



AJR JOURNAL

The Association of Jewish Refugees

HONOURING THE PAST. CONNECTING THE PRESENT. INSPIRING THE FUTURE

Suitcases full of stories



This suitcase, which belonged to Kindertransportee Heinz Finke, is now among the archives at Yad Vashem

In 1935, Stefan Zweig wrote in his diary, 'Two suitcases, one of them containing clothes, the earthly necessities, and the other manuscripts, the intellectual wherewithal, and one is at home everywhere.'

Josef Roth also talked of living out of two suitcases, a large one and a small one. Both men, constantly on the move, almost in perpetual motion, think of themselves in terms of what they could carry.

For the great cultural critic George Steiner, the packed suitcase is a poignant metaphor for the Jewish condition and the trauma of displacement. Escaping Paris ahead of the Nazi advance in 1940, Steiner recalled his father's core lesson: "Always have your bags packed." It represents a state of permanent readiness to flee persecution, embodying a life lived as a transient guest in history.

The Finke family lived in Insterburg where Heinz's father Arthur-Otto had a business selling assorted clothing, including police uniforms. His mother, Johanna, was a housewife who played the piano at community functions. Heinz had a younger brother Ernst, and his mother's mother

Hedwig Markiewitz lived with them.

On Kristallnacht, the family was awoken in the middle of the night and taken to the police station. The women and children were released towards morning, but Heinz's father remained imprisoned for a number of weeks. The events were so traumatic for the Finkes that Arthur and Johanna searched for escape routes for their sons, checking into options in Palestine, Belgium, the United States and England.

On June 20, 1939, the Jewish emigration office in Königsberg notified them that Heinz was to be included in a list of youngsters to be sent on a Kindertransport set to leave Germany on June 27. Ernst, who was three years younger, remained with his parents.

Within a week Heinz packed all his
Continued on page 2

VITAL MISSION

Top stories this month include a fascinating profile of Ralph & Frank Land – twins whose family fled Germany and who both made enormous contributions to British industry until their respective deaths this summer, just weeks apart.

Their story aligns with the AJR's mission to represent, support, and empower Britain's Jewish refugees and survivors of Nazi oppression, while providing a strong and compassionate community for them, their families, and their descendants.

We are committed to commemorating and educating about their experiences and contributions to British society, and to actively challenge and combat antisemitism wherever it exists today.

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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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Suitcases full of stories. (cont.)



belongings in two suitcases. In the lid of one was the clothing list that detailed all that he was able to take with him. The suitcases have been preserved with the original stickers supplied by the self-help organization of German Jewry that read: "*Kindertransport der Hilfsvereins der Juden in Deutschland e. V. Berlin W.35 Ludendorffstr. 20*"

In Koenigsberg, the neighbouring town, Heinz said goodbye to his family and joined the group that was traveling to Berlin and from there to Hamburg to sail to England.



This suitcase belonged to Otto Julius Pinkus, a German Jewish refugee. The initials of the owner's name, O. J. P., were inscribed on the suitcase. The suitcase followed Otto all the way from Germany to Shanghai, where he took refuge.

Otto met Susanne Hesky, a Jewish refugee from Austria, in Shanghai. They were married in the August of 1944 in the auditorium of the Shanghai Jewish Youth Association School. They had three daughters, two of whom, Ivy and her sister Helen, were born in Shanghai. They hired a Shanghai nanny to look after the two daughters. Before the end of the war,

Hongkou was bombed, and the nanny carried the two young sisters with her and escaped from the bombing.

After the war, Otto's family settled down in Australia, taking the suitcase with them. They had always been grateful to the Chinese people in Shanghai who were very kind to them. They not only kept correspondence with the nanny's family, but also returned to Hongkou several times to find remnants of their past. Their youngest daughter, Monica, who was born in Australia, also paid several visits to the museum. In 2019, when Ivy came to the Shanghai Jewish Refugees Museum, she was very excited to have found the address of her parents and relatives in Shanghai in the database and visited the place in person. After returning home, she and Monica found photos, documents, baby baskets, cribs, strollers and the suitcase left by their parents and donated them to the Shanghai Jewish Refugees Museum.

BBC Radio 4's History Podcast includes a fascinating ten-part series called *The House at Number 48*. It tells the real-life story of the family of a second generation member, Antony Easton, who has had a long and successful career in advertising. The series follows his quest to uncover his family's hidden past and reclaim a huge fortune that was stolen from his family by the Nazis.

"Our parents had secrets", he told the presenter and writer, Charlie Northcott. "Things they kept hidden." Eaton, now in his early sixties, and his sister, Nicola, should have inherited a legacy worth billions.

Growing up, he always had a sense that his parents weren't like other people he knew in his childhood in the 1970s. He describes his father as dark and unapproachable and "a difficult person to grow up with". In the opening programme he says. "It was like getting blood out of a stone. He gave very little away."

There was something else he found strange about his parents. They were always on the

move and lived in eleven different homes. Wherever they moved there was always one item that went with them, "a brown leather suitcase – a case full of secrets." As a child, Antony remembered looking in the suitcase. It was full of strange things: German banknotes, postcards from all over the world, medals and, most intriguing of all, handwritten journals. His father had an English name, Peter Roderick Easton, but a German accent. It turned out he also had another identity: Peter Hans Rudolf Eisner. Whoever this person was, he didn't want anything to do with his past. In every way, he was "a closed book", "an enigma within a mystery."

When his father died, Antony could at last properly explore what was in the suitcase. He found his father's birth certificate. It turned out that his father had grown up in a grand country house in Weimar Germany. Antony found piles of old German money and old newspaper articles, plane tickets, tape recordings, photos, detailed notebooks, and, strangest of all, a folder labelled "British Intelligence." "The contents of the suitcase," according to Antony, were "a riddle." And then, among the documents, there were indications of a German business that belonged to a family called the Eisners. He was to find out that the Eisners, Anthony's great grandparents, owned one of the biggest companies in Germany.



These stories about suitcases and Jewish refugees are haunting. They tell us a great deal about migration and displacement.

David Herman

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The AJR Journal is printed on 100% recycled material and posted out in fully recyclable paper envelopes. It is also available online on our website where you can find a full archive of all the issues published over the last 80 years. An audio version, containing highlights from the Journal, is also produced each month – please contact us for more details.

OVER AT THE WIENER

The AJR would like to congratulate the Wiener Holocaust Library's Senior Archivist, Howard Falksohn, on his first 25 years of service.

Howard was the Library's first ever professional archivist, helping to transform its former relatively inaccessible collections to comprehensively catalogued and now digitised materials that are recognised globally as an important resource for Holocaust researchers. He has also overseen many strategic partnerships and led on the acquisition of hundreds of invaluable collections of Jewish refugee family papers.

Howard is a valued friend to the AJR,

regularly providing our staff and our members with research guidance. His name appears regularly within the pages of this *Journal*, both within our monthly *Looking* for columns, as he seeks to gather more data for the Library's archives, and as the author of many interesting articles over recent years.

In other news, the Wiener Holocaust Library has just entered into a strategic partnership with the University of London to establish the Holocaust, Jewish and Exile Studies Partnership. The collaboration will strengthen research, teaching and public engagement by promoting reciprocal library access, joint events, research training and new opportunities in digital humanities. It will also create new pathways for staff



Howard Falksohn on the day of the Library's acquisition of a collection of rare artworks from Theresienstadt, January 2026

collaboration, student supervision and shared academic initiatives, while raising the profile of Holocaust, Jewish and exile studies across both institutions.

SEE THE PREMIERE OF *THE PIANIST*

The producers of the world stage premiere of *The Pianist*, which will play at Park Theatre, Finsbury Park from Thursday 15 October to Saturday 28 November 2026, have kindly created a special ticket offer for AJR members and friends.

The Pianist, based on Wladyslaw Szpilman's memoir, became known worldwide in Roman Polanski's Academy Award-winning film starring

Adrian Brody. This landmark new stage production brings one of the twentieth century's most remarkable true stories of survival to the stage, sharing a compelling tale of human resilience and the sustaining power of music. It features Szpilman's own compositions, with new lyrics and fresh orchestrations by Simon Lee (Andrew Lloyd-Webber's long time Musical Director), allowing UK audiences to hear the music of the 'Polish Gershwin' for the very first time.

Szpilman will be played by Dan Krikler, whose grandparents were Kindertransport refugees, and who has an impressive West End role call. He and his fellow cast



will conjure the golden age of Jewish Warsaw in all its warmth and wit: the packed concert halls, the candlelit cafés, the irrepressible spirit of a city that loved music above all else.

Please use **MAZURKA10** for 10% off seats in rows C and D by booking directly with the theatre via <https://parktheatre.co.uk/events/the-pianist/>

CALLING YOUNG MUSICIANS

Young musicians, aged 18-25, are invited to create an original composition inspired by the Holocaust Memorial Day 2027 theme, *No Place for Prejudice*.

Music has the power to connect people across cultures, generations and experiences. This competition is a unique opportunity to share your music on a national stage, connect with audiences across the UK and contribute to a

moment that helps people remember the past and protect the future.

The winning entry to the new HMD Harmony competition will receive a £500 award to support the next stage of their musical journey, alongside the opportunity to have their music become part of a significant moment of national remembrance.

<https://hmd.org.uk/news/new-music-competition/>



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AJR HERITAGE TOUR TO SLOVAKIA, APRIL 2027

Please join us next Spring for a very special tour of Slovakia, a focused opportunity for descendants to explore family roots and Jewish heritage in what was once part of Czechoslovakia.

The four night tour, from 4-8 April, will be based in central Bratislava with city and regional visits to Žilina, Sered' and Nitra. In Bratislava there will be a walking city tour and a guided visit to the Museum of Jewish Culture, followed by an expert led walk through Jewish Bratislava.

A day trip by train to Žilina will include visits to the synagogue, Jewish cemetery and the Vrba Wetzler museum. The coach day to Nitra and Sered' will feature guided tours of Jewish Nitra, Vila K (the Kollmann Family House) and the Holocaust Museum in Sered', with the trip concluding back in

Bratislava in the early evening.

Historical context

After the creation of the Slovak State in 1939, anti Jewish legislation, expropriation and forced labour were followed by mass deportations. From 1942, thousands of Slovak Jews were deported to extermination and concentration camps, with many communities decimated and centuries of Jewish life destroyed. Local collaboration, as well as resistance and rescue efforts, shaped a complex and painful history; only a minority survived through hiding, escape, or by being sheltered by non Jewish neighbours and organised rescue networks.

Today, museums and memorial sites across Slovakia preserve this history and the memory of those lost. Institutions such as the Holocaust Museum in Sered' and regional museums document testimonies, community life before the war, and the



Bratislava

mechanisms of persecution. Visiting these sites offers descendants a chance to connect names and family stories to places, to see surviving synagogues and cemeteries, and to reflect on both loss and resilience.

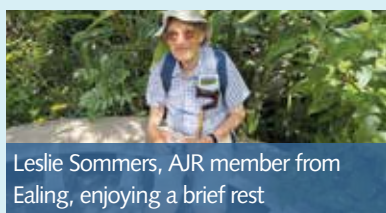
What to expect

For AJR members with Slovak roots, the tour will be more than sightseeing: it will be a structured, respectful journey into family history and communal memory. Local experts and community members will provide context that enriches personal research and remembrance, creating a rounded picture of Jewish life, culture and the catastrophic rupture of the Holocaust.

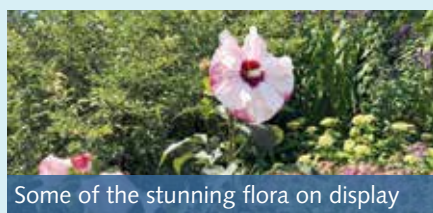
More information and a form to register your interest can be found on <https://ajr.org.uk/ajr-events/ajr-heritage-tour-to-slovakia/>



The AJR group at the garden



Leslie Sommers, AJR member from Ealing, enjoying a brief rest



Some of the stunning flora on display

A DAY AT WISLEY

Early last month a group of AJR members joined us for an outing to RHS Wisley, the flagship garden of the Royal Horticultural Society and one of the great gardens of the world.

Members enjoyed seeing and learning about the plant collections and getting inspiration for their own gardens, as well as spending quality time with other AJR members in beautiful surroundings.

DESCENDANTS OF CAMP SURVIVORS

Are you a child of a Camp Survivor and would you be interested in a supportive and safe space to explore your experience with others who will understand? The initial meeting will be on Zoom, at 11am on 15 September. For more information and/or the link, please email wendy@ajr.org.uk



KRISTALLNACHT COMMEMORATION SERVICE

TUESDAY 10 NOVEMBER

Full details to follow
in our October Journal



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Getting expert help for your family research

A new Holocaust Research Consultancy is attempting to bridge 'the yawning gulf' between public knowledge and academic expertise on the Holocaust through available institutions and archival records worldwide. Dr Cailee Davis reports.

As the Holocaust recedes further in time, bringing an end to the so-called 'era of the witness' as the survivor generation passes away, questions rise as to what happens next. How do those of us who work in education, heritage, academia, media and related fields reconcile the loss of Holocaust survivors with a continued wish to engage with the history of a genocide whose memory permeates so many areas of modern life, culture, education, and politics?

In recent decades the histories of many Holocaust survivors across the globe have been discovered by their descendants, stored in suitcases and bags, in lofts or underneath beds. The growing number of photographs, letters, diaries, and other such material coming to light in private homes has left many of the second and third generation with unanswered questions, unwritten stories, and unknown journeys.

Concerns over the loss of the survivor generation and the future of Holocaust memory are exacerbated by what the late David Cesarani described as the 'yawning gulf between popular understanding of this history and current scholarship on the subject'. It is in this context in which the Holocaust Research Consultancy (HRC) was founded.

Created by Dr Cailee Davis (Oxford), Dr Niamh Hanrahan (Manchester), Dr Barnabas Balint (Oxford) and Dr Charlie Knight (Southampton) in 2025, the HRC delivers assistance to individuals, families, students, academics, and organisations in Holocaust research, education, and public engagement. The HRC helps give members of the public access to experts and archives that would otherwise be largely inaccessible to them in



HRC researchers (L-R) Charlie Knight, Niamh Hanrahan, Cailee Davis, and Barnabas Balint

their pursuit of their own family stories.

The HRC has already worked with clients from all over the world: from family research on 19th century Jewish communities in Lithuania to ancestors working as *Nachrichtenhelferin* (news helpers) in the *Abwehr* (defence).

One such family project began in March 2026 when the HRC was contacted by A. Klin regarding the history of his mother Shoshana and her sister Tova. The sisters were born in Bratislava, were later interned in the Budapest ghetto and eventually survived Auschwitz. Shoshana, who immigrated to Brazil in the 1950s, was interviewed by the USC Shoah Foundation in the 1990s, unbeknownst to her children. Following her death in 2006, Shoshana's son discovered her video testimony, which ignited a thirst to learn more, but he had difficulty identifying many of the details and locations that Shoshana shared in her testimony. Most frustrating was the lack of information on the sisters' birth names prior to their postwar emigration to Palestine, as well as a reference to two other siblings, who remain unnamed and who were murdered in Auschwitz. So Dr Klin contacted the HRC.

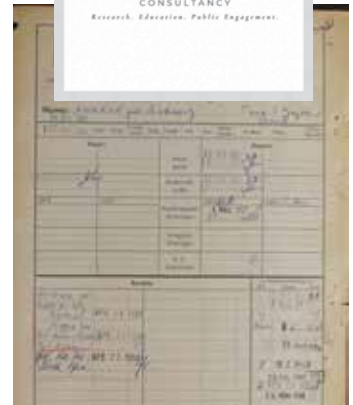
Over five months, our expert team of researchers consulted a wide variety of databases and archives, including those at Auschwitz and other relevant sites, including the Holocaust Documentation Center in Budapest; the Landesamt für Finanzen, Amt für Wiedergutmachung Archive; the International Tracing Service at the

Arolsen Archives; and the Hungarian Jewish Museum. They discovered that Tova's real name was Gizella Berkowitz who, upon her arrival in Auschwitz, had given both a false date of birth (1924, instead of her actual birth year of 1928) and a false name, Maria Horvath, a surname usually associated with Roma communities. Indeed, Tova (Gizella/Maria) was listed as an 'asocial' prisoner on some documents.

This and other discoveries related to the Klin family eventually lead the HRC to locate descendants of the Stein family, with whom Tova lived in Budapest prior to their movement into the ghetto. The HRC looks forward to connecting the Klin and Stein families soon.

The HRC is also honoured to support artists whose works ensure that the history and memory of the Holocaust continue to reach audiences worldwide. Recently, the HRC consulted on the script for a short film set in the Treblinka Extermination Camp. In addition, a number of upcoming theatre consultations – including projects related to Jewish refugees in Shanghai, the Kindertransport, British-Jewish voices in the north of England, and disabled refugee stories – further broaden the reach of the HRC and demonstrate that stories about and representations of the Holocaust remain ever important in our society.

If you or someone you know could benefit from the assistance of the HRC please email contact@holocaustresearchconsultancy.org.



Cover sheet for Tova's tracing file from the ITS (Doc.102445989). Courtesy of the Wiener Holocaust Library

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.

BRESLAU THAT WAS

I have never visited Breslau – now Wrocław – but found the article by Michael Grenfell in your August issue of great interest.

My great grandfather, Rabbi Dr. Ferdinand Rosenthal, served as an orthodox rabbi in Breslau from 1887 until his death in 1921. He was married twice – one son emigrating to England and continuing as a physician in Leicester. My mother, who came from Berlin in 1939 as a domestic before meeting and marrying my father, also from Berlin, and settling in Leicester.
Peter Gordon (Dr.)

I was very moved by Michael Grenfell's article about his family and their connections with Breslau.

I recently read *Kein Recht – Nigends* (No justice – Anywhere) by Willy Cohn, a historian and teacher in Breslau who kept a diary until September 1941, when he and his family were deported to Kaunas and murdered. I don't know if an English translation exists. But for anyone who speaks German I would recommend this unique document.
Susanne Bates

My closest maternal relatives lived in Breslau. They were an assimilated middle class family. My grandfather was arrested on Kristallnacht. My mother told me that he had been warned in advance by a student (whom he had taught before he was sacked from his professorial post at the Technische Hochschule) to make sure there were no weapons in the house or he would be killed outright. He survived Buchenwald, but was a broken man. I was told the fact that he had been awarded the Iron Cross in WW1 was the reason for his release and the release of others, but I do not know if this is correct. My grandparents then managed to flee to Roermond, only to be taken to Westerbork after Holland was occupied, and – eventually – on to Auschwitz.

My great-great uncle Carl Sachs also lived in Breslau and was an industrialist and art collector. As children, my mother and her brother had to attend 'duty visits' to his villa. My uncle recounted that his enduring memory was of a Kolbe statue of a naked lady which stood in the

grounds. It was the nakedness, not the artwork which impressed him!

Sybil Gilbert

My parents spent their German married life together in Stettin, formerly the port of Berlin, now Szczecin in Poland, where my father was a lawyer at the High Court before being dismissed by the Nazis. I was born after they were able to settle in the UK. In 2017 I finally decided to visit the city.

Perhaps foolishly I had expected some signs of its German past, but allied bombing and Soviet invasion had left much of the city as rubble. A few old Baltic gothic brick buildings remain but it's mainly a vibrant modern cityscape now, and my 1936 street plan proved useless – the new central layout was entirely different! I found the site of what had been the rather grand synagogue, now just an eerie, empty, overgrown piece of land behind a brick wall. Almost insignificant, a small brass plaque commemorated the synagogue and the Jewish community which existed in Stettin from 1812 to 1941 when, in the freezing winter, the remaining Jews were marched East to their death. Nothing civic or official – the simple plaque, in three languages states 'Presented by travelers from Poland, Germany and the USA'.

Physically visiting one's family past can be upsetting.

Joseph Seelig

I would just like to congratulate you on the August Issue of the AJR Journal, which I have found to be EVEN MORE interesting than usual!!

I came from Berlin with the Kindertransport, so I was reminded of Kempinski, also the 1936 Olympics which my father took me to (I don't know how), where Hitler refused to shake the hand of Jesse James; the LZ 127 Zeppelin flying over Berlin, and my father taking me to the cinema to see *Haensel und Gretel* and *Der Berg ruft* – the ascent of the Matterhorn. After Kindertransport, in June 1939, I was taken consecutively to 3 Boy's Hostels in High Wycombe, Nottingham and Northampton.

Altogether at age 98 I have had a very lucky

life, only ever met one person who made an Antisemitic remark, although my father died in Theresienstadt, and my mother and younger brother in Auschwitz.

I will finish by thanking you for the very wonderful work you have done in the past and the present – keep it up!

Werner Conn

ANTISEMITISM IN THE UK

I would love to live in the place John Farago describes (August), where Jews are '*an integral and valued part of our neighbourhoods, our communities and our nation*'. I wonder where this utopia is? In my small community, far from the main Jewish centres, it doesn't feel that way, nor do my family and friends who live in more Jewish areas share John's rose-tinted perspective. Our shul members have received direct threats of violence, security has had to be enhanced, and antisemitic propaganda circulates so relentlessly that I've watched former friends slide from criticism of Israeli policy into outright antisemitic conspiracy theories. Warm, and I believe genuinely felt, messages of support from the Royal Family sadly haven't stemmed the flow of everyday bile that surrounds us.

John's claim that Jews '*are able to walk down British streets wearing clothing and symbols of their faith*' is not true in my experience. After some distressing incidents, I don't wear a kippah outside a shul. Only in Israel do I feel safe enough to wear one in public. We could argue endlessly about our perceptions, but the data is unequivocal. CST's latest report (covering January–July 2026) records more violent antisemitic attacks in the past six months than in all of 2022. Home Office figures show Jews experience hate crime at nearly ten times the per capita rate of any other religious minority. The J7 Task Force Against Antisemitism found that the UK recorded the largest increase in antisemitic incidents last year of any country with a major Jewish population outside Israel, and that 2025 was the deadliest year for Jews outside Israel in more than three decades.

I unintentionally stumbled into a "pro-Palestinian" demonstration in Birmingham where much of the noise consisted of threats aimed at all Jews, not just vocal opposition to the Israeli government. For a significant number of those marchers, this

appeared not to be a protest against Israeli policy, but rather the latest opportunity to manifest a hatred of all Jews that predates modern Israel by many centuries. Pretending that worsening antisemitism isn't real, or attempting to find some pretext for it, helps no one. Although I agree we are not yet at the equivalent of Germany in 1938, this is exactly why we should take notice now. History is full of people who dismissed the warning signs until it was too late. Given my own contemporary experiences and my family history as the son of a Kindertransportee and grandson of Jews murdered in Auschwitz, I am not prepared to take a gamble.

Simon Burne

THE LOST SHTETL

Further to your report about The Lost Shtetl museum (May) I have just enjoyed a fantastic visit there, along with three other Jewish architects, to review it for an architectural magazine and can highly recommend it to all your readers.

We flew to Vilnius and serendipitously met some real 'do-ers' in the small but growing Jewish community. We then spent an awe-inspiring morning at the amazing new Lost Shtetl Museum in Seduva. We were lucky enough to be shown around by Dr. Jolanta Mickutė, Head of Education. It is an ambitious project, manifested as modern architecture within a beautiful landscape, portraying a fascinating story of a lost world full of history and tragedy.

The majority of visitors seem to be locals who are learning about, and coming to terms with, what Dr Mickutė aptly described as 'the presence of absence'. Everywhere you go, you inadvertently stumble into history.

We stopped off at 'the memorial of 10,000 victims of the Nazi regime', erected by the Soviet Union in 1984 to honour the 10,000 Jewish people – 4,000 of them children – who were killed in one single night. It is an unbelievably brutalist concrete structure. We parked in the town square, which I later learned was where the remaining Jews of the ghetto were rounded up. Over a six month period in 1941, some 150,000 Lithuanian Jews were murdered.

My own grandparents managed to escape by the skin of their teeth in February 1939, but their own parents were murdered in Riga. It reminds me of a poignant maxim about WW2: 'if it wasn't for British brains, American brawn and

Russian blood, I too would have been on a train to Auschwitz'.

This trip was both an eye-opener and a reminder of how I have, until now, enjoyed peace and freedom here in Britain but such a life is a delicate and perhaps only temporary state of affairs, not to be taken for granted. We need to protect and nurture it otherwise we will return to a people scurrying from place to place seeking refuge.

Daniel Leon, Square Feet Architects

FOR THE SILENT ONES

This is an obituary for my dear father Kurt who died in June. Also for all those other survivors who remained silent all their lives, who never spoke of what they had lived through, what they had survived. Who don't usually have obituaries written about them.

Nonetheless they were and are survivors who were as strong as the ones who found more strength to tell their stories. The quiet survivors used all their strength just to carry on surviving & finding a way to live. Even when they reached an age that felt too old – that had gone on too long. Living with who knows what kind of memories. Their loved ones can only dread to imagine. My dad didn't see himself as a 'survivor'. It was those that survived the camps that were the 'survivors'. But still his own father had endured a month in Buchenwald before fleeing for his life with his family, having signed over his house & business. And they were the 'lucky' ones!

It was probably more than enough to silence a 10 year old boy for the rest of his life. My dad spent a lifetime never speaking about himself – looking forward, never looking back. Fitting in & becoming a real English man. Embracing Christianity but still recognising his Jewishness.

When his mother died in 1991 her sister in law wrote to us remembering her as a friend as well as family. "Well, so many old memories went through my head and I will keep them forever. That at least, Hitler could not take away from us".

May their memories be a blessing.

Janet Heinemann

STILL PROLIFIC

At an event some time ago, Gaby Glasman, who

at the time was a Trustee of the AJR, discovered that she was sitting next to me. She was troubled by this because of the many letters I had written in the *AJR Journal*. She found them too argumentative. Luckily, we got on well.

I was reminded of this at the superb AJR 85th Birthday Gala Tea this summer. (You weren't there? You missed something quite memorable). People knew of me because of my letter writing and it was mentioned that I hadn't been writing recently. Perhaps I've mellowed as I grew older but it did encourage me to write this letter.

The Gala Tea was a huge success. Where else can you ask other guests where they had originally come from without being attacked for asking racist questions? We were all mostly from Germany or Austria. On arrival the first generation members had a group photograph taken. I had the honour of sitting next to a survivor who would be 101 that month. How wonderful.

During tea I realised that we were all one big family, wherever we had come from. I won't mention names because I haven't sought anyone's permission but next to my wife, Davida, sat someone with whom we were immediately comfortable. He went to the same school as our two sons, he had recently moved to a stone's throw away from us, and he worked with our son-in-law's best friend, who had also employed one of our grandsons and still employs Laura, his wife. Next to me was a lady who lived in the same apartment flats as a very close friend of ours and, most astonishingly of all, next to her was a lady whose late husband had been born in Vienna with the surname Pfeffer. I was born in Vienna and called Pfeffer. This lady's late husband had been a twin. So was my father.

How's that for a family? The AJR 85th Birthday Gala Tea will remain in Davida's and my memory for ever. Thank you AJR.

Peter Phillips

ERRATUM

Thank you to George Gömöri for pointing out the Polish writer Witold Gombrowicz, who was referred to in David Herman's article about Jewish refugees who went to far-flung places, had no Jewish background. In fact Gombrowicz, today acknowledged as one of the 20th century's most enduring avant-garde writers, came from a noble family of Roman Catholics.

From Breslau to Lima

Two separate stories in last month's *Journal* caught Gabrielle Winter's attention: Michael Grenfell's article about the former German city of Breslau, and David Herman's article about refugees who went to far flung destinations. These articles reminded Gabrielle of her own parents' struggles, first to escape the Nazis in Breslau and then to adapt to their new life in Peru. We are grateful to her for bringing their tale to our attention.

My mother, Tamara née Kendzierska Klehmann, always remembered the chants of *Juden raus* ("Out with the Jews") and the other degrading insults echoing around her on the eve of Kristallnacht, 9 November 1938, in Breslau, Germany. That night my father, Günter Leo, was detained and subsequently sent to Buchenwald Concentration Camp, where he was assigned inmate number 28333.

My mother was my father's one and only hope of getting out of Buchenwald alive. She learned that one of the few remaining places in the world still willing to accept Jewish refugees was landlocked Bolivia, whose capital was La Paz. But Perú seemed the far better prospect: Lima lay at sea level, with direct access to the Pacific Ocean, and for my parents it must have felt like the more liveable of two desperate choices – even though neither country actively welcomed Jews, or immigrants of any kind.

Luck was on her side. At last she obtained two tourist visas to Perú. My mother



Gabrielle's father, Günter Leo Klehmann, in 1938



Gabrielle's mother, Tamara née Kendzierska Klehmann, aged 25

learned that while the Peruvian consulate in Berlin was unable to issue the necessary visas, there was another possibility: the Peruvian consulate in Paris, where a young chancery official was willing to grant temporary tourist visas for a limited stay in Perú – in exchange for "a modest private compensation."

I am profoundly grateful that my parents found refuge in Perú, and that I was given the wonderful childhood I had in its capital, Lima. It is hard for us today to grasp just how gruelling the process of obtaining the necessary paperwork had been – not least because of the cat-and-mouse games the authorities played at every turn, all while demanding the surrender of every financial asset my parents possessed.

And then, at last, the long-awaited Peruvian tourist visas arrived. Written in Spanish – a language entirely unfamiliar to both my parents – they represented not merely entry into Perú, but something far more precious: my father's liberation and permission to flee Germany.

The wording on the visas is curious and it records that my parents had furnished proof of holding return round-trip tickets to Germany, along with a signed declaration of their intention to return.

Absurd, but true. By the end of November 1938, my mother presented the full dossier to the Gestapo and secured my emaciated father's release. My parents had barely a fortnight left in Breslau – just enough time to wrap up their affairs, gather the last of the seemingly endless paperwork, and pack, before leaving the city forever. Among their wedding gifts in 1937 was one that would prove both practical and life-altering: a Singer sewing machine. That machine would become the cornerstone on which

Günter Leo Klehmann's record card from Buchenwald in 1938



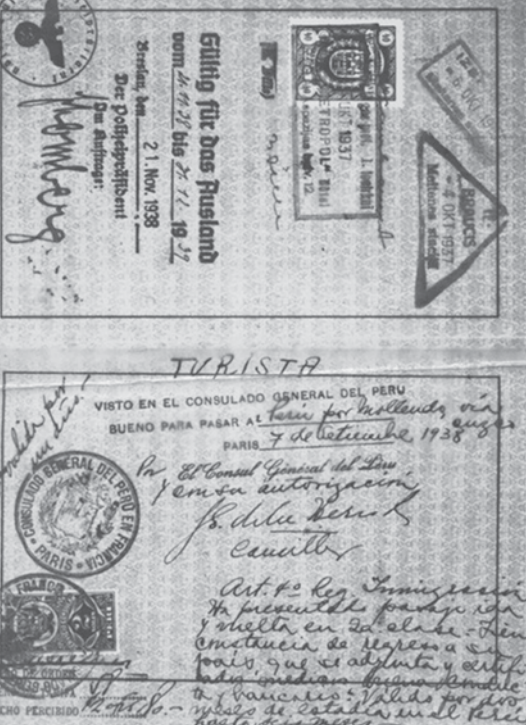
their future in Perú was built. At my father's suggestion, my mother had wisely taken a sewing-machine course in Breslau, never imagining that this machine, and the skills she acquired with it, would one day provide their livelihood in a foreign land.

They arrived in Hamburg on a bitterly cold Saturday 24 December, and boarded the freighter that would carry them away from Germany. After an arduous thirty-nine-day journey, the unstable "Imperial" freighter finally approached the Peruvian port of Callao.

The local authorities refused to allow passengers without proper documentation to disembark, and that included my parents. With no valid immigration documents, they had no choice but to sail on southward to Mollendo, where the ship docked again to re-provision, and where they were at last permitted to disembark.

Mollendo gave my parents their first taste of the primitive and unsanitary conditions of provincial Perú. Once ashore, the heat hit them like a wall – South America was in the grip of its humid summer, and nothing in their European experience had prepared them for it. On the docks, pandemonium reigned. The overdressed, bewildered refugees were descended upon by local drivers and beggars, all shouting at once in Spanish and Quechua, languages none of them understood. Thankfully, members of a Jewish delegation were waiting at the pier and shepherded my parents and their luggage to a processing centre.

My father, trying to lift my mother's spirits,



A black market tourist visa to the Peruvian port of Mollendo via Cusco, issued in Paris on 7 September 1938 to Gabrielle's parents

told her that if for any reason they were not permitted to stay in Perú, he would buy her a donkey and they would make their way to Bolivia on foot if they had to. My mother, who felt she had landed on another planet entirely, was not amused. In a reply so typical of her, she told him she was not going one step further. At least from this awful place, she said, she could see the ocean. And if she could see the ocean, she could imagine Europe. She could imagine home.

My father was a methodical and resourceful man who always planned ahead. A few months before fleeing Germany, and under the very real threat of losing their lives, my parents had sent a sum of money to my cousin Margot Rosenkranz in London for safekeeping. It was this money that now allowed them to settle into a modest, one-room, tiled-floor ground-floor flat in Arequipa.

From Mollendo they traveled to Arequipa, and it was there that my father became convinced that a small cottage industry could sustain them, and he began sketching out a business plan.

Together, my parents decided to put my mother's training on the Singer sewing machine to use. She felt that simple tablecloths and bed linens were the most straightforward place to start, and so they set to work without delay – in that small flat with its tiled floor, its one bed, its table, and its three chairs – my mother at her sewing machine. The first items came out



Passengers from the Imperial freighter on a day off the ship, in Baltimore

a bit crooked, but they sold anyway, which encouraged them to keep trying.

My father had worked in the textile business in Germany and knew cloth qualities well. He bought the best materials he could afford; Perú is famous for its Pima cotton, so he carefully selected the cloth and thread they needed. Once the finished products were ready, he sold them to the local people, who were thrilled to have access to such beautiful items – something they had never before been able to easily purchase in their province.

It feels strange to me now, to imagine displaced, well-educated German-Jewish immigrants making and selling homemade goods to the provincial population of Perú.

By May 1939, my parents seized the opportunity to move from Arequipa, to launch their fledgling start-up in the capital. Reaching the capital was not easy. As undocumented Jews – which they were – they could only travel discreetly, since Perú was neither immigrant-friendly nor welcoming to Jews in any way. Quite a few of my parents' fellow countrymen had arrived with similar black-market visas, so, to avoid drawing attention, only one or two people at a time were encouraged to leave Arequipa. They flew to Lima on a now-defunct and rather bumpy Faucett Airlines flight.

My husband and I, by contrast, flew back to Lima in modern comfort fifty years later,



Gabrielle's parents, both left, on deck with another couple fleeing Germany

in 1989, after visiting Arequipa for the first time with our own young family; it was then that I came to understand how limited the infrastructure, sanitation, and healthcare must have seemed through my parents' eyes at the time.

In time, my parents built a flourishing atelier and business, "La Casa Blanca Nieves," under the colonnades, very close to the presidential palace and main square, from where they manufactured and sold embroidered tablecloths and bed linens to Lima's high society.

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SHABBAT TIMES AND FAMILY PORTRAITS

THE FINAL CALENDAR OF THE LEAGUE OF JEWISH WOMEN

For most of us, a calendar is an essential tool for tracking time, organising daily tasks, and planning ahead. It was no different in 1938.

Late summer, 1938. A parcel from the printer arrives at Paulsborner Straße 72 in Berlin: three copies of the same calendar, one bound with a metal spine, one for the wall, one to tear-off. Lisbeth Cassirer (1886–1974) quickly flips through them: The Salomon family portrait on page 28. The quotation from Rabbi Max Dienemann in the right place. Shabbat times, every week, all the way through. Lisbeth Cassirer knew that were she to find a mistake, she would no longer be able to correct it. The calendar had been printed already and deliveries were about to go out – throughout Germany and abroad. She was one of the first to receive copies of *Das Jahr des Juedischen Frauenbundes*, the 1938/39 calendar published by the Jüdische Frauenbund (JFB, League of Jewish Women), the association of Jewish women's organisations in Germany.

Das Jahr des Juedischen Frauenbundes 1938/39 includes weekly Shabbat times and provides sufficient space for adding short notes and reminders by hand. At the same time, it is richly illustrated and carefully curated, bringing Jewish history, literature and visual culture into the domestic sphere. As the editors suggest, it could even serve as a lovely gift for Rosh Hashanah or Chanukah. Published by and for women, its quotes and illustrations highlight aspects of modern Jewish woman and motherhood.

A result of the years-long collaboration between Lisbeth and her fellow activist and social worker Hannah Karminski (1897–1943), the calendar of the JFB had become a central part of the organisation's activities and a common item in Jewish households all over Germany. By 1938, creating and distributing the yearly calendar, each time under a different theme and under the curatorship of leading German-Jewish art historians, had become a well-oiled process. Hannah Karminski and Lisbeth Cassirer,

who had followed in the footsteps of the organisation's founder, were a great team.

It was Bertha Pappenheim (1859–1936), the central figure of the German Jewish feminist and social care movement, who first suggested the publication of a calendar back in 1927, with proceeds going to the JFB's vital work with young Jewish women. But by 1938, this calendar, a tool for organising the future, was being produced by people whose future was being foreclosed. When the latest calendar – themed *Jüdische Familienbilder* (Jewish family impressions) – was ready for pre-order, Karminski and Cassirer could not have known that this 12th edition of their calendar series would be the final one they – or anyone – would ever work on.

Likewise, despite increasing antisemitic legislation and recent reports of violence against Jews in the aftermath of the annexation of Austria, Karminski and Cassirer could not have fathomed the November pogroms (Kristallnacht), after which the JFB was forcibly closed. Before all calendar pages would have been turned by the first week of September 1939, the Second World War had started to rage; the persecution of Jews was reaching an even higher level. Meanwhile, the calendar accompanied many Jewish families in Germany through these events, sitting at a writing desk or hanging in the kitchen right next to a clock that was ticking.

The Jewish family as a guiding theme for the 1938 calendar was a conscious decision by the editors, as they note in an article discussing their pictorial and literary choices. They selected this theme to address the increasing centrality of the home as a space of Jewish identity and family. As Nazi persecution increasingly excluded Jews from public life, Jews receded back into their homes. Family and Jewish community became an important focal point, a refuge offering solidarity, advice, and a protected sphere in which to be Jewish.

That the calendar's theme responded to current events and developments was not something new. In 1934, the JFB published a calendar celebrating the Jewish book – a

reaction to Nazi book burnings which had taken place throughout 1933 across Germany. Later in 1938, the calendar editors sought to encourage and foster Jewish people's resilience by portraying the Jewish family as a source of strength, solidarity and continuity. They did so by printing quotes of contemporary and historical Jewish thinkers – men and women – on the values of family, Jewish identity and humanity: Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch and Moses Mendelssohn are equally cited alongside writings by contemporaries such as Margarete Susman, Ismar Elbogen and Bertha Pappenheim. Accompanying photos, illustrations and artworks, again both historical and contemporary, showcase family scenes and portraits, including family members of the editor Lisbeth Cassirer.

Cassirer and Karminski were inspired by an exhibition at the Jüdisches Museum in Oranienburger Straße, as noted by the influential art critic, journalist and consultant to the editors Max Osborn (1870–1946). The exhibition was entitled *Unsere Ahnen* (1936–1938) and offered insights into the lives of famous rabbis and scholars such as Moses Mendelssohn, Don Yitzchak Abravanel and Akiva Eiger. In fact, many of the pictures printed in the calendar are from the Museum's collection. A few weeks after the calendar it inspired went out to subscribers, the Gestapo shut the Museum down in the wake of the November pogroms. But the calendar had arrived in people's homes already and helped Jewish women and men keep track of time as many Jews felt that their days in Germany were numbered.

By 1938, mounting antisemitic legislation and discrimination against Jewish people in Germany had led many Jews to consider leaving their homeland for safer havens. Many families faced difficult conversations and were compelled to make painful choices, which tore families apart and scattered them across Europe and the world. Who will stay behind and who will leave? For the editors of the calendar and their consultants, the same questions arose.

Lisbeth Cassirer left for England in 1939, where she got involved in the Association

of Jewish Refugees. In a congratulatory note on the occasion of her friend's 80th birthday in 1966, published in the then *AJR Information*, the German-Israeli art historian Erna Stein-Blumenthal (1903–1983) highlighted Lisbeth Cassirer's leading role in the JFB and the printing of the calendars. Stein-Blumenthal praised her sense of aesthetics and deep understanding of art which found a fit and meaningful expression in the calendar series.

Max Osborn, one of the main consultants to the 1938 edition, fled soon after Kristallnacht, first to Paris and then to New York, where he passed away in 1946. Their colleague and dear friend Hannah Karminski stayed in Berlin, continuing her welfare work which enabled hundreds to emigrate. Unwilling to leave behind her humanitarian duties in Berlin, she was deported to Auschwitz in December 1942 and murdered in June 1943.

Not many copies of the calendars of the JFB have survived either. Of some issues, no copies seem to have been preserved. Calendars are, after all, objects with a clear use-by date, after which they lose their clearly defined purpose. They are not kept for the next generation, like heirlooms and precious books. Instead, calendars tend to be simply discarded or stowed away to gather dust. The likelihood of the JFB's calendars making their way out of Germany and into family or institutional archives was slim. Now, only very few are held in libraries in London, New York and Jerusalem. One of them can be found in the London branch of the Leo Baeck Institute, where it is part of the Institute's unique Pamphlet Collection.

Katharina Hadassah Klein (Wendl)

Do you perhaps have a copy of one of the calendars of the Jüdische Frauenbund at home? Printed between 1927 and 1938, they offer an intimate glimpse into the everyday world of German-Jewish women. Apart from the 1938/9 calendar, held by the LBI London, we could identify just four other copies: at the LBI New York (1938) and the National Library of Israel (1928, 1934, 1938). We would be delighted to hear from you should you know of any other surviving copies of the Frauenbund calendars.

An earlier, more scholarly version of this article was published in June 2026 on the Leo Baeck Institute London's blog called "Snapshots of German-Jewish History and Culture" under the title *Keeping Track of Time in Dark Times: The 1938/9 Calendar of the Jüdische Frauenbund*.

Katharina Hadassah Klein (Wendl) is an incoming post-doctoral fellow at Bar-Ilan University. She has recently completed her PhD in modern rabbinic literature at the Freie Universität Berlin, where she worked for the research project "Materialized Holiness." Her research interests include Jewish legal history of the 18th-20th centuries, Neo-Orthodoxy and scribal traditions. She has worked in initiatives that made documents of German-Jewish history available online, e.g. through the Rabbinerseminar Berlin, Sefaria, YIVO and the Leo Baeck Institute London. katharina.hadassah.wendl@gmail.com

For more information:

Link to calendar: https://digipres.cjh.org/delivery/DeliveryManagerServlet?dps_pid=IE18562683

Link to initial blog post: <https://www.lbilondon.ac.uk/research/snapshots/keeping-track-time-dark-times-19389-calendar-judische-frauenbund>

Link to LBI London Snapshots series:

<https://www.lbilondon.ac.uk/snapshots>



Cover page of the JFB calendar 1938-39



Calendar page for the week of Shavuot 1939 in the JFB calendar, showing portraits of Bertha Pappenheim (page 35v).



Family scene by an unknown artist, depicting family C.D. Salomon in Berlin, around 1850, JFB calendar, page 28v.

MAI 21. W. - 1939		SIWAN 5699 - 35. W.		MAI 21. W. - 1939		SIWAN 5700	
Sonntag 21		א 3		Donnerst. 25	ד' חמשה עשר 2. Tag Sch'wuan (Wochenfest)	ה 7	
Montag 22		ב 4		Freitag 26		ו 8	
Dienstag 23	יום שבת Vorabend von Sch'wuan	ג 5		Sonntag 27	ש' חמשה עשר IV, 4 (21-28, 5-7) Hofest: Richter 13,1-25	ז 9	
Mittwoch 24	א' חמשה עשר 1. Tag Sch'wuan (Wochenfest)	ד 6		Sabbat- Beginn: 7 ^h Berlin Auskunft: 7 ^h Frankfurt a. M. Ausgang: 9 ^h			

Calendar page for the week of Shavuot 1939 in the JFB calendar (page 35r).

Get on the map

Is there a particular place or building in Britain that is important to your family's history? If so here is your opportunity to make sure it's never forgotten.



Every refugee's story is unique, but together those stories create a remarkable history. The UK Holocaust Map (www.ukholocaustmap.org.uk) preserves that history by bringing together the people, places and events that shaped the lives of Jewish refugees before, during and after their arrival in Britain.

The map, created by the AJR in partnership with the Department for Levelling Up, Housing & Communities, allows users to explore hundreds of locations connected with refugee experiences – from family

homes, schools and synagogues to hostels, businesses, places of work and sites of remembrance. It also links to photographs, documents, oral histories and archive collections, making it an invaluable resource for families, researchers, schools and anyone interested in the history of Jewish refugees.

The project is a living resource that continues to grow as new information is added. So we would very much value any new stories, updates and corrections. Perhaps you know a building that isn't yet included? Or maybe you have a story about one of the places

that is already included? Even small details can help make it more accurate, more comprehensive and more valuable for historians, descendants and educators alike.

We urge you to look especially at the section called *Tell us More*, which contains 70+ stories that we would especially love to know more about.

Meanwhile, to whet your appetite, here are two remarkable stories from Sussex, which are among the latest entries on the map.



Herstmonceux

A CHEMIST, A CASTLE AND CANADA

Dr Alfred Bader CBE was born in Vienna and arrived in Britain on the Kindertransport in December 1938, aged 14, after being expelled from school because he was Jewish. He lived with the Scharff family in Hove and attended East Hove Senior School and Brighton Technical College.

Interned as an 'enemy alien' in 1940, Bader was transported to Canada. After his release, he studied chemistry and history at Queen's University, Kingston, and later at Harvard. He became a distinguished chemist, entrepreneur, art collector and philanthropist, co-founding the Aldrich Chemical Company in 1951.

In 1993, Bader bought Herstmonceux Castle and donated it to Queen's University. Today, Bader College occupies the castle, maintaining a remarkable link between a Kindertransport refugee, Sussex and Canada.



Dr Henry Alexander with his wife, Hilde, in the garden behind the Manor House

A REFUGEE'S VISION OF PEACE

From 1963 to 1988, Dr Henry Alexander and his wife, Hilda, lived at the home that became the Pestalozzi International Children's Village at Sedlescombe, near Battle.

Born into a Jewish family in Berlin in 1897, Alexander became a lifelong pacifist. As a lawyer in Weimar Germany, he witnessed the rise of Nazism and became a target of the Gestapo. In 1938, he fled to England with his family. After a period of internment as an 'enemy alien', he joined the BBC German Language Service.

In 1948, Alexander and sociologist Mary Buchanan founded the British Pestalozzi Children's Village Association, inspired by the Swiss village. Their vision was to create a community where children displaced by war could live and learn together, regardless of nationality, religion or race.

The Sussex village opened in 1957, welcoming sixteen children from displaced persons' camps in Europe. Hundreds of young people from around the world found a home there before it closed in 2019. Alexander's belief in education as a force for peace remains an important part of Sussex's history.

If you have any locations or insights to add to the UK Holocaust Map please email map@ajr.org.uk

ESCAPE



Young Henry



Henry with his parents



Henry holding the pencil case and card tricks that his father brought to England

We are grateful to AJR member Dr Henry A Garfinkel for sharing this heartfelt account of his own family's story and his continued anguish about the victims of the Holocaust.

My parents married in 1933 in Berlin, after being introduced by a mutual friend. My father and his parents were born in Poland (in an area that sometimes belonged to Russia). My mother was born in Vienna and her parents in Russia.

I clearly remember two Gestapo officials coming to our apartment one morning in 1938 to arrest my father and deport him to Poland. I can still clearly 'see' their black shiny boots, which reached to just below their knees. The reason for this was that my father was Jewish, we had Polish nationality, and Germany was not then at war with Poland. I did not at that time realise the dangers ahead. My mother quickly prepared some sandwiches for my father and took them to the police station, but they were never forwarded.

My mother and I came to England with just the clothes we wore and five shillings. On arrival at Southampton my mother, who spoke good English, taught me the phrase 'how do you do' whenever I met someone new. She worked as a domestic for a Jewish family (Mr and Mrs Basil Sklan) in Clapton, London and their invitation was probably the reason we were admitted to England.

Every spare moment she had available, my mother contacted all the Jewish organisations to see if they could help get my father to England. On one occasion,

she entered a public telephone kiosk and noticed a card on top of the telephone directories, which had the title 'Sir' and the address and telephone details of the Foreign Office. Feeling this was a gift from Above, she phoned the man, explaining her situation. He replied 'don't worry, Mrs Garfinkel. We will get your husband out'. A few days before the start of WW2 my father joined us, having also arrived with five shillings, plus a pencil case and card trick for me, which I still treasure. It would be very special for me if I could discover the identity of the man my mother spoke to at the Foreign Office and thank his descendants. Unfortunately, all my efforts to do so have been unsuccessful.

My paternal grandparents also came to England. Perhaps this was achieved because they had a daughter who had married an English Jew and dwelt in London. My parents and I lived nearby. I remember walking with my grandfather in our joint road, and I have many memories of my grandmother, who later lived with an unmarried aunt of mine called Rosa.

My maternal grandfather, a businessman (who incidentally had attended the laying of the foundation stone of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem many years earlier) was actively involved with his local synagogue in Chemnitz, Germany. One morning, after prayers ended, a bunch of Nazis entered the building. He was beaten on his head and imprisoned for several days. Because he wore a hat, no serious damage was done. When he left jail, he said to my grandmother 'enough is enough'. They moved to Palestine (as it then was) with next to no material assets and had a difficult time in a new land, a new language and few people they knew. Their mood was hopeful

and they felt they had done the right thing by emigrating.

My father and one of his brothers, Arnold, had worked together. One day Arnold was summoned to Gestapo headquarters, where he was questioned and then left alone for a while in a room, I think on the third floor. He realised his hazardous situation and jumped out of a window, managing to hold on to some branches of a nearby tree and hiding there until nightfall before making his getaway. Eventually he made it to the USA, where he married, had children and built a successful tobacco business in Washington, DC.

We were a few of the lucky ones, but many of my relatives and millions of our Jewish brothers and sisters were persecuted, tortured and murdered.

I cry to the Master of the Universe 'why?' The Prophet Isaiah spoke, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, and My ways are not your ways, says the Lord'. Many things are beyond our understanding. Yet I still weep.

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Dr Emma Schindler

Emma in 1911,
before she began
her medical studies

Dr Jeremy Schindler's great-aunt, Emma, has finally been honoured by Hamburg Medical School. Jeremy takes up the story.

Emma Schindler became a doctor in Hamburg in 1920, aged 36, one of the earliest female and Jewish students to qualify. But her career as a clinical scientist and the first female Ophthalmologist in Hamburg was prematurely ended in 1933. Later, she voluntarily provided her medical services to the remaining Hamburg Jewish community until her deportation to Theresienstadt in 1942. There she served in the eye clinic until her transportation to Auschwitz in 1944. In June this year, her memory was honoured with the naming of a Lecture theatre in the Ophthalmology department at the University Medical Centre Eppendorf-Hamburg (UKE).

Emma was born into the emerging merchant middle class of Hamburg's liberal Jews. Her father had migrated from Upper Silesia, via Berlin, and ran a successful leather tanning business; her mother was from an academic Berlin family. After schooling until age 16, Emma spent her next few years working in the pioneering Jewish women's and social reform movements in Hamburg (higher education was not available to women there until 1909). She enrolled in the State School of Applied Arts in Hamburg in January 1909, one of its first female students. Following another period of social work she again returned to study and sat her Abitur (A-level equivalent) as an external candidate at the prestigious Johanneum School.

Her medical studies commenced in 1913, at a time when just three percent of medical students in Germany were female. In January 1920, she was awarded a PhD for research describing the development

of pigmentation of the iris in the first year of life, contributing to the then-emerging field of 'racial science'. Her paper was recognised by the Journal of the American Medical Association in November 1919.

In 1920, after receiving her licence to practise, she set up clinic in her parent's house. As women were barred from remunerated academic posts, Emma volunteered to continue her research career at the Eppendorf Hospital, studying neural pathways relating to vision, and by 1932 had published 10+ papers. She helped create a network for the growing number of female doctors suffering gender discrimination in Hamburg. She never married.

1933 saw the summary dismissal of all Jewish academics from their positions and the end of any aspiration for Emma to receive a tenured position. All Jewish doctors in Hamburg were removed from the health insurance panel, thus removing significant income, and, in 1938, their medical licences were entirely revoked. The rest of Emma's immediate family had by then emigrated, but she decided to stay in Hamburg to care for her 88 year old mother. Her mother died the following year of natural causes by which time, tragically, it was no longer possible for Emma to find a means of escape.

In December 1940 she was permitted to practise again as the only female *Krankenbehandlerin* (sick-treater, a derogatory term used by the Nazis for 'delicensed' Jewish doctors). As well as trying to provide care to Hamburg's rapidly diminishing Jewish community, Emma was also forced by the Gestapo to decide on the 'transportability' of individuals, although in reality these decisions were only delaying the inevitable.

She herself was sent to Theresienstadt in July 1942. She worked for a further two years in the eye clinic there, until her removal in July 1944 to Auschwitz and her murder.

TWO TRULY C

We are delighted to share two separate stories the other written by a fourth generation member, bo

Dr Emma Schindler

The inauguration of the Emma Schindler Lecture Theatre this summer, in Hamburg, resulted from research about Emma carried out jointly by myself and Dr Rebecca Schwoch, Deputy Director of History of Medicine at UKE. It was wonderful to discover that the Faculty council and Hospital Directors had decided a few years ago to arrange for the naming of two Lecture Theatres in memory of pioneering Jewish academic women whose careers were curtailed by the triad of gender discrimination, anti-semitism and the Nazi regime. The first was named after Rahel Liebeschutz-Plaut who was a Physiologist and the first woman, in 1923, to achieve habilitation in Hamburg and only the third in Germany. The second was named after Inge Inge Syllm-Rapoport who studied medicine in Hamburg but had her doctoral thesis denied because of her Jewish heritage. She later became a prominent Paediatrician and famously was finally awarded her doctorate at the age of 102.

Now there are three lecture theatres paying due recognition to these pioneering ladies and also reflecting the open culture of equality that exists at UKE today. They are standing tributes to the resilience of these three strong leaders in the development of female scientists and professionals.

A longer biography of Emma is available, currently only in German from https://www.hentrichhentrach.de/de/programm/produkt/emma_schindler



Two of Emma's great-nephews, Tim Kahn and Jeremy Schindler (right)

GREAT AUNTS

..., one written by a second generation member, with of whom were inspired by their female ancestors.

Thomas Hickman rediscovers the story of his great-great aunt, a Czech Kindertransport child whose family were murdered in Belarus.

Lieselotte Rosier (née Rachelmann) – known throughout her life as Lottie – was one of the 669 children rescued from Czechoslovakia by Sir Nicholas Winton in the summer of 1939. She was twelve years old when she boarded the train in Prague, clutching two suitcases and the belief that her parents would soon follow. They never did. Eighty-five years later, I have tried to recover the full story of her family and restore names and dignity to those who were almost erased.

Lottie was born in 1927 in Mülheim, Germany, the only child of Erich Rachelmann and Irene (née Grätzer). Two years later the family moved to Olomouc in eastern Czechoslovakia, where Irene's relatives had built a successful paper and cardboard business and were part of a prosperous, largely secular Jewish community. Lottie's grandfather, Leopold, owned factories and several properties; the family home at 7 Vídeňská Street was large and elegant. Photographs from the early 1930s show a smiling little girl on holiday with her parents and cousins – the picture of ordinary middle-class happiness.

That world collapsed with startling speed. After the German occupation, the family's businesses were seized under Aryanisation. Lottie later recalled watching her father scrub the streets while being spat at. In March 1939 she witnessed the burning of Olomouc's synagogue. By the summer of that year her parents faced an agonising choice. With the borders closing, they placed their only child on one of Winton's Kindertransport trains and sent her to England, telling her she was going on a holiday.

Lottie Rosier



Lotte on her wedding day in 1948

She arrived in Maidstone, Kent, to live with my great-great grandparents, Fred and Olive Brook. The first weeks were marked by tears and silence. She was told to forget her German in case of invasion and quickly learned English. Letters from her parents continued for a time – the last written the day before their deportation – but then stopped.

Lottie grew up, trained as a children's nurse, married Ralph Rosier in 1950, and raised a daughter. She carried a quiet sadness all her life and rarely spoke of Czechoslovakia, yet she showed great warmth to the younger generation. In later years she found comfort and hope through her Christian faith and remained a regular member of a local Strict Baptist church until her death in 2001, aged seventy-four.

Only in recent years did the full horror of her parents' fate become clear. Erich and Irene were deported from Olomouc on Transport AAo to Terezín on 8 July 1942. Three weeks later they were sent further east on Transport AAY. The train – carrying almost 1,000 passengers – was diverted to Baranovichi in Belarus. There, on 31 July 1942, all the passengers, including Lottie's parents, uncle and aunt, were murdered in the nearby Gai Forest. Not a single person survived. For decades my family believed they had died in Auschwitz. It was only when I travelled to Prague in 2024 that archival records revealed the true destination and the brutal details of the massacre.



A young Lottie with her parents on holiday, early 1930s



Lotte in later life

I have gathered this research into a small book and, with the help of a local historian in Olomouc, tried to restore a fuller picture of Lottie's earlier life. Writing the book has been an act of recovery. It has brought names back to a mass grave that for years held only anonymous dead. It allows relatives and institutions to know who Lottie was and what she lost. Copies have been accepted by archives in Prague, Berlin and elsewhere, while the *AJR Journal* has kindly given space for this account. In the end the story is simple and devastating: a child was saved, her parents were not, and it is the duty of those who remain to keep these stories alive.

Opportunities to attend Holocaust remembrance events and to connect with the AJR community internationally are most welcome. Please contact me via tom@hickman.me

Tom's book is available at <https://www.amazon.co.uk/Lotties-Journey-Holocaust-survivor-behind/dp/B0H2M4F2DR>

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**CONTEMPORARY
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE**



The twins out walking with their father Louis in Germany

DYNAMIC TWINS WHO IN THE WORLD'S FIRST



Frank (left) and Ralph Land in 2016



Ralph in 1968

The summer of 2026 marked the death of identical twin brothers Ralph and Frank Land, aged 97. Their remarkable lives were shaped by their personal experience as refugees from Germany and their distinguished involvement in the business, academic and civic society of their adopted country.

It was in Berlin in 1928 that Soscha (Sofia) Landsberger gave birth to the boys, Ralph being the older by 20 minutes. Their father, Louis, ran successful businesses initially in gas lighting and later making gas compressors for the motor trade. The twin boys grew up in a comfortably-off, assimilated Jewish family. Gradually however, Nazism impinged ever deeper on their lives and in Spring 1939, a few months after Kristallnacht, the family managed to escape to England. Louis had been compelled to 'sell' his business for one Mark.

During the Blitz, Louis was interned in the Isle of Man. The ten-year-old German-speaking twins first attended school in London and were then evacuated, staying with a family in Bedmond, Hertfordshire. There they were welcomed, learned to speak good English, and made a lifelong friendship with Jack, the son of the household. Meanwhile Soscha, who was a talented artist and craftswoman, stayed in London and made a living selling her work. Their parents were determined that the

boys should have as good an education as they could. They went to Willesden County Grammar School and then, in 1947, to the London School of Economics.

Shortly after graduating, in 1950, both young men found themselves working in the offices of J Lyons and Co, the country's largest catering company. It was a time of ground-breaking change in the way businesses were to be managed. In 1951, after several post-war years of development, the world's first business computer started to operate. It was called LEO – Lyons Electronic Office – and both brothers played significant roles in its operation and sales.

Frank moved to Lyons first and suggested his brother join him there. Frank became a member of the very early programming and systems analyst teams. As he recalled later, there was a 'buzz' there – every day the pioneering team was encountering new problems to solve and, by dint of long hours and a real commitment to the task, making major advances. LEO was much in demand and soon further LEO computers were built and a separate computer manufacturing company set up. Frank went on to become a senior consultant, working closely with LEO's customers.

Meanwhile, Ralph, who was running the LEO service bureau in London, was hunted out by management to move into exports – partly because he could speak German. His work there was outstandingly successful. He built the Eastern European business from scratch to £30 million a year, selling machines to many countries, including the Soviet Union. Later he wrote of the way

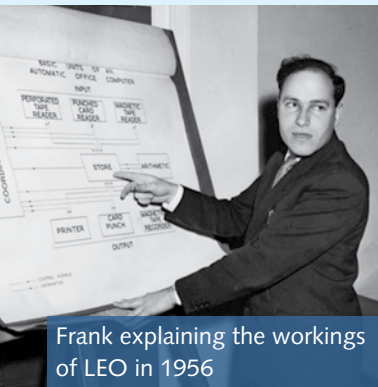
barter played a key role in transactions there.

The brothers' career paths then diverged. Ralph, after huge success with exports for LEO, English Electric and then ICL, took leading roles with Rank Xerox and Rolls Royce. He became an acknowledged expert in Eastern European trade and led working groups and trade missions for the Department of Trade and Industry. Later, in 1992, he advised the Foreign and Commonwealth Office after the collapse of the Berlin Wall and the break-up of the Soviet Union. He went on to contribute his expertise to influential groups such as Chatham House, the BBC World Service and Business Europe. In 1986 he was awarded an OBE and in 1996 a CBE for his services to British exports.

Frank's post-LEO career had taken him back to the LSE, heading the university's new computer services department. He became interested in the socio-economic aspects of computing and went on to teach both undergraduates and research students. In 1982, he became the UK's first Professor of Information Sciences and had a distinguished academic career with periods in Australian and Indian universities. In 2019 Frank was awarded an OBE for services to the information systems industry. Following his formal retirement, Frank remained an Emeritus Professor in Information Systems and Innovation. He settled in Devon and played a leading role in his local district, chairing his parish council.

In their later lives, the brothers became involved with LEO once more, playing prominent roles in the LEO Computers

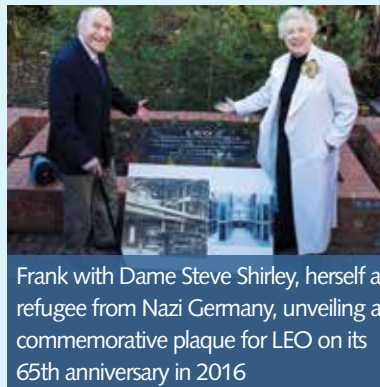
PLAYED A MAJOR ROLE IN BUSINESS COMPUTER



Frank explaining the workings of LEO in 1956



Ralph in Poland 2005



Frank with Dame Steve Shirley, herself a refugee from Nazi Germany, unveiling a commemorative plaque for LEO on its 65th anniversary in 2016



Frank skydiving in 2012

Society, a charity working to preserve and promote its legacy. Frank joined three other LEO pioneers in writing a book, *User-driven Innovation*, detailing the computer's early development and influences. Both Ralph and Frank recorded their oral histories and were filmed in interviews about their pioneering work. Frank curated a comprehensive listing of all things related to LEO – books and articles, films and artefacts which he called LEOpedia. This formed the foundation for the LEO archive based at the Centre for Computing History in Cambridge which is managed by the 'Land archivist' whose post is funded by the AIT Trust.

Ralph married his French wife, Jacqueline Bourdin, a painter, in 1954. After periods working abroad, they settled in Fulham, London. They had two sons and one grandchild.

In a characteristically bold move, in 2012 the

brothers – then aged 82 and described as 'sprightly and determined' by the *Evening Standard* – made a parachute jump, raising money for research into pancreatic cancer from which Jacqueline had died in 2009.

Ralph sadly developed dementia in his final years but remained cheerful and compassionate till the end. He died just 10 weeks after his brother, on 23 July 2026.

Frank married Ailsa Dicken, a mathematician and later herself a Professor at the LSE. They had a son and two daughters, seven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren (with another on the way). Ailsa died in 2021 and Frank continued to live in Totnes and was working on the LEO archive until his last week. He died on 16 May 2026.

Ralph and Frank recorded their memories for the AJR Refugee Voices archive. Neither brother took for granted the freedoms

and opportunities that they had obtained in coming to the UK. They recalled the sacrifice of their parents and spoke forcefully for what they felt to be right, particularly on the subject of humane treatment for refugees. They contributed enormously in all they did for their adopted country.

Throughout their long lives, Ralph and Frank remained very close and spoke almost daily to each other. By those who knew them, they will be best remembered – in addition to all their lifetime of achievements – for their charm and warmth, their modesty and wit, their kindness and generosity.

Hilary Caminer

Hon. Secretary of the LEO Computers Society, a registered charity which works to promote and preserve the history of the world's first business computer.

From tea shops to computer company: the improbable story of LEO

The twin brothers Land were in the forefront of one of the most remarkable stories in the early history of computing when 75 years ago in late November 1951 LEO (Lyons Electronic Office) became the first computer in the world to be applied to business, rather than scientific problems.

Before Univac, before IBM and the other names that were to become the giants of the computer industry in the later years of the last century, the British catering company of J Lyons & Co beat them all in realising that the power of computers could be applied to business.

The company, famous for its corner tea shops and Swiss rolls went on to create a burgeoning computer business selling machines to major companies and government departments both at home and abroad.



The original LEO computer

REVIEW

AN UNFORESEEN LEGACY: LETTERS FROM OUR GERMAN-JEWISH GRANDPARENTS 1940-1941

By Monica Berger Moisi
Valentine Mitchell

Poignant wartime correspondence to a daughter safely ensconced in the USA is revealed via 53 letters written by parents desperate to get out of Germany. Despite their own imperilment, Robert and Milla Reinsberg showed touching concern for Harriet, who left her medieval hometown of Warburg, North Rhine-Westphalia, in 1939 on a UK domestic visa.

Harriet's posting in London was awful so she was relieved to sail across the Atlantic to a new world. Here she could finally receive letters from her parents in Germany, which she was unable to do in Britain as an enemy country. These letters were discovered 80 years later, after Harriet's death, by her daughter, author Monica Berger Moisi.

The letters offer a window into German Jewish life during the thirteen months before November 1941 and Harriet's parents' deteriorating prospects. They are heartbroken to be marking the 21st birthday of their beloved only child alone but take time to reflect on her future happiness. Robert advises: 'Remember marriage is not for a week or a month but for a lifetime, and such a decision must be carefully considered... Don't do it for old people like us whose lives will soon be over, whereas yours lies ahead.' His last letter contains news of his circle in Germany and wishes for his daughter's welfare. 'We have all lived through hard times, everyone goes through such moments, but after the rain the sun comes out again. Always remember that'. Milla leaves the business side of the letters to her husband, but her shorter letters are full of affection.

The once-prosperous couple lost both their home and store at gunpoint on Kristallnacht, with her father sent to Buchenwald and then to forced labour. In their subsequent letters written after Robert started forced labour, her parents seem preoccupied with daily

life difficulties in straitened circumstances: food, laundry, shopping and gardening, while recognising the importance of birthdays and Jewish festivals. They also share news about their many friends and wider family, including frail Great Aunt Sofie, who lives with them.

But Robert's fear and desperation is palpable. His constant preoccupation is finding the necessary funds and sponsorship to get out of Germany. He returns to paperwork and affidavits needed again and again, with the couple feeling betrayed by relatives failing to assist them. It is a constant bureaucratic maze, with ever increasing demands and information wanted by 'Stuttgart'. Even as US immigration became impossible they send urgent pleas for aid to get to Cuba, where others have successfully escaped.

Harriet married Fred Berger, a Viennese refugee, and in 1970 they returned to visit Warburg with their three children, including Monica, the eldest. Monica's notes at the end of each letter are most illuminating.
Janet Weston

LOOKING FOR?

RECORDS OF SPONSORS?

The author Gaby Koppel, whose grandparents and other family members guaranteed several refugees during WW2, hosting many of them at their homes in Hampstead Garden Suburb, wonders whether any records were kept – either officially or unofficially – of British people and businesses who stood as guarantors or sponsors.

Gaby Koppel

exchange programme.

janetjakubo@gmail.com

HILDEGARD NATHANSON

Natalie is seeking information regarding her birth grandmother, Hildegard Nathanson, who was born in Berlin on 6 December 1933. Hildegard escaped Germany on a Kindertransport via the Netherlands on 22 August 1939, arriving in the UK just before the war. She later gave her daughter up for adoption in the UK.

nataliepettenuzzo@gmail.com

End and emigrated to Palestine in 1948 where they were among the first settlers at Kibbutz Kfar HaNassi in the Upper Galilee.

w-schoenfeld@t-online.de

LEEDS REFUGEE COMMITTEE

Helen Frais has recently written an interactive play about the Kindertransport Hostel for Jewish Boys in Leeds, entitled *The Mystery of the Back to Front House*. Written as a detective story, it is available for performance/ presentation or as a talk, with a junior version available for age 10 up.

During her research for the play Helen learned that, during the 1940s, her late grandfather paid a guinea each year to the Society of Friends of Jewish Refugees, who were based at 75 Great Russell Street. She is keen to know whether any Leeds-based people were involved with the Committee and its work.

afrais@tiscali.co.uk

HARALD BARUSCHKE

Jeanette Jakubowski is keen to receive insights into the life and work of Harald Baruschke, born in March 1907 in Hamburg and became headmaster of the Les Rayons boarding school in Switzerland between 1939-1943. Harald was not himself Jewish but several of his pupils were Jewish refugees from Nazi-occupied countries. Jeanette believes that Harald spent time in London during the mid-1930s, perhaps on a student language or

INGE CHANA SEGAL, NÉE JORDAN

Wolfgang Schönfeld is hoping to find any documentation relating to Inge Jordan, who was born in Düsseldorf on 15 July 1926 and came to England in 1939. He believes she was a member of Habonim and part of the Hachshara at Gorsey Leaze, Wiltshire, before she married Louis Segal from London's East

OBITUARY

Marion CAMRASS

Born: 14 January 1932, Krakow

Died: 16 March 2026, Glasgow



Marion Camrass in 2025

PHOTO © ROBERT BURNS PHOTOGRAPHY GLASGOW

Marion Camrass was born Matylda Schoental to Izak (Vincenty) and Sabina Schoental (nee Eckstein). She was a much loved and pampered only child and eldest grandchild.

In September 1939 her mother had incredible foresight and together with an aunt, uncle and two cousins they fled east. After many stops and even more train journeys, they found themselves in Siberia, but after a freezing winter they floated downriver on makeshift rafts to Bukhara in Uzbekistan.

Five percent of Poland's Jews were saved by fleeing east, but it was no picnic. In 1942 Marion's father died from typhus, while her mother almost died and was in hospital for many months. Marion spent time in an orphanage while her mother could not care for her.

The war ended, but they didn't leave Bukhara until May 1946. They arrived back in Poland to find that the rest of their family had perished, the family property had been taken over and they were left with nothing and no one.

Marion's aunt, her late father's sister, had been living in the UK since 1938, and so in November 1946 Marion found herself on a train again, this time heading to London. Her aunt met her there and they travelled together to Glasgow. She enrolled in school, learning English as a new language (she was already fluent in Polish and Russian), and three years later was accepted to Glasgow University to study medicine.

Through family friends, she was introduced to a young doctor, and in June 1952 she married Henry Camrass.

She dropped out of medical school when expecting her first child: her daughter was born in 1953, closely followed by a son in 1955. Life was busy in Glasgow as a GP's wife, and Marion also took classical singing lessons, joining the Linn Choir as well as singing at Jewish events. In 1966 she sang in an event to mark Yom Ha'atzmaut in Netanya, where her Mother had settled. Her singing teacher and piano accompanist became firm friends and part of the family.

In 1970 Marion went back to college as her children were getting older, but then history repeated itself and she found herself expecting once again, and at the age of 39 gave birth to her third child. Although she sadly had to give up singing professionally due to damaged vocal cords, she kept busy and, as her mother aged, she spent more time travelling to take care of her, until her mother took ill in the 1980s, and Marion brought her to live with her and Henry in Glasgow, where she lived another 20 years to 104.

In the 1990s Marion was encouraged to share her story and began speaking to church groups and to schools. She was aided by a map of her train journeys drawn by a friend's son. She found each talk draining and had to have long breaks between them, reliving the war years was very hard on her. It was during this time that she got involved with AJR, which has a very active group in Glasgow and across Scotland. She really enjoyed the activities and the friendships she made.

In 2003 Marion lost her dear husband Henry to Alzheimers. Although she missed him terribly, she still enjoyed travelling, whether around Scotland or to visit her eldest daughter in France. She travelled to USA for her cousin's children's weddings. The three cousins who went through the war together

were very close, sadly one died young, but her cousin Yoram died in 2021. The same year she also lost her best friend, Halina Moss, who she had met shortly after arriving in Glasgow, and after that she became quite lonely.

In an interview with BBC Scotland in 2018 she said that she felt blessed to have raised a family, to have grandchildren and since then great-grandchildren, and she felt that Scotland had been good to her. With the support of AJR, she was able to continue living independently right to the end, she passed away peacefully after a very short illness in March 2026 and is buried next to Henry in Glasgow. She is survived by three children, eight grandchildren and many great grandchildren in the UK and Israel. May her Memory be a Blessing.

The Family



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UPCOMING EVENTS

www.ajr.org.uk/ajr-events/

Across the UK and online, the AJR offers a vibrant and varied programme of events designed to inform, connect, and inspire. From large-scale national occasions to local gatherings and heritage trips abroad, our events reflect the richness of our community: its history, its culture, and its people. Our programme is updated regularly, so this is just a selection – to see the full details of these events and our latest programme please type www.ajr.org.uk/ajr-events/ into your browser.

SEP 01



Writing Family History – 5 week online course

Do you want to write your family history? Join us online for a six-week course on Writing Family History led by author and family historian, Nick Barlay

✉ debra@ajr.org.uk
📍 Online
📅 1 September to 6 October

SEP 24

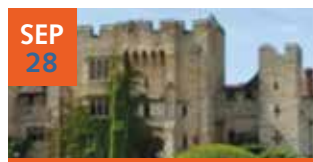


Imperial War Museum London – Free Event

Beauty and Destruction: Wartime London in Art

✉ karendiamond@ajr.org.uk
📍 Imperial War Museum London
📅 24 September at 1pm

SEP 28

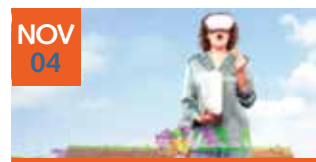


Hever Castle and Chartwell House – Overnight Trip

Join us for a fascinating overnight trip full of history

✉ roshart@ajr.org.uk
📍 Surrey
📅 28/29 September – Overnight Trip

NOV 04



Memoriam at the Southwark Playhouse – Evening Performance

Be part of our group booking to see Memoriam followed by a Q&A on Trauma, Transference and Theatre

✉ ajr.org.uk/ajr-events/memoriam-at-the-southwark-playhouse-evening-performance/
📍 Southwark Playhouse
📅 4 November at 7pm

REGIONAL GROUP MEETINGS

DATE AND TIME		LOCATION	CO-ORDINATOR
Wednesday 2 September	Lunchtime	Bournemouth	Ros Hart
Thursday 3 September	Afternoon	Pinner, with Judy Karbritz talking about Irving Berlin	Karen Diamond
Thursday 3 September	Lunchtime	Glasgow	Agnes Isaacs
Monday 7 September	Morning	London – Watercolours Art Class	Karen Diamond
Monday 7 September	Lunchtime	Manchester, with Diane Hawkins, Lord-Lieutenant of Greater Manchester	Michal Mocton
Monday 7 September	Lunchtime	Enfield	Ros Hart
Tuesday 8 September	Afternoon	Radlett	Ros Hart
Tuesday 8 September	Morning	Wanstead	Karen Diamond
Thursday 10 September	Afternoon	Edinburgh, with Professor Julian Stern	Agnes Isaacs
Monday 14 September	Afternoon	Bromley	Ros Hart
Tuesday 15 September	Morning	South London	Karen Diamond
Tuesday 15 September	Lunchtime	Leeds, with Toby Simpson from IWM North	Michal Mocton
Tuesday 22 September	Morning	London – AJR Ramblers	Karen Diamond/Ros Hart

For details of the exact times and venues for these regional meetings please contact:

Agnes Isaacs	Scotland and Newcastle	agnes@ajr.org.uk	07908 156 361
Ros Hart	London and South East	roshart@ajr.org.uk	07966 969 951
Karen Diamond	London and South East	karendiamond@ajr.org.uk	07966 631 778
Michal Mocton	Northern England	michalmocton@ajr.org.uk	07966 886 535

ONLINE MEETINGS

DATE AND TIME	TOPIC	ZOOM ID
Wednesday 2 September @ 4pm	Sue Gil – The history of Bushey village	846 7154 5076
Monday 7 September @ 4pm	Joanna Aston – Thomas Coram's Foundling Hospital and the Hallelujah Chorus	859 4797 6536
Monday 14 September @ 4pm	Beszéljünk Magyarul ! – our Hungarian speaking group	859 9859 8196
Wednesday 23 September @ 4pm	Book Discussion (no speaker) – <i>The Ballad of The Sad Café</i> by Carson McCullers	828 4403 7275
Monday 28 September @ 4pm	Joe Mendell – The Story of Mark Twain	827 3656 4180
Wednesday 30 September @ 4pm	Debbie Davies – Insights into the UK grocery market	824 4101 5249
Every Monday @ 10am	German conversation	882 8761 1039
Every Monday @ 10.30am (except 21 Sep)	Yoga and seated exercise	8524 688 9439
Every Tuesday @ 11am	Shelley's Exercise class	884 6694 5622
Alternate Wednesdays @ 11am	Poetry Please	
Alternate Wednesdays @ 2.30pm	Dementia Carer Support Group	julia@ajr.org.uk

FOR FULL DETAILS OF ALL EVENTS SEE www.ajr.org.uk/ajr-events/