, decided, after the death of both her parents, to settle in Vienna to teach English. Vera is the daughter of Lisl née Schorr, who was my best friend throughout our childhood and adolescence until we both emigrated, she to the USA and I to England. Lisl and her parents, Emil and Selma (Herr and Frau Schorr in those formal days when only children were called by their first names),

lived just around the corner from where we lived and Claire befriended Selma.

Selma was a forceful woman with strongly held left-wing views. It was she who first instilled in me a horror of capital punishment. She was also an excellent needlewoman and she and Claire produced very wearable clothes from cheap remnants for Lisl and me. She came from Boskowitz in Moravia; Emil, a reserved and quiet man, was from Lemberg in Poland.

Back to the present: Vera wanted to know what had happened to her grandparents and it emerged that they and Claire were on the same transport to Izbica. Vera found the website for me and I forced myself to read it.

Between 9 April and 5 June 1942 four transports with a total of 4,000 Jewish men, women and children were taken from Aspangbahnhof in Vienna to Izbica in Poland. Izbica, of which I had never heard, was a small town with a population before the start of the deportations of 6,000, 90 per cent of whom were Jewish. Not far from Izbica was the death camp of Belzec, which operated from 17 March 1942 to the end of December of that year. In that period, the Nazis murdered almost half a million Jews there.

They didn't keep any records at either Izbica or Belzec so I will never know if Claire died from exhaustion, starvation or mistreatment at Izbica or was gassed at Belzec. It is a fact that none of the 4,000 Viennese Jews taken to Izbica survived.

In June this year Vera had a stone laid in memory of her grandparents in front of the house where they had lived. It was inscribed with their names and dates and places of birth and the words 'Vertrieben, beraubt, ermordet' (Expelled, robbed, murdered). Both Vera's children and her brother came from America for the occasion.

I won't have a stone laid for Claire. There is no one left to mourn her but me and I need no stone to remind me of her. I remember Mutti.

Edith Argy

North West London Outreach Group

Monday 30 November 2015, 12.00 pm

SPECIAL GUEST: MIKE FREER, MP FOR FINCHLEY & GOLDERS GREEN

Mike Freer was elected Member of Parliament in May 2010 with a majority of 5,809 and re-elected in 2015 with 50.9% of the vote and a majority of 5,662.

He has lived in Finchley for over 20 years and previously represented Finchley Church End as a local Councillor. He is a member of Conservative Friends of Israel, Conservative Muslim Forum, Conservative Friends of Cyprus, and British Asian Conservative Link. He is also Patron of the local charity Resources for Autism.

Mike has worked over many years for inter-faith understanding. He was the Chairman of Barnet's Multi-Faith Forum and a member of both the All-Party Parliamentary Group Against Antisemitism (serving as Vice-President) and the All-Party Parliamentary Group on Islamophobia.

£7.00 payable at door includes light lunch

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

KT LUNCH

Wednesday 18 November 2015

Alyth Gardens Synagogue
12.30 pm

We are delighted to be joined by **David Barnett**, who will give a most fascinating talk on the life of **Judith Montefiore**.

Judith Cohen Montefiore was known for her social influence and generosity throughout the Jewish community. She married Moses Montefiore in 1812 and they became among the most well-known members of the Jewish elite.

While they participated in the upper-class Christian society in London, they also devoted much time and resources to Jewish causes. They helped fund the first settlement for farming in Israel. They travelled several times to Israel, where they were always well received. Judith was acknowledged even by the most observant of rabbis and was honoured by taking part in Shabbat services.

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

We look forward to seeing you



KENSINGTON New Group Bonds

The newly formed Kensington Group met for a splendid afternoon tea at the home of Lisl Wertheim. Good food and company were enjoyed by all and a true bond has already been formed between members of this delightful group.

Susan Harrod

EALING From Pogrom to Public School

Jenny Manson read out extracts from the diaries of her father and her aunt relating to 1918-20. Her aunt had a traumatic youth in Ukraine, the diaries illustrating the horror of the pogroms she experienced. She escaped to Palestine, where she was taught by Einstein, before moving to England. Here she led a very full life, career-wise and as a mother. A most remarkable lady who lived to the age of 95.

Leslie Sommer

BRADFORD CF Wonderful Hospitality

Lily and Albert's magnificent home was the venue for much group discussion and a sumptuously delicious afternoon tea. Our thanks to the Waxmans for their wonderful hospitality.

Wendy Bott

ILFORD Sombre Morning

Kathryn Prevezer took us on an armchair tour of WWI cemeteries with the help of outstanding photos she had taken herself. It was sad to see numerous less well-known graveyards and realise how many young lives had been lost in those hostilities. An interesting if sombre morning for us all.

Meta Roseneil

GLASGOW BOOK CLUB A Very Good Read

Naomi Alderman's *Disobedience* touched on one or two taboo areas. Set in Hendon's Orthodox community, it was a bit controversial but a very good read – two very important ingredients for a book club! A most enjoyable

afternoon and a lovely tea hosted by Anthea.

Agnes Isaacs

PINNER Weird and Wonderful Objects

It wasn't an instrument of torture but a spring clamp keeping the map open on the driver's knee! This early version of *satnav* was one of many weird objects displayed by our speaker, Brian Burford. His collection included a gophering iron, slave tokens (currency for paying African slaves), a winding apple-peeler, and a left-handed mug with a biscuit shelf.

Walter Weg

NEWCASTLE A Wonderful Film

We saw *Woman in Gold*, a wonderful film that brought back memories for those who originated in Vienna – or, indeed, all of us who had had to leave our homes and lives behind. Helen Mirren played to perfection the role of Maria Altmann, a Holocaust survivor who successfully took on the Austrian government over the return of Klimt's painting of her aunt, Adele Bloch-Bauer.

Agnes Isaacs

ESSEX (WESTCLIFF) Intimate Gathering

Miriam Kleinman told us Jewish jokes, while her husband Leslie told us a joke his father had told him when he was the rabbi, *mohel* and *schochet* in his hometown of Ombud, Romania, before WWII. Herta Vari and Valerie Kutner read poems. I read a lyric entitled 'If You Wear Blue Jeans' written by my friend David Kwiatkowski. An intimate gathering with smiles and laughter!

Larry Lisner

ST JOHN'S WOOD A Striking Contrast

Jenny Manson read extracts from the diary of her aunt, who was living in Ukraine in 1918 at the height of the pogroms, and from the diary of her father, who was attending public school in England in the same period. The contrast was striking and very moving.

Susan Harrod

HARROGATE/YORK Uplifting Experience

We met at Edith Jayne's bungalow for a most interesting discussion – whom we would invite to a dinner party (past or present) and why. Also, as we were welcoming a new member, Magda, and Cathy, a volunteer driver, we all told 'our stories'. For whatever reason, we

found out much more about each other than hitherto. An altogether uplifting experience.

Edith Jayne

NEWCASTLE Household Name

Guest speaker Fiona Frank told us that her mission had been to make her aunt Hana, who died in 2008 at the age of 100, a household name in her lifetime. The film shown on Hana's life was enjoyed by all, as was Fiona's talk.

Agnes Isaacs

WESSEX Kitchener Camp

Professor Clare Ungerson gave a talk based on her book *Four Thousand Lives* about the Kitchener Camp. Opened in 1939, the Camp was situated close to Sandwich in Kent and became home to some 4,000 German/Austrian men aged 17-45. Clare spoke of the fascist element in Sandwich but said that most local residents were kind and generous and forged lasting friendships with the men.

Kathryn Prevezer

GLASGOW Nosh Report

There was a large turnout for the annual Glasgow Yom Tov Nosh held at Agnes's house. A traditional Yom Tov meal, from chicken soup and *kneidlach* to honey cake, was accompanied by stories of old events and discussions about plans for the forthcoming Rosh Hashanah. It was a good opportunity both to catch up with friends and meet newcomers.

Anthea Berg

CAFÉ IMPERIAL The Peaceful 1970s

Harry Stevens reminisced about his brief time at the Firth of Forth whilst on naval engineering duty. Maureen Rossney reflected on her dear Harry's time, also spent in Scotland, where there was a possibility of forming the Austrian Free Army. Religion, the current refugee crisis, climate change – it was decided the 70s had been the most peaceful period in the lives of those present!

Esther Rinkoff

BOOK CLUB Strong Opinions

As always, ably led by Esther and, as always, a very lively discussion. All of us have very strong opinions. We discussed *The Woman in the Picture* by Katherine McMahon and *One Night, Markovitch* by Ayelet Gundar-Goshen. Currently we're reading Elena Ferrante's *My Brilliant Friend*. Many thanks to Café Also for delicious tea and cake.

Ruth Jacobs

Volunteers' Department sorry to lose Project Co-ordinators

The AJR Volunteers' Department is very sorry to have to say goodbye to two of its Project Co-ordinators, Jonathan Rose and Lesley Woolfe.

Jonathan joined the AJR in October 2012 to co-ordinate the Computer Help Project. He was the first person to have sole responsibility for this project and, during the past three years, he has matched over 80 AJR members with trained volunteers. Our members have learnt to use google, to skype, to do their internet shopping, and much more. One member has traced his journey once he arrived in the UK in 1939 using google maps, while another can now order her prescriptions online. He has also arranged for our members to visit JFS and King Solomon School in Ilford to meet students and use their computer suites; helped many of us in the office with our computer queries; and instigated our Facebook page and Twitter account.

Jonathan plans to develop his own business interests now that he has become a dad. Always helpful and always smiling, he will be greatly missed.

Lesley joined the AJR in February 2013 to launch the Dementia Befriender Service. This project, the first of its kind within the Jewish community, matches trained volunteers with AJR members suffering



from memory loss. The volunteers under Lesley's supervision offered their clients a variety of ways to engage with them. These included 'painting' with an iPad, listening to poetry, hand massage, looking at photographs, and visiting garden centres. Since the start of the project, over 60 members have received regular Volunteer Befriender visits.



Lesley, who is planning to set up her own charity, has been a real asset to the Department and is already missed by the volunteers she supported. She is continuing her involvement with the AJR as a volunteer of the service.

Carol Hart, Head of AJR Volunteer and Community Services

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NOVEMBER GROUP EVENTS

Kensington	2 Nov	Tea-time Social
Ealing	3 Nov	Lesley Urbach: 'Herbert Morrison, Labour MP and Campaigner'
Book Club	4 Nov	Social Discussion
Didsbury	4 Nov	Social
Ilford	4 Nov	Colin Davey: 'Jewish Developers in the City of London'
Harrogate/York	5 Nov	Speaker: Ian Vellins
Pinner	5 Nov	Margaret Brearley: 'Paganisms in Disguise – Wagner's Musical Religion'
Newcastle	8 Nov	Chanukah Lunch
HGS	9 Nov	'The Harmonisers' (film)
Liverpool/Manchester	9 Nov	Kristallnacht Service at IWM North
St John's Wood	10 Nov	Charlotte and Tony Balzacs: 'The Dorice and Other Landmarks'
Bromley CF	12 Nov	Lunch-time Social
Glasgow/Edinburgh	14 Nov	Gala Opening of Jewish Film Festival
Brighton	16 Nov	Godfrey Gould: 'Men Who Built the Railways'
Bristol/Bath	16 Nov	Kathryn Prevezer: 'World War I Battlefields'
Edgware	17 Nov	Toby Simpson (Wiener Library): 'Jewish Men in the First World War'
Essex (Westcliff)	17 Nov	'Watermarks' (film)
Book Club Theatre Outing	18 Nov	'Gypsy'
Radlett	18 Nov	Paul Lang: 'Women in Aviation'
Café Imperial	19 Nov	Lunch
Glasgow Book Club	19 Nov	Discussion
Marlow CF	23 Nov	Lunch at home of Alan Kaye
Bradford	24 Nov	Social at Bradford Synagogue
Norfolk	24 Nov	Frank Bright, Part 3 and Lunch
Welwyn GC	25 Nov	Susan Cohen, Six Point Foundation
Wembley	25 Nov	Kathryn Prevezer: 'My Trip to WWI Battlefields'
North London	26 Nov	Colin Davey: 'Jewish Developers in the City of London'
Harrogate/York	27 Nov	Trip to Beth Shalom
Glasgow	29 Nov	Chanukah Lunch with Musical Entertainment by Sheila Osbourne
North West London	30 Nov	Mike Freer, Conservative MP for Finchley

Were you, or someone you know, detained in British detention camps on the Isle of Man, Cyprus or Atlit in the 1940s?

René Cassin is looking for people who were incarcerated in British detention camps on the Isle of Man, Cyprus and/or Atlit in the 1940s.

René Cassin is a human rights charity that uses Jewish experience and values to advocate for universal human rights, particularly on issues – such as discrimination, asylum, genocide and modern slavery – that strongly resonate with Jewish history. We take pride in our role of introducing a 'Jewish voice' to the promotion of human rights for all people.

Today many refugees, who are escaping from countries where they are facing unprecedented levels of persecution, war or genocide and are looking to Britain for refuge asylum, are being detained.

We would like to hear your personal story. We hope to use your story to underline the 'shared experience' that asylum seekers and refugees in the UK today share with those who escaped the inferno in Europe and were detained in the UK, Cyprus or Atlit. It is important that these experiences and stories are shared with the Jewish community in Britain and this will help us to strengthen our work promoting the rights of, and improving the conditions for, asylum seekers in the UK today.

If you would like to share your story with us, please email info@renecassin.org or call us on 020 7443 5130.

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For information please contact The Association of Jewish Refugees on 020 8385 3070.

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OBITUARIES

Frederick Hugh 'Freddie' Edwards, born Düsseldorf 26 April 1922, died Wokingham, Berkshire, 20 August 2015

Frederick Hugh 'Freddie' Edwards was one of 'the King's most loyal enemy aliens' (as they were described by Dr Helen Fry in her book on the subject) and, as a German subject, served with distinction in the British Army during the Second World War.

Edwards took part in the Normandy campaign, initially in the construction of Bailey bridges, and later, as the need for native German speakers was identified, as a member of the Military Government looking for Nazis in newly taken German towns and villages. He had numerous narrow escapes from death during the fighting and, as the advance continued into Germany, personally witnessed the liberation of Belsen and Fallingbomel concentration camps.

Subsequently he was transferred temporarily to the US Army at Bremerhaven and was in charge of repatriating people of many nationalities, many of whom had been used as slave labour. He humorously recounted how one morning a queue of young German women, some with children or heavily pregnant, arrived before him and declared that they wanted to go with their men (non-German nationals who were being repatriated) to their countries but under the Nazi regime they were not allowed to marry such 'inferior men'. Edwards advised the women that the Nazi regime was no more and that they should go to the registrar's office to marry the men of their choice.

After hostilities ceased he was transferred to the Military Government in Oldenburg as Chief Interpreter at the British Military Government Court and spent a year acting as an interpreter in the War Crimes Trials. It was only after his release from the army in September 1946 that he was granted British nationality.

Frederick Edwards was born Fritz Ludwig Meyer in Düsseldorf in 1922. His parents were Katya and Wilhelm Meyer. His comfortable middle-class upbringing darkened after Hitler came to power and life became increasingly difficult for Jews in Germany. His only brother died in a hit-and-run road accident outside their home which, perhaps because of the family's Jewish background, was never fully investigated. Edwards's parents arranged for their surviving son to be moved to England to study at Weymouth College for Boys, where he did very well. His parents were able to join him from Germany in 1938 and they purchased the family home in north London, where Edwards was to live for the rest of his life. After the defeat of France many 'enemy aliens', including Edwards and his father, were interned on the Isle of Man. Happily this did not last long and, at the age of 18, Edwards joined up in October 1940.

After the War, in common with many demobbed soldiers, he found (and this was a tale he would recount with wry humour) that his wartime experience counted for little in the world of commerce. He applied for, and was offered, a job at Frederick Eisner Limited, exporters, importers and manufacturers' agents, in Regent Street but, as he 'had no commercial experience', his salary was set at a mere £3 per week. This, for a young man of Edward's background and skills, might have been deflating but he took, with humour, the underassessment of his skills, and the job. It wasn't long, however, before he set up in the City on his own as an export and import agent and remained successfully in that business for the remainder of his working life.



He was delighted on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the Normandy landings in 1994 to be invited by the Royal British Legion to take part in the commemorative events and sailed with the Legion on board the *SS Canberra*. As he related afterwards, he was one of the few – possibly the only – German present who had served in the British Army. The commemorations also brought to mind his time building Bailey bridges in Normandy, when the work was assisted by numerous German prisoners who were surprised to be confronted by fully armed British soldiers speaking in German with Berlin, Viennese and Rhineland accents. The prisoners imagined them to be deserters but, of course, that was far from the truth. Nonetheless, Fritz Ludwig Meyer had become Frederick Hugh Edwards before the Normandy campaign began, after advice from the War Office that Germans fighting in the British Army should anglicise their names for, if captured and their true identity uncovered, they would very likely have been shown little mercy by their German captors. The surname was chosen in memory of Edward's grandfather Eduard but was frequently a cause of humour when he was asked if he was of Welsh origin!

After the death of his mother in 1989, Freddie remained in the family home but enjoyed many trips abroad, particularly to Germany, Switzerland and Austria, where he would climb the hills and mountains he had loved as a boy. He spent the last 16 months of his life at Glebelands Care Home in Wokingham.

Peter McGeown

Eva Weill (née Matzdorf), born Berlin 24 December 1914, died Munich 2 August 2015

My Aunt Eva came to England from Germany in February 1939 with her sister Hilda, my mother. She actually met her husband via the *AJR Journal*. Ben Weill, a widower, put an advert in the *Journal* to meet a fellow refugee. In December 1955 they married in Leeds. In 1970, when Ben retired, they moved to Munich.

In Munich Eva became a leading light in running the women's group of the German-

English society, which had links with the British Consulate.

On 24 December 2014 she celebrated her 100th birthday. Two days earlier Frau Reiter, the wife of the Oberbürgermeister of Munich, came to her flat with presents and a letter from her husband. On the day of her birthday, Mr Heardman, the British Consul in Munich, came to present her with the special birthday card from Her



Majesty The Queen.

My aunt suffered from dementia for the last seven years or so, although she seemed to recognise my mother and myself. After a fall in January 2010 she needed full-time carers in her flat. In May 2015 she fell and broke her hip. She had a successful hip replacement and came home again but she never fully recovered from the accident. My mother and I visited her in early July.

We were a very close family. My aunt was very fond of her sister and especially myself.

Lydia Tichauer



LETTER FROM ISRAEL

Dorothea Shefer-Vanson

Whatever floats your boat

Throughout the month of September Jews all over the world celebrated their high holy days followed by the harvest festival of Sukkot, the Festival of Booths.

Living in Israel one is unable to escape being bombarded by media coverage of the holidays, whether religious or secular, though a large segment of the population uses the opportunity to escape all this by going abroad. Of course, the fact that schools and many places of work are closed for much of this period makes going away even more attractive as no gainful employment or vacation time is lost.

When I first came to live in Israel, over 50 years ago, I found the festive atmosphere, the messages and programmes broadcast over the radio (there was no TV here then) and the feeling that the whole country was united in celebrating the festivals enjoyable, even inspiring.

I also realised that whereas in the diaspora one needs to belong to a Jewish community in order to preserve one's Jewish identity, in Israel this is no longer necessary. The festivals are marked as a matter of course and simply by living in Israel I demonstrate that I belong to the Jewish nation. My logical conclusion was that there's no need to bother any more with all the niceties of Jewish observance. I

won't go so far as to call on my compatriots to abandon all that silliness and regard simple residence in Israel as sufficient proof of their allegiance to the Jewish nation, but nor will I consider myself to be in any way inferior to those who adhere to every jot and tittle of what they consider to be Jewish observance (and on which no two Jews are in agreement anyway).

However, time, age, cynicism and the increasing awareness that certain elements are making use of the Jewish religion for their own ends, whether ideological or political, have caused me to feel more than a little disillusionment with the idea of 'togetherness' and 'unity' that the festivals once aroused in me.

On Yom Kippur the population of Israel is divided into two clear-cut camps – those who dress in white, spend the day fasting and going to synagogue, on the one hand, and those who may or may not fast and dress in white but get out onto the roads on their bicycles, skateboards and other similar means of purely muscle-driven wheeled transportation, on the other. Of course, if you don't own a bicycle or skateboard you can simply go out and stroll around and enjoy the party atmosphere, though that's hardly in the spirit of the day on which one is supposed to engage in soul-searching and seeking forgiveness for one's sins (and

getting into the good books of the Great Accountant in the sky).

I live just outside Jerusalem so am somewhat cut off from the events in the city, and even more so from those in the Tel Aviv area, but I gather from the media that the situation is pretty much the same in those places. The fact that some Jews chose to use the occasion to go up on the Temple Mount and some Arabs chose to react to this by resorting to violence has left me wondering what each set of people was thinking would be the outcome of their actions.

Now we learn that certain elements are aspiring to build the third temple in Jerusalem. Bearing in mind the fact that the second temple was built by a tyrannical non-Jewish ruler and was destroyed primarily because of internal strife within the Jewish population, this does not bode well for Israel's future, with or without a temple. I find it difficult to believe that in this day and age there are people who would happily revive the practice of animal sacrifice simply because that was done 2,000 years ago. But then, what is the hope for a society based on practices and principles that are over 2,000 years old?

Fortunately, and going against all the Jeremiahs, the majority of Israel's population is still avowedly secular. One can only hope that the pernicious electoral system that allows the minority to impose its will on the majority because of the need to form coalition governments will one day be amended to enable a more accurate reflection of the composition of the country.

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

be interested in joining me for this event.

This year, it is taking place at the Hilton in Birmingham from Friday to Wednesday, 24-30 December. I have been told that coaches will be laid on for participants from all over the UK and that many interesting sessions will be on offer as well as the amenities of the hotel. The slogan this year is 'Refreshingly different, reassuringly Limmud'.

The end of December is a dreary time – with dark evenings, bleak weather, and very old films on TV to bore us. Limmud is the answer to this desolate time, especially for anyone on their own.

It would be a distinct pleasure if some AJR members could join me for what should be a memorable experience. On

past occasions, over 2,000 people have attended and all had an enjoyable few days in good company.

Meta Roseneil, Buckhurst Hill, Essex

'THE BEST OF MEN'

Sir – Reading the obituaries honouring various people in the *AJR Journal* made me think of the BBC film 'The Best of Men' (2012), which was recently shown on Canadian TV. It is the story of Dr Ludwig Guttmann, the German-Jewish doctor who was recognised as a leading neurosurgeon and had to flee from Nazi Germany. He managed to come to England shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War. There he continued his research into the field of spinal injuries and in 1943 he

was asked to start a clinic at the Stoke Mandeville Hospital, where he treated soldiers with spinal injuries.

These patients were previously described as 'cripples'. Instead, he named them 'the best of men' and insisted on sport and physical exercises to help them recover. He then became the founder of the Paralympic Games. Eventually he was honoured throughout the world and was knighted by the Queen in 1966.

All this impressed me deeply and I thought it might be worthwhile to mention this fantastic human being, who showed that by courage and willpower one can do something good. I wish there were many more people like him.

Kitty Schafer, Toronto, Canada

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