

Founder of the Paralympic Games

On 4 July 2012, a reception was held at the Attlee Room in the House of Lords to celebrate the life of Sir Ludwig Guttmann, founder of the Paralympic Games, whose pioneering wartime work with victims of spinal injuries at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, Aylesbury, revolutionised the treatment of members of the forces whose wounds would previously have left them bedridden and condemned to an early death.

Guttmann's methods were subsequently applied to paraplegics everywhere. Fittingly, the reception took place under the auspices of the Council for Assisting Refugee Academics (CARA), the successor organisation to the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning (SPSL), which was responsible in the 1930s for finding posts for a large number of refugee academics and scientists, mostly Jewish, who had been dismissed from their positions by the Nazis.

Ludwig Guttmann was born in 1899 in the village of Tost (Toszek) in Upper Silesia; his family then moved to the larger town of Königshütte (Chorzow). He studied medicine at Freiburg University, where he was active in one of the Jewish student fraternities affiliated to the Kartell-Convent; these were bodies for patriotic German Jews, aiming to instil confidence in their members in the face of anti-Semitism by building up their strength through activities like sports. Guttmann graduated in 1924 and returned to Silesia, where, after a spell in Hamburg, he became a neurosurgeon at the Wenzel Hancke hospital in Breslau (Wroclaw) and a lecturer at Breslau University. In 1933 he was stripped of both positions, but went to work at the Breslau Jewish Hospital, where he became medical director in 1937.

Guttmann defended the interests of his Jewish patients courageously; even at the time of greatest danger, during the so-called 'Kristallnacht' in November 1938, he defied the Gestapo and SS men who descended on his hospital.

Realising that he could no longer safely remain in Germany, Guttmann emigrated to Britain. He arrived in March 1939 with his wife, Else, and their two children,



Sir Ludwig Guttmann, 1899-1980

Dieter (Dennis) and Eva, to take up a position that the SPSL had secured for him at the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford, on the invitation of Hugh Cairns, Nuffield Professor of Surgery. The Guttmanns were saved but impoverished; they lived in modest circumstances at 63 Lonsdale Road, Oxford (as documents from the SPSL archives at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, helpfully supplied to me by Mrs Laura Broadhurst of CARA, show).

In the early stages of the war, the mortality rate for members of the forces with injuries to the spinal cord was around 80 per cent, with a life expectancy of some three months from injury; the

few survivors spent the rest of their days as incurable, useless cripples in institutions. In December 1941, Guttmann presented a paper proposing radical new methods in the treatment and rehabilitation of those suffering from traumatic paraplegia, with the aim of re-integrating them into everyday life. As a result, he was appointed director of a new unit for spinal injuries patients that opened at Stoke Mandeville Hospital in February 1944.

Guttmann's ground-breaking new approach involved both physiological and psychological treatment, as one of the principal obstacles to be overcome was the ingrained belief that paraplegics were beyond help, a prejudice shared all too often by the victims themselves. Guttmann adopted the idea of using sport as a means of inspiring self-confidence in his patients, as well as building up their physical strength, so that they could again lead active and fulfilled lives. The results of his visionary innovations were remarkable, on a par with the wartime work of the famous plastic surgeon Archibald McIndoe in treating RAF personnel suffering from burns and facial disfigurement at Queen Victoria Hospital, East Grinstead.

Guttmann's work continued after the war, leading to the transformation of countless thousands of lives that would otherwise have been consigned to the scrapheap. In 1952, his unit became the National Spinal Injuries Centre. He was knighted in 1966, only the fourth refugee to be so honoured (after the scientists Francis Simon and Hans Krebs and the philosopher Karl Popper), and was a revered figure far beyond Britain by the time of his death in 1980. 'Poppa' Guttmann, as he was known, combined concern and compassion for his patients

Sir Ludwig Guttman *cont. from page 1*

with unbounded energy, a pioneering mind and that devotion to the duties of his calling that was the hallmark of the best of German Jewry. He also had an eye for publicity, hitting on the idea of holding the initial Stoke Mandeville Games on 28 July 1948, the opening day of the London Olympics of that year.

From that event, at which 14 ex-servicemen and 2 ex-servicewomen took part in an archery competition, the Stoke Mandeville Games expanded, taking on an international dimension in 1952 when a contingent of Dutch war veterans competed in the first international games for athletes with disabilities. In 1960, Guttman arranged for these games to be held in Rome, in parallel with the Olympic Games; medals were awarded to disabled athletes for the first time, leading to the integration of what became the Paralympic Games with the Olympics. This, along with his unique contribution to the welfare of an entire category of medical patients, formed part of Ludwig Guttman's legacy.

Readers of this journal will be interested to know that Guttman was also an active and longstanding member of the AJR, serving on its Board (then a large advisory body separate from the Executive Committee) for over 25 years after being co-opted onto it in 1953. On 1 April 1953, he was, alongside the historian Erich Eyck and Rabbi Dr Leo Baeck, one of three distinguished speakers at a public meeting organised by the AJR at Woburn House, on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Nazi boycott of Jewish businesses, the first official anti-Jewish action undertaken by the regime after Hitler's accession to power in 1933.

Guttman also acted as one of the distinguished patrons of the Thank-You Britain Fund, which was set up in the 1960s, under the administration of the AJR, to raise money from the Jewish refugees from Hitler to promote scholarly research, as a token of gratitude to their new homeland. He gave generously of his expert advice to the AJR on questions relating to the homes for elderly refugees that it administered jointly with the Central British Fund. And at least one ex-

serviceman and AJR member, Kenneth Fraser (Kurt Fleischmann), gravely wounded at Arnhem in September 1944, was able to cope with his injuries thanks to Guttman's new treatment and lived on until 1972.

But in the early days of emigration Guttman shared the hardships and restrictions of refugee life. Admitted on a temporary permit, he was, like other refugees from Nazism, forbidden to undertake any form of employment, though he was able to continue his research on the physiology and pathology of the cerebro-spinal fluid thanks to his grant from the SPSL (despite the strenuous attempts of the British Medical Association to block the entry of refugee medical practitioners into the profession). Guttman's situation remained insecure, as his residence permit expired in September 1939; only after Esther Simpson of the SPSL wrote to the Home Office on his behalf in August 1939 was the permit for Guttman and his family extended until September 1940 – by which time there could be no question of their returning to Germany.

The papers of the SPSL show how grateful Guttman and his wife were for the permit that had enabled them to escape Germany for Britain and for the extension that allowed them to remain in Britain permanently. Britain benefited hugely from the hospitality that it had offered Guttman, while the honours that his achievements earned him – an OBE in 1950 and a CBE in 1960 preceded his knighthood – were a source of great pride to the AJR. When the Queen opened the magnificent new sports stadium at Stoke Mandeville on 2 August 1969, *AJR Information* commented:

If we had been told thirty years ago that one day someone in our midst would

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

walk side by side with the Queen and act as her host at a public function, most of us would have dismissed the story as the product of wild and unrealistic imagination. And yet, it came true a few weeks ago, when Sir Ludwig Guttman welcomed Her Majesty who had graciously consented to open the Stoke Mandeville Sports Stadium for the Paralysed and other Disabled.

Guttman combined loyalty to Britain with loyalty to his German-Jewish origins. The house in which he lived with his family in High Wycombe was called 'Menorah', and he was an active member of the local synagogue. He was particularly concerned to promote the treatment of spinal injuries in Israel. He also remained a proud champion of the values and heritage of German Jewry: speaking at an anniversary banquet for former members of the Kartell-Convent in September 1976, he compared German Jewry's fight for equal rights with his own campaign against the discrimination suffered by groups like the disabled.

Anthony Grenville

AJR and German-Jewish Studies Centre to hold September seminar

The AJR is joining forces with the Centre for German-Jewish Studies at Sussex University to hold a series of lectures, discussions and interviews at the London Jewish Cultural Centre (LJCC) on 12-13 September.

The two-day seminar will highlight the cultural legacy of the Jewish German and Austrian refugees who fled Nazism and celebrate their remarkable contribution to life in Britain.

*If you wish to attend,
please phone the LJCC on
020 8457 5000.*

Shaping the future as well as remembering the past

'What's that badge you're wearing?' is a question I have been asked a great many times in recent months. The badge is a reminder of the ten days I spent at a seminar at Yad Vashem in March this year. It represents the slogan 'Remembering the Past, Shaping the Future'. It is a simple reminder of a profound visit and an opportunity to get into conversation about my visit.

Eighteen Christian church leaders visited Yad Vashem under the auspices of the Council of Christians and Jews (CCJ). We represented a variety of Christian denominations – Church of England, Methodist, Baptist, Reformed, Roman Catholic, Unitarian and Orthodox. That made for an amazing group! Two of us, Debbie Davison and I, had the privilege of being sponsored by the AJR. We were accompanied by a past president of the Board of Deputies, Dr Lionel Kopelowitz.

I had been to Yad Vashem before, 25 years ago. That had been a fairly brief visit as part of a trip around the whole of Israel in two weeks. I did remember that short visit as having had a profound effect on me. My main memory was of the memorial to the children – that amazing effect of lights and mirrors with the names being read.

That memorial is still there, but I could hardly recognise the new Yad Vashem. So many moving memorials have been created – I think especially of the Valley of the Communities, where Dr Kopelowitz found carved in the rock the name of his ancestral village, destroyed, like so many, by the Nazis. The main museum is not one which you can visit quickly. There is so much to see and so many tears to shed as you understand what horrors were inflicted on helpless people.

But the visit was not just about memorials or buildings. It was about meeting people. We met with Shalom Eilati, a survivor of the Kovno ghetto, and we learned so much from our lecturers, who included the great Holocaust historian Professor Yehuda Bauer, as well as Dr Rafi Vago, from Tel Aviv University, and Rabbi Yeshaya Balog. We attended a Shabbat service at a synagogue in Jerusalem and the

men of the party were invited to join in the dancing!

I suspect that the visit changed us all. We all know about the Holocaust but properly 'remembering the past' is about not only not forgetting but about constantly keeping alive the memories. We should never forget that which supposedly 'civilised' Europeans, most of whom had some association with a Christian church, inflicted on people whom they perceived as 'different'.

One result of the trip is that another Methodist minister, Bruce Thompson, and I are setting up a new organisation within our Methodist Church. Our denomination has not always been sensitive towards the Jewish community in recent years and so we are founding the 'Methodist Friends of Judaism'. We will want to work at reminding people of the Christian history of being anti-Jewish and sometimes anti-Semitic. We will want

to encourage people to take more care using New Testament passages which refer to 'the Jews' and be more sensitive to the Jewish heritage of Christianity.

The trip to Jerusalem was profound but we must work to do something practical as a result. We must shape the future as well as remember the past. I am deeply grateful to the CCJ and the AJR for making such an experience possible.

Colin A. Smith

The Revd Colin Smith is the Superintendent of the Barnet Methodist Circuit in North London.



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**CONTEMPORARY PAINTING
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AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE: A TRIP TO BAVARIA

Last year my daughter Kathy and I flew from Gatwick to Munich. We were there, together with our cousins Jack, Lilo and Michael Plaschkes, at the invitation of the Bavarian government and the municipality of Dachau to witness the naming of a school after our aunt, Greta Fischer. We owed our invitation, as well as the school's new name, to the research, organisational skills and persistent lobbying of Anna Andlauer, a retired teacher from Dachau who found out about Greta and her work while researching the history of Dachau.

Anna came upon an ancient convent and discovered that in 1945 it had been requisitioned by the American army for the use of an UNRRA team, whose task was to find and care for the abandoned children who had survived the concentration camps, or had been hidden, or had spent the war years in forests or caves with the partisans, or whose parents had died as a result of illness and malnutrition in the forced labour camps or on the death marches. My aunt Greta, who had spent some of the war years caring for the orphaned and traumatised children

of victims of the Blitz, was the ideal candidate for such a project and is still remembered with great affection by the few remaining 'children', who for the past few years have held an annual reunion, facilitated by Anna Andlauer.

Those who wish to read the full story of Kloster Indersdorf and details of the children, their activities, relationships with the local German community, and how it all ended after 1946 must read Anna's meticulously researched and beautifully written book *Zurück ins Leben. Das internationale Kinderzentrum Kloster Indersdorf 1945-1946* (The Road Back to Life: The Kloster Indersdorf International Children's Centre, 1945-1946), published in 2011 by Antogo and reviewed in the December 2011 issue of this journal (now in ebook in English translation: *The Rage to Live* (www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B008F5DRCU)).

To begin at the beginning, we drove to Gatwick and, thanks to Kathy's

splendid organisation and driving and despite my poor navigating, we arrived in good time. If you are disabled, as I am at the moment, Gatwick is wonderful. There is a telephone right by the shuttle bus stop, and we were promised a wheelchair within four minutes. It arrived dead on time, pushed by a charming, smartly dressed young man, who shoots you to the head of every queue and deposits you in a dedicated lounge reserved for those with special needs and their carers. You are given a pager and told that when it bleeps, a mobility vehicle will be with you in two minutes to take you to the plane. Easyjet had reserved two seats for us at

to the Greta-Fischer-Schule.

We were extremely impressed with the facilities, the children, the enthusiastic teachers and the atmosphere and ethos of the school. On every floor there are pictures of Greta, many showing her with the babies and toddlers in the orphanage, with quotations from her sayings and writings. Though this is a special school for slow learners, the standard of creative work they produce is excellent. Everywhere there are examples of art, craft, music, nature, even stone carving. We were given cakes made by the children (with a little help from their teachers) and then had lunch at the Hotel Fischer (in honour of my aunt), hosted by Dagmar, mother of two of the pupils at the school.

After more tea and cake at Dagmar's beautiful home, she drove us back to the school for the official naming ceremony in the evening. The President and the Culture and Education Minister of Bavaria both made speeches, as did Anna and others, including my cousin Michael, who had a part in Greta's story.

The proceedings were introduced by the school's headmistress, a delightful lady with a

very quiet manner, and the atmosphere was lightened by two of the male teachers, who put on a kind of Laurel and Hardy act between the speeches. The Culture Minister in particular spoke very movingly about the terrible stain on German history the Shoah had been and how today's generation saw it as their responsibility to make some restitution to those who had been so dreadfully wronged. Everywhere we went and everyone we spoke to during our short trip re-iterated his words. We, as representatives of survivors and refugees, were treated as honoured guests wherever we went. We were thanked for coming and had our hands vigorously shaken by everyone we met. I certainly had not expected such a warm welcome and such warm generosity. I am convinced their words were sincere. Before the end Anna sat and signed copies of her book and Kathy and I each received a complimentary copy.



'GRETA'S CHILDREN': The quotation reads 'Today we know how very important the early years of childhood are.' The child survivors, who take part in the annual reunion in Indersdorf, also meet regularly at the Greta-Fischer-Schule in Dachau

the front of the plane and it all went like clockwork. Airports can be difficult for disabled people, so thank you Gatwick for making it so smooth.

We arrived in Munich on time and were met by Jenny, one of Anna's friends. She entertained us on our half-hour journey to Dachau with tales of her mother, who had been one of the first female 'Wall of Death' riders and whose father had also worked in the circus. She, like nearly everyone else we came across on our trip, spoke perfect English.

We settled into our comfortable small hotel, were treated to tea and home-made cakes, and then were taken to a traditional Bavarian restaurant for dinner with the Oberbürgermeister of Dachau (that's the Mayor for the rest of us!), who welcomed us warmly. We then had a hearty Bavarian meal. After a good night's rest in our lovely beds, we had a very good buffet breakfast and at 9 o'clock were taken for our first visit

We had to be up early the next morning for the entertainment the children had provided for us at the school. Every class had prepared a musical item – singing, dancing or drumming – and some of the older ones had composed and sang a song about Greta – in English! We were introduced to the children, who were very friendly, self-possessed and beautifully behaved. They wanted to know all about us and our relationship to Greta. We were amused to note that she is regarded almost as a saint.

A very moving moment arrived when two of the original Indersdorf children handed over the suitcase with which they had arrived at the orphanage, stowed away in their attic for nearly 70 years and which they were presenting to the school. They were Sophie and Janucz Karpuk: she was seven and he was six when they arrived in the middle of the night, having trekked through the bombed and devastated German countryside in the depth of winter to find shelter at the orphanage. All they had had between them was this suitcase, which contained a few clothes and a letter from their mother. When Greta read it to them they discovered they were Polish and their parents had been forced labourers in Germany and were now being deported. Their mother told them to be obedient and happy, and said Sophie should look after her little brother. This Sophie has done devotedly from then till now. They have lived together since coming back to Poland nearly 70 years ago and Sophie has cared for Janucz, who was so traumatised that he does not speak at all. They are now in their eighties and presented the suitcase to the school in memory of Greta. The school has built a glass case in a prominent position for the suitcase and the children have made an eight-minute video trying to imagine what it must have been like trudging through the snow for days and nights till they found refuge. The children are to be commended for the effort they put in to the making of the film. They used themselves as actors and helped in all the background work but, of course, they are shown warmly dressed and well fed; they could not possibly imagine the ragged and malnourished state the Karpuks arrived in.

After the children had gone home we were invited to a tasty light lunch with the staff and were encouraged to ask questions and discuss the ethos of the school with its emphasis on peace, brotherhood, positive integration and mutual co-operation. We were

so impressed with every aspect of the school. It has been built at the cost of nearly 2 million euros with every possible environment-friendly feature and is full of light, air and colour.

In the afternoon we were taken to Kloster Indersdorf, just outside Dachau. It is now being painstakingly restored to its former glory. Parts of it date back to the thirteenth century and we were shown a beautiful painted ceiling as well as the old cloisters, with their niches for the many saints revered there. Many are now repaired, but there are still a lot with their noses and fingers broken off. It did not seem a suitable place for an orphanage, but we were told it had been used by the Sisters of Mercy of St Vincent de Paul before the war for that purpose, and many of them had come back to help with the damaged



Greta Fischer in UNRRA uniform, 1945

children of the Holocaust. A technical school has now been built behind the cloister, which will once again become a monastery.

In the evening we had our first chance to spend some quality time with our cousins, who had come from Israel and Switzerland. We had what was for me a really nostalgic meal: Wiener Schnitzel, bread dumplings and dill sauce.

The next day, Saturday, was our last but, as we were not flying until the evening, Anna had arranged for us to have a guided tour of the Dachau concentration camp in the company of Inge, a friend of hers and volunteer guide for the camp to school parties. We were heartened to hear that it is compulsory for all secondary school pupils to visit at least one concentration camp during their schooldays. The memorials are imposing and the museum well cared for and much visited. We discovered that Dachau was not an extermination camp but was used for forced labour

in the neighbouring quarries as well as housing anyone who did not fit the Aryan stereotype. In fact, Jews were in the minority there unless they were also politically active. The inmates had to wear coloured badges denoting their status – red for political prisoners, pink for homosexuals, green for ‘the feeble-minded’, and so on. There was a crematorium but it was used only for those who had died from sickness, malnutrition or overwork, or as a result of the punishment they had received for alleged misdemeanours. Again we heard the slogan ‘never again’ and the sense of responsibility to make some restitution. I was very reluctant to go to the camp, but am glad I went, and I know Kathy feels the same.

Afterwards Inge took us to the castle for a beautifully cooked and presented light lunch and we had a little walk in the grounds. Then she took us to Anna’s house, where we had tea ... and more cake. It was all most delicious but I probably had more cake in those three days than in the whole year put together.

Anna and her lovely husband Yorg drove us to the airport, where you can just help yourself to one of the wheelchairs standing in racks beside the trollies. We had an uneventful trip and again lots of help at Gatwick.

It has taken me some time to write this, partly because of my incompetence with my new netbook, but mostly because I have had to process an emotional shift in my attitude to all things German. I have had to modify a lifetime of hate and bitterness and realise that this generation of German people are very conscious of their past and very keen to repair the stain on their recent history. It has taken me some time to get used to the change in my feelings and, in order to strengthen it, Kathy and I have decided to have a weekend in Berlin to see the wonderful architecture that has arisen in the last few years.

The trip was an unforgettable experience for both of us and I am very grateful to the municipality of Dachau and the Bavarian government for inviting us and being so generous and hospitable. My most sincere gratitude goes to Anna and her husband and friends for taking so much trouble to make our stay so comfortable and memorable. Many thanks also to the children and teachers in the Greta-Fischer-Schule for making us so welcome. Finally, I want to thank in particular my daughter Kathy for acting as my carer and catering to my every whim – she is a star.

Hanna Corbishley



Letters to the Editor

The Editor reserves the right to shorten correspondence submitted for publication

REFUGEE GENERATIONS

Sir – Every month when I receive the *AJR Journal*, I read it and think that I must engage in the conversation. I find the learned articles fascinating, although for the first time I found the article about Gerhard Hauptmann in your July issue of no interest. Thank you for your work and your publication.

I continue to be amazed that more than 70 years after the exodus of Jews from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, the Association of Jewish Refugees not only survives but plays an important role in the lives of the surviving refugees and some of their children and grandchildren. Having 'forgotten' to identify myself as a refugee for more than 50 of my 83 years, I now look forward to the arrival every month of the *AJR Journal*, with its mixture of erudite articles, controversial correspondence and tributes to those who contributed so much to winning the war and rebuilding post-war Britain.

With great respect and my condolences to those who lost their parents in the Holocaust, a surprising number of Kindertransport children (including me) were eventually reunited with their surviving parents. Those refugees who came to the UK as mature adults are now dead and those who came as young adults are now well over 90 years old. Some of their stories have been recorded; others live on only in the memories of their children and grandchildren. It is to be hoped that those memories too will be recorded before it is too late. As my 'English' children are complete strangers to that north-west London refugee culture, they are unable or unwilling to record my stories and the stories of my family and, as I am not sufficiently well organised to do it myself, I am looking for a researcher who could help me to write things down and look through the records in my cellar.

I would also like to find information and stories about the work of the Jüdische Kulturgemeinde in Vienna after the Anschluss in 1938. I know they ran Umschulung classes – teaching those hoping to emigrate such practical skills as cooking, waiting at table and fountain-pen repairing – but they did far more to help people to leave.

John Farago, Deal, Kent

WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS

Sir – I have just received the August edition of the *AJR Journal* a few days later than normally (I usually get it on the 1st or 2nd of the month) and was beginning to have withdrawal symptoms As usual, I found it so interesting and you seem to have a few new contributors, which makes it even more satisfying.

I read it through (brooking no disturbance from grandchildren) and saw Joan Salter's article on Yugoslav Jews. Since I was (at last) in Croatia and Slovenia recently, I felt very close to that community, who helped my parents with such kindness from individual Jews, until overtaken by the same fate as the rest of European Jewry.

With best wishes for your continuing, interesting journal.

Inge Sadan, Jerusalem

FORUM FOR DISCUSSION

Sir – I shall certainly not be the only reader to regret Rose Marie Whalley's 'farewell letter' in your July issue.

I agree (from a position of far less experience) with her views on Israel, but I fail to see why she feels discussion of Israel is out of place in the *AJR Journal*. On the contrary, what better forum for discussion than a journal read by Jews, and their sympathisers, but not wedded to any firm ideology?

Some years ago, I wrote a fan letter because I was delighted with the Journal – interesting articles, amusing reminiscences but, above all, its open and varied correspondence columns. I also remember once being rung up by the editor because a letter I had submitted was capable of differing interpretations. Notice: it was not censorship but 'Are you sure you want to say this?' (I withdrew it because of the ambiguity.)

I am heartened by the tolerant inclusion of some wildly eccentric letters. If you sift letters according to high criteria of 'good sense', there is a danger that some interesting marginal views will not find expression. I am a gut-reactor without a lot of precise information and here I may get published alongside the most erudite and well-informed. We Netanyahu-phobes alongside the Netanyahu-philes!

Look at the July correspondence: Rose

Marie Whalley, plus praise for a Palestinian doctor's account of life in Gaza, alongside a complaint about disruption of an Israeli theatre company!

Other letters start different hares. Mr Peter Phillips's staunchly non-Austrian make-up makes me think of Ed Miliband's far more attractive speech recently (relating to Scottish independence) in which he gratefully acknowledged influences from all the places he, and his parents, have lived in.

My message to Rose Marie Whalley is: please don't abandon us. Stick around, and let us benefit from your experience and eloquence.

George Schlesinger, Durham

ISRAEL: THE 'REAL' ISSUES

Sir – Dorothea Shefer-Vanson's August 'Letter from Israel' was, in my opinion, pure, unadulterated dross and a complete waste of magazine space. I seriously doubt whether more than a handful of your readers would have found her narrative even remotely interesting!

She would be better focused commenting on the *real* issues that this country is currently having to confront, such as increasing poverty, self-immolations, the growing number of homeless people, drug and alcohol abuse, possible attack from a bloodthirsty despot using chemical/biological WMDs, and the contentious issue of the conscription of the ultra-orthodox into the military.

Just a few weeks ago, the police ran a very successful sting operation to ensnare pervers who were attempting to procure (via internet chat rooms), and then arrange, clandestine meetings with young children for the express purpose of having sex with them.

Within the next few months, the Iranian Hitler will have to be confronted by using extreme military force and that will have profound consequences for the rest of the world – indeed, the course of human history will be irrevocably changed.

So you can see that the picture of idyllic and carefree living that Dorothea has so vividly delineated is actually far from reality for the greater proportion of the population here.

Ray Lewis, Kiryat Shemona, Israel

ISRAEL AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

Sir – Will Dorothea Shefer-Vanson (August) kindly enlighten us as to the location of any part of Israel from which the Mediterranean may be seen to the east? Does she know where to find her elbow from any other part of her anatomy?

En passant, did Wilfrid Israel (August, review by Leslie Baruch Brent) not share his misfortune with the actor Leslie Howard? If so, the German high command made two (or three) mistakes that day.

Alan S. Kaye, Marlow, Bucks

BIBI AND THE RELIGIOUS PARTIES

Sir – Benjamin Netanyahu lost the last election by one vote to Tsipi Livni but, while she was unable to form a coalition government, he was. This was thanks to the religious parties, who backed his Likud party rather than his opponent's Kadima. Why, one asks, was Netanyahu willing to break up his huge coalition with Kadima's Shaul Mofaz on the issue of the Haredim? The answer is simple: he has again put his desire for power before the desire of his people.

The religious parties do more or less guarantee him 19 seats in the 120-seat Knesset. Shas brings him 11, United Torah Judaism 5, Yisrael Beitenu 3. He obviously feels they are more likely to keep him in power than Kadima under Mofaz or Yisrael Beiteinu under Lieberman. This is why he also supports the ultra-orthodox, mainly American, settlers now living in the occupied territories. The fact that Israel was created as a secular state – and, indeed, was such under its first leader, David Ben-Gurion – seems irrelevant to him. As does the fact that most Israelis are secular. It is truly a disgrace that the Haredim are exempted from military service.

At the same time, in a state circular, Sephardi Chief Rabbi Shlomo Amar refers to his 'terrible pain' at the funding by the Israeli state of the salaries of 15 Progressive rabbis. He complains that 'the honour of heaven has been defiled', describes the Progressive rabbis as 'uprooters and destroyers of Judaism', and ends his polemic with 'Woe unto us that in our day such haters of Israel have raised their heads and that the State has come to recognise these destroyers of religion as clergy.'

Has Netanyahu commented on this scurrilous attack on the Progressives? No. Will he? No. Why won't he? Because he needs the Shas party to keep him in power and it is power, not morals, which motivate him. Little wonder that I worry greatly about Israel, with leaders like Prime Minister Netanyahu and Chief Rabbi Amar at the helm.

Peter Phillips, Loudwater, Herts

WILFRID ISRAEL: A QUESTION OF CREDIT

Sir – In response to Leslie Brent's review of the DVD of *Wilfrid Israel, the Savior from Berlin*, I disagree strongly that 'the DVD almost certainly gives him more credit than he deserves'. In my view, Wilfrid deserves every bit of credit the DVD can give him. He could have taken his family wealth and gone to almost any country in the world and been welcomed for his wealth. Undoubtedly, this is what most of today's tax-dodgers would have done! I ask myself what I would have done in his place. Would I have had the guts to do his rescue work – in constant danger of my own and others' lives? But he continued even after war broke out. There may even be more rescue missions than we have evidence for.

I first learned of Wilfrid Israel in

response to a question I was asked by a member of a school audience I was speaking with a couple of years ago. I was asked how enough trains could have been organised to get 10,000 children to Britain when I had just told them how difficult the Nazis were making life for Jewish families. A perceptive question indeed – and I freely admitted I had no idea. But I promised to find out. Now, a picture of Wilfrid Israel is on the PowerPoint disc of photos around which I tell my story in schools.

An element in the film that intrigues me is the short clip of a traumatised girl wearing a headscarf and looking out of a cattle truck. She is a Roma girl called Settla. You can see her photo in the exhibition of the Nazi genocide against Sinti and Roma in the Heidelberg Documentary and Cultural Centre for Sinti and Roma. Her photo also appears in the catalogue of this exhibition. I wonder why it was chosen for the Wilfrid Israel DVD and where the producers obtained it.

Ruth Barnett, London NW6

GUT SKABY HACHSHARA AND ERNST FREUDENTHAL

Further to my letter in the July issue of the Journal, I would be most grateful if any information relating to the Gut Skaby Hachshara and Ernst Freudenthal could be sent to me at johnandgina@ausum.co.uk.

Gina Burgess Winning

STOLPERSTEINE INITIATIVE

Sir – I am writing on behalf of a private initiative organised by the condominium owners of an apartment building in Vienna, of which I am a member. We are gathering information about the Jewish inhabitants of our building who were ousted from their apartments, deported, murdered or fled the country during the National Socialist era. Our group of condominium owners intends to have 'Stones of Remembrance' set into the pavement in front of our apartment building to commemorate the Jewish victims of the Nazis who were once tenants (http://www.steinedererinnerung.net/downloads/folder_englisch.pdf).

The task has fallen to me to research these former tenants and, in the Austrian Federal Archives, I have come upon one woman who fled from Vienna to England via Le Havre in 1938. Her name is Adrienne Berkun. She was born on 6 October 1908 to Moses Berkun and Flora Berkun (née Mandel) and was a kindergarten teacher in Vienna. At the age of 68, in 1977, she wrote to the Austrian Government about the loss of her parents' apartment, their and her possessions, their bank accounts, etc in the hope of some form of restitution. She also wrote that she was receiving a pension from the British government and that she had remained an Austrian citizen. Her last address, according to the Austrian

Federal Archives, was 9A Gilda Close, Bristol BS 14 9JU.

We would like to know if Adrienne Berkun is still alive – or, more likely, the exact date when she passed away and where – and we turn to readers of the Journal for any information they can possibly supply. When we set the dates of birth and death of the victims of National Socialism, as well as the dates on which they fled the country or were deported, on brass plaques in front of our condominium, we intend to be as precise as possible. Thank you in advance for your kind assistance.

*Dr Nancy Amendt-Lyon, Kundmannngasse
13, 1030 Vienna, tel +43-1-713 07 91,
email amendtlyon@aon.at*

AVOID AUSTRIA

Sir – Reference is made to a letter by Thomas Tait in your July issue. I was a prisoner with my father, first in the Cracow ghetto then in the Plaszow camp. When the Russian forces were approaching the West, we were transported in goods trains to Mauthausen concentration camp. Here, I was given the number 86833. We were then sent to St Valentin sub-camp, where we worked at the Nibelungen Werke (a branch of Steyr-Daimler-Puch). Conditions were awful: frequent beatings and a starvation diet. My father died on 12 December 1944 from pneumonia, due mainly to very poor medical assistance.

The Nibelungen Werke was bombed twice so that work there was impossible. The prisoners were then transported to Ebensee camp, where conditions were appalling. I recall that very few, if any, Russian prisoners survived.

Of all the internment places I was in, the Austrian ones were by far the worst. I wish to suggest to possible holidaymakers to try to give Austria a miss, although geographically it is a nice place. A friend, Bernard Grunhaut, did survive but died of a heart attack at Cracow railway station. Another survivor was Mauritz Grunbaum, born in Wieliczka, who was the camp barber and disappeared after the war with his girlfriend to South America. I find it my duty, since there are very few survivors still alive, to warn friends and co-religionists about the traumatic war experience of many people in Austria.

*Ronald Leaton (Roman Licht)
London NW8*

SCHOOL EXHIBITION PLANNED

Sir – Whilst conducting interviews for our Heritage Lottery Fund Oral History Project (we were awarded a grant in 2011 to conduct our three-year project) with present and former older villagers in Upper Broughton, Nottinghamshire, one memory recalled was that of a young boy from the Kindertransport who came to live in the village. He lived in Broughton House with Mrs Worthington, a teacher at the local

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ART NOTES

Gloria Tessler

The famous *Scream* was prominent by its absence at **Edvard Munch: The Modern Eye at Tate Modern** (until 14 October). The curators wanted to stress the subtler images created by the Norwegian artist, who seemed to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders. Yet if not one 'scream' was seen or heard, the heartfelt anguish of his soul was everywhere.

It is hardly surprising. Both his mother and his sister died of TB and a harsh and alienating grief remained with him all his



Ashes by Edvard Munch (1894)

Photo: Bridgemanart.com

days, climaxing in that famous apotheosis of visual sound. He was interested in film, photography and stage production. Working with Max Reinhardt on Ibsen's *Ghosts* gave him a sense of the person within a claustrophobic space.

Munch was a near-obsessive self-portraitist, particularly keen to show the process of ageing. But his greatest works reconnect with childhood loss in versions of *The Sick Child* and *The Girls on the Bridge*, from 1907 to 1925.

His almost sketchy paintings suggest fleeting but pivotal moments. The genius of *The Sick Child* is that the deathly pallor of the child's face is reflected in the white headboard, but contrasted with the vitality of her red hair and the green drapery, all representing life. The mother, though, is already grieving, and in black. The more you study this painting the more evanescent and fragile the child becomes, until you can actually see her fading away.

Developing this theme of loss and

isolation, Munch also made six paintings of the *Weeping Woman*, all nude, against an empty bed with turbulent, spotted wallpaper which suggests tears.

In his growing alienation he depicts young girls, stolid in their bright dresses, staring into the river and away from us. Similarly, the wide angles of *New Snow in the Avenue* show two still people in the foreground, with the trees falling from side to side, giddy with cold. But their stillness is deceptive. Everything is on the move: swirling skies, trees and landscapes, bodies and faces sketchy to emphasise their growing anguish. *Workers on Their Way Home* shows rushing figures, only one of whose exhausted faces is clearly visible.

Munch was a great experimentalist. After suffering a haemorrhage in his right eye, he depicted distortions of vision in vibrant circles of colour in order to understand the subjective nature of sight.

The Royal Academy's exhibition from the Clark Collection, **From Paris: A Taste for Impressionism** (until 23 September),

describes the development of the genre, led by **Corot and Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro and Degas**, in the second half of the 19th century. Accurate observation was then the academic gold standard for French artists and these first Impressionists, who opted for naturalism, were rejected by the conventional art

world. They were championed by the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, formed by wealthy New Yorker Robert Sterling Clark and his wife Francine, heirs to the Singer sewing machine dynasty. Robert Sterling settled in Paris in 1910 and became attracted to the Impressionists, particularly Renoir. He acquired 39 of the latter's works, of which 21 are shown here. Soon after the Second World War, Clark established his museum in Massachusetts, a permanent home for his collection of European and American art.

Alongside works by the major French Impressionists, the star of this show is Renoir, for his gorgeous and intimate depiction of the female face and form. But the Impressionists' view of 19th-century industry, with its smoking chimneys intruding on pastoral life, as exemplified by Pissarro and Caillebotte, shows the artists' integrity in coming to terms with their changing world.

REVIEWS

A successful life after difficult beginnings

DON'T ASK ME WHERE I COME FROM: ONE WOMAN'S STORY OF EXILE, ESCAPE AND SELF-DISCOVERY by Lili Loebel

Book Guild Publishing, Sussex, 2011, hardback 320 pp., ISBN 978 1 84624 633 3

Many books based on surviving the Nazis and subsequently making a successful new life have been published. Each has a different and remarkable story to tell, and that also applies to Lili Loebel's autobiography.

Lili was born into a prosperous German-Jewish family in Bamberg in 1930 and initially had a very happy and lovingly described childhood. Then came Kristallnacht in November 1938 and her father's temporary but traumatic incarceration in Dachau. Fortunately the family had previously befriended an English aristocratic couple while on holiday and with their help managed to escape to England in early 1939.

Life, as for most refugees, was not easy. The author describes their initial stay in London's Swiss Cottage area followed by the trauma of separation from her parents when she and her sister were evacuated. The parents meanwhile moved to Newcastle, where her father and uncle hoped to set up a new business, and the family was later reunited there. Despite setbacks such as the father's internment in the early stages of the war, and a temporary return to London during the Blitz, their situation improved and Lili was able to restart her formal education at La Sagesse, a prestigious convent school in Newcastle.

From this stage on, the refugee aspects of the biography fade into the background as we are told the continuing story of Lili's fascinating, if somewhat confusing, life. After school she spent several years in France and grew to love the country, especially life in Paris. She describes frankly her successes and failures both in her social life and in higher education, which included studies in philosophy and the Old Provençal language. Interspersed with studying, she had a variety of jobs, including tutoring and working in *haute couture*. Her travels during her twenties also included extended stays in Israel, where she spent several months on a kibbutz, as well as in Germany, Italy and Yugoslavia. She admits that her life at this stage was

rather rootless and indecisive.

In 1953 she travelled to America and again there was a mixture of studying and work, this time including at a cotton mill in Galveston, Texas. The most vivid descriptions, however, are reserved for her lively social life! The turning point came when she moved to New York and, after a stint writing for women's magazines, landed a very stimulating job as a journalist with *Newsweek* magazine.

Lili's language and social skills were of great value in making many useful contacts, both among politicians and UN delegates, and these enabled her to cover successfully important events for *Newsweek* between 1958 and 1964. Among these was the Eichmann trial, which she reported from Jerusalem and which reminded her of her two grandmothers murdered in the Shoah.

Other dramatic events covered by Lili include the Bay of Pigs incident, when Cuban dissidents from Miami tried unsuccessfully to invade Cuba, and the Cuban missile crisis, which brought America to the brink of war. In all cases, the author not only briefly describes the events themselves, but gives an insight into the journalist's methods and problems in covering them.

In spite of her convent education, Lili recounts her numerous amorous adventures but she eventually married the man she had first met when he gave her dental treatment many years earlier.

The book covers only the first 34 years of the author's life, but these were certainly very full and varied. She often writes of her experiences in a wry, self-deprecating style and does not shirk from recounting the many mishaps and problems she encountered, including a sometimes difficult relationship with her mother.

In spite of some minor inaccuracies and insufficient editing, the autobiography gives an interesting, well written account of an eventually successful life after difficult beginnings.

George Vulkan

Ups and downs of life with Suzie

SUZIE, THE LITTLE GIRL WHO CHANGED OUR LIVES

by Ann Chadwick

Keystage Arts Company 2012, 97 pages paperback, £7.00, ISBN 978-1-4477-4696-6, purchase from <http://www.lulu.com/shop/ann-chadwick/suzie/paperback/product-18893834.html>

As I work in 'The Journey' exhibition on a daily basis, teaching about the Kindertransport plays a key role in my professional life. So I was

delighted to review this book about Suzie Spitzer, who in 1939, aged only five, left Prague on a 'Winton train' to escape Nazi persecution.

Having read much survivor testimony, I would point out that one of the unique aspects of this book is that it is not written by Suzie but is told exclusively from the perspective of her host family. The author tells the story of Suzie's years with the Chadwicks, providing a compelling and honest account of life with her older 'sister' and their adventures as a family.

Ann Chadwick's conversational style makes the book a very easy read and its 97 pages can be consumed in only one or two sittings. Each chapter title reflects the contents: from basic background information in 'Who's Who and How Did We Come to This?' to the contribution of holidays in 'Wales and Ireland Provide Memorable Experiences', the reader is taken on a journey through phases of Suzie's life, spanning numerous countries and a spectrum of emotions.

While in the main the author depicts positive times shared with Suzie, she is not afraid to present the difficulties too, providing a balanced account of their years together. Ann does not shy away from the truth and wants the reader to be fully aware of the many challenges involved in taking in a child who demanded such love and attention. Her choice of subtitle, 'The Little Girl Who Changed Our Lives', is inventive, and for me this encapsulates the book, conveying both the ups and downs of life with Suzie.

The penultimate chapter contains a series of traumatic events but, even in her anguish, Ann's optimism shines through: 'When you suffer a major loss, look to see if you can bring any positives out of it ...' Ann's story presents us with many challenges and encourages us to reflect on our own lives and values: I wonder how many of us today would be willing to open our hearts and homes to a foreign child.

Chapter 12 is appropriately entitled 'Lest We forget? You Bet We Won't!' While Ann promises to 'keep on telling her [Suzie's] story', I believe we too share this responsibility. The task of passing on the stories we have heard to future generations is a challenge to us all.

This is an inspiring, heart-rending account, which shows how one courageous decision in 1939 changed the lives of a family forever.

Karen Van Coevorden

Karen Van Coevorden is Primary Education Officer at the Holocaust Centre, Newark, Nottinghamshire

A dozen hitherto unpublished lectures

A NEW LOOK AT HISTORY: A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS by Frank Eyck

edited and translated by Rosemarie Eyck
Detselig Enterprises 2011, 340 pp.
paperback, CN\$ 29.95, ISBN-10: 1550594095

This is a posthumous collection of 12 hitherto unpublished lectures by the late Professor of History at Calgary University in Canada, who came to England as a refugee, served in the British army in Germany, and then became a professional historian.

The opening lecture is taken from an original work by Eyck: his biography of the historian G. P. Gooch, in which he selects the episode when Gooch, together with Harold Temperley, was asked by the British government to edit *British Documents on the Origins of War, 1898 to 1914*. Eyck recounts the tensions between the editors on the one hand and the Foreign Office, War Office and India Office on the other, who wanted to exclude as still too sensitive certain documents which might damage relationships with friendly governments. It was felt to be a clash between the integrity of the historians and the interests of the state.

The second lecture is about the Cambridge spies Maclean, Philby, Burgess, Blunt and Long. Eyck suggests that the reason they were not caught earlier was that it didn't occur to the public school establishment that men from that background could betray their country. Actually, Leo Long was the only one of these who, though he had been at Cambridge, had not been to a public school (and the only one whom Eyck knew personally, having served with him in the same psychological warfare unit during the Second World War).

The ten other talks deal with German and/or Jewish subjects. Though none of them deserves to be called 'a new look' (and are all marred by poor proof-reading), they are competent summaries in a few pages each of subjects like Martin Luther; Munich; German unification (delivered in 1991, the talk reminds us how problematic for both West and East German unification still was only two years after the event); nationalism; a history of anti-Judaism and anti-Semitism; the controversy about Pius XII and his relations with the Nazis (Eyck sympathises with the difficulties confronting the Pontiff and rejects John Cornwell's description of Pius as 'Hitler's Pope'); Zionism; and efforts by Christian

Reviews continued overleaf ➔

Exhibition

Tate Britain enters the Olympics

ANOTHER LONDON: INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS CAPTURE CITY LIFE, 1930-1980

Tate Britain to 16 September

Tate Britain has entered the Olympics with a black-and-white show of London photographs from the collection of Cartier-Bresson's brother-in-law Eric Franck. Taken by 41 international photographers who came to London between 1930 and 1980, the photographs include work by the acclaimed Viennese-born centenarian Wolfgang Suschitzky.

Franck's gift of over 1,000 photos doubled the Tate's holdings and represents a chance for Olympic visitors to see an intimate London they might



Wolfgang Suschitzky *Lyons Corner House, Tottenham Court Road, London (1934)* © W. Suschitzky

never have spotted, as well its famous sites. The collection forms a tourist guide to the capital, claims the Tate, and includes both panoramic and personal – not only the famous London sites but

also the battered buckets of Irving Penn's cleaning ladies.

Suschitzky's work includes a classic view of London just after the war. He climbed up the dome of St Paul's to photograph the bombed-out streets and his bewildering figures on a merry-go-round hurtling into space are described as filling one with excitable dread.

Leonard Freed's photographic memories of north London's Hasidic communities in the 1970s can also be seen there this month, alongside the work of photographers from Central and Eastern Europe, distinctive for their dramatic, fragmented compositions.

Finally, says the Tate, colour takes over to provide a multi-cultural, all-welcoming London.

Gloria Tessler

REVIEWS *cont. from page 9*

theologians to historicise the anti-Jewish passages in the New Testament.

I thought the most interesting of these talks was the one entitled 'The Germans and Their History'. Eyck shows how difficult it was for German nationalists between 1815 and 1918 to decide what exactly Germany was: there were disadvantages to both the concepts of *Klein-Deutschland* (a Germany excluding the Habsburg lands) and *Gross-Deutschland* (which would include the Habsburg lands, in which there were so many non-German peoples). In that lecture, Eyck also lays stress on the importance of forging a national identity since, unlike in most other nation-states, religion was a divisive force in Germany.

Ralph Blumenau



Café Imperial: All present on good form (see report on page 12)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE

Wednesday 3 October 2012
3.00 pm at the Gielgud Theatre
We have a limited number of seats in the Dress Circle reduced from £60 to £39.50 per seat

In this year of the London Olympics, come and see the adaptation of the Oscar-winning movie. This spectacular and ingenious retelling of Eric Liddell's and Harold Abrahams's quest to become the fastest men on earth is an electrifying and immensely moving tale of two men's rivalry, and their unwavering determination to conquer the world in the face of prejudice, immovable beliefs and overwhelming odds.

For further details, please contact Susan Harrod on 020 8385 3079 or at susan@ajr.org.uk



AJR's Newcastle group enjoys a day out at the beautiful Howick Hall Gardens – home of Earl Grey

ARTS AND EVENTS DIARY

To 3 October Exhibition **The Nazi Games: Politics, the Media and the Body** At Wiener Library, London WC1, tel 020 7636 7247. Admission free

To 16 September **World City: Refugee Stories** The stories of 9 individuals from countries as diverse as Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Sri Lanka, Rwanda, Chile and Cameroon who have come to London since the 1930s. At Jewish Museum,

London NW1, tel 020 7284 7384

Mon 3 Sept Aubrey Rose, 'Jewish Humour' B'nai B'rith Jerusalem Lodge joint meeting with Shlomo Argov Lodge. At Bushey Country Club, 8.00 pm

Mon 10 Sept Ham & High Literary Festival 'We Remember' by CSAGB-AJR: Joan Salter in Conversation with Ed Stourton At London Jewish Cultural Centre, London NW11, 2.00 pm. Tel 020 8457 5000

An unexpected lunch with The Queen

A letter from Dr Ingrid Roscoe, the Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire, arrived at my home in Bradford in mid-May. I was invited to a luncheon on 19 July in the staff dining room of Pace, a local but widely known electronics firm in Shipley (a suburb of Bradford), in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The letter seemed genuine enough but I had no idea why I had been chosen. As it had arrived on a Saturday I had to wait until Monday to enquire if spouses were invited. The answer was 'no', so reluctantly I sent off my reply slip to accept.

I heard nothing for weeks. I had visions of my reply not having been received. Two weeks before the event I telephoned the office of the Lord Lieutenant and was told the details would be in the post that week. These duly arrived – but still with no clue as to the reason for my invitation. Parking instructions were given and I was informed that a lounge suit was to be worn by men.

On the day, outside Pace, a couple walking slowly in front of my car gaily waved to the (small) crowd as if they were royalty. Entering the Pace dining room, I saw a figure of a full-sized ornamental Chinaman: I almost asked him for the way in just as I had of a wax commissioner outside Madame Tussauds many years ago.

There were some 30 people assembled. I was offered orange with cranberry juice – an odd choice as many of those present may well have been on statins, for whom cranberry juice is a no-no drink. I asked for neat orange juice. More guests arrived. The lady of one couple gave me a slight smile – the couple looked vaguely familiar but I couldn't place them. Simon Lindley, Leeds City Organist and a one-time rehearsal conductor of the Leeds Philharmonic Choir, in which I sing, made a bee-line for me as mine was the only familiar face he saw.

I said to one lady whom I knew that I thought she at least would know why she was invited. Presently it dawned on me who were the couple of whom the lady had smiled at me: Christa Ackroyd and Harry Gratton. For those outside Yorkshire, I should explain that they are on TV virtually every night presenting news from the region.

I also spoke to, among others, Canon

Hilary Barber, the Vicar of Halifax Minister; Naveeda Ikram, the immediate past Lord Mayor of Bradford then the Dean of Wakefield Cathedral; Lorraine Ratcliffe, Chief Secretary of the Lord Mayor of Bradford; Sue Baker, past President of the Leeds Jewish Board of Guardians; Fanny Waterman, aged 92, Chair of the Leeds International Piano Competition; a president of the Ahmadiyya Muslim Association of Bradford, by whom my wife Marianne and I are invited each year to a grand function with dinner; Stephen and Carol Davidson – a former headmaster of Bradford Grammar School, he is now the High Sheriff of West Yorkshire, looking after



Rudi Leavor

the amenities of judges visiting the area; and Robin Silver, brother of the late Jonathan Silver, who founded the Saltaire Gallery, which contains many David Hockney originals, next door to Pace (Jonathan went to Bradford Grammar School and to art classes with David Hockney, hence their close association).

Presently all guests – some 120 of us and all from Yorkshire – were asked to sit at round tables, of which there were about 12. On my left sat the Chairman of the Huddersfield Philharmonic Orchestra; opposite sat the Chairman of the Huddersfield Choral Society (probably even better and certainly more famous than the Leeds Philharmonic Choir; and, second on my right, the Dean of Wakefield Cathedral. At last I discovered why I had been invited: my place card said my name followed by 'Jewish Community'!

After what seemed ages we rose and the Queen and the Duke entered.

I thought we would applaud but no one did. They were escorted to the top tables, the Queen to one, the Duke to an adjoining one. Grace was said and we sat down.

The highly localised menu was Kilnsey Trout Confit, Wharfe Valley rapeseed dressing, mini Hovis loaf, Cannon of Nidderdale Lamb, Lamb Shoulder croquette, Yorkshire root vegetables, Yorkshire cheese board, mulled apricots (2), muscat grapes (3), warm breads (1), Yorkshire piccalilli, chocolates and coffee. Drinks were water, followed by white wine with the hors d'oeuvres, red with the main course. The quality of the meal was excellent.

The maître d' then stood at the top table and waiters carrying two plates each came out to stand behind the people on it. When he gave a quiet signal, everybody had their plate placed in front of them at the same time. So it progressed from table to table. It was a curious sight I hadn't seen before – that each person on a table had their plate served at the same time like clockwork – but then I hadn't eaten in royal circles before!

During coffee a gentleman made a short speech praising Sir Titus Salt, one of the first reformers for working people. The village of Saltaire is a UNESCO-protected area (one result of which is that an old BT telephone box, long obsolete, can't be removed because it's part of the structure).

Presently the Queen and the Duke and their small entourage rose and left in complete silence as unceremoniously as when they had entered. My left-side neighbour said he thought we should have applauded both when they entered and when they left, but that it wasn't up to him to start it.

I took a few photographs but the Queen and Duke came in between tables at which people were standing and she, being a diminutive figure, could hardly be seen.

It would be a cliché to say that it was an honour for me to be invited and so it was. In so many countries minorities are not in the same category as the ruling class, but not in the UK. Furthermore, I, like many thousands, came here as a refugee with virtually nothing and have achieved a certain status culminating in this invitation and for that I am very proud.

Rudi Leavor

INSIDE the AJR

Wessex Summer Outing

The Old Smithy Gardens in Ibberton, Dorset, was the venue for our Summer Outing this year. Natasha Solomons read selections from her books *Mr Rosenblum's List* and *The House at Tynford* and a cream tea was followed by a walk in the grounds for members willing to brave the elements. All agreed it was a most enjoyable afternoon. *Myrna Glass*

Ealing Items of Sentimental Value

Members brought along an item of sentimental value and explained its importance to their family history. Other members asked questions, leading to a general discussion on issues that emerged. *Leslie Sommer*

Marlow Documents Sought by Wiener Library

Wiener Library Chief Archivist Howard Falksohn told us the Library welcomed documents – in fact, anything that could provide research material. Thanks to Hazel for all the organisation and lunch. *Alex Lawrence*

Iford How to Go about Shoplifting

Retired senior police officer David Wass kept us laughing as he outlined ways in which thieves go about shoplifting. Women carrying babies are prime suspects as they sometimes walk out with their tot in a new pram. Another ploy is to alter the price ticket to a cheaper sum. Body language gives most thieves away. *Meta Roseneil*

Cardiff 'Watermarks' – Funny and Tragic

Yaron Zilberman's film 'Watermarks', portraying women swimmers of the interwar Vienna Hakoah sports club, was funny, tragic, heart-warming. *Marian Lane*

HGS Marvellous Work by Turgu Mures Trust

Sharon Barron told us how the Turgu Mures Trust helps Holocaust survivors in this area of Romania who are impoverished and have little, or no, family. We were all impressed with the marvellous work the Trust is doing. *Hazel Beiny*

Essex (Westcliff) Easy to Listen to

Shirley Jaffe, who read from her own poetry, has had a rich and varied life as, among other things, a film, TV, theatre and radio actress. Her poems were, in

turn, moving, wry, funny, and always wonderfully easy to listen to.

Sue Barnett

St John's Wood Weird and Wonderful Antiques

Julia, an AJR intern from Vienna who is helping Myrna, introduced herself. Maurice Collins had brought along a selection of weird and wonderful antiques for us to try to identify. Among these were a clockwork razor, a moustache protector spoon and a toothbrush for horses! *David Lang*

Brighton & Hove Sarid 'The Camera of My Family'

Rabbi Charles Wallach talked about his extended family, who had lived in Dachau. His father, who had had nine siblings, was a grain merchant with contacts in South Africa, making it possible to travel there at the start of the Nazi oppression. Rabbi Wallach's cousin, Catherine Hanf Noren, published 'The Camera of My Family', an illustrated book of the family's history. *Ceska Abrahams*

Leeds CF 'Last Train to Tomorrow'

Trude Silman described the inspiring concert she and other group members had attended at Manchester's Bridgewater Hall. The concert (see review in August issue of the Journal), given by the Hallé Orchestra and Children's Choir, plus actors, consisted of music representing the journey of the Kindertransport children and was the premiere of 'Last Train to Tomorrow', a moving tribute to the 'Kinder' by Carl Davis.

Liesel Carter, 18 months old when her father became the first victim of the Holocaust in Hildesheim, had been trying for many years to trace his grave. Her search now over, she read out a letter she had received from the mayor of Hildesheim with a photo of her father's headstone (placed where his ashes had been buried) and an invitation to visit the grave.

Ian Vellins, who is researching the experiences of the Kindertransportees to Yorkshire, joined us at tea. If you would like to help Ian with his research, please contact him on 0113 268 5747 or at vellins@ntlworld.com. *Barbara Cammerman*

Edgware The V&A's Jewish Art Collection

Marilyn Greene, Programme Manager at the V&A, spoke to us about the museum's Jewish art collection and showed photos of some of the exhibits. A very interesting hour. *Felix Winkler*

Café Imperial

All Present on Good Form

We were delighted that Judy, wife of the late Willy Field, joined us. All present were on very good form and lively discussions took place. *Hazel Beiny*



Glasgow CF enjoy lunch at Mark's Deli

Liverpool Annual Lunch

At our annual lunch some 30 members enjoyed an illustrated talk by Wiener Library Chief Archivist Howard Falksohn. It was an opportunity for members to realise that they could enquire about their own personal documents and photos, which could be lodged at the Library. Thanks once again to Liverpool Reform Synagogue for hosting the event and to local deli Roseman's for a delicious lunch. *Eric Cohen*

(Second Generation member)

Radlett Erudition and Elegance

Displaying the same erudition and elegance which mark his writings, *AJR Journal* Consulting Editor Anthony Grenville spoke about the early period of the arrival of Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany in this country. His talk sparked an interesting discussion which added much to our pleasure in the morning's proceedings. *Fritz Starer*

Welwyn GC Enthralling Afternoon

Roger Sanders enthralled us with an entertaining afternoon of anecdotes of trials he had sat in on as a judge. We were captivated and would have kept Roger with us for a lot longer had the meeting not had to end. *Hazel Beiny*

Birmingham Annual Garden Party

We enjoyed our annual garden party on what was the first day of sunshine for weeks. Loretta and Henry Cohn opened their home and wonderful garden to us and, along with delicious food and welcoming company, an enjoyable afternoon was had by all. *Susan Harrod*

Wembley A Busy Afternoon

Members, including a couple attending their first AJR event, enjoyed a busy afternoon discussing many topics, including the 1948 Olympics, the changing face of Wembley, and aspects of religion. *Myrna Glass*

North London A Most Enjoyable Morning

Gloria Tessler spoke about her new novel *Dancing with Carmen* but somehow the talk mutated to other subjects, all of which

SEPTEMBER GROUP MEETINGS

Leeds HSFA	2 Sept	Angela Henson: '60 Years of Harlow Gardens'
Manchester	2 Sept	Prof Bob Moore: 'Survivors: Jewish Self-Help and Rescue in Nazi-Occupied Western Europe'
Bradford CF	3 Sept	'Memories of School in Europe and the UK'
Bromley	3 Sept	Social Get-together
Café Imperial	4 Sept	Social Get-together
Ealing	4 Sept	Michael Mars: 'The Sri Lankan Cleft Lip and Palate Project: 25 Years of Treatment, Teaching and Research – What have We Achieved?'
Wessex	4 Sept	Screening of <i>Watermarks</i>
Ilford	5 Sept	Howard Lanning: '80 Years in the Film Industry'
Pinner	5 Sept	Leonie Lewis: 'Jewish Volunteering Network'
Glasgow	9 Sept	Screening of <i>Watermarks</i>
HGS	10 Sept	David Wass, 'A Humorous Police Career'
Essex (Westcliff)	11 Sept	Susie Barnett: 'Memories of a Retired School Teacher'
Kingston	11 Sept	Lunchtime Get-together
Liverpool	11 Sept	Speaker: Benny Pollack
East Midlands (Nottingham)	12 Sept	Social at home of Bob and Gerry Norton
St John's Wood	12 Sept	Helen Fry: 'Inside Nuremberg Prison'
Welwyn GC	13 Sept	Warren Ashton: 'Famous Phrases'
Edinburgh	20 Sept	Group meeting
Leeds CF	20 Sept	'Memories of School in Europe and the UK'
Newcastle	23 Sept	'The Jews of Penang'
Hendon/North London/Radlett/Temple Fortune	24 Sept	Outing to RAF Museum

OUTING TO RAF MUSEUM Monday 24 September 2012



Guided tour of Battle of Britain Hall and RAF Museum

4D Film Show
Cream tea

£10 per person

Please contact Susan Harrod on
0208 385 3070 or at
susan@ajr.org.uk

proved equally interesting. Result: a most enjoyable morning.

Herbert Haberberg

Hendon Background to Paralympics

Joyce Sheard from the charity WheelPower told us wheelchair sports had developed from the work of Ludwig Guttmann, who during WWII had used sport to help rehabilitate patients at Stoke Mandeville Hospital. He established a competition for patients which had developed into today's Paralympics.

Shirley Rodwell

A Very Pleasant Day in Brighton

The sun was shining and the journey easy. We were looked after splendidly by the AJR staff. In Brighton we had a superb lunch and a very friendly reception at the Jewish Community Centre. Afterwards there was

ample time to look around Brighton. All in all, a very pleasant day.

Avram Schaufeld

Hull KT Info Required in Hungary

Our meeting was lively and interesting. A Kindertransportee spoke about his gratitude to this country for saving his and his sister's lives and we discussed the fact that the Hungarian government has built a Holocaust centre and is keen to obtain relevant information: apparently nobody there knows anything about the KT. A happy and healthy New Year to all!

Rose Abrahamson

Eastbourne – Sunshine All the Time

No queuing, no waiting, no passport control – that's what some 35 people chose by going to Eastbourne with the AJR in July for eight days of relaxation and companionship.

Everyone was on time, luggage was loaded for us, so all we had to do was take our seats in the luxury coach. We arrived at the Lansdowne Hotel around lunchtime. Rooms were soon allocated, luggage taken to our rooms. There was time to relax and enjoy the sunshine and scenery.

Eastbourne is situated at the foot of the South Downs and has a five-mile promenade, a 1930s bandstand, a Victorian pier and lots of benches to sit on and gardens to admire. If you want to go shopping there is a multitude of shops. Eastbourne also has tennis courts, where matches are played prior to Wimbledon, and theatres, where some of us went to see 'Singing in the Rain' and 'Bugle Boy'.

Meals-on-Wheels

To order Meals-on-Wheels
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Open Tuesdays and Thursdays
9.30 am to 3.30 pm

PLEASE NOTE: we are open Monday 24
September, closed Tuesday 25 September

AJR LUNCHEON CLUB

Thursday 20 September 2012

Shirley Bilgora

'The Story of a Search'

KT-AJR

Kindertransport special
interest group

Tuesday 4 September 2012

Ruth Sulke

'The Art of Life'

PLEASE NOTE THAT LUNCH
WILL BE SERVED AT 12.30 PM

Reservations required

Please telephone 020 7431 2744

SEPTEMBER ACTIVITIES

Tue 4	Exercise with Jackie
Thur 6	French Conversation Book Club
Tue 11	Exercise with Rosalie Exercise with Jackie Chiropodist 9.30 to 12 noon – please book
Thur 13	Exercise with Rosalie Book Club & French Conversation
Tue 18	CLOSED – ROSH HASHANAH 2ND DAY
Thur 20	Exercise with Rosalie
Tue 25	CLOSED – KOL NIDRE
Thur 27	Art Club Exercise with Rosalie

All activities begin at 10.30 am. Admission is £7 to include lunch from 12.30 pm, or £2 for activity alone. There is a nominal charge of £3 for a carer accompanying a member for the day, including lunch.

SEPTEMBER ENTERTAINMENT

Tue 4	KT LUNCH
Thur 6	Margaret Opdahl
Tue 11	Paul Toshner
Thur 13	Geoffrey Strum
Tue 18	CLOSED – ROSH HASHANAH 2ND DAY
Thur 20	LUNCHEON CLUB
Mon 24	Paul Coleman
Tue 25	CLOSED – KOL NIDRE
Thur 27	William Smith

At the hotel we had a quiz evening and a solo singer and a trio took us back to Vienna with beautifully performed melodies. On Friday evening we met for Kiddush, with prayers recited by Walter Goddard. Board games for those who wanted to play and socialise after dinner were

continued on page 16 ➔

FAMILY ANNOUNCEMENTS

Death

Gribbin, Mirjam (née Scheindlinger), born Berlin 8 April 1926, died London 10 July 2012. Wife to Kevin, mother of Simon and Gabriel, mother-in-law to Emma, and uma to James and Gracie.

CLASSIFIED

AJR Paul Balint Centre

Chiropodist 9.30 am to 12 noon
Please telephone 020 7431 2744 for an appointment.

75th Anniversary of the Kindertransport Special Reunion

Sunday 23 June 2013 at JFS, North West London

Calling all Kinder! The AJR Kindertransport Committee is delighted to announce a Special Reunion to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the Kindertransport, which will take place on Sunday 23 June 2013 at JFS in North West London.

The Reunion, which will include contributions from Kinder, JFS pupils and guest speakers, will be a unique opportunity for Kinder and their families to reconnect and socialise and pay tribute to the British Government for offering them a safe haven.

In the coming months, we will be publishing further details about the Reunion, and other special events which we will be organising to mark the 75th anniversary, in the *AJR Journal*, the *KT Newsletter* and on the AJR website.

Second Generation Network

Tue 11 September Discussion Group: '9/11: Exposing Vulnerability'

Tue 16 October Film Night: The Wave

Tue 6 November Talk by Martin Davidson: 'Being Second Generation: The Grandson of an SS Officer Gives His Perspective'

Tue 13 November: Discussion Group: Topic tbc

All events at the Wiener Library, 29 Russell Square, London WC1, 6.30 for 6.45 pm. Tel 020 7636 7247 or email info@secondgeneration.org.uk. All Second Generation welcome.

AJR CELEBRATION LUNCH

Sunday 9 September 2012



12 noon to 4.30 pm



at the Hilton Hotel, Watford

If you wish to attend, please complete the enclosed form and return it to us ASAP

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Pick a book and take it home – when you've read it back and swap it for another one



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OBITUARY

Harold (Hans) Jackson, 17 February 1921 – 6 May 2012

The gifted artist Harold Jackson (Hans Hermann Josephy), my uncle, was born in Berlin, the only child of Richard and Klara Josephy. His mother died in 1923 and his father married Else Cohen a few years later. Hans had a very happy childhood, with many friends and a large family.

From 1931 he attended the Friedrichs-Realgymnasium. Life for him and his parents changed on the day of the Nazi boycott of Jewish businesses. What followed was a background of menace, with local Brown Shirts often coming to their apartment to search for and steal valuables and to extort protection payments. In 1935 Hans was expelled from his school.

In 1937 Hans joined the carpentry apprenticeship scheme run by the Berlin-based Federal Representation of German Jews. He applied to emigrate to Australia but his visa application was not processed by the German authorities. A coded telephone call alerted the family to the onset of Kristallnacht. Their Reimann-Strasse shop was wrecked; they cleared up the mess the following day. Whilst waiting for the opportunity to leave, Hans helped with preparations for the Kindertransport and assisted families in putting their children on trains at Anhalter Station. Efforts by Poldi Kuh, director of the retraining school, finally resulted in Hans's receiving a tradesman's visa to travel to the Kitchener Camp near Richborough on the Kent coast. In March 1939, aged 18, he left Berlin for England.

At the camp, Hans was seconded to a radio monitoring centre for decoding German signals at the nearby Haig Camp, run by the BBC for the War Office. He was subsequently classed a civilian enemy alien and interned in Ramsay Camp on the Isle of Man. During this time, he maintained contact via the Red Cross with his step-mother and father and made strenuous efforts to help them obtain visas for England, but was unsuccessful.

Hans arrived in Liverpool in July 1940

to board the *Dunera* for the long voyage to Australia and experienced the degrading treatment suffered by many of the refugees on board. In October 1941 he was released, having elected to join the Pioneer Corps, and returned to England. He enlisted on arrival in Liverpool in December 1941 and was trained in Ilfracombe.

From Ilfracombe Hans was posted to Scotland with No 249 Company. In 1942 he was attached to the Entertainment Corps and worked with a German refugee, Otto Solomon, a professional artist from whom he acquired commercial art skills. He was due to join the 21st Army for D-Day, but was hospitalised in May after an accident playing football. He was assigned a tradesman's role with FANY (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry).

Hans married (Helene) Ella Sternstein in Garnethill Synagogue in July 1945. Following his discharge from the Pioneer Corps in October 1946, they returned to Glasgow. In 1951 he set up in business as Harold Jackson, designing and producing display graphics and mechanised displays. Shortly before he retired in 1984, he went into partnership to form Harold Jackson Screenprint Limited, which still trades successfully.

During the onset of Ella's illness in 1980 until her death in November 1984, he studied artistic design and composition and taught himself fine art drawing and painting techniques in preparation for expressing powerfully in art his life experiences and what he had witnessed.

From then until 2003 Hans became more heavily involved with Holocaust and refugee education and made contact with various Jewish museums and galleries in America, Australia and Berlin, and the Imperial War Museum, to promote use of his testimony and copies of his paintings. Exhibitions



were run at the London Jewish Museum's Sternberg Centre and at the Beth Shalom Holocaust Memorial Centre as well as at the Wiener Library.

The passing of his second wife, Gertrude, in 1997 was a bitter blow, one that heralded a deterioration in Hans's general health and eyesight and brought an end to his art career.

On the 60th anniversary of Kristallnacht in 1998, the Smith family at Beth Shalom established the Hans Jackson Gallery to display his *Prelude to the Holocaust* paintings as well as an educational resource work booklet about them. Hans's testimony was recorded by the Jewish Museum and he also appeared in BBC Radio 4 broadcasts about the Kindertransport and the 'Behind the Wire' series (presented by Professor David Cesarani). The *Prelude* paintings also appeared in the Jewish Museum's Kindertransport educational resource publication for schools *The Last Goodbye*.

Hans also produced a series of Kindertransport illustrations that were included in the *Our Lonely Journey – Remembering the Kindertransports* book and accompanying *Teachers Resource Guide* by Stephen Smith of the Beth Shalom Centre. On the Holocaust Education Trust's *Think Equal* educational resource website, Hans's refugee story was crafted into a work pack for schools.

The setting up of his website (www.hansjacksongallery.multiply.com) in 2003 was a particular source of pride for Hans, bringing his life story and art to the world stage for Holocaust education. He was well loved and respected by his family, by those who worked with him and by those who became inspired and motivated in his presence and by his remarkable art and testimony. His contribution to Holocaust and refugee education will continue to be used for generations to come, as he hoped.

Rescuing the Children: The Story of the Kindertransport, by the Canadian children's author Deborah Hodge, which features Hans's art and refugee story, is due for launch in the USA and Canada later this year.

Hans left no direct descendants but is fondly remembered by Ella's two surviving sisters as well as nephews, nieces and their extended families in Scotland, England, America, Germany, Israel and Italy.

Allen Sternstein

and so on.

Some of these admittedly have no acceptable translation and it is more convenient to use the original. I sometimes wonder if there is a divide between the Sunnis and the Shias where language is concerned. Witnessing the incessant fighting in the Middle East, I feel an urge to use my limited Arabic and shout 'Allahu akhbar!'

Janos Fisher, Bushey Heath

LETTERS *cont. from p.7*

primary school. She was asked to give him accommodation by Mrs Victor Smith. It is thought the boy was about seven and came from Germany.

Unfortunately, this is all the information we have and we would be extremely interested to learn more both for our planned exhibition and the local history pack we plan for the primary school.

We plan to hold the exhibition in April/May 2013, highlighting changes and events that have taken place in our village from around the 1930s to the 1960s.

The village primary school has closed and children now go to a primary school in the nearby village of Kinoulton. They and their teachers are very keen to learn

about their local history and, if we could include this little boy, it could provide a local perspective to the global situation at the time.

If anyone has any information or suggestions of other avenues to explore, please contact me at jandj.nicholls@virgin.net or telephone 01664 823530.

Jeanne Nicholls, Upper Broughton, Notts

ENRICHING ENGLISH

Sir – Now that many Yiddish expressions have been added to our vocabulary over the years, readers must have noticed the proliferation of Arabic words that one now finds frequently in the media: jihad, sharia, halla, intifada, sunni, shia, ramadan, haj



LETTER FROM ISRAEL

DOROTHEA SHEFER-VANSON



Boujik: Artist, philosopher, teacher

A few years ago I was asked to prepare the text for a website for Joseph Hirsch (1920-97), a highly regarded Israeli artist who also happened to be my mother's first cousin (double first cousin, actually, as two brothers had married two sisters in pre-WW1 Germany, one of those couples eventually becoming my grandparents). Joseph was always called 'Boujik' in the family, apparently because a childhood nursemaid had been enchanted by his sweet appearance and nature. When I knew him he was a tall, angular man with the typical ironic sense of humour that I associate with 'Yekkes', and those of my family in particular.

I collected material from various sources, catalogues from his exhibitions, reviews by art critics, as well as recollections by former students, and prepared a text that I thought was suitable, but unfortunately the website never came into being. Now the Israel Museum is preparing a project of its own, giving leading Israeli artists a place in Wikipedia, and I was happy to hear that Hirsch, as his students called him, was to be included in it.

Artist, philosopher and teacher –

Joseph Hirsch was all of these, according to art critics. His paintings express many aspects of his complex worldview but, above all, they convey his ability to tease out the essence of the material world around him – as embodied in both people and objects – in order to express its innermost poetry and deeper, metaphysical significance. Many of Hirsch's pictures convey his own idiosyncratic interpretation of the material universe and the individual's relation to it.

Several works by Joseph Hirsch, one of Israel's foremost artists, have been purchased by leading museums, including the British Museum and the Israel Museum. Gifted both as a teacher and as a painter, upon his death he left a legacy of hundreds of devoted and admiring pupils.

Hirsch's paintings, the vast majority of which are monochrome compositions on paper, reveal a world outside and beyond the ordinary, humdrum one inhabited by mankind. A consummate draftsman, Hirsch contrived to imbue the outer form of objects and people with their innermost essence. This applied as much to everyday objects, such as a vase of flowers, a rug, or a doll in his still lifes, as to the various

models who posed for him.

Joseph Hirsch was born in 1920 in the mining town of Beuthen, Silesia, then part of Germany, to an orthodox Jewish family. His interest in painting and drawing was evident from early childhood and his parents helped and encouraged him in cultivating this talent. He was 13 years old when Hitler came to power in 1933 and the anti-Jewish atmosphere, with the restrictions imposed by the Nuremberg Laws, overshadowed his teenage years.

Hirsch emigrated to what was then Palestine in 1939 and attended the Bezalel Academy of Art and Design in Jerusalem. The artist Hermann Struck, one of the founders of Bezalel, was sufficiently impressed with Hirsch's promise to secure him a Certificate, the precious document which entitled the recipient to immigrate to Palestine, then under the British Mandate. After working as a sign painter for the British authorities and later in newly-nascent Israel, Hirsch was invited to join the staff of the Bezalel Academy in 1964, continuing to teach there until his death.

Even in his final, mortal illness Boujik retained his characteristic dry sense of humour. A former student who visited him in hospital recounts that he commented to the nurse who entered his room 'I can see by your sadistic smile that you've come to give me my morning injection,' occasioning hearty laughter on her part. Boujik died in Jerusalem in November 1997 aged 77.

INSIDE THE AJR *continued from page 13*

available most nights.

Most of the time we enjoyed walking along the seafront or sitting in an open air cafe enjoying an ice cream and a drink. The weather was fantastic – sunshine all the time.

A most sincere thank you to Carol Rossen and her fantastic team, who not only organised a wonderful holiday but were always on hand to help with any problems.

Gerald Hellman

Temple Fortune A Passion for History
Miriam Halahmy, a novelist and poet with a passion for history, spoke about her paternal family named Silberklang (Silver Sound) and her interest in asylum seekers and read extracts from several of her novels.

David Lang

Outing to St Pancras

This magnificent Gothic building was closed in 1935 due to its parlous state. Demolition was mooted in the 1960s but, due to the efforts of John Betjeman and others, there has been a remarkable restoration. Our guide Katharine told us the huge clock is an exact replica of the original, inadvertently smashed but painstakingly rebuilt by a dedicated railway employee! Following a visit to Foyles, where we were given a bag of 'goodies', we were treated to a sumptuous cream tea with a glass of 'champagne' at Searcys. Again, thank you Hazel and Esther. *Hanne R. Freedman*

Visit to Relocated Wiener Library

Ealing and Wembley group members

were shown around this newly acquired and renovated building. It is very impressive, light and airy. Everything is well catalogued and the moveable shelves are easily accessible. Our excellent guides Katy Jackson and Toby Simpson showed us round, including the current 1936 Olympics Exhibition.

Marianne Black

'Top Hat' a Feast for the Eyes

Every hyperbole written by the critics is justified. The show is a veritable feast for the eyes and a delight for the ears. The slick dance routines, superb singing, excellent sets and stunning costumes contributed so much to our enjoyment in the mercifully air-conditioned theatre.

Hanne R. Freedman