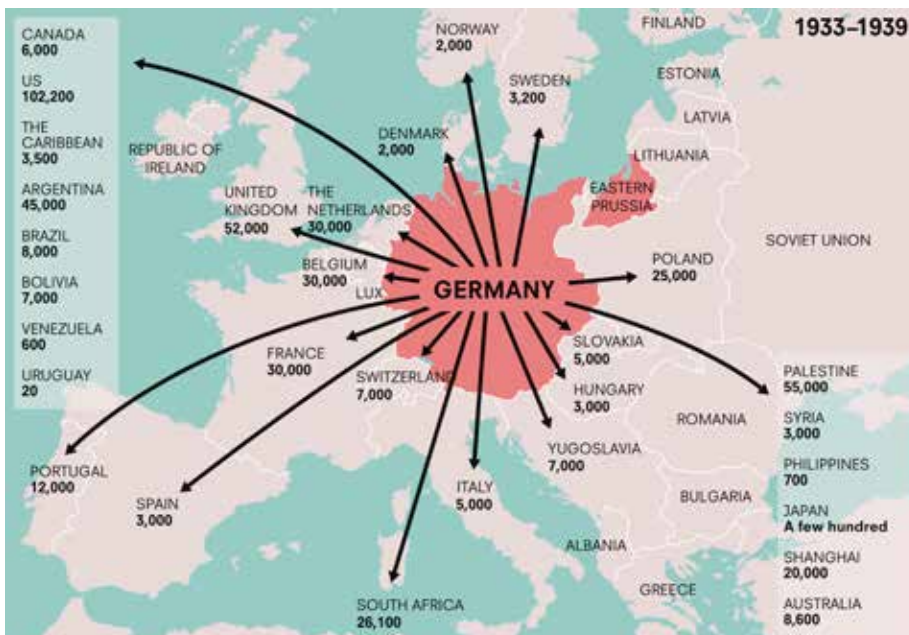




AJR JOURNAL

The Association of Jewish Refugees

Those who went further...



This map showing the various destinations of Jewish people who fled Nazi Germany was created by the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam. Museum curators hope to make the map even more accurate and would be delighted to receive any insights via services@annefrank.nl.

David Herman looks at the stories of some famous Jewish refugees who decided to settle in far-flung places

We are all now familiar with the tremendous impact Jewish refugees, especially from central and east Europe, had on every aspect of mid – and late-20th century British and American culture.

But we are less familiar with the extraordinary stories of Jewish refugees who went elsewhere, to far more remote destinations, from South America to Istanbul, from Ceylon and Singapore to New Zealand. These refugees included some of the most distinguished writers and thinkers of the 20th century.

A new book by Mercedes Halfon, published by Fitzcarraldo Editions, *Outsider Everywhere*, tells the

extraordinary story of the Polish writer, Witold Gombrowicz, who Milan Kundera called 'one of the greatest novelists of our century.'

In August 1939, a ship flying the Polish flag docked in Buenos Aires. On board was a delegation of businessmen, diplomats and journalists. Days later, the captain received orders to return home with all crew and passengers following the invasion of Poland which led to the outbreak of WW2. But, one man, fascinated by the city, chose to stay. Thus began the unexpected 24 year Argentine exile of Witold Gombrowicz (1904-69). Drawing on his writings and

Continued on page 2

SUMMER READING

This issue looks at two food businesses founded by Jewish refugees which both made their mark in London: Panzer's delicatessen (p.5) and Ackerman's chocolates (p.10-11). South of the River Thames we share the story of Jewish refugees who came to Twickenham (p14-15).

To avoid being London-centric, our lead article takes us to destinations far away from the British Isles, while two further articles look back at parts of German history which should never be forgotten.

We would love to feature more news and stories from around the nations and regions of the British Isles – please send us your suggestions.

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Please note that the views expressed throughout this publication are not necessarily the views of the AJR.

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Those who went further... (cont.)

interviews with friends, writers and scholars, Mercedes Halfon's book traces Gombrowicz's years in Argentina, from 1939 to the early 1960s, offering a superbly researched and vivid account of mid-century bohemia in Buenos Aires.

Gombrowicz spoke little Spanish and lived in poverty for much of his time in exile. In a later book, *Trans-Atlantyk*, he wrote that he saw 'Strangeness everywhere, Unfamiliarity and Puzzle.' He arrived with just \$200 and a few clothes. He hardly knew anyone and no one knew him. He later described it as 'the most tragic moment of his life. He returned to Europe in 1963 and died in 1969. Today there is one museum in his memory in France and another in Poland. But in Argentina he remains a marginal figure.

Another famous refugee writer who settled in South America was Stefan Zweig (1881-1942). In 1934 he left Austria and settled in London, where he stayed for five years (see our article on page 16, *Stefan Zweig in London*). But he was very conscious that the world he had grown up in was disappearing. His marriage was dissolved. The hammer blows came thick and fast. 'Everything was torn apart,' he wrote later, 'broken to pieces.' He left for New York in 1940 and the following year he and his new wife Lotte moved to Petropolis in Brazil where they both committed suicide in February 1942.

But many others who went further afield not only survived, they actually thrived in exile. For example, two of the greatest Jewish literary critics of the 20th century found refuge in Istanbul. Erich Auerbach (1892-1957) was born in Berlin and left for Istanbul in 1935, where he wrote *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature* (1946), generally considered not just his masterwork, but perhaps one of the greatest works of literary criticism of the past hundred years. He was chair of the faculty for Western languages and literatures at Istanbul University from 1936 to 1947 when he moved again, this time to America, where he taught for the last decade of his life.

Leo Spitzer (1887-1960), was a professor at the University of Marburg then at Cologne. In 1933 he was dismissed

because he was a Jew and moved to Istanbul. He moved to Johns Hopkins University in 1936 where remained for the rest of his life.

Istanbul may have seemed remote but not as far as New Zealand. Karl Popper (1902-94), an Austrian Jew, managed to get a post that allowed him to emigrate to New Zealand, where he became lecturer in philosophy at Canterbury University College of the University of New Zealand. It was here that he wrote his influential work *The Open Society and Its Enemies* (1945), another of the great works of the 20th century. In 1946 he moved here to become a reader in logic and scientific method at the London School of Economics (LSE), where, in 1949, he was appointed professor.

In between Istanbul and New Zealand was South Asia. Sir Tom Stoppard (born Tomáš Štroupsler, 1937–2025) was born in Czechoslovakia. The family escaped from central Europe and managed to get to Singapore, where his father was later killed when his boat was sunk by the Japanese. Stoppard, his mother and brother had already escaped to British India. In 1998, he returned to Zlín for the first time in over 50 years. He said he had no sense of being a survivor.

The distinguished psychoanalyst Edith Ludowyk (1896-1987) was born in Budapest and later fled to Vienna. She knew the Hungarian writers Béla Balázs, composer Hanns Eisler, Czech writer Egon Kisch and Hermann Broch – who translated her poetry into German. When Hitler came to power in 1933, she briefly emigrated to Prague, but then returned to Budapest. In 1938 she managed to escape to Ceylon where she met and married E.F.C. Ludowyk, professor of English at the University College, Colombo. In 1956 they came to England where they lived for the rest of their lives.

These are extraordinary stories of Jewish refugees who found refuge from Nazism across the world, producing great works. Like other Jewish refugees who fled to Britain and America, they had an enormous impact on almost every area of thought and culture but many of them had their greatest impact on post-war Britain and America where the eventually settled and helped these countries become richer and more cosmopolitan places.

BIG BIRTHDAYS

The AJR wishes a hearty mazeltov to three members who have recently celebrated big birthdays.



Suzanne Johnson, who turned 100 in June, came to the UK from Vienna with her family when she was just 10 years old. AJR Trustee Miriam Kingsley visited her at her home in Hampstead where Suzanne cherishes the furniture that her family managed to bring from Austria 90 years ago.



AJR members Fritz and Elfriede Starer recently celebrated their respective 100th and 99th birthdays. The couple, who are shown here with AJR Trustee Danny Kalman, have been married for 76 years and have five children, ten grand-children and five great grand-children.

Fritz and his family fled here from Vienna, where his father owned a factory and they had a comfortable life.

Elfriede came from Leipzig on a Kindertransport when she was 11 years old. She and her younger brother were looked after by a couple in Coventry.

Fritz and Elfriede have been AJR members for many years and have lived in Watford since 1970.

WELCOMING WENDY

The AJR is delighted to welcome Wendy Stoleran to our team as Family Carer Support Specialist, bringing more than 20 years experience of supporting unpaid family carers, through her work at Jewish Care.



In her new role, Wendy will provide tailored, person-centred support to AJR members and others caring for a family member or friend. Drawing on decades of professional experience, she offers emotional support, practical guidance and coping strategies to help carers navigate the challenges of their caring responsibilities.

"Supporting carers has been at the heart of my work for more than two decades," said Wendy. "I'm passionate about providing a safe and understanding space where people feel heard, supported and empowered."

Alongside her work with family carers, Wendy is leading *Facing Forward*, an AJR initiative for second-generation Holocaust refugees and survivors. The project provides a safe and supportive environment where participants can explore how their parents' experiences have shaped their own lives, connect with others who share similar backgrounds and reflect on the impact of family history across generations.

Wendy's work includes:

- Providing emotional support and a listening ear for family carers.
- Offering practical advice and strategies to help manage the demands of caregiving.
- Coordinating peer support groups to foster connection, understanding and friendship.
- Facilitating the *Facing Forward* project for second-generation participants.
- Building supportive communities where people feel understood through shared experiences.

Through one-to-one support and group sessions, Wendy helps people build meaningful relationships and mutual support networks, recognising that shared understanding can play a vital role in improving wellbeing and resilience.

As a mother of four and grandmother of ten, Wendy also brings extensive personal life experience to her role, complementing her professional expertise with warmth, empathy and understanding.

"There is so much power in connection," Wendy said. "When people feel truly understood, it can make an enormous difference to their wellbeing and resilience."

Wendy welcomes enquiries from individuals seeking support as well as organisations interested in collaborative opportunities. Please email her at Wendy@ajr.org.uk

LOOK OUT FOR AJR WEEKLY NEWS

Last month, as part of our activities to mark the AJR's 85th anniversary, we launched a new website. This month we complement this with a new format for the weekly online newsletter that is sent out every Sunday to update the AJR community about our News, Views & Events.

The attractive new format is very easy to navigate. The topmost part of the email will contain a photo and a short story about an inspiring person or event. You can then 'scroll' down to reveal more items, for example **Latest News & Events**, which include tasters for each item and **Read More** or **Find out more** buttons.

The next section of the email covers **Upcoming Events**. Here you'll find information about regular activities, such as our regional meetings, poetry or conversation groups, and online fitness and yoga. Again there are **Find out more** links embedded so that you can see the full event details and register to attend.

Sometimes these links will take you to an area of our website only available to AJR members and volunteers. The first time you access one of these areas, you'll be asked to login with the email address associated with your AJR membership, so that you can be verified.

Happy scrolling and browsing – and please look forward to seeing an even smarter *AJR Journal* from September, to more closely reflect our website and weekly e-news.

To receive the weekly online newsletter please use the sign up form at the foot of the homepage of www.ajr.org.uk.



'MY STORY' AT THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

AJR volunteer Loretta Cohn writes: One of the great privileges of my life so far has been working as a volunteer with the AJR on the *My Story* project. Apart from the pleasure of getting to know my refugee 'subjects' it felt something really important to be doing.

For my second book I was matched with Charlotte Lang, who came to England from Vienna with her parents in May 1939 as a four-year old. I spent time with her in 2018/19, interviewing her and recording her life story, and her book was published by AJR in September 2019. Charlotte was absolutely delightful – charming, hospitable, generous – and was clearly at the heart of the family she had created here with her husband David. Sadly, she died in 2022 and David just a year later.

For the past four years I have also felt privileged to be working as a volunteer at the Imperial War Museum London in what we call the 'Discover' role – guiding visitors around the museum and helping them engage with the displays. A couple of years ago a new opportunity arose – leading short introductory tours which would include sharing our passions for some of our favourite items.

My own favourites include two linked items in the Holocaust Galleries. These are the wall covered with adverts placed in *The Times* in 1938/9 by would-be refugees from the Nazis (Charlotte's family got to England as the result of just such an

advert), and the display immediately in front of it comprising documents from Charlotte's family archive from their flight from Vienna.

When I suggested including these in my tours to the Visitor Engagement Manager, she felt they provided a great basis for a longer talk instead, as part of the Museum's Volunteer Insights programme. So since March 2026 I've been rolling out 'Charlotte's Story – a little girl's journey from Vienna to England with her family in 1939'.

The talk, lasting about 30 minutes, has been generally well received. Based on her *My Story* text and including some quotations, it covers the whole of Charlotte's life but focuses on her experiences immediately after arriving here in 1939, when she was victimized as being German and also Jewish, and the effect that had on the rest of her life. It also describes something of her parents' experiences as refugees in England.

As well as visitors, the talk has been presented to other Volunteers at one of our Knowledge Sharing Days, when I was delighted at the frank discussion which followed. It seems to have opened doors to areas of history which were less familiar.



Loretta Cohn sharing 'Charlotte's Story' with visitors at the Imperial War Museum

A happy coincidence is that the talk coincides with our new exhibition *Childhood in War*, which runs from 31 July 2026 to 28 February 2027.

As this has been my first experience of delivering a talk in public I've certainly felt challenged, but the Museum have been unwaveringly supportive and encouraging, and AJR have been extremely helpful with sources, and in granting permission to quote from Charlotte's *My Story* book. I'm also extremely grateful to Charlotte's sons, Michael and Paul, for allowing me to use family photographs, and to bring their mother's story to a wider public.



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The Lord of Panzer's

The AJR Journal pays tribute to Peter Vogl, dubbed the 'Lord of Panzer's' – the Jewish food emporium to the stars – who recently passed away.

Panzer's delicatessen, recently described by *The Independent* as “a bastion of bagels, smoked salmon and old-school charm”, this year celebrates the 70th anniversary of its site in St John's Wood, which “Peter Panzer” ran for almost half a century.

It was co-founded by his father, Walter, an Austrian refugee who, after the war, started work at the grocery shop Green's on Cricklewood Broadway, which had already been taken over by a fellow refugee. The two joined forces and they launched the first Panzer's shops in Cricklewood and Willesden Green before opening on Circus Road in NW8 in 1956, when Peter was 13.

He committed himself to the business full-time in 1964, having enjoyed a year in the US learning the supermarket trade and spending the rest of his life taking inspiration from retailers in Manhattan, Milan, Tokyo, Kerala, Myanmar and Buenos Aires.

“Many of our customers were European Jews, and I clearly remember being reproached for selling German foods,” he wrote in his self-published memoir, *Autobiography of a Deli*, in 2016. “They also objected to the name Panzer's” – the same as that of a German tank – “which probably means little to young people today.”

Vogl sold 6,000 handmade bagels a week,

supplied caviar that was sold to Barbra Streisand and Kensington Palace, delivered smoked salmon to his clients' private jets, employed Charlie Chaplin's son and appeared on the BBC's Kilroy talk show to discuss shoplifting.

He counted Jewish stars, including Howard Jacobson, Denis Norden, Bernard Kops and Jonathan Miller, among his loyal customers. Then there was “a very scruffy-looking fellow”; he asked to leave the shop with the signature bottle-green awning. “Apparently, it was one of the Gallagher brothers of Oasis. Was I to know?”

Paul McCartney was also a regular, asking Vogl to bring over a freezer full of Häagen-Dazs for him, while his wife Linda “came in to inspect the sales of her frozen soya food products”. Such was the calibre of the clientele that one customer, a set painter for the Royal Ballet, settled her debt in exchange for one of her artworks.

Less successful was his venture into Jewish condiments; after he bought a pickled cucumber factory in the East End, says his brother Frank, “to appeal to what he would have called the heimische instinct of the shop.”

Peter, who grew up in this continental European, Jewish, German-speaking, bridge-playing family, once recalled, “I loved going to Hackney, buying horseradish from gypsies and cucumbers



Peter Vogl

from Holland. I thought we could sell these foods in the wider supermarket field. My wife, on the other hand, thought there was no future in herrings and chrain, and of course she was right.”

His niece, artist Julia Vogl, remembers a man of “bottomless empathy” with whom she volunteered at his shul's asylum seekers' drop-in. Frank, the co-founder of Transparency International, says his elder brother always said yes to requests for charitable donations, “but he never ever spoke about it.” He adds that his kindness extended “even to the old lady who once came to the shop carrying a challah, which she declared she had bought a week ago but that it was now stale.” With a smile and no comment, Peter gave her a fresh loaf.”

Vogl sold Panzer's in 2015 to David Josephs, who told the Financial Times last year that he “had known Peter since my grandparents brought me here for smoked salmon and bagels on Sunday mornings in a pram”.

In his spare time, he was a member of the Board of Deputies and on the board of directors of West London Synagogue.

Memories of Vogl have been shared online by public figures, including comedian and actress Sindhu Vee and The Apprentice businesswoman Linda Plant, who said: “He was simply the unforgettable legend of Panzer.”

Vogl was married to Stephanie Folkson for more than 40 years. Following her death, he found love with Maureen Butterworth, whom he had first met at a holiday camp when they were teenagers. He is also survived by his son James and grandsons Zac and Jacob.



The familiar frontage of Panzers, just around the corner from St John's Wood station

Letters to the Editor

The Editor reserves the right to shorten correspondence submitted for publication and respectfully points out that the views expressed in the letters published are not necessarily the views of the AJR. Please address any letters to editorial@ajr.org.uk.

NO. IT IS NOT HAPPENING AGAIN

Thank you for publishing my letter in July 2026, in which three of your other correspondents were in agreement with David Herman's views about IS IT HAPPENING AGAIN?

My answer was and remains, NO. IT IS NOT HAPPENING AGAIN.

British Jews – largely of European heritage, but including men and women from other ethnic groups and skin colours who have chosen to adopt our religion – are not 'OTHERS'. We are an integral and valued part of our neighbourhoods, our communities and our nation. Antisemitic incidents – on the streets, online and – shockingly – in some British universities – are deplorable, but the UK is not antisemitic and a comparison with 1938 is insulting.

Criticism of the policies and actions of the current Israeli government are legitimate. During an urgent debate in Parliament on 1 July, all the 18 politicians representing the main UK parties called on the Israeli Government to stop Jewish settler violence in the West Bank of the Occupied Palestine Territories and urged the Israeli Government to halt new plans for large development of illegally occupied land.

Yet Middle East Minister Hamish Falconer also acknowledged that: "There are many, many Israelis – and indeed many, many British Jews – who can see the terrible damage being done by violent settlement, and we must not tar communities in this country or the whole nation of Israel with the same brush."

While peaceful pro-Palestinian protests are legitimate, violent protests and support of criminal activities in support of Palestine are not.

John Farago

CLOUD-BASED

Dear member, I would like to inform you that all the AJR's membership data systems have successfully moved to a new, secure cloud-based environment.

This upgrade ensures that AJR members' personal data is protected with the latest encryption and security standards, and provides AJR staff with faster, more reliable access to individual membership records and resources.

If any AJR members have any questions or concerns about how their data is used please contact the AJR office.

*Karen Markham,
Head of HR & Operations, AJR*

A GUIDING LIGHT

One of the most tangible legacies of the 1951 Festival of Britain, whose 75th anniversary you featured in your June issue, is the evolution of professional tourist guiding in the UK.

In 1949 the *Daily Telegraph* advertised a new professional guide training course with the memorable headline: 'Register to beat spivs and touts.' The aim was simple but powerful: to ensure that visitors to the Festival of Britain received "the truth and nothing but the truth."

That vision became reality in 1950, first with the creation of a membership organisation which is now called the British Guild of Tourist Guides, then through the establishment of the profession's standard setting body, the Institute of Tourist Guiding.

Blue Badge Guides make an enormous contribution to tourism, which today ranks as one of the UK's leading economic sectors. This was recently celebrated during a special anniversary event held at the Royal Festival Hall on London's Southbank, a physical, much-loved and equally iconic legacy of the Festival of Britain.

As the son of two Jewish refugees who, separately, found sanctuary in Britain shortly before WW2, it was particularly meaningful to be awarded an MBE for Services to Tourism in His Majesty King Charles III's Birthday Honours. Both my parents came to love their adopted home and their appreciation is one of the main factors that influenced my decision to train as a London Blue Badge tourist guide.



Mark King MBE, FITG

On entering what – amusingly – I once thought would be the wind-down phase of my working career, I find today that I have never been busier with various forms of community service. But it came as a surprise to be singled out in this way when so many colleagues serve selflessly and with impressive determination to help Britain's tourism and heritage sectors to thrive in these exciting, if challenging times.

It is hugely rewarding for me to help strengthen the profile and resilience of Britain's professional tourist guides, as well as to welcome visitors on tours in London and further afield. By sharing some of the stories about the places and people that are part of this cosmopolitan and multicultural capital, I hope to inspire them about British culture, values and heritage, and I always incorporate something about the Jewish community's historic and ongoing contribution to Britain whenever I feel it is appropriate to do so. In common with many other second generation members of the AJR, I know that my dear parents would have been proud beyond words for this public recognition for giving something back to the country that helped them so much in their hours of need.

*Mark King,
Fellow of the Institute of Tourist Guides (FITG) and now MBE*

ERRATUM

I enjoyed reading your article (July) about the recent AJR trip to Paris and thank you for including my quote about Drancy, albeit

Continued on page 7

Letters to the Editor continued from page 6 under my former married name.

We had an amazing trip afterwards to Vienna to lay Stolpersteine and then to Mechelen Camp in Brussels, where we spent four hours with their archivist. He discovered the entire history of my family from pre-war Vienna, through their escape to Belgium and France, with never seen before documentation that was confiscated and held at Camp Mechelen. He also archived all my photos and Red Cross messages and letters. Truly an unbelievable experience.

Michelle Green (not Levey)

LOOKING FOR?

B'NAI BRITH HOSTELS

Could anyone who has any experience or knowledge of any of the B'nai Brith administered Kindertransport refugee hostels in the UK please contact Howard Falksohn at the Wiener Holocaust Library. hfalksohn@wienerholocaustlibrary.org

HARRY & MARY WATTS

Deborah Oppenheimer is hoping to trace descendants of Harry and Mary Watts who lived in Mare Street, Hackney. Harry, born on 6 September 1889, was a hairdresser and ARP Warden and also

volunteered for B'nei Brith, in which capacity he supported Deborah's mother and other refugee girls, first at Hackney Hostel and then at the Cockley Cley estate in Swaffham, Norfolk. Harry & Mary had one daughter, Betty, deb@debopp.com

FULL TIME HOUSEKEEPER

Renee and Brian Stroh, who are both retired pharmacists, are hoping to find a full-time housekeeper to live with them in their house in Golders Green. Brianreneestroh@aol.com

A TORAH COMES HOME

Earlier this year Susan Harrod, AJR's Head of Events, had the pleasure of sitting with our member Kurt Marx, a first-generation Kind, at an event. Whilst they were chatting Kurt took out a piece of paper and told Susan the story behind a very special Sefer Torah.

The piece of paper was an Order of Service of the dedication of a Sefer Torah by Jawne School in Cologne to Walm Lane Synagogue on Sunday 5 February 1939. Jawne School had been sponsored by Walm Lane Synagogue to bring a class of children via Kindertransport, arriving in January 1939. The group, which included Kurt, brought with them a Sefer Torah, dedicating it to Walm Lane Synagogue as a thank you.

In September 1938, while still in Cologne, Kurt had read his bar mitzvah portion from this Sefer Torah. He had been wondering about its whereabouts for many years, as Walm Lane Synagogue had closed in the 1970s. He asked Susan if she could help him.

Susan went home that night and spoke with her husband, who put her in touch with the United Synagogue's Judaica Co-Ordinator, Bradley Mervish. After

only a few weeks Bradley sent Susan some pictures of a Sefer Torah at Brondesbury Park Synagogue, believing it to be the same one. Alongside the Sefer Torah was a record of past barmitzvahs, showing the name Marks (spelt in the English way).

And so to the morning of Monday 22 June. Kurt arrived at Brondesbury Park Synagogue accompanied by Rabbi Debbie Young-Sommers from Edgware Reform Synagogue (Kurt's current Synagogue). A group from the United Synagogue greeted them, including Rabbi Baruch Levin, the Rabbi of Brondesbury Park.

Bradley explained how he had traced the Sefer Torah to Brondesbury Park and then, with Rabbi Levin's help, rolled it to the Sedra from Kurt's bar mitzvah, for Kurt to read the first couple of lines. Rabbi Levin then put tefillin on Kurt, who read the first paragraph of the Shema. Everyone there was visibly moved and very honoured to be present.

Kurt's Torah parsha is *Ki Tavo* which literally translates to 'when you come', in Kurt's case curiously providential. The *sedra* narrates the story of Moses giving the children of Israel a long, harsh account of the bad things – illness, famine, poverty and exile – that shall befall them if they abandon God's commandments. Moses concludes by telling the people that only today, forty years after their birth as a people, have they attained 'a heart to know, eyes to see and ears to hear'.



Kurt Marx being reunited with the Sefer Torah from which he read his original barmitzvah parsha in Cologne

The Sefer Torah will remain at Brondesbury Park, where Rabbi Levin spoke of how momentous it is to know its exact provenance. He promised that Kurt's story and the story of the Kindertransport will live on through the Sefer.

"In all my years of working for AJR this incredible reunion, brought about by a chance lunchtime conversation, was one of the most moving events I have attended," Susan told us. "It is an enormous privilege to know Kurt, to see him in action and to listen to his words of wisdom."

Kurt's testimony has been recorded for the AJR Refugee Voices archive which, along with all our testimony recordings and My Story books, is freely available via our new website. It is our hope that these precious messages and life stories continue to inspire audiences for many years.

The city that no longer exists



Michael's mother Eva (centre) with her parents Fritz and Frida Loewy, and her grandparents, Breslau, 1936

Michael Grenfell recently attended the installation of Stolpersteine for his grandparents in the former German city of Breslau.

Quite a few AJR members will have connections with the former city of Breslau, while many others will at least have heard of it. This is unusual, because Breslau – which for centuries was a central economic and cultural hub of the German Empire and whose population in 1930 exceeded 600,000 – is not widely recognised today.

It was the city where my mother was born and grew up, and where she lived until May 1939 when, aged 17, she came to Britain as a refugee on the Kindertransport. It was also the city from which her parents – my grandparents, whom I never knew – were taken and murdered by the Nazis.

It is a city that no longer exists.

For sure, there is a city that stands in its place: the Polish city of Wrocław. Some of its buildings, particularly in the historic centre, are essentially the same, as is the street pattern, albeit with different street names. By chance Wrocław's current population – 670,000 – is of a similar scale to Breslau's. But it is not Breslau. Breslau has gone.

This is not merely about a change of names. Many European cities had their names changed in the turmoil of the first half of the twentieth century – partly for ideological reasons (Chemnitz became Karl-Marx-Stadt, and of course St Petersburg became Petrograd and then Leningrad), and more often because of the redrawing of national boundaries occasioned by the two world wars. Nor is it just about coming under the sovereignty of a different country – from Germany to Poland, in this case. That too happened quite a bit in the last century. Nor is it about the fact that Breslau's Jewish

population (about 23,000 in 1930) has vanished.

A town is its people as well as its buildings and streets. What is striking about Wrocław is that its citizens are wholly unconnected with the former people of Breslau. As part of the transfer of the territory from Germany to Poland at the end of WW2, the entire German population of Breslau was expelled and forced to move to East or West Germany by 1949. Today's citizens of Wrocław descend from Polish people who were forcibly transferred there from their homes in the former Polish city of Lvov, which Stalin insisted be transferred, along with much of eastern Poland, into the Soviet Union, and which is now the Ukrainian city of Lviv. Both populations – the old population of Breslau, and the new population of Wrocław – were, in four short years, uprooted wholesale from their home cities.

The whole story is recounted in the 2011 book, *Uprooted: How Breslau became Wrocław during the Century of Expulsions*, by Gregor Thum. Although these population transfers were vastly lesser in scale, intensity and viciousness than what was endured by the Jews at Hitler's hands, they nonetheless involved considerable suffering and cruelty, inflicted on millions of largely innocent and undeserving civilians.

In early May, my wife Sally and I travelled from London to Wrocław to instal *Stolpersteine* to commemorate my mother's parents, Fritz and Frida Loewy, at the site of the home where they had lived and where my mother had grown up.

As many readers will know, *Stolpersteine* are small square brass plaques, about the size of a cobblestone, 10cm on each side, which are installed in memory of a murdered victim of the Holocaust. They are implanted into the pavement, in each case

just outside the last freely-chosen home where the murdered person had lived. On each one a short statement is engraved: the name of the murdered individual, and their dates of birth, deportation, and (to the extent known) date and place of murder.

The project is undertaken by the Gunter Demnig Foundation in Germany. Gunter Demnig himself is a German artist, not Jewish, now in his late seventies, who in 1992 had the idea of creating these monuments to force Europeans of today to keep in mind the mass murder that was carried out in their midst just 80-85 years ago. Just over 100,000 stumbling stones have now been laid on pavements in cities, towns and villages all over Europe. The idea is that people going about their normal lives, walking along the pavement, come across these stones (almost literally stumbling on them) and realise that someone living there, in that very town, on that very spot, was taken away and murdered in the Holocaust. The Foundation sees it as an "intrusion of memory into everyday life".

Many people – including us – have sought to have stones manufactured and installed for their family members. The Gunter Demnig Foundation does not turn away any legitimate applicant, but equally it cannot practically instal six million stones. As a result, the Foundation is somewhat overwhelmed by the volume of applications it has received. The process is therefore not fast, but the people involved are helpful and kind: for us, the period from first application to actual installation took around two years, involving the Foundation approving the application and manufacturing the stone, planning permission being obtained from the local municipality, and a third-party contractor being found to undertake the actual installation of the stone. For any AJR member who is thinking of submitting an application, I would counsel patience.

31 Hohenstollernstrasse, Breslau, in the 1930s, where Michael's mother was raised by her parents Fritz and Frida Loewy



Michael standing on the site of 31 Hohenstollernstrasse in May 2026



Reflecting Gunter Demnig's concept of the stones as a public commemoration, rather than a private memorial, the inscription must be written in the language of the city where they are placed. As a result, the stones for my grandparents, Fritz and Frida, had to be inscribed in Polish which – as another aspect of Wrocław being a different city from Breslau – is a language which today's citizens of Wrocław can understand, but which would not have been understood by Fritz and Frida themselves or by their relatives, friends and neighbours.

It wasn't wholly straightforward to find the place where we should instal the stones. Luckily, online I found a list of members of one of Breslau's two synagogues as at 1930, along with their addresses. And Fritz and Frida Loewy's names were there. The address tallied with an address on one of my mother's school reports – 31 Hohenstollernstrasse – a street name which no longer exists, but which, with the help of websites and street plans published by some enterprising individuals, I was able to confirm corresponds to Wrocław's 31 ul Zaporoska.

The site is on a street corner. The building itself has gone, no doubt destroyed (as were so many of the city's buildings) during the brutal Soviet siege in early 1945. It has been replaced by a modern, and rather unattractive, concrete block of flats. As before, there is a shop on the ground-floor.

The Jews of Wrocław today are too few to sustain a rabbi, but there is a small Jewish community office who put me in touch with a chazan to recite *El Maleh Rachamim* after the stones were installed. We then took a private walking tour with a lovely young woman, Ursula Rybicka, not Jewish, who has made it an academic project to uncover, and disseminate, the Jewish past of the city – see her superb 'Jewish Wrocław' website <https://zydowskiwroclaw.pl/en/>.

I know shamefully little about my grandparents. There are a couple of photos taken in May 1936, with my mother (then aged 15). I know that my grandfather, Fritz, was among the 2,400 Jewish men picked up on Kristallnacht and incarcerated in Buchenwald. Most returned after weeks of incarceration, battered and traumatised, but some were killed or died from mistreatment. My grandfather was among them, leaving his wife Frida a widow in early December 1938.

Half of Breslau's 23,000-strong Jewish community had escaped Germany by the time War was declared. The remainder were left to their fate, in a series of deportations in 1941-43 to 'the east', to be murdered in mass shootings or in the death camps, in some cases after 'transit' at Theresienstadt. Very few survived. My grandmother was deported in April or May 1942 and sent to one of the camps, but we know no more than that.

There is a superb history of the Jews of Breslau under Nazism, *A Community under Siege*, by the eminent American historian Abraham Ascher, who managed to escape from Berlau after Kristallnacht with his parents. He is still alive, in his late nineties, and he wrote the book as an example of what Jewish life was like in Germany after Hitler came to power. "Shortage of water was a constant source of agony, exacerbated by the fact that on arrival at Buchenwald inmates were given salted herring to stimulate their thirst". That gives an impression – very upsetting – of what my grandfather's final weeks must have been like. Ascher also describes the deportations of 1941-43, and what became of those deported, such as my grandmother Frida.

My mother was 12 when Hitler came to power, and she always had very bitter memories of the six years in Breslau until she escaped. In her mainstream school, after the Nazi takeover, her teacher told

her and the other Jewish girl in her class, "You are just guests here"; Jewish children were subsequently forced to attend Jewish-only schools. My mother never wanted to return to Breslau herself, but was interested when in 1985, as a student, I visited Wrocław while interrailing. I deeply regret that I never thought of installing the *Stolpersteine* for her parents while she was still alive.

But I am glad we have now installed them. Breslau and its people are gone, half its Jews were hounded out, the other half were murdered. In that place, now a different, modern city, we have left a mark to commemorate them – in remembrance of what was, what should never have been, and what must never happen again.

Here in Britain my mother became a member of the AJR. As long as I can remember, we used to have *AJR Information* dropping through our letter box every month. It is a privilege to remember my mother and her murdered parents through your pages.



The Stolpersteine for Michael's grandparents. installed in Wrocław on 4 May 2026



An advert from the December 1971 issue of the AJR Journal



Lotte decorating an egg



Nicholas's mother with her parents in the 1930s



Princess Alexandra visiting Ackermans



Queuing outside the Goldhurst Terrace shop in the 1970s

Nicholas Rose descends from the refugee founders of a chocolate business that was so fine it was awarded the Royal Warrant. He takes up the story.

Even now, nearly fifty years after my grandparents gave up the business, people often tell me how fondly they remember Ackermans Chocolates. The quality of its products made Ackermans one of the best-loved and most enduring of all émigré enterprises. Few, though, are aware that it came into being quite by accident.

Back in Berlin, my grandfather Werner Ackerman had been a lawyer – and an actor at heart – while his Breslau-born wife Lotte had trained as a pianist. But with the rise of the Nazis, Werner was unable to practise after 1935 and their future in Germany was looking bleak. Lotte's Kempinski relatives were to provide a lifeline.

Kempinski's was a household name in prewar Berlin. The catering and wine empire served thousands daily in its establishments, including the legendary entertainment venue Haus Vaterland on Potsdamer Platz. Its success made it a prominent Jewish target for Nazi repression.

Co-owner Hans Kempinski was far-sighted enough to have researched escape-routes abroad as soon as Hitler came to power. In 1935 he obtained a permit from the Home Office to open a restaurant in Swallow Street, off Piccadilly, serving German specialities. This allowed him to bring over

personnel from Germany to staff it, including his son Gerhard and daughter-in-law Mela.

The Ackermans were also offered employment in the London restaurant and, with it, the means to leave Germany, provided they could demonstrate relevant skills and experience. This is how both Lotte and Werner – implausibly, in Werner's case, as he had hitherto been incapable of more than boiling an egg – came to spend a year in the Kempinski kitchens on Kurfürstendamm from April 1935. Lotte trained as a pastry cook making *Konfekt* (after-dinner chocolates and petits fours), while Werner was taught how to produce *Baumkuchen*.

The following year they moved to London, taking a flat in Thurlow Road, Hampstead. The Kempinskis lived above them. While Lotte was employed in the Kempinski restaurant, Werner applied himself to making *Baumkuchen* in their flat on a bulky machine that he had brought over from Germany. This breached his rental contract and he lived in fear of being reported. The lower gas pressure in Britain affected the moisture levels of his cakes. Worst of all, he found few takers for his upmarket product.

The final blows to Werner's precarious existence were delivered by the outbreak of war. In 1940 he was interned on the Isle of Man and only released after he signed up for the Pioneer Corps. This was to keep him away from London for the duration of the war, forcing him to abandon his *Baumkuchen* venture.

Meanwhile, Lotte used her Kempinski

training to start a side business making chocolates. Although both sugar and cocoa were rationed, fellow-refugee Max Weldon was well placed to assist. He was in the cocoa trade and had family contacts with the émigré-founded firm of Caxton, which specialised in industrial chocolate or couverture. Lotte began production on her kitchen table, assisted by a number of refugee ladies who helped out when time permitted. A network of agents hawked the finished product around the refugee community.

After Werner was demobilised in August 1945, the couple could devote themselves to the business full-time and exploit the gap in the market for Continental dark chocolate confectionery. Lotte and Werner took a room in Fairfax Mews off Finchley Road. Here a "dipper" would help Lotte produce chocolates full-time while Werner served customers.

In 1952 the Ackermans chose Kensington Church Street for their first dedicated retail outlet, down the road from Bendick's, one of the best-known English makers of quality chocolates. It was a bold move – or an inspired one – to position themselves so near to a competitor. The timing was certainly opportune as chocolate rationing was only finally lifted completely in 1953. And Werner ensured the shop caught the eye in the drabness of the postwar years with its theatrical shop window, an opportunity to give free expression to his artistic instincts.

The Ackermans' strategy to attract a discerning clientele soon began to pay off. Their focus on dark chocolate – the English

REFUGEE STORY



Ackermans chocolate display



The Ackermans on their Golden Wedding



The shop in Kensington Church Street in the 1950s

traditionally enjoyed milk – and Continental specialties, such as marzipan, helped them stand out. In due course the shop became known to the Royal Family. Princess Alexandra, the Queen's cousin who lived in nearby Kensington Palace, was the first to discover Ackermans, often coming in to shop in person. Later, both Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother became regular customers. Chocolate assortments would be hand-delivered to both Kensington Palace and Clarence House on request.

As a result, the Ackermans were awarded the Royal Warrant in 1968. Packaging could now proudly carry the royal crest and inscription "Confectioners by Appointment to HM Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother".

Twelve years earlier they had opened a second shop at 9 Goldhurst Terrace, in prime Finchley Road refugee territory, behind the John Barnes department store, and transferred production to its basement. At peak times of the year, long queues would form outside. Lotte was an outstanding chocolatier who knew how to achieve the slightly glossy appearance, full bouquet and lingering aftertaste that marks out the best chocolate.

The Goldhurst Terrace shop was destined to become a magnet for the émigré community, which made up a large proportion of the clientele. Werner, who loved meeting his customers, was hopeless at wrapping and wisely assembled a team of refugee assistants to serve behind the counter. Customers generally made an effort to speak English, although it was common to

hear shoppers struggling with phrases such as "I would like a quarter pound of truffles" in rich, Continental accents.

By 1978 the Ackermans were well over seventy and still working, despite both having heart conditions. They took the decision to retire, selling the business to a young Swiss patissier, Werner Krattiger, whom they had taken on as a trainee. Krattiger could see the considerable potential in Ackermans. He expanded the business, retaining the Goldhurst Terrace shop but moving production to considerably larger premises on an industrial estate in Camden which enabled him to introduce much-needed automation. He would eventually produce 4000 kilos of merchandise a week, a far cry from the roughly hundred kilos that Lotte and her team had made.

Tragically, Krattiger contracted AIDS, succumbing in 1992 aged just forty-two. His will established a Trust to continue Ackermans Chocolates, with part of the profits going to AIDS research.

The business developed tie-ups with overseas partners, resulting in Ackermans being on sale for a time in Berlin's KaDeWe, the Harrods of Germany. As the Jewish-owned *Kaufhaus des Westens* it had also been the largest department store in prewar Berlin. What a pity that my grandparents did not live long enough to savour this moment.

The connection with the Royal Family was still paying dividends. In 1996 the then Prince Charles came to visit the revamped Selfridges Food Hall, where Ackermans



Werner's 70th birthday in Florence

had secured a concession. They were consequently awarded a contract to supply the Prince's Duchy Originals range with their signature mint thins, a confection Lotte created and her greatest legacy to the British chocolate industry. (These were the Prince's personal favourite, he divulged, alongside the orange and lemon slices.)

In the late 1990s Charbonnel et Walker bought a majority stake in the business, retaining the Ackermans name for a time. But after the Queen Mother's death in 2002, which necessitated the withdrawal of the Royal Warrant, the brand and the Goldhurst Terrace shop disappeared altogether.

My brother Michael had the presence of mind to go along when the premises were being refurbished and salvage the Ackermans shop sign that hung over the door. It now has pride of place in his kitchen, bringing back sweet memories of my grandparents and their achievements each time I visit.

From Berlin to Bittermints: The Story of Ackermans Chocolates and its Refugee Founders by Nicholas Rose was published by Action Publishing last month and is now widely available from booksellers.

ART NOTES: by Gloria Tessler

MARILYN MONROE: HOW JEWISH PHOTOGRAPHERS PROJECTED HER TO STARDOM

The photo of Marilyn Monroe in her white ballet tutu snapped by Jewish photographer Milton Greene may have cemented her eternal blonde bombshell image. But it is less the revelation of a Hollywood femme fatale than a reflection of her innocent vulnerability.

You can see it in her questioning smile, in the awkwardness of her feet splayed childishly under the cloudy transparency of the dress. This is no diva. Greene, like the many Jewish photographers who portrayed the star, particularly those who had escaped Nazi persecution, perceived a shared empathy with the former Norma Jeane Mortenson, the abandoned orphanage girl. They were there at the launch of her career and at its tragic end.

They clearly demonstrated a sense of shared oppression. Greene, who was born Milton H. Greengold into a Jewish family in New York City in 1922, remained friends with Marilyn long after the photo was taken, as her business partner, and ensured that she and Arthur Miller had a Jewish wedding.

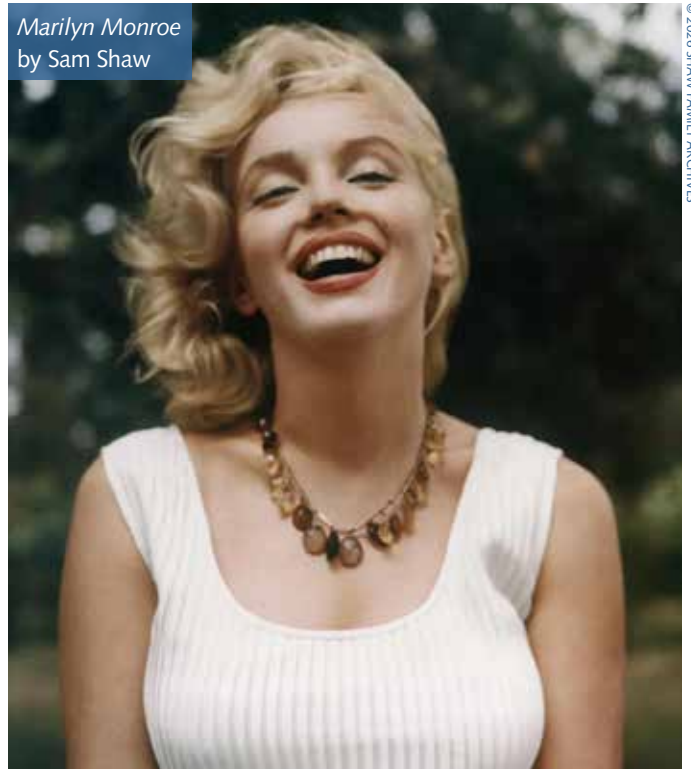
In fact Marilyn converted to Judaism on her marriage, and continued to study with a rabbi, maintaining a close bond with her father-in-law, Isidore Miller even after her divorce. She even brought him to Madison Square Garden as her guest when she famously sang Happy Birthday to John F Kennedy in 1962, the year after her divorce.

Greene's photos, together with those of Sam Shaw – who portrayed Marilyn with her white halter-neck dress billowing over a subway grate in the film *The Seven Year Itch* – are among her best known. They feature in the National Portrait Gallery's dazzling exhibition, *Marilyn Monroe: A Portrait*, to honour what would have been her 100th birthday, had she not died aged 36 on 4 August 1962.

Shaw was born on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. He is internationally acclaimed for his photographs of film and movie stars, though his interests and talents extended to music, theatre, sculpture, painting, literature, journalism, as well as social and political activism. He is one of a host of Jewish photographers who captured her image as she grew into stardom, including Bert Stern, Richard Avedone, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Danny Lyon, Robert Frank, Laurence Schiller, Bruce Davidson, Bruno Bernard and Eve Arnold.

It was their shared Jewishness which helped Laurence Schiller bond with her on the set of her unfinished film, *Something's Got to Give* for *Paris Match*. He made a specific point that it was the Jewish photographers who related to her and stayed in touch.

Marilyn Monroe
by Sam Shaw



© 2026 SHAW FAMILY ARCHIVES

Philippe Halsman, who first met Marilyn when she was still simply Norma Jeane Mortenson, created playful images of her doing handstands and working out. A Latvian Jew, born in Riga in 1916, he moved to Paris in 1934, opened a studio in Montparnasse and became photographer for the cultural set, which included Andre Gide and Marc Chagall. On the Nazi invasion in 1940 he fled to the US, helped by his friend, Albert Einstein.

Berlin-born Bruno Bernard was on a Gestapo hit list and fled the Nazis alone and penniless, changing his name from Bruno Sommerfeld. He is credited with being the first man to spot Marilyn in the street, transforming her through his lens from shy teenager to Hollywood beauty. His daughter, Susan Bernard, author of *Marilyn: Intimate Exposures*, said: "Marilyn and my Dad were survivors to the core. candid pin-up styles earned him the nickname The King of Glamour."

Eve Arnold was born in Philadelphia in 1912 to Russian Jewish immigrant parents. She exhibited at the Halcyon Gallery in 2005 and published a book on Marilyn in the same year. She was praised for her deeply introspective view of her subject.

Bert Stern, the son of Jewish immigrants, grew up in Brooklyn. He created Marilyn Monroe's final photography session, *The Last Sitting*, in 1962 as an independent assignment for *Vogue Magazine*. His experimental portraits from the photoshoot are a study in the play of light, shadow and perspective to capture her essence, and are considered the greatest photographic homage to Marilyn Monroe. His

enduring claim is that he captured the star before the world said goodbye.

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CONTEMPORARY
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

**Marilyn Monroe:
A Portrait at the
National Portrait
Gallery until
September 6.**

The Berlin Olympics 90 years on

On 29 April 1931 The International Olympic Committee (The IOC) voted 43 to 16 to hold the 1936 Summer Olympic Games in Berlin. Berlin was then still the capital city of Weimar Germany. By 1936, however, it was the capital of Nazi Germany and what happened in August 1936, ninety years ago, became one of the darkest chapters in the history of the politics of modern sport.

Needless to say, the German team excluded Jews, though three half-Jews were included (all of them living outside Germany). The Nazi regime went all out to use the Games as a propaganda vehicle. Goebbels's paper, *The Attack*, told its readers: 'We must be more charming than the Parisians, more easygoing than the Viennese, more vivacious than the Romans, more cosmopolitan than London, and more practical than New York.'

For the first time the 1936 Olympics were televised. Leni Riefenstahl was personally commissioned by Hitler to film the Games (*Olympia*, 1938). 'I'm afraid the Nazis have succeeded with their propaganda,' wrote the American journalist, William L. Shirer. On 13 August 1936, Victor Klemperer wrote 'People at home and abroad are constantly being told that they are here witnessing the revival, the blossoming, the new mind, the unity,

steadfastness and glory, of course, also the peacefulness of the spirit of the Third Reich, that lovingly embraces the entire world.'

What is less well known is that Coca Cola was a 'proud sponsor' of the 1936 Games, as were Mercedes-Benz and Lufthansa. Not for the last time in the history of the Olympic Games, big business and vile politics went together hand in hand.

Of course, by 1936 no thinking person should have had any illusions about Nazi antisemitism. Already in March 1933 the first concentration camp had been established at Dachau to incarcerate thousands of political opponents of the regime. The boycott of Jewish shops and the public burning of books by anti-Nazi and Jewish writers began soon after. In September 1935, the Nuremberg Laws had denied Reich citizenship to Jews and banned marriage and sexual relations between Jews and non-Jews.

Nazi anti-black racism was just as obvious. Already in August 1932, in an article called 'Neger haben auf der Olympiade nichts zu suchen', *The Völkischer Beobachter*, the Nazi Party's principal organ, wrote, 'Blacks have no place in the Olympics. . . Unfortunately, these days one often sees the free white man having to compete with blacks, with Neger, for the victory palm. This is a disgrace and a degradation of the Olympic idea without parallel, and the ancient Greeks would turn over in their graves if they knew what modern men were doing with their sacred national games . . . The next Olympic Games will take place in Berlin. Hopefully, the men in control will do their duty. Blacks

must be excluded. We demand it.' In the same year, Hitler himself called the modern Olympic Games 'a plot against the Aryan race by Freemasons and Jews.'

The boycott movement in America, an almost exclusively Jewish affair, asked Avery Brundage, the president of the American Olympic Committee (AOC), to oppose holding the summer games in Berlin. Brundage, however, believed that sport and politics should be kept separate and his own antisemitism played a not insignificant part in his refusal to oppose the Berlin Games. One of Brundage's AOC colleagues, Gus Kirby, wrote to him in exasperation: 'I take it that the fundamental difference between you and me is that you are a Jew hater and Jew baiter and I am neither; that you enjoy being hated and despised and threatened by the Jews and I don't; that you have made no promises to the Jews and I have.' Brundage later became the President of the International Olympic Committee from 1952-1972. It is also worth mentioning that America was still deeply racist in the 1930s. America's 384-person Olympic team, included only nineteen blacks (two of whom were women).

From the American Olympic Committee to the willingness of famous corporations to sponsor the Berlin Games and the antisemitism of the president of the American Olympic Committee, the story of the 1936 Berlin Games makes for grim reading ninety years on.

David Herman



German citizens saluting Adolf Hitler at the opening of the 11th Olympiad in Berlin in 1936



Marty Glickman and Sam Stoller, two Jewish members of the United States Olympic team. The two were removed from the 4 X 100m relay (USHMM)



Lebanon Park Kinder Hostel today.



Nellie Ionides in 1945, with her much loved poodle, Cliquot. Source Orleans House Gallery

PHOTO © GUNTER RUF AND USED WITH HIS PERMISSION



Nine of the boys who lived at the Kinder Hostel in Lebanon Park



After leaving Twickenham Harold Orbach moved to the USA where he became a famous Cantor, praised for switching effortlessly between secular and religious music

THE JEWS OF TWICKENHAM

Lucy Erber is the author of a forthcoming book that discusses some of the Jews who lived in Twickenham from the Georgian period until the 1960s, including those who stayed in the Kinder hostel in Lebanon Park between 1939-45.

Lucy first learned about the hostel through an article in the April 2020 issue of the *AJR Journal*. The article was written by three Year 9 pupils from nearby Hampton School, who had seen details of the hostel on the AJR's UK Holocaust map and decided to research it. They had found details of two former pupils and one staff member at the hostel.

This propelled Lucy to start her own research, through which she was able to discover more information about all three members of staff and all but one of the pupils, as well as identify who had donated the house to be used as the Hostel.

According to Lucy, the hostel was home to 10 boys aged between eight to twelve. Some sources suggest 11 boys, and there is one, Werner Schwartz, about whom no information has been forthcoming. None of the organisations behind the other Kinder Hostels had any information about who had donated the house at Lebanon

Park, but the Rates records for the property held by the London Borough of Richmond revealed that rates were paid to the then Borough of Twickenham by the Hon. Mrs Nellie Ionides. She was an English collector, connoisseur and philanthropist whose father, Marcus Samuel, founded the Shell Transport and Trading Company (now Shell plc), and became Lord Mayor of London. Nellie is perhaps best known for saving the 18th-century Octagon Room at Orleans House in Twickenham from destruction, and for donating this and much of her extensive art collection to the local council.

The Staff:

The three members of staff at the hostel were all Jewish refugees.

Alice Croner, the Matron, was a widow from Berlin. She lived for many years in the Temple Fortune area of London after the War ended.

Gertrud Singer was the housemaid, and from Vienna. She remained in England after the War, married twice and had a daughter (Irene).

Margot Brauer was the third member of staff. She was from Berlin. Recently, Margot's stepdaughter, Helen Levy, discovered a fascinating story about Margot and Anita's parents, Johanna and Willy. Their story features in the April 2026 *AJR Journal*. Margot had a son, Malcolm, with her first husband, who sadly died. She married again and owned a stall at The Cut Market in Waterloo, then worked at Bental's

department store in Kingston. Margot was to stay in touch with two of the boys after the war – Freddy Popper and Gunter Ruf.

The Residents:

Gunter Ruf was born in Herne, Germany and was 10 when he arrived in England in April 1939. He was the only one of four siblings to travel on the Kindertransport, although his three brothers and sisters were to survive the concentration camps that they were incarcerated in. His mother perished on the death march from Stutthof, but his father managed to escape. Gunter was eventually reunited with his father and siblings.

When Gunter lived at Lebanon Park he attended local schools, changing his name to George as Gunter 'sounded too German'. Later he joined the British Army serving in the far east and then became part of the Royal Military Police. At the suggestion of an uncle, he emigrated in Ecuador. He initially worked in his uncle's paint business before setting up his own toy and baby retail store, which was to become the biggest in Ecuador. He married and had three daughters and a son. All his daughters were to settle in the USA, and Gunter and his wife joined them there. Gunter has taken his wife and youngest daughter to see the house that was the hostel in Lebanon Park.

Freddy (Fritz) Popper was born in Vienna and was 11 when he came to England with his mother in 1939. His parents were divorced, and his father had gone to live in British Mandate Palestine. As Freddy lived

in the hostel in Lebanon Park it is likely that his mother had secured employment in a domestic service role where she was unable to care for her son.

Freddy became a lifelong friend of another of the hostel residents, Ralph Metzger, and remained in touch with Emil Haber. Freddy also remained in contact with Margot Brauer. He married Elizabeth, loved music and playing the clarinet. He moved around England quite a bit working as a tailor and pattern cutter. He died aged 68 in 1997.

Emil (Emanuel) Haber was born in 1928 in Vienna. He arrived in England in March 1939 and moved to the Lebanon Park Kinder Hostel that summer. After the War Emil returned to live in his home city of Vienna.

Roy (Ralph/Rolf) Metzger was born in 1928 in Mainz, Germany. He arrived in England in June 1939. His nickname was Butch, and he was to remain friends with one of the other residents, Freddy Popper.

In 1958 he married Barbara Downs. They lived in various parts of West London. Roy is listed as director of Hamrax Motors in North London in 1991. The company sold motor vehicles. He died aged 73 in 2001 in London.

Kurt Kristeller was born in 1929 in Worms, Germany. His father, Paul ran a grain business and was married to Hilda. The family home and business were attacked during the November Pogroms of 1938. After a period in Buchenwald, Paul was released back to Worms where he undertook forced labour. He and Hilda were then deported to the Piaski Ghetto in Poland in 1942, and were then murdered in Belzec Extermination Camp, also in Poland.

Kurt's older brother, Hermann, had left to live in the USA before the 1938 November pogroms. Kurt himself arrived in England on 21 June 1939. In 1945 he went to live in the USA, where he died in 1980, aged 51.

Fred (Friedrich) Pauker was born in Vienna in 1927. He arrived in England in April 1939. In 1949 he went to live in Israel, where he had a successful career as a calligrapher and graphic artist. Throughout his career he worked for various advertising agencies and independently undertook a considerable number of commissions for both individuals

and various Israeli institutions.

Fred was married to Evelyn, who was a textile designer. After Fred died in 1985 Evelyn donated an archive of Fred's work to the National Library of Israel. Evelyn died in 2018.

Gerald (Gunter) Orbach was born in 1927 in Dusseldorf, Germany. His parents were Eugene and Herta. His father was an importer and his mother a housewife. Gerald had one brother, Harold, who travelled with him on a Kindertransport to England and lived with him at the hostel.

Their stay there was short as when the bombing of London started in September 1940, they travelled to the USA and settled in Michigan. Gerald married Pearl and they had two daughters. He worked in Sales Management. He died in 2004 aged 76.

Harold Orbach, Gerald's brother, was born in 1931, also in Dusseldorf. Aged 8 he was the youngest resident at the Lebanon Park hostel. Harold went to the USA in 1940 with his brother and settled in Michigan, where he married Evelyn (an actress) and together, they had three daughters and one son.

Harold became a famous Cantor, serving at Temple Israel in West Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. He was also President of the American Conference of Cantors. He performed throughout the world, including singing work by Leonard Bernstein and Dave Brubeck. Harold was awarded the State of Israel Culture Medal after he performed at key celebrations and events in Israel.

He died in Michigan in 2014 aged eighty-three. His wife, Evelyn died in 2020 aged eighty-eight. Records show that Harold and Gerald's parents Eugene and Herta had survived, as they both also died in Michigan in 2000 and 2004 respectively, aged ninety-nine and a hundred and one.

Frank (Franz) Reichmann was born in 1930 in Beuthen, Germany. His parents were Kurt and Betty, and Frank had two siblings. His father was a merchant. Frank's parents sent all three children to Britain following Kristallnacht. Only Frank lived at the Lebanon Park Hostel, his siblings were placed elsewhere.

Frank's father, Kurt, was murdered in Auschwitz in 1941 and it is believed that his

mother, Betty, was also killed there.

Following the war, Frank continued to live in London and married Valerie in 1958. They had children. Later, in life Frank and Valerie moved to Oxfordshire, where they both died: Valerie in 2004, aged 67 and Frank in 2008 aged 78.

William (Willi) Heiden (Heidenheimer) was born in Mainz, Germany in 1928. His parents were Eva and Albert, and William had an older sister, Margaret. Albert worked in the wine business.

After Kristallnacht William's parents arranged for their children to leave. We get insight into how William and his sister travelled and what life was like for the boys during their stay in Twickenham from a series of interviews that William did with the USC Shoah Foundation in 1997: <https://www.holocausttestimony.org.uk/interviews-view/william-martin-heiden-interview-usc-shoah-foundation-2>.

William arrived in England on a Kindertransport in April 1939. His sister was sponsored to attend a Quaker school in the North of England.

William left school at fourteen and started working in an optical factory. In 1943 he learned that his parents had got to the United States so that August he left Lebanon Park to join them in Los Angeles. His sister followed several months later. In his testimony he describes how the time that they had apart created a gulf between them. The family did not have much money and William's parents worked hard to provide a reasonable life for their children.

William worked for an electronics company, before setting up his own business selling windows. He married Ruby and they had two daughters. They moved to Miami where William remained until he died, aged 89, in 2017.

Lucy Erber used the following sources for this article: World Jewish Relief Archives, London Borough of Richmond Upon Thames Local Studies Library, United States Holocaust Museum, Helen Levy, Gunter Ruf (via his daughter Rebecca Ruf), The Kindertransport Association USA, Ancestry.com, USC Shoah Foundation, Andy Lawrence and Hampton School, Yad Vashem

STEFAN ZWEIG IN LONDON

On 1 July the renowned Austrian author Stefan Zweig was honoured with an English Heritage blue plaque at 49 Hallam Street in London's Fitzrovia, where he lived after fleeing Nazi persecution. David Herman attended the event.

Zweig was one of the great Jewish-European writers of the 20th century. His life had several key phases. First, between his birth in 1881 and 1918, he lived in the seemingly secure world of the affluent Jewish upper middle class in Vienna, a world brilliantly evoked in his memoir, *The World of Yesterday*. Then came his literary heyday, between 1918-1934, when he was one of Europe's most widely read and translated writers, the author of bestselling biographies and novels. Then followed his years of exile, from 1934 – when he left his beloved Austria – to 1942, when he and his young second wife committed suicide in Brazil.

In London Zweig initially stayed at

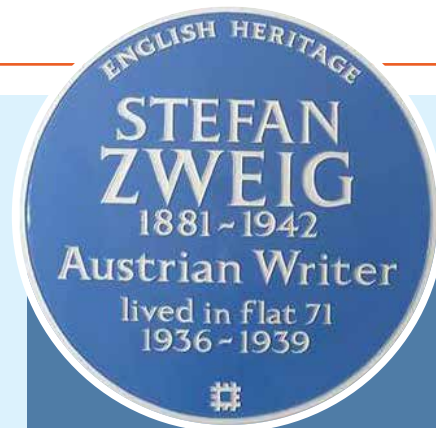
Brown's Hotel in Mayfair and then in a small furnished flat in Portland Place, but in October 1935 he saw the new development at 49 Hallam Street, Marylebone. The Portland stone-fronted mansion block featured 86 flats and a basement restaurant that operated as a club so it could sell alcohol. From March 1936, Zweig and his secretary and new partner, Lotte Altmann, found a home as the first occupants in flat 71.

Here, with Lotte's assistance, Zweig wrote his longest novel, *Beware of Pity* (1938). This work was influenced by psychoanalytical theories developed by his friend and fellow refugee, Sigmund Freud, whose eulogy he read at Golders Green cemetery in 1939. A major factor in choosing where to live was the proximity of the Reading Room at the British Museum.

Despite the worsening political situation, Zweig found London 'pleasant and peaceful'. However, as he wrote in his autobiography, *The World of Yesterday*, 'my books had disappeared from their original language, and what I wrote from now on would be unknown in Germany or Austria. My friends were far away, my old circle of acquaintances scattered, the house with its collections and pictures and books was lost to me. ... [N]ow, at the age of fifty, I faced another beginning.'

Nevertheless, he was able to rediscover some of his lost fame in London, while some of his favourite pieces of furniture arrived from his famous home in Salzburg, 'A desk, cupboards, carpets, his favourite armchair..., several bookcases and their contents, a few pictures and smaller items...' according to Oliver Matuschek, one of several recent biographers.

In September 1939, Zweig and Lotte married and moved to Bath. They acquired British citizenship in 1940 but left for New York, where his brother Alfred had emigrated in 1938. Zweig began writing his autobiography, and the couple moved to Brazil in August 1941 where, although geographically distant, Zweig was deeply affected by the



The new English Heritage blue plaque honouring Stefan Zweig



Stefan Zweig photographed in May 1939, when he was living at Hallam Street

worsening political situation in Europe and became depressed. On 23 February 1942, the day after Zweig and Lotte completed work on his autobiography, they ended their lives at their home in Petrópolis.

In 2012, a number of celebrities called for a blue plaque to be placed outside 49 Hallam Street in memory of Zweig. Professor Rüdiger Görner, then head of languages at Queen Mary, University of London, said he was 'amazed' to hear from English Heritage that the application had been rejected. 'He lived for a very important part of his life in the UK. I think it is important to mark this, and to make it quite clear to the public that he actually lived here,' said Görner. 'It is absolutely clear where he stands in terms of literary profile – he really stands with the great writers of the 20th century ... He was after all a bestselling author at the time – he was envied by Thomas Mann for his sheer prolific output, and there were times when he sold more copies.'

Now at last a blue plaque has been placed as a fitting tribute to Zweig, one of the great Jewish refugee writers of the 20th century.



EARLY SEPTEMBER 2026

An exciting two-day trip to Chartwell House and Hever Castle, with an overnight stay at the Lingfield Marriot Hotel



The itinerary will include:

- Return coach travel from Stanmore
- Entry and private tour of the stunning Hever Castle plus a Garden Tour and lunch
- Overnight hotel stay with Dinner, Bed & Breakfast
- Entry, private talk and self guided tour of Chartwell House, the home of Sir Winston Churchill



roshart@ajr.org.uk

REVIEW

LOVERS IN AUSCHWITZ: A TRUE STORY

By Keren Blankfeld

WH Allen

Author Karen Blankfeld never met the remarkable Zippi Spitzer Tichauer before her death in her 100th year but interviewed her wartime lover David Wisnia several times before telling their remarkable story. It involves a girl from Slovakia and a boy seven years her junior from Poland whose lives were both blighted and broken by tragedy, yet went on to lead fulfilling and worthwhile lives, David's being saved several times by his remarkably capable and cunning girlfriend. She was 25 and he was 17 when they met.

The most incredible thing was that the love affair blossomed in history's most notorious death camp beneath the ash-choked skies of Auschwitz. Enchanted from the moment their eyes looked across the work floor, their budding intimacy risked dooming them if they were caught. Thankfully, they were helped by faithful friends on the lookout, in an atmosphere of a waking nightmare, where death was only ever round the corner.

They made plans to meet again, although neither could have foreseen just how their lives would diverge and how many years would elapse before they would. Both were very talented people. Zippi (Helen) was born in Bratislava, in November 1918 just as the First World War was ending. The Austro Hungarian Empire was coming apart and the city became part of then Czechoslovakia. As she grew up she had dreams of being a botanist but the increasing power of the Nazis and punitive measures against Jews made this impossible.

Undaunted, Zippi found her calling as a graphic designer, a vocation not usually open to women in those days. A smiling picture shows her painting signage letters at the Luxor Palace, Bratislava without any clue of the horrors to come. Her skills in her vocation, together with determination and a certain cunning, were later to prove invaluable, helping her to survive after other members of her family perished. They enabled her to assist some other prisoners escape death,

as well as facilitating her own resistance. Her talents also included playing the mandolin in the camp's Women's Orchestra, alongside such distinguished performers as cellist Anita Lasker-Wallfisch and violinist and conductor Alma Rosé.

David grew up in Sochaczew, a typical small town near Warsaw. He began mastering the piano at seven and opera was like a second language to him. As Nazism rose, his father refused to emigrate to the USA, instead moving the family to the Polish capital where David's training as a singer blossomed. But after the German invasion in September 1939 life rapidly deteriorated and the family was struck by tragedy, leaving David to fend for himself and eventually be transported to Auschwitz, where his remarkable singing voice helped save his life.

David and Zippi's secret meetings took place primarily in a warehouse used to store confiscated belongings. However, as the war drew to a close, their paths diverged during the camp evacuations. They made plans to reunite in Warsaw after liberation, but due to chaotic wartime circumstances – David embedding with the U.S. Army and Zippi becoming a displaced person – they lost touch.

Nevertheless, they both went on to have long and interesting lives, eventually ending up in different parts of the USA. Zippi married an eminent scientist, the Berliner Erwin Tichauer, who was also a former Auschwitz inmate although they had first met at Feldafing Displaced Persons Camp, Bavaria. Later the couple participated in

United Nations humanitarian projects and Tichauer became a distinguished professor.

Meanwhile, David had a large family and was a cantor in two local synagogues. But he never forgot Zippi. More than 70 years after they lost touch, David tracked her down, finally reuniting with her in her final days, allowing them to share one last moment of connection and uncovering the truth behind their survival.

In order to write the book, whose structure borrows from operatic terminology, Keren Blankfeld relied on extensive interviews, rich oral testimonies, and memoirs both published and archived. She spoke at length to David, but Zippi had already passed away, at the age of ninety-nine, when Blankfeld began her research. In the prologue, she expresses her firm belief that the story of the star-crossed love affair deserves to be told.

Janet Weston



AJR RAMBLERS CLUB



Our next walk will take place on:
TUESDAY 22 SEPTEMBER 2026 at 11am

Meeting at a North West London station
There is no charge to come for a ramble.



karendiamond@ajr.org.uk

CONFERENCE ON REFUGEE ACADEMICS

The Research Centre for German & Austrian Exile Studies is holding its triennial international conference on *Refugee Academics and Their Networks* at Senate House, University of London, on 16-18 September. The opening paper will be given by Dr Anthony Grenville and there will be a concert of exile and banned music on the evening of 17 September. Full details of the conference, which is organised jointly with the German Gesellschaft für Exilforschung, at www.ilcs.sas.ac.uk/news-events/events

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OBITUARIES

Kitty FANTOZZI (née Graetzer)

Born: 2 January 1926 Vienna

Died: 9 June 2026 Newcastle



Kitty Fantozzi had just turned 13 in January 1939 when she came to the UK on a Kindertransport from Vienna. She left behind her mother Margaret, father Walter, and older sister Edith. Kitty was never to experience that close family life again.

Apart from some initial letters from her mother, which abruptly ended, she never knew what had happened to her after that. Her father spent time in a prisoner of war camp in Italy but, while being transported, managed to jump from a train and escape. After Kitty failed to get permission for him to stay in the UK, he eventually settled in Canada with his other daughter, Edith, who had travelled via Kindertransport a couple of months after Kitty and who had joined the Auxiliary Territorial Service, the women's branch of the British Army, and then emigrated.

Thankfully, in her late 30s, Kitty married a Geordie of Italian descent and had a long and happy marriage. Her later years were somewhat isolated, but she was very grateful for help provided by the Jewish community in the North East and also the AJR, which was instrumental in providing support, especially during her later years.

When Kitty arrived at Liverpool Street Station, with only a few possessions and photographs of her beloved parents, she was given a ticket to Leeds. She didn't know where Leeds was or how long the journey might take, as she didn't speak any English. She stayed with her foster mother for six months. But, after her carer fell ill, she was sent to a Jewish hostel in Harrogate where she stayed until she was old enough to work. She received pocket money whilst there and the Jewish Refugee Committee helped with her studies and in looking for work. In October 1943 she was mentioned in the Harrogate Advertiser

as having had stationery stolen to the value of 2s 6d by three 14 year old boys who had broken into the hostel.

As the war came to an end, Kitty started work and left the hostel to share accommodation with another worker. Kitty had embraced the English language, was very skilled in art and worked initially in a shop designing and painting fire surrounds. Some of her beautiful art work and modelling was to be seen on display in her home in later years. In December 1947, she obtained her British naturalisation certificate and set sail for Canada to visit her father and sister. She recalled enduring a long coach journey across Canada to Alberta where her father Walter lived. He died there in 1973.

Kitty then became an office worker in ICI and moved to the North East of England, where she married, in her words 'a nice Geordie', and settled in Gateshead. Her husband, a retired engineering draughtsman, passed away in 2004.

In 2013 the Newcastle Chronicle featured an interview with Kitty for Holocaust Memorial Day in which she described how leaving home had affected her. She was still fearful about being photographed or identified by her married name. She described her last years in Vienna as devastating, having to move house and leave her school. The article described Kitty as being 'a remarkably composed woman' despite the 'unimaginable pain' she had experienced in her life.

Kitty was always grateful for the befriending programme of AJR and always thanked the volunteers for visiting her even during her final years in a nursing home. As AJR volunteers, it has been our privilege to help support this lady for the past 10 years and be present at her 100th birthday celebration at the beginning of the year.

Eileen and Steve Round

Herbert KING

Born: 10 June 1924, Vienna

Died: 30 April 2026, London

One night while in rural Wiltshire where he had been evacuated during WW2, Herbert King snuck into his school, found all the teachers' canes and burned them in a fireplace.

He was soon expelled but, this act of defiance against the punishments being handed to him and his classmates, would in many ways sum up his life, one spent rallying against the odds while also helping others.

Born in Vienna, Herbert was the only child of Josef and Gisela Goldstein. His father was a sales director of a company that made a popular brand of cough lozenges and the boxes they were sold in featured a photo of a young Herbert riding a sleigh.

The year Herbert turned 13 proved to be momentous, but in ways he would never have imagined, as Nazi influence took over Austria. It was the year of his bar mitzvah, a celebration which Herbert would later look back on as the final time his whole family were together, before his relatives were forced to flee their homes or were imprisoned in camps. It was also the final year of his formal education after he was thrown out of his school because of his religion. With the Nazi threat only worsening, Herbert's family decided he needed to leave Vienna through the Kindertransport and in December 1938 he found himself waving goodbye to his parents as



he boarded a train for England, carrying with him only five marks, a suitcase and a passport printed with a swastika.

The first few months would see Herbert being moved around south-east England, before he ended up in Wiltshire. He was joined there by his mother who had managed to get a job in London that spring so she could be in the same country as her son. Following the cane burning episode, he found work as a handyman and gardener, first in a vicarage then at the historic Lord Suffolk Estate. He also signed up with the Young Austria group, formed of refugees from his homeland.

With his mother having relocated to London in search of a job, Herbert joined her in the war-ravaged capital in 1942 and he would work all hours as a baker and pastry chef in various restaurants and eateries. He also joined the local Air Raid Precaution so he could help tackle fires and assist others during German raids, and was part of an Austrian choir based in the city.

Herbert remained in London after the war ended, changed his surname to King and married his first wife Jean with whom he had a son (who sadly passed away in 1998). Home Office files show during this post-war period he was also under observation by MI5 because of fears about his political leanings, until he was finally considered “satisfactorily safe” in 1948. Building on his work in bakeries he opened several coffee stalls but lumbering around heavy milk churns would take its toll on his back and he was forced to instead take an office job as a clerk at a women’s clothing manufacturer.

Unexpectedly, this line of work proved to be hugely important for Herbert. From clerk he rose to become company director and would later describe how he would walk up and down Oxford Street while noting the latest designs, before taking those ideas back to the factory to emulate. It would also be through fashion that he met his second wife Eva while she was helping buy clothes for her sister’s boutique.

Away from work Herbert became a pillar of his local community. He was a founder member of the Wembley Friends of Magen David Adom (MDA), later named the North West London Friends of MDA, which raised funds to donate ambulances and blood banks to the medical emergency organisation. He also ran for election as a local Liberal councillor, albeit unsuccessfully, and joined the Association of Jewish Refugees.

With Eva, Herbert built a family and is survived by two sons, eleven grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren. Reflecting both their pasts, the couple would also always keep their home as a welcoming shelter, opening their door for family, friends and refugees from across the world, even during Herbert’s final years.

Eva King



Renate MACKAY

Born: 1931, Cologne

Died: 1 July 2026, Glasgow

Renate Pütz’s earliest years were shaped by personal loss and political upheaval.

Her mother, Elly Putz, a talented photographer, died when Renate was just two years old. She was subsequently adopted by her aunt Käte and uncle Professor Erwin Finlay Freundlich, the distinguished astronomer and colleague of Albert Einstein, who had emigrated from Germany to Turkey in 1933.

The family moved to Prague in 1935 and escaped from Czechoslovakia in 1939, just in time. Professor Finlay Freundlich had already travelled to Scotland to seek an academic appointment at the University of St Andrews and, through the determined efforts of lecturer Lawrie Wardale, the rest of the family managed to leave Prague. Renate never forgot the courage and humanity shown by those who helped secure their escape.

Arriving in Scotland as an eight-year-old with little English, she initially struggled to settle and vividly recalled the pain of being called a ‘nasty Nazi’ by classmates who could not understand that she had fled Nazi persecution herself. She would later smile at school reports that criticised her for becoming ‘too talkative’ – proof, she said, that she had finally mastered English.

After leaving school, Renate trained as a fever nurse in Edinburgh, embarking on a career devoted to caring for others. She married, raised a family and built a rich and fulfilling life in Scotland. She retained a strong sense of her wider European identity, and felt the different strands of her life sat comfortably together. She was married and widowed three times, firstly to Fred Goldschmidt and subsequently to James Merson and lastly to James Mackay.

In later years, Renate spoke with quiet honesty, reflecting on loss, exile, and the many acts of kindness that had transformed her life. She was a devoted wife, mother, and grandmother and great-grandmother, who took immense pride in seeing later generations grow up in the freedom and security that had once seemed so uncertain.

Willy Goldschmidt

IN PERSON EVENTS

Please note to attend in person meetings you must contact the co-ordinator listed for exact times and venue.

DATE	TIME	AREA	CO-ORDINATOR
Monday 3 August	Lunchtime	Bushey	Karen Diamond
Monday 3 August	Lunchtime	Liverpool	Michal Mocton
Tuesday 4 August	All Day	St Anne's Outing	Michal Mocton
Tuesday 4 August	Morning	Essex & East London	Karen Diamond
Tuesday 11 August	Morning	Wembley	Karen Diamond
Wednesday 12 August	Morning	Glasgow	Agnes Isaacs
Monday 17 August	Morning	Watercolours Art Class	Karen Diamond
Tuesday 18 August	Lunchtime	Nottingham	Karen Diamond
Monday 24 August	Morning	Ealing	Ros Hart
Tuesday 25 August	Lunchtime	Birmingham	Karen Diamond
Wednesday 26 August	Morning	Golders Green, with Rick Blaskey talking about 'The Power of Music'	Ros Hart
Thursday 27 August	All Day	Worthing Outing	Ros Hart/ Karen Diamond

CO-ORDINATOR DETAILS

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ZOOMS AHEAD

Details of all meetings and the links to join will appear in the e-newsletter each Sunday.

Wednesday 5 August @ 4pm	Gaby & Howard Morris – The Jewish Medieval Cemetery under the Barbican https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/84999640352 Meeting ID: 849 9964 0352
Monday 10 August @ 4pm	Lola Fraser – The wonderful Jewish women who volunteered as nurses to support the war effort, often putting their own health at risk https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/launch/jc/88437296384 Meeting ID: 884 3729 6384
Monday 17 August @ 4pm	Film: Sugihara, Conspiracy of Kindness – the Japanese diplomat who helped to save the lives of thousands of Lithuanian Jews https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/84787720656 Meeting ID: 847 8772 0656
Wednesday 19 August @ 4pm	Nick Dobson – Dazzling Dahlias https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85183514018 Meeting ID: 851 8351 4018
Wednesday 26 August @ 4pm	Book Discussion (no speaker) – Books by Mike Gayle https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85315358174 Meeting ID: 8531 535 8174

FREE
EVENT



IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM LONDON:

'Beauty and Destruction: Wartime London in Art'

THURSDAY 24 SEPTEMBER 2026 @1PM



Private curator talk followed by a free-flowing
tour of the exhibition



karendiamond@ajr.org.uk

KEEP FIT WITH AJR

All AJR members & friends are invited to take part in these online exercise and dance classes throughout the coming month.

Every Mon @ 10.30am **Get Fit where you Sit** (seated yoga)
<https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85246889439> Meeting ID: 8524 688 9439

Every Tues @ 11.00am **Shelley's Exercise class**
<https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/88466945622> Meeting ID: 884 6694 5622

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