

AJR journal

The Association of Jewish Refugees

Kitchener Camp: Exhibition and book

An exhibition devoted to Kitchener Camp, 'Four Thousand Lives: The Kitchener Camp Rescue', was recently shown at the Wiener Library. The exhibition, drawing on the Library's unmatched collection of documents relating to National Socialism and the Holocaust, vividly brought to life the story of Kitchener Camp. This was set up in early 1939 at Richborough, near Sandwich in Kent, as a transit camp to accommodate Jewish men from Germany and Austria who had been arrested during the pogroms of November 1938, detained in Nazi concentration camps and then released on condition that they left the Reich promptly. Some 4,000 men were rescued and brought to Britain in this manner. Kitchener Camp closed in May 1940. My article about it, 'Saved by a transit visa', appeared in the *AJR Journal* of May 2009.

The exhibition was curated by Toby Simpson of the Wiener Library and Professor Clare Ungerson, formerly of Southampton University, who has written the first, and very welcome, full-length study of Kitchener Camp. *Four Thousand Lives: The Rescue of German Jewish Men to Britain, 1939*, was published in 2014 by the History Press of Stroud, Gloucestershire, at £18.99. It relates how in December 1938, Anglo-Jewish grandees like Professor Norman Bentwich and Sir Robert Waley Cohen

undertook the daunting task of financing the renovation of Kitchener Camp, a disused First World War military camp, and of organising the reception, accommodation and maintenance of the camp's inmates. This was achieved in a remarkably short time: by the end of January 1939, Jonas May, who had acted as Secretary of the Jewish Lads' Brigade before being appointed Director of Kitchener Camp, and his younger brother Phineas, who became its Welfare Officer, had taken up their posts.

The launch of Ungerson's book accompanied the opening of the exhibition. Those present heard short addresses by the author, now living in Sandwich, by the Right Reverend Michael Turnbull, formerly Bishop of Durham and also resident in Sandwich, and by Adrienne Harris, Phineas May's daughter. Ungerson's familiarity with the town of Sandwich is one of her book's major assets, grounding it solidly in Kitchener Camp's locality. Through careful local research, she has unearthed a fascist element in pre-war Sandwich, which included supporters of Oswald Mosley like Lady Grace Pearson, who was President of the Sandwich Chamber of Commerce, and Captain Robert Gordon Canning, who financed the fascist publication *Action*. However, fascist propaganda attempting to exploit

the presence of the Jewish refugees at Kitchener Camp to arouse anti-Semitism in the town appears to have met with little success.

Ungerson has undertaken much detailed archival research for her book, though it remains eminently readable. It begins with an eye-witness account of the so-called 'Crystal Night' pogrom, which led to the incarceration of the future Kitchener Camp men in Nazi concentration camps. Similarly, the chapter on the Anglo-Jewish response focuses on an individual actor in the unfolding drama, commencing with a vignette of Norman Bentwich arriving at his office in January 1939. This approach gives the study considerable human immediacy, though it does mean that little space is devoted to the broader historical background. (For an account of Nazi policy towards the Jews in the Reich and the problematic issue of their emigration, see the opening chapter of my book *Jewish Refugees from Germany and Austria in Britain, 1933-1970*.)

Perhaps the strongest sections of Ungerson's book are those that deal with the Anglo-Jewish figures, in particular Norman Bentwich, whose papers at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem she has mined to good effect, or Julian Layton. Prominent figures from the refugee world, however, are not always given the space they merit. 'A Mrs Schwab from the Welfare Department of the German Jewish Aid Committee', for example, was Anna Schwab, a Jew of German origin long resident in Britain who worked tirelessly for the refugees from Hitler, in particular as Chairman of the Hospitality Committee of the Jewish Refugees Committee. Her daughter was Alice Schwab, who for many years wrote the 'Art Notes' column in *AJR Information*, and her granddaughter is Rabbi Julia Neuberger. Ungerson's book is to be recommended as a sound study that will help to fill a significant historical gap.

Anthony Grenville



A group of musicians at Kitchener Camp established an orchestra and performed regular concerts for local residents in and around Sandwich on Saturday evenings (from *In Pictures: Kent's Haven for German and Austrian Jews* – BBC)

Pickled history

On 9 May, Europe Day, the flag of the European Union is customarily flown on government buildings. This year, however, Eric Pickles, Secretary of State for Communities and Local Government, keen to burnish his anti-European credentials, opted instead to raise the flag of Jersey on his ministry, to mark Jersey Day, the 69th anniversary of the liberation of the Channel Islands from German occupation, which lasted from 30 June 1940 to 9 May 1945.

Pickles used the flag-raising to indulge in the kind of celebratory discourse customary on such occasions. This presents the Nazi occupation of the Channel Islands as a period during which the majority of the islanders remained staunchly opposed to the occupying forces, withstanding the blandishments of the German authorities until they regained their cherished freedoms at the war's end. The image of the Channel Islanders as nobly enduring the hardships and humiliations of occupation while retaining their loyalty to their ancient liberties and to Britain, their mother country, reflects, however, only part of the story. For it is well known that the civilian administration of the main islands, Jersey and Guernsey, continued uninterrupted under German rule, with the bailiffs of both islands, the most senior officials, remaining in office and carrying out the instructions of the German authorities. That extended to measures taken against the small number of Jews still living on the islands when the Germans arrived.

The history of co-operation between the Channel Islands authorities and the Germans has remained under a veil since 1945, when the British government decided to sweep it under the carpet and undertook no prosecutions for collaboration. Studies like Madeleine Bunting's *The Model Occupation: The Channel Islands under German Rule, 1940-45* (1995) have acquainted scholars with the historical

role played by island officialdom, but the popular image of the Channel Islands at war remains that presented in Mary Ann Shaffer and Annie Barrows's bestselling novel *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society* (2008), in which the islanders are solidly hostile to the German occupation and those involved in active resistance risk deportation to concentration camps.

Organised resistance on any significant scale was plainly impossible on the Channel Islands, small communities that were easily controlled by an occupation force that numbered one German for every two islanders; under such circumstances an element of co-operation was unavoidable. But where Jews were concerned, the island authorities arguably went well beyond that. The few Jews resident on Guernsey had to register with the authorities, who then supplied the Germans with their names. Most endangered were the handful of Jewish refugees from Nazi-occupied Europe, of whom three were deported, among them Theresia Steiner, born in Vienna in 1916, who had come to the Channel Islands as a domestic servant with a British family and was trapped there; she died in Auschwitz. A play based on her fate, *Theresa* by Julia Pascal, set in Guernsey and broadcast by the BBC as a radio adaptation in 1996, was not permitted to be performed on the island.

Whereas these Jews were deported, the island authorities protected freemasons, another Nazi *bête noire*, when the Germans sought to implement measures against them. Presumably, freemasons were recognised as part of the island community, while Jews – and especially 'alien' Jews from abroad – were not. The fact that the population of the Channel Islands contained so few Jews is itself significant, as minority groups were probably deterred from settling there by the islanders' pronounced sense of their own regional identity, fuelled by their exposed position a short distance off the French coast. Even before the war, the Channel Islands were alone among the regions of the United Kingdom in taking no Kindertransportees, an indication that their strong sense of traditional British nationality went hand in hand with an exclusive attitude towards those perceived as non-British.

In France, President Jacques Chirac formally acknowledged the culpability of the French authorities for their part in the deportation of the Jews, in a speech delivered in July 1995 at the Paris bicycle velodrome known as the Vélodrome

AJR Lunch
Sunday 21 September 2014
12.30 pm at the Hilton Hotel, Watford

*If you would like to attend,
please complete the enclosed form
and return it to us ASAP*

ANNUAL ELECTION MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF JEWISH REFUGEES

The Annual Election Meeting of The Association of Jewish Refugees (AJR) will take place at 11 am on Tuesday 18 November 2014 at Belsize Square Synagogue, 51 Belsize Square, London NW3 4HX.

The following serving Trustees are being proposed for re-election: Eleanor Angel, Gaby Glassman and Frank Harding.

Any associate member wishing to nominate any other associate member for election as a Trustee must submit a proposal signed by ten associate members to the AJR's Chief Executive, together with the signed agreement of the person being nominated.

The deadline to submit nominations is midday on Friday 26 September, duly received at the AJR's offices: Jubilee House, Merriam Avenue, Stanmore, Middx HA7 4RL.

d'Hiver, where Jews were held following the notorious round-up of 16-17 July 1942. No memorial to the deported Jews like the statue that stands on the site of the Vel d'Hiv exists in the Channel Islands. And as long as celebratory, triumphalist narratives like Eric Pickles's prevail, very likely none will. 'We are stronger as a society when we celebrate the ties that bind us together', he intoned. But he omitted to mention that the ties of national identity that bind a community together can sometimes act as barriers that exclude 'outsiders' from that community – even to the extent of delivering them up to those bent on their destruction.

Anthony Grenville

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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.

SWITCH ON ELECTRICS

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Food is more than sustenance ...

Even the closest families disperse as time goes on. Children grow up, get married, move away. The older we get, the more I realise the importance of the occasional get-together, whether it is for Pesach, Christmas or birthdays.

I have always believed that food is more than sustenance. To me, it is family, history and – most of all – love.

Cooking has been my lifetime's interest. It started at the age of 12, when our faithful housekeeper, who had been with us for 6 years, had to leave because 'Aryans' were not allowed to stay with Jews. My mother, a shop-owner, was working so I started to cook.

The broken pots, disintegrated meatballs, potato dough on all the surfaces – but not where it should be! – would make another story.

However, of all my careers – millworker, dental nurse, secretary, home economist, social worker, mediator – the skills I have acquired as a home economist/cookery teacher are giving me more pleasure and fulfilment in retirement than any of the others.

Hence my daughter suggested that I write a cookery book in aid of Jessie's Fund, a charity which helps seriously ill children and children with complex needs by means of music therapy. Jessica George, the daughter of musicians Lesley Schatzberger and Alan George, was just 9 years old when she was diagnosed with a rare and inoperable brain tumour. She passed away in May 1994, less than six months after her diagnosis.

We live in York, an existence far removed from our past lives in Manchester. My cooking is a mixture of Austrian-Jewish-English, with the more recently acquired skill of making Yorkshire puddings.

My husband and I were both brought up in assimilated Jewish families in Vienna and we felt it important to pass on certain traditions to our children and grandchildren – and now even to our great-grandchildren.

Food plays a big part in the life of a family. Friday nights are the beginning of the weekend, whether one celebrates Shabbat or not, but it was always special – and even more so in retirement, when one day can seem like the next.

All my family know the meaning and taste of *schnitzel*, *barches* (*challah*), *strudel*, *latkes*, etc. With this in mind, I wrote the book. The recipes are mainly dishes I have cooked regularly, and I was happy to pass this on to future generations.



The title of the book emerged at a family Shabbat meal. A young English non-Jewish guest was tucking in to chopped liver and *challah* and pronounced spontaneously 'Oh my goodness, Oma, this is so good!' And the book's title was born: *Oma Goodness! Austrian Magic in an English Kitchen*. The front cover is indeed a photo of our kitchen and most of the recipes include little personal anecdotes.

We recently had a wonderful few days in London organised by the AJR where we met a lot of old and new friends who were very interested in the book – if not for themselves, then for their children. It is available from: **Jessie's Fund, 15 Priory Street, York YO1 6ET, £11.95 plus postage, tel 01904 658189 or email info@jessiesfund.org.uk**

Rosl Schatzberger

Research Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies International Conference on 'Exile and Gender'

Senate House, University of London
17–19 September 2014

The Research Centre for German and Austrian Exile Studies is holding an international conference on 'Exile and Gender' at Senate House, University of London, Malet St., WC1E 7HU, from 17 to 19 September 2014.

Registration forms and full programmes are available online at Triennial+International+Conference+of+the+Research+Centre+for+German+and+Austrian+Exile+Studies or from jane.lewin@sas.ac.uk

SPECIAL EVENT

The Last Train to Tomorrow

Sunday 9 November 2014, 3 pm
at The Roundhouse, London NW1

The AJR is proud to present the London premiere of *The Last Train to Tomorrow*, a song-cycle tribute to the Kindertransport composed and conducted by the internationally acclaimed artist **Carl Davis CBE**. This is a special one-off event.

As the date marks the anniversary of Kristallnacht, the proceedings will include a commemoration of the Reichspogrom of 9-10 November 1938.

The event will also feature *The Marriage of Figaro Overture* by Mozart and Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto* performed by the City of London Sinfonia and the Finchley Children's Music Group, together with an outstanding young violin soloist from the Yehudi Menuhin School.

As the event will take place on a Sunday afternoon, we particularly encourage members to bring along their children and grandchildren.

Further information is in the flyer enclosed with this month's Journal. Tickets can be purchased strictly through The Roundhouse Box Office – visit www.roundhouse.org.uk or telephone 0300 6789 222.

'THE KITCHENER CAMP AND JEWISH REFUGEES'

The AJR and the LJCC are holding a half-day seminar on the history of the Kitchener Camp.

Tuesday 23 September 2014
11 am to 3 pm

at the LJCC
Ivy House, 94-96 North End Road
London NW11 7SX

Dr Helen Fry and Professor Clare Ungerson will explore the daily life of the Jewish refugees at the Kitchener Camp as well as the subsequent enlistment in the Pioneer Corps.

The Kitchener Camp was set up in early 1939 at Richborough, near Sandwich in Kent, as a transit camp to accommodate Jewish men from Germany and Austria who had been arrested during the pogroms of November 1938, detained in Nazi concentration camps, and then released on condition they left the Reich promptly. Some 4,000 men were brought to Britain in this manner.

Tickets £30 pp pre-booked, £35 on the day
If you would like to attend, please contact the LJCC on 020 8457 5000 or at www.ljcc.org.uk

Holocaust survivor dreamt of mashed potatoes in Auschwitz

Holocaust survivor Iby Knill addressed an audience at Leeds Town Hall earlier this year about her experiences at Auschwitz.

The Leeds author of the best-selling book *The Woman Without a Number*, now in its 8th print, held a question-and-answer session following the showing of a documentary on her experiences made by young filmmaker Robin Pepper.

When he was at Teesside University, 22-year-old Robin played a part in helping Iby to fulfil a promise to tell her story about Auschwitz to the world.

The young Northallerton filmmaker, who studied television and film production, was so moved by Iby's powerful account of survival after reading her book that he approached her with a view to making a film. Robin and his film crew travelled to Auschwitz, Budapest and the central Hungarian city of Szekesfehervar on a shoestring budget, returning eventually to film Iby in her Leeds home.

Iby's early childhood was spent in Czechoslovakia before her parents, alarmed at the persecution of Jews in Germany, smuggled her over the border into Hungary.

Iby told how she was caught by security police before being imprisoned and tortured, not only on account of her Jewish connections but for having entered Hungary illegally and for aiding the resistance movement.

Eventually she was sent to the Auschwitz-Birkenau death camp.

Hearing rumours about Auschwitz, she and her compatriots dismissed them as idle gossip: 'We didn't think a civilised nation like the Germans would ever do anything like that!', she said. 'But we discovered that not only everything we were told was true but that it was much worse. People were de-humanised and were just being put through a machine where death was the end product.'

Iby recalled it was summer and

prisoners were thirsty; apart from a mid-day bowl of soup, they received no other food or water. 'There were some people who just couldn't cope with it and threw themselves against the electrified fences and stuck there like butterflies on a specimen board,' she added.

Iby said that she and a group of prisoners decided not to talk about family and friends: 'It was too painful.' So they chatted about food instead: 'Not fancy food, you know. My dream was mashed potatoes. I ask you, mashed potatoes! But it was something simple that you felt you would love to taste.'

In June 1944 Iby left Auschwitz-Birkenau by volunteering to travel as a nurse with a slave labour transport of 500 women.

Having been transported to Lippstadt, she was put in charge of a hospital unit, where she risked her life protecting the weak and vulnerable from the gas chambers. She was freed by Allied forces at Easter 1945 and went on to marry a British officer.

It took Iby Knill 60 years before she could begin to discuss her experiences and, despite witnessing the atrocities of the camp, she refuses to describe those horrors in graphic detail.

In attendance at the meeting was Leeds North East MP Fabian Hamilton, Leeds city councillors and representatives of the Leeds-based Holocaust Survivors' Friendship Association. A UNISON teachers' strike prevented some schoolchildren from attending.

John Fisher



At Leeds Town Hall: Julia Kinch, granddaughter of Iby Knill, Iby, Robin Pepper

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Thursday 18 September 2014



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Jewish Blind and Disabled is the only Jewish charity providing state-of-the-art mobility apartments for people who are physically disabled or vision impaired.

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MODERN AND OLD

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ejlevine@blueyonder.co.uk

I also purchase ephemera

A young man's extraordinary escape

My father, Arthur Corbett, was born Abraham Isaac Gorbitz in Frankfurt am Main in 1918. His parents owned a tobacconist's shop. His mother, Joanna, was a refugee from Ponovitch in Lithuania and his father, Leon, a refugee from Odessa in the Russian Empire. They had fled pogroms in both countries.

The Nuremberg Laws of the mid-1930s institutionalised anti-Semitism in Germany but my father and his family had experienced harassment well before then. He recalls how at school the Jewish pupils were segregated and subjected to discrimination. He left school in 1934 aged 16 and began a four-year apprenticeship as an upholsterer with the firm of Kostezich in Frankfurt. In those days, such apprenticeships covered not only all forms of upholstery (all hand-made of course) but also interior decoration. We still have one of his early instruction books.

Despite all the difficulties, the family continued their lives under the Nazis until 1938. My father's own words tell what happened next:

In 1938, returning from holiday in Wiesbaden to my home in Frankfurt, I was arrested on the train by the SS, the reason being that I was a Jew. I was then transported with fellow Jews to Buchenwald concentration camp. In order to obtain my release, my parents purchased a ship's ticket for me to travel to Shanghai. And, as I was a stateless person holding a Nansen passport (ref: No. 677/11/37), I was released from Buchenwald on condition that I leave Germany within four weeks or be re-arrested.

Stalin had decreed that such persons [Russians living abroad] register with Soviet Russia by June

1922 or be declared stateless. My parents had declined to do this and hence they became stateless. Ironically, this meant I too was stateless and this probably saved my life.

In desperation, I visited the Swiss consul in Frankfurt and asked for a visa to enter Switzerland. I was refused.

As I was stateless I could not obtain an entry visa to any country. My parents had purchased a ship's ticket for me to travel to Shanghai, which was an open city. I left Germany by train to Italy and boarded the *Victoria* on 22 December 1938 to Shanghai, where I remained until March 1939. I am still in possession of the ship's ticket [see photograph].

Meanwhile a visa, which had been pending for me to enter England, was forwarded to me by my parents. It was impossible to obtain any kind of employment in Shanghai. I received living assistance from the Jewish Refugee Committee and with their help I obtained a ticket on a Japanese freight steamer, which was then the cheapest way of travelling to England. In March 1939 I travelled to England, where I stayed with relatives in Manchester. I joined the British Army in 1940. I remained in the army until 1946. During my army service my name was changed from Gorbitz to Corbett. I was informed that my parents had died in France.

My father's parents had escaped to Vichy France. What brief respite they found there is not recorded but probably very little – like many others, they 'disappeared'. Other members of the family, cousins, are known to have died in the camps. My father's sister, who fled to America, told us that the family had bribed the guards at Buchenwald to make their decision. For a young man of 19, with no foreign languages, to have survived so far was remarkable. The help he received from numerous Jewish refugee associations is something he never forgot.

Of course in 1940s Britain many 'aliens' were first interned and subsequently had to apply for naturalisation papers.

This applied even to my mother, who, by dint of marrying him and despite her grandmother being a 'true cockney', still had to be naturalised herself.

Following a brief spell of training at Trentham Gardens, Stoke-on-Trent, my father, attached to the 51st (Highland) Division, was sent as an interpreter to Germany. As he said, the army, in a way which now seems somewhat



Arthur Corbett

understated, advised him it might be 'dangerous' for a German Jew to be in Germany and suggested he change his name to something less obvious. Had he been captured it is unlikely the name change would have saved him. By the time he died he had lost much of his accent, but in 1940 his origins would have been obvious.

We don't know exactly where he did his army service but he must have been with his unit when it overran the V2 rocket sites, presumably in 1945 at Cuxhaven. Part of his work was to ride a motor cycle between various bases delivering and translating material. Because all the work on the V2 rockets was new, the interpreters made their own dictionary of terms – which we still have. There are several loose pages of these translations typed up and contained in a homemade cardboard wallet entitled 'Sgt. A. Corbett Interpreter. Technical Dictionary'.

Among my father's possessions are several photographs and a charming cartoon made by one of his unit. The caption 'Blame the Interpreters' sums up how it must have felt for these men dealing with terms which, even in German, would have been meaningless to them – never mind having to express them in English! My father was an intelligent man (I had to wait until he was 90 before I could beat him at chess) but unschooled, young and on his own who had to grow up very quickly.

Like many men in his position, he couldn't wait to return to civilian life – which, at long last, he found quiet and peaceful. He took consolation from his own family and his wife Rachel. They were married for 73 years. He died in June 2014. His descendants – children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren – include two doctors and numerous graduates.

And all because of a Nansen passport and a young man's brave journey into the unknown!

Barry Corbett



Ticket to Shanghai via the *Victoria*, 22 December 1938



Letters to the Editor

The Editor reserves the right to shorten correspondence submitted for publication

FOR AND AGAINST

Sir – With regard to your August issue, I congratulate Gavriel Cohn on a brilliant letter, with which I totally agree. Of course, all young people should be given the opportunity to visit the homes of their grandparents and other relatives who had to flee Europe because of Nazi persecution. Even though I dislike the concept of faith schools, I commend the Hasmonean for arranging this.

I also agree with Robert Acker-Holt on feeling disappointed that the so-called privileges promised by the Austrian government on acceptance of their Honorary Membership Certificate have not been forthcoming. Perhaps the Israelitische Kultusgemeinde needs a firm reminder?

But enough of being agreeable! Harvey Gross believes that there would be 'dreadful repercussions for future generations' if there was a separation of religion and state in Israel. My reply to him is 'If only!'

Then there is the correspondence between Janos Fisher and Eric Sanders in which Janos Fisher is right and Eric Sanders is wrong. Of course by supporting Israel we mean its government, as Mr Fisher maintains! What else? Furthermore, how can the settlements have been built 'on Arab land' as Mr Sanders says? There is no such thing. I also don't understand what Mr Sanders means when he writes that Israel's 'level of democracy is not very high.' What point is he making? There is no doubt that the extreme-right religious parties have too much say but this is the fault of the proportional representation system of election, which is held so dear by many left-leaning liberals. Also, Mr Sanders, please leave Conrad Black alone! He has been a very good friend to Israel.

However, to revert to being agreeable, Mr Sanders is absolutely right to think that Yesh Atid is the future and I join him in wishing good luck to Yair Lapid.

Peter Phillips, Loudwater, Herts

Sir – Eric Sanders complains that 'our government does not represent the majority of the electorate.' The current coalition did in fact get the votes of 52 per cent of the actual voters. To get a majority of the full electorate is effectively impossible when only 65.1 per cent of the electorate bother to vote.

He also says that 'our election system is undemocratic'. He doesn't say why but the usual argument is our lack of a proportional representation system. Israel actually has such a system, which gives it very fair parliamentary representation, but Mr Sanders finds that Israel's 'level of democracy is not very high.' He is clearly hard to please. Could he inform us which countries do better?

Michael Levin, London SE23

Sir – I gratefully accept the half-olive branch offered by Eric Sanders.

I understand his concern about the multitude of opinions and views in the Israeli parliament. Difficult to change as Jews always have more opinions than you would expect from their numbers!

However, it is a far superior system than that of any of the Arab countries. Take, for example, Qatar, a friendly country, with growing influence in England. They are the largest shareholders in Barclays and they own the Olympic Village, Harrods, the Shard, the Savoy, etc. Simultaneously, they support Hamas, both materially and morally, and host Meshal, the head of Hamas. Presumably they consider this will allow the ruling al-Thani family to stay in power longer.

The media is making a very good job of running down Israel – no matter that Christians are hunted down and ethnically cleansed in several parts of the world. Israel – read Jews – are singled out for criticism – read hate.

So, Mr Sanders, there is plenty to criticise here or elsewhere, but I respectfully ask you: please refrain from criticising the imperfect state of Israel.

Janos Fisher, Bushey Heath, Herts

USEFUL IDIOTS

Sir – How the other side must rejoice in our quota of useful idiots!

One of their many misjudgements about the conflict around Gaza is the call for proportionality. The purpose of war, declared or otherwise, is to achieve superiority, not proportionality. The RAF did not stop shooting down German planes when they had reached parity. If the Germans sent 500 bombers to Coventry, we sent 1,250 to Dresden.

The Palestinians have their own idea of proportionality – an Israeli prisoner is worth 1,000 of their men. Peace (not necessarily contentment) follows victory. It is not achieved by a notional balance of misery, weighed out corpse by corpse.

Victor Ross, London NW8

Sir – US President Obama wants Israel to stop bombing. So does our PM, the EU and the UN Security Council – with possibly just a cursory mention of Hamas rockets, thousands of which have been raining down on Israel indiscriminately for years.

Israel's intelligence has established that Hamas uses mosques, schools and, particularly, homes deliberately as rocket-launching sites. Obviously these are targets and our opponents are fully aware of this. Jews don't kill deliberately – unlike them, we do not celebrate the deaths of innocents.

Israel's superior technologists have invented an anti-rocket missile, deployed only if deemed necessary after automatic calculation. It named the system 'Iron Dome'. Although it has proved itself admirably, every single drop of blood shed is felt deeply by every right-minded Jew in the world. The moral outrage is firmly placed at the feet of Israel's adversaries.

It is imperative that Israel seek to destroy all means employed by Hamas to annihilate it. Irrespective of the vile and deliberate misrepresentation by the rest of the world, Israel must complete this task until Hamas sues Israel directly for peace.

Israel, that tiny island amidst a sea of ill-minded antagonists, stands proudly, preserving its unassailable, rightful survival. Without Israel, there would not be a Diaspora and our own existence would be doomed. The survival of Israel must be assured by every means, by every Jew! Thanks to Israel – our only insurance – we shall survive.

Fred Stern, Wembley

JEW IN THE AUSTRIAN ARMY

Sir – The reference to Jews in the Austrian army in your August leading article 'Jews in the First World War' contains the misleading phrase that 'some Jews were admitted to the officer corps'. This implies only small numbers and appears to suggest a certain reluctance to admit Jews, and that this was the case only after 1914.

In fact, there were thousands of commissioned Jews, mainly as Reserveoffiziere, but, unlike in Prussia,

there had for years been regular soldiers among them. (One major on the general staff was well known for attending the Friday evening services at the *Stadttempel* in full-dress uniform.) Due to the low levels of health and education among large parts of the peasantry in the eastern provinces there was a great need to recruit officers from other sources. Thus any man who had completed the full eight-year course in any form of secondary education (including even the *Handelsakademie*), was entitled to do his compulsory national service as a cadet (*Einjährig Freiwilliger*) and to become a reserve officer at the end of the year.

Given the high proportion of Jewish boys among secondary-school students, the number of Jewish officers recalled to the colours in 1914 was disproportionately high. All my male relatives of the right age group and virtually all the men among my parents' Jewish friends, with one exception, served as officers. That exception was one of my uncles, who was not a *Maturant* and was therefore ineligible for a commission. He did just as well without it, becoming a sergeant major in the Vienna *Hausregiment*, the 4th Infantry celebrated then and ever since in the *Deutschmeister-Marsch*.

Readers of George Clare's *Last Waltz in Vienna* may recall that his great-grandfather was commissioned in the 1840s and retired as a major. That was probably exceptional but, by about the time of the army reforms of 1866, it was normal for a Jewish middle-class boy to do his national service as an officer cadet.

F. M. M. Steiner, Deddington, Oxon

A FANTASTIC TRIP

Sir – On Sunday 29 June I went to see the amazing Jewish refugee Judith Kerr read her book *The Tiger Who Came to Tea* at a special event the AJR organised with the London Jewish Cultural Centre. I was totally inspired by her reading and her writing. Although the book only took a small amount of time to read, I enjoyed it immensely and she kept all the children and adults truly transfixed throughout the famous tale of Sophie and the tiger.

After the reading, the adults stayed behind in the hall for a question-and-answer session with Judith and all the children went off with the cartoonist Marf (Martha Richler). This was where they had an amazing experience, learning how to draw portraits of people doing what they love. In the end, Marf came round and drew everyone as a little memento of their time with her. This was a fantastic trip and I hope to do something just like this again very soon!

Amy Shaw (11 years old), London N20

IN MEMORY OF GHETTO MUSICIANS

Sir – May I add my enthusiastic support to the sentiments expressed by Frank Bright in the August issue.

My uncle Erich Schulhof (born in Ostrava, Czechoslovakia, in 1909) was an excellent

amateur pianist. He occasionally broadcast on Czech Radio. As a child of seven I remember him coming to our house in Olomouc and entertaining us with the latest *Schlager* and excerpts from well-known operettas.

He lived in Prague after 1939 and was deported to Terezin on 24 November 1941. I must assume he would have been involved in the numerous musical activities of the ghetto until the time he was deported to Auschwitz on 18 December 1943. I believe he died of typhus on 13 April 1944.

Would any of your readers have known him by any chance or know of any records in which he might have featured? If so, I would be most interested to hear from them.

Peter Briess, London NW3

A PERSUASIVE WOMAN

Sir – I recently came across an article in your journal (April 2011) about Trevor Chadwick and Nicholas Winton. I would like to correct one small error in this interesting article.

The author, Anthony Grenville, states that, on his first trip to Prague to collect two boys to take back to his prep school (Forres, in Swanage), Trevor Chadwick was persuaded also to rescue a young girl and that this girl was Gerda Mayer, the poet. In fact, Mayer by all other accounts came on a later transport, probably in March 1939. The girl who was taken by Chadwick and his fellow teacher Geoffrey Phelps, either late in 1938 or in January 1939, was 14-year-old Martha Marietta Wolf-Ferrari, who was then sponsored and looked after by the Phelps family.

When she left school it seemed appropriate that she should marry Geoffrey despite his being 44 and she 18. The result was me and my sister and an unhappy marriage!

Marietta's mother, Mimi, who persuaded Chadwick and Phelps to take her daughter, must have been a persuasive woman. She moved in the circles of Franz Kafka, Max Brod and Franz Werfel in Prague and apparently fell for the latter, although eventually marrying the son of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari (born Herman Wolf), the then eminent opera composer.

My family possesses a number of touching letters from Mimi to her daughter but she eventually died in Theresienstadt in 1942.

Guy Phelps, Portsmouth

A HUG AND A KISS

Sir – What a wonderful act for a lot of elderly people who have no family to express some personal feeling! It requires a very special feeling. It requires a very special human being. It cannot be learned. It is a very special gift. It doesn't cost anything and gives a lot.

At almost 90 I found such a wonderful soul. Where? In the Harrow Friendship Club in Bessborough Road. His name is Harry and there is always a smile on his face, even if he doesn't always feel like it and might have problems of his own. But we get a hug and

a kiss as soon as we come in.

Another thing is that he has a very understanding wife. After all, you can't be jealous of some 50 women, all of a certain age! Yes, I should spare a few words about most of the other volunteers in the Friendship Club. They are very efficient, hard-working and very friendly. There are certainly such people in other clubs and groups. I just want to say a big thank you to those I know.

Hana Nermut, Harrow

AUSTRIAN COMPENSATION: EXPLANATION REQUIRED

Sir – I read in your July issue a letter from Professor Paul Weindling ('The Worst Traditions of Austrian Bureaucracy') that 'The Austrian National Fund has paid [his family] less than half of the amount awarded.'

How come that my sister and I have received only a fraction over 10 per cent of the compensation awarded? I would be most grateful to receive an explanation.

Robert Ehrenstein, London NW9

AJR'S MARVELLOUS TRIPS

Sir – I would like to put on record my appreciation for the many wonderful outings the AJR has laid on for its members over the last two months (at the time of writing).

Although most of us are in our eighth decade, our enthusiasm for getting out and about remains undimmed, but of course the travelling to and from venues becomes a problem. It is therefore a very generous gesture on the part of the AJR to help us out by laying on the necessary coach or taxi transport.

We all say, by common consent, that the AJR has given us a lot of pleasure in taking us on these marvellous trips and we are all very grateful.

(Mrs) Meta Roseneil, Buckhurst Hill, Essex

ALFONS GOLDMAN, A VERY MODEST PERSON

Sir – I write in response to the fascinating letter in your July issue from Harold Ball in Sydney regarding the above gentleman – for indeed a gentleman he was.

Alfons Goldman met my father, Hans Kohl/John Collins, in 1940 when they were both in the now-famous Pioneer Corps in North Devon. The friendship continued throughout, and long after, the war, when our two families often got together. The Goldman family, Trude and Alfons, had by this time increased with the birth of two sons (Peter and Tommy, if my memory serves me correctly).

In all this time there was never, to the best of my knowledge, any mention of the incredible story related in Mr Ball's letter. Neither to my father, nor to anyone in the family or circle of friends.

This is hardly surprising as Alfons was a very modest person, but also very resolute

continued on page 16 ➔

ART NOTES

GLORIA TESSLER

Dennis Hopper: The Lost Album, at the **Royal Academy** until 19 October 2014, shows 400 photographs from that transformative era between 1961 and 1967, depicting the fleeting energy of the 1960s.

Selected for Hopper's first major exhibition in Texas in 1970, the images were rediscovered only after his death in 2010. Taken with a Nikon F camera with a 28mm lens, a gift from his future wife Brooke Hayward, some are raw, edgy and casual as though anyone could have snapped them. But together they represent a portfolio of lost times. As a young actor at the beginning of his



Max Weber *New York* (1912)

Hollywood career, drawn to the Los Angeles art world, Hopper encountered artists such as Jasper Johns and Andy Warhol. While lacking Warhol's sophistication, his interest in advertising billboards reflects the latter's obsession with his own ad world.

Hopper photographed Allan Ginsberg, Timothy Leary and the Grateful Dead rock band. He became obsessed with Hell's Angels bikers, whom he saw as contemporary cowboys, representing escape from American culture and, in their grittiness, the rejection of the 'American dream'. The images are swift and often messy – Coca Cola ads, graffiti

and 'Keep Out' signs; the black people of Alabama; a US army truck, half in focus; American flags.

Hopper's lens captures Martin Luther King's speeches to an array of microphones; a hippy girl dancing with the slow seductiveness of Salome; a man weighing himself against a sign offering Blue Chip stamps; a sexy image of Paul Newman, a trick of light placing him in a latticework of nets; and a dancer posed in a snake costume.

Hopper began taking photos at the age of 18 when under contract to Warner Bros. He never made money from them. His subjects are snapped as they are dressing, posing, or with blurred faces. They range from speakers at Hyde Park to a Mexican bullfight. They are like collective stills from a transient and random life.

Hopper was born in 1936 in Dodge City. His directorial debut in *Easy Rider* attracted a huge youth counter-culture which would come to represent the 1960s for all time. *Easy Rider* itself heralded the road movie.

On the eve of its centenary next year, the **Ben Uri** presents the first British exhibition of Max Weber since 1913: **Max Weber: An American Cubist in Paris and London, 1905-15** (until 5 October 2014).

Weber's *New York* (1912), one of the 11 works shown, is more than a Cubist exercise: his towering edifices have a kind of menace, suggesting an emotional overcrowding of humanity. *The Dancers* (1912) offers another perspective: an angularity in the dancers' momentum is less rhapsodic than anguished. With a touch of Picasso the figures meld and blend, yet also seem to self-parody. The dance becomes a grimace and it is this energy which is so exciting.

Matisse was his tutor but Weber makes few concessions to his former master's preoccupation with colour and shape apart from a deceptively simple and charming graphite line drawing of him, which seems almost to flow from one line, and *Apollo in Matisse's Studio* (1908), portraying the back of a male nude in viridian and ochre colours, while Matisse is a tiny figure in the background.

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CONTEMPORARY
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

REVIEWS

Bringing back memories

GRANDPA'S BOOK

by Frank Beck

Third edition, 2014, lulu.com, available from Amazon, 162 pp. paperback, ISBN 978-1-291-88759-4

Most readers of this journal will have had interesting lives – nearly always rather more so than they would have wished, especially with regard to their early years. In many cases, people feel they would like to put their story on record, but few actually get round to doing so. One of the exceptions is Frank Beck, who wrote this book originally for his grandchildren but was fortunately encouraged to make it available to a wider audience.

Frank was born in Vienna in 1930 and, although the Anschluss in 1938 profoundly affected his future life, the autobiography does not dwell on the horrors of the period. The first part of the book relates his family background, including a useful family tree, and describes a happy childhood in Vienna. The autobiography does not pretend to be a history book and skims over the politics leading up to the Anschluss and its aftermath, although it describes the immediate impact on the extended family. Frank's mother managed to get a domestic permit to come to England in March 1939 and she was able to bring her child as well. Frank's father had previously gone to Paris but was tragically caught there by the Nazis in 1940.

Life in England was very hard for both mother and son and most of the time they were separated. Because his mother had a domestic post in Essex, Frank initially lived in a refugee hostel and during the Blitz he was evacuated. He describes his experiences with a wry humour and some of these experiences will no doubt bring back memories to other members of the AJR.

Frank quickly adapted to life in this country and it didn't take too long for him to lead a life similar to that of most other boys of his age in wartime. The big difference, however, was that his mother was still in service and his father was in France awaiting final deportation.

Frank writes fondly of his cousin Inge, who had also escaped to England, and looked on her as his big sister. Later, there are many amusing anecdotes about meeting other girls at a time when life was far more innocent than at present. Due to the war school life was often

interrupted and he admits that his early academic achievements were not always what they should have been. He does not, however, mention that despite this he eventually had a highly successful career!

After the war Frank and his mother were naturalised and soon he was called up to the RAF. There he was eventually able to use his skills to good purpose. One day towards the end of his service he realised that in spite of being in the RAF he had never actually flown in an aircraft! With a certain amount of *chutzpa* he knocked on the wing commander's door and asked if he could be given the opportunity of a flight. This approach was entirely against regulations and could have had serious repercussions for him. Nevertheless, the wing commander himself took him up for a 'spin' in a two-seater jet!

The latter part of the book covers Frank's university life and the beginning of his career. It also refers to happy times spent with an organisation where he met many young Jews of a similar age and background to himself. He does not name it but it is likely that several AJR members may also remember it from their youth.

The book is written in a very readable and chatty style and the author's detailed memory of events from long ago is to be envied.

It is worth mentioning another of Frank's privately-published books: *Memoirs* (May 2014, 124 pp.). This too consists of anecdotes and stories about events which happened to him and to people he knew during an eventful and varied life. It is a slim volume, ideal for dipping into and making train journeys more enjoyable.

George Vulkan

Unique internment correspondence

ESCAPING THE CROOKED CROSS: INTERNMENT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PAUL AND CHARLOTTE BONDY DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR

edited by Jo Bondy and Jennifer Taylor

FastPrint Publishing, Peterborough, 2014, 214 pp. paperback, £7.99, ISBN 9781780357751

From June to December 1940, Paul Bondy found himself exchanging one form of repression for another when he was detained at the Alien Internment Camp at Huyton, near Liverpool. He and his wife Charlotte, a graphic designer, were refugees from

Hitler's Germany, where they had been subjected to 'protective custody' by the Gestapo before marrying in England after their release. But here they quickly became caught up in Churchill's mass internment policy. As the young couple struggled to overcome the vicissitudes of war and exile while maintaining a semblance of family life, they wrote to each other regularly, giving a unique insight into their lives.

During their enforced separation the only contact was by post, which of course meant censorship. Paul, a former factory manager, was allowed to write only two letters a week, restricted to 24 lines. Correspondence was delayed and arrived erratically, adding to Charlotte's frustrations in her efforts to secure her husband's freedom.

Charlotte trawls from pillar to post negotiating in a foreign language. When her initial appeal for early release is rejected, she renews her efforts to seek Paul's liberty under category 19 of the government white paper as an opponent of Nazism.

Meanwhile, she struggles to bring up their daughter Jo, a sometimes wayward but perceptive toddler whom she has to take on bus journeys round London on her mission.

Charlotte finds that money from charity and benefits is extremely tight. She cuts down clothes to make garments for Jo and household furnishings and picks blackberries, eking out meals. In addition, she continually sends Paul parcels of food and clothing plus the necessities of soap and toothpaste.

The Blitz makes matters worse. Nightly air raids plague their flat in Chelsea. She has to cope with a frightened Jo and take shelter with their beloved Alsatian Lotka. Bomb alerts hamper her badly with all-important post offices being closed during warnings.

Charlotte frantically searches for safer, more affordable accommodation. This too is fraught with difficulties and there are problems transporting their possessions to Mill Hill in north-west London, where neighbours are unfriendly. They move in the nick of time before their Chelsea home is bombed but a precious tin food store is pilfered. Water gets into the rubble and ruins Paul's treasured library.

The typeface for these chronicles is an old-fashioned typewriter style, including double strike on some capital letters. Although it provides an authentic feel, it can be hard to get used to initially, particularly where there are long chunks without paragraphs.

Editorial introductions are interesting

and notes at the end of chapters are very helpful, as is the Who's Who? at the end of the book.

Paul (particularly) and Charlotte are limited in what they are allowed to say, obviously restricting the scope of topics and sometimes the human interest. The characters of people mentioned can thus be rather flat, although we hear of those who are annoying and talk too much!

The story ends on a high note with Paul's release, but we would dearly love to know what happens next. Maybe a sequel is planned?

Janet Weston

A WONDERFUL TEA PARTY

What a wonderful Tea Party the AJR laid on for a group of its members at the Delaunay, a 'Grand European Café' in Covent Garden! A wonderful array of delicious savouries and Viennese pastries met our eyes as we entered the special private room put at our disposal. Each person was given their own pot of specially selected tea. The outstanding highlight was the Poppy Seed Gugelhupf – very nostalgic for those from Vienna. As always, it was a pleasure to meet quite a few friendly faces from south east London. A memorable afternoon for everyone – and, by no means least, the wonderful summer's day made the day complete.

Meta Roseneil



(from left) Meta Roseneil, Doona Labi, Helena Horn

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My stay as AJR Intern has come to an end

Last September I came to the AJR from Osnabrück, Germany, as the new Intern in the Volunteers' Department. I'd always intended to go abroad for a gap year. It soon became obvious that voluntary work was the right thing for me.



The Berlin-based Action Reconciliation Service for Peace (ARSP) sends some 180 volunteers to 13 countries to work with organisations connected to the Holocaust. ARSP was the only organisation I found that has a historical and political background in which I was interested. I have always been interested in the Holocaust. My family is very aware of what happened and I can speak openly about it with them. I have always liked the UK and am interested in the language and culture so it became my first choice.

Working with elderly people especially appealed to me: it's the most direct way to help those who have suffered Nazi persecution. Furthermore, being able to spend time with Holocaust survivors and refugees is a huge privilege.

My work here has included helping at head office as well as giving weekly computer lessons to members at the (now closed) AJR Day Centre. I'm always

impressed by how good my students are when using the computer! I've also helped AJR Group Co-ordinators Esther and Hazel at meetings in Edgware, Radlett and Ealing, which is very nice because I've met so many members there.

I have visited five lovely ladies in their homes. We always have something to chat about and the time I spend with them passes very quickly as their stories are so

interesting.

During my year at the AJR, I have learned what it's like to have a job, to manage life on my own, to adapt to a different country's culture, and to get to know a lot about Jewish culture. And my English has improved too! On my return to Germany, I intend to study Politics and Sociology at Mannheim University.

Dora Köhler

Carol Hart, Head of Community and Volunteer Services at the AJR, adds: 'Dora has been a tremendous asset to the Volunteers' Department and has shown maturity beyond her years. She will be much missed by everyone at the AJR.'

Holocaust education in the UK



Alex Maws, Head of Education at the Holocaust Educational Trust (HET), has given the second of a series of lunchtime training talks to AJR staff. Not all members of staff, especially new ones, have heard a Holocaust survivor or refugee speak of their personal experiences. Among his responsibilities, Alex also oversees HET's 'Lessons from Auschwitz' programme, through which thousands of school pupils have the opportunity to visit Auschwitz.

Alex said it was essential for Holocaust teaching to be based on secure historical knowledge and understanding: there were no neatly packaged 'lessons' which students could simply absorb. 'Students should learn about the Holocaust and from the Holocaust', he insisted.

Alex stressed that the Holocaust was not only history but was relevant to our lives now. He pointed out, in particular, disturbing events in Hungary, where anti-Semitism was an organic part of the policies of the Jobbik Party, which won over 20 per cent of the vote in the last parliamentary election, making it the third largest party in Hungary's National Assembly.

The next AJR staff training talk, in November, will be given by Louise Heilbron, a Fellow of the Imperial War Museum.

ALL ABOARD! SS BROADWAY



Join us for a great day out on

Wednesday 1 October 2014

at Wicksteed Park, Northamptonshire for lunch, tea and an afternoon show

Set on board a cruise liner, this show has a delightful cast of singers and dancers, accompanied by their sensational band delivering the best loved songs from the classical musicals.

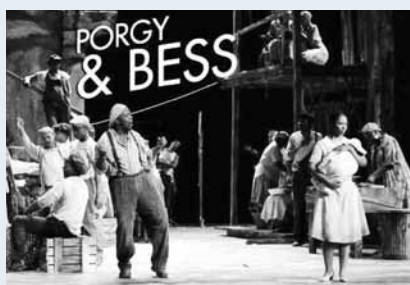
This is a full day's outing. We will be travelling by coach, 9 am pick-up from Finchley Road and 9.30 am from Stanmore. There is very little walking. The only steps are on and off the coach.

£25 per AJR member, £30 non-members

This special price has been made possible by a generous donation.

Places are limited. For further details and a booking form, please contact Ros Collin on 020 8385 3070 or at ros@ajr.org.uk

Another Triumph



Porgy and Bess is another triumph for Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. We are taken to Catfish Row in South Carolina to follow the poignant story of a disabled beggar's love for a drug-addicted scarlet woman. The Gershwins' powerful musical produced some fine acting, particularly Rufus Bonds Jr as Porgy, Nicola Hughes as Bess and Phillip Boykin as the murderous Crown. Jade Ewen as the new mum Clara was particularly charming in a supporting role. The singing throughout was superb and we were blessed again with a sunny, if rather hot, afternoon for the musical. But importantly the seats were comfortable and we could see well!

Janet Weston

ARTS AND EVENTS SEPTEMBER DIARY

Mon 15 Sep 'Women in the Wiener Library Archives' At Wiener Library, 29 Russell Square, London WC1B 5DP, tel 020 7636 7247. Artefacts from the 1930s to the present day relating to the personal stories of women, particularly focusing on their role in resistance. 2-3 pm. Free but booking required.

To Wed 8 Oct 'The Kaiser's Jewish Soldiers: Loyalty, Identity, Betrayal' Exhibition at the Wiener Library. Admission free.

A DAY IN VIENNA

Some time ago I had a telephone call. 'This is Vera,' a voice said. I was confused. 'Lisl's daughter,' she added. Ah! Lisl had been my best friend in Vienna and we had been in touch until her death in 2008 but I hadn't seen Vera since 1968 in New York when she was 15 years old.

Vera, born and bred in the United States, told me she had been living in Vienna for the past 18 months and was coming to London for a few days. Could we meet? Of course we met and I had to promise that on my next visit to Vienna I would walk with her in the 3rd District, where both her mother and I had lived.

I was able to keep my promise last autumn. We took a tram to the Weissgerberviertel and walked first to Krieglergasse, to the house where I had lived, and then on to Lisl's former home in Weissgerberlande. Both Lisl's parents had been murdered by the Nazis.

I showed Vera the gardens by the Donaukanal where Lisl and I had played on hot summer evenings and we walked back along the Löwengasse past the Hundertwasserhaus. We passed Kegelgasse, Blütengasse, Hetzgasse

Two of my classmates had lived in Hetzgasse, almost opposite each other. Both were Jewish and both were called Susi. One was lucky and escaped with her family to the United States after the Anschluss. The other, my friend Susi Kobler, wasn't so lucky. It is about her I told Vera.

Susi Kobler was the prettiest girl in the class, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and entirely without malice. Our classics master thought she possessed *noblesse* and she was the only girl he called by her first name.

I was a frequent visitor at Susi's home and we would lustily sing current hit songs which she would thump out on the piano. 'You Are

My Lucky Star' is one I remember. We knew enough English for that one.

Susi's father was a short dapper man with sparse black hair and black eyes whose looks Susi had inherited. Her mother was a tall faded blonde. I don't know what Herr Kobler did for a living but whatever it was must have been lucrative for the family lived in a very attractive flat and employed a superior kind of maid, whom they called a housekeeper and whose advice they sought on all domestic problems. The Koblers' political views were extremely conservative and they voted – astonishingly for Jews – for the Christian Socialists.

Susi was much loved by her parents and she was indeed a lovable child. They had carefully preserved in a locket a cherry stone she had swallowed as a toddler and which had been retrieved 'naturally'.

Our classics master was not wrong when he talked of her *noblesse*. Her artlessness, a total absence of guile in her, was certainly beguiling.

In September 1938 I left for England. Susi stayed behind. We corresponded until war broke out and I had no idea what had become of her until, a decade or so ago, I received a letter from the curator of the Landstrasse Museum in Vienna who had made it his business to find out what had happened to the Jews who had been living in the 3rd District in 1938. I gave him details of all the people of whose fate I knew and at the same time asked him if he knew what had become of the Koblers.

He replied promptly: Susi and her parents were deported to Minsk in November 1941 and shot on arrival. Even as I told Vera, the thought of this beautiful 22-year-old girl, who had always only seen the best in everyone, meeting such an appalling death still moved me beyond words.

We continued our walk past the Urania, along the Stubenring, as I had done with Lisl so many times, as far as the Stadtpark, where we crossed the road to meet friends for coffee and cake at the Café Prückel.

My day in Vienna was almost over.
Edith Argy

Freedom

by Daniel Mann



Daniel Mann, aged 13

Images
Haunting
Imprinted in my memory
My father
Dead
In an unspeakable fashion
Killed
Slaughtered
Brutally murdered
Incinerated
His remains
Gone
The air smells of anguish
Of pain and terror and sadness
It reeks of what he will never be
His eyes were full of hurt, of sorrow, of the future
But he had hope
They all did
The six million didn't die in vain
They are remembered
But what I saw
That fateful day
Could be a figment of my imagination
It could be a dream, a deception, a trick of the mind
But that is itself irrelevant
Because when I saw his pained face
Out of the bloodied chimney
He said the words
He uttered
'I love you'
In that moment
All was good
All was right
All was fine

But as always
Life goes on
The weary trudge to my oblivion
To my grave
To my maker
Will I see my mother
Will I see my father
Will I see my sister, still standing with her tattered dress and a bloodied back
Will people even notice me
How can I doubt this
I have faith
I have strength
I have resilience
I am myself
No one will own me
Nothing will topple me
I am myself, a somebody
I am not a nobody
Whatever they tell me
Whatever harsh facts and doctored truths
Goes in one ear
And out of the other
For they may take my family
They may take my religion
They may take my people
They may take my life, my everything, my nothing, my universe
But
They
Will
Never
Take
My
Freedom.

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Ealing Jewish Songs and Comedy Across the Ages

A larger-than-usual group was treated by Richard Bird to a delightful afternoon of recorded Jewish songs and comedy clips across the ages. The music ranged from Pesach tunes to Al Jolson, 'Exodus', 'Schindler's List' and 'My Yiddische Momme', with comedy including extracts from 'You Don't Have to Be Jewish'. Members of the group joined in with some of the songs.

Leslie Sommer

Glasgow CF West Enders and South Siders

We enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon in the beautiful surroundings of the Botanic Gardens. Some of the West Enders met new friends from the South Side for the first time and found they had lots in common. An event to be repeated!

Claire Singerman

Iford Life at the English Criminal Bar

Raymond Sturgess gave us an insight into his life at the English criminal bar with numerous amusing anecdotes and mentioned some of the well-known people he had met during his years as a barrister. A very interesting meeting indeed.

Meta Roseneil

East Midlands (Nottingham) Lunch in a Lovely Leicestershire Village

The Schwiengings, our hosts, served us an excellent lunch in their home in a lovely Leicestershire village. Our group is maintaining its numbers with new members. As usual, we welcomed Esther Rinkoff to keep us in order.

Bob Norton

Norfolk Anecdotes from the Corridors of Power

And then there were eight – who not only enjoyed a Continental-style lunch but also a talk by Chris Montcrieff, one-time Parliamentary Journalist for the Press Association. Chris entertained us with any number of anecdotes from the corridors of power.

Frank Bright

Pinner Jewish Music from Ancient to Modern Times

With her guitar at the ready and with a wealth of fascinating recordings, Rabbi Rachel Benjamin provided us with a spellbinding afternoon of Jewish music from the shofar, lute and harp of ancient and Temple times to the recent 100 'Golden Years' of secular and religious music.

Walter Weg

Gloves-off Relationship

A thoroughly enjoyable outing to see *Handbagged* at the Vaudeville Theatre. The play examined the 'gloves-off' relationship between the Queen and Margaret Thatcher with a mixture of shrewd political insight and hilarious comedy. It worked brilliantly and the audience laughed out loud for most of the performance. It was much more fun than actually living through those years!

David Barnett

Birmingham Annual Garden Party

At our Annual Garden Party at the Aubrey and Betty Lynes Centre, 26 of our members were greeted by Keith and Barry and nibbles and drinks were served. As always, it was a pleasure to greet the AJR's Esther Rinkoff and Catherine Williams. Patrick, assisted by Jamie, had prepared a delicious buffet lunch. Our thanks to Barry, who so ably looked after us throughout.

Lia Lesser

Glasgow Scottish-Jewish Art and Life

We attended a special opening of the 'Cultural Connections Festival of Jewish Arts and Culture' at the Maclaurin Gallery/Rozelle House, Ayr. Judah Passow gave a most interesting talk on photo-journalism while explaining the background to his photos. Members also viewed an excellent selection of works by Benno Schotz, Joseph Herman, Hannah Frank and Jankel Adler.

Agnes Isaacs

Bath/Bristol Amusing Stories about Political Life

We were generously entertained at the Progressive Synagogue by Chris Montcrieff, who told us about his long career as a journalist at the Parliamentary Press Association. Chris went around the world with Margaret Thatcher several times and had many amusing stories about political life.

Hazel Rank-Broadley

Essex (Westcliff) Pensioners' Pressure Group

A most interesting talk by Jean Howes,

from the Southend and District Pensioners' Campaign, who described her campaign as a pressure group to protect the interests of pensioners in the area. She also talked about her own experiences with the care system for the elderly.

David Barnett

Kingston upon Thames CF Lively Chat, Delicious Tea

A lively chat and delicious tea at the home of Irene Gould. We all signed a card for Susan Zisman, who is recovering from a serious illness, sending her our love and best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Tiana Rosenbaum

Book Club Bringing Back Memories

Meeting at Joseph's Bookstore, we discussed *One Night in Winter* by Simon Sebag Montefiore. There was a great turnout and much discussion on the content of the book – which had at its centre children being imprisoned and having to spy on their siblings and parents. This brought back memories for many of our members!

Irene Goodman

An Opportunity to Make Paper

During our tour of Frogmore Paper Mill in Hemel Hempstead, we learned that the first commercial paper-making machine in the world was installed and operated here. Following a delicious fish-and-chips lunch, we enjoyed a trip along the River Gade. Before returning to the coach, we were given an opportunity to make paper! Many thanks to all the staff.

Ruth Pearson

We learned that paper-making was first invented by the Chinese in 105AD and that it took a few hundred years before Europe discovered the process. We were shown the machinery involved in paper-making, some of it dating back to 1805. A very informative day out and a wonderful opportunity to catch up with AJR colleagues from other parts of London, always a bonus on these outings. As always, ably conducted by Hazel and Esther.

Meta Roseneil

St John's Wood History of Chocolate

Professor Michael Spiro enlightened us on the history of chocolate through the ages right up to the present day, ending on chocolate sampling – a great way to spend a morning.

Hazel Beiny

CONTACTS

Hazel Beiny
Southern Groups Co-ordinator
07966 887 434 hazel@ajr.org.uk

Wendy Bott
Yorkshire Groups Co-ordinator
07908 156 365 wendy@ajr.org.uk

Susanne Green
North West Groups Co-ordinator
0151 291 5734 susanne@ajr.org.uk

Susan Harrod
Groups' Administrator
020 8385 3070 susan@ajr.org.uk

Agnes Isaacs
Scotland and Newcastle Co-ordinator
07908 156 361 agnes@ajr.org.uk

Kathryn Prevezer
London South and Midlands
Groups Co-ordinator
07966 969 951 kathryn@ajr.org.uk

Esther Rinkoff
Southern Region Co-ordinator
07966 631 778 esther@ajr.org.uk

KT-AJR (Kindertransport)
Andrea Goodmaker
020 8385 3070 andrea@ajr.org.uk

Child Survivors Association-AJR
Henri Obstfeld
020 8954 5298 h.obstfeld@talk21.com

HGS Story of the Savoy

Our speaker, Rob Lowe, gave a fascinating talk on the Savoy Hotel – its opening in 1889 by Richard D'Oyly Carte, its Gilbert and Sullivan connections, and its development into today's 5-star status.

Kathryn Prevezer

Radlett Who Killed the Rabbi?

Happily, assassination is not a common method for settling religious disputes among rabbis. Nevertheless, it happened in Lemberg in 1848 and Rabbi Pete Tobias gave us a vivid account of the event. He also gave insight into the tensions that existed in Jewish communities arising from the development of liberal trends in a strictly orthodox environment.

Fritz Starer

Brighton-Sarid (Sussex) Offering Assistance to the Needy

World Jewish Relief (WJR) volunteer Pam Amdurer, assisted by her husband Michael, told us the charity helped to bring out children from Nazi Germany to the UK. Since 1933 it has been involved in projects in Europe, Asia, Africa, the Arab countries, even Argentina, offering assistance to the needy. At the present time, the WJR is focused on Ukraine.

Ceska Abrahams

Café Imperial English As It Should Be Spoken

Group members discussed their various

Continued on p14 ➔

SEPTEMBER GROUP EVENTS

Ealing	2 Sept	Rabbi Pete Tobias: 'Who Killed the Rabbi?'
Liverpool	2 Sept	'First Impressions: Can They Be Changed?'
Ilford	3 Sept	David Barnett: 'Champion of All England Daniel Mendoza'
Pinner	4 Sept	Shirli Gilbert: 'German Refugees in South Africa'
Sheffield CF	7 Sept	Speaker on First World War
HGS	8 Sept	Michael Anvoner: 'Wills, Inheritance Tax and All That Jazz'
Prestwich	8 Sept	Social
Bromley	9 Sept	Lunch
Essex (Westcliff)	9 Sept	Karen van Coevorden, Holocaust Education Trust
Glasgow Book Club	10 Sept	Social
St John's Wood	10 Sept	Jackie Gryn: 'A Rabbi's Wife in India'
Edinburgh CF	11 Sept	Social
Wessex	11 Sept	Annual Lunch; David Barnett: 'Champion of All-England Daniel Mendoza'
York/Harrogate	11 Sept	Contributors to Science and Art
Newcastle	14 Sept	David Glasser, Ben Uri Gallery
Brighton-Sarid (Sussex)	15 Sept	David Barnett: 'Champion of All-England Daniel Mendoza'
Cardiff	15 Sept	Chris Montcrieff, Parliamentary Press Association
Cheshire	15 Sept	Social
Edgware	16 Sept	Susan Cohen, Six Point Foundation
Glasgow CF	17 Sept	Yom Tov Nosh
Radlett	17 Sept	Martha Richler, Cartoonist and Journalist
Edinburgh CF	18 Sept	Classical Concert at Royal Overseas League
Hull	21 Sept	Social
North West London	29 Sept	Lunch Outing to Joseph's Bookstore
West Midlands (Birmingham)	30 Sept	Anthony Josephs: 'Genealogy'

A Day to Remember



(from left) Eve Willman, Linda and Sidney Baginsky, Avram Schaufeld, Eva Freaun

Our outing to the Montefiore Synagogue in Ramsgate was superb. We were very well looked after by Esther and Kathryn and it was nice to meet people from so many groups. The educational and social part of the trip was even better than I had expected. The food was great and the sun smiled on us. A day to remember.

Avram Schaufeld

LATIMER PLACE

Tuesday 7 October 2014
Afternoon Visit



Latimer Place is now an exclusive upmarket hotel but during the Second World War many German POWs were held captive there and bugged by 'secret listeners' who were themselves German refugees, working for the British. Historian Helen Fry will join us on our tour and explain how the prisoners were lulled into divulging secrets of the Nazi war machine.

Following the tour, we will have a delicious full cream tea, during which we will have the opportunity to ask Helen any questions.

Coach will pick up at both Stanmore and Finchley Road

Cost, including travel, £40.00 per person

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

Inside the AJR
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regiments. Childhood memories seem more vivid now and only one person could remember actually learning English. Given the use of the English language by some speakers in this country, we came to the conclusion that no one speaks it better than a German refugee!

Hazel Beiny

Wembley Women in Aviation

Paul Lang from British Aviation Tours and Experiences spoke on 'Women in Aviation'. We all learned a great deal in the ensuing Q&A session. A nice strawberry tea to follow made it an especially pleasant afternoon.

Avram Schaufeld

Glasgow CF Commonwealth Games Quiz

Meeting at Agnes's house, we enjoyed a Commonwealth Games quiz indoors – our intended Commonwealth Games BBQ was called off due to rain. The AJR Baton was passed round as the questions were answered. Wonderful food and charming company. Many thanks to Agnes, Anthea, Shirley and

Claire for making it such an enjoyable occasion.

Marion Camrass

Welwyn Garden City 'We Must Save the Children'

We welcomed to the AJR circuit Mike Levy, a former journalist and history teacher who is devoting his time to Keystage Arts and Heritage. His current project, 'We Must Save the Children', is a must for AJR members. His research into the help Greta Burkill gave to German-Jewish children in Cambridge has given rise to an exhibition.

Hazel Beiny

North West London War, Antisemitism and Memories of the Kindertransport

First we discussed the situation in Gaza and how it is being reported by the mass media with a subsequent rise in anti-Semitism. Then we followed up with recollections of the Kindertransport and settling in Britain – all accompanied by a delicious summer lunch.

Shirley Rodwell

North London Champion of All England

David Barnett's account of the self-styled 'Mendoza the Jew' was quite fascinating. Here was a man who excelled in illegal bare knuckle boxing, made a considerable fortune, then lost it (through gambling?), and even spent time in a debtor's prison.

Hanne R. Freedman

CLASSIFIED

Joseph Pereira (ex-AJR caretaker over 22 years) is now available for DIY repairs and general maintenance. No job too small, very reasonable rates. Please telephone 07966 887 485.

Kindertransport Reunion DVD

We are delighted to announce that a special commemorative DVD with footage of the Kindertransport Reunion at JFS and the reception with His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales at St James's Palace is now available for purchase.

Filmed and produced by Alan Reich, the DVD will serve as a poignant memorial to the two historic gatherings of Kinder and their families that took place in June 2013 as part of the events the AJR organised to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the Kindertransport.

To receive your copy, please send a cheque for £5 made payable to the AJR to: AJR, Jubilee House, Merrion Avenue, Stanmore, Middx HA7 4RL.

LIVERPOOL ANNUAL LUNCH



Back Eric Cohen, Sir Brian Leveson, Eric Goldrein, Dr John Goldsmith
Front Inge Goldrein, Susanne Green

We were honoured to have as our guest speaker Sir Brian Leveson, who chaired the Inquiry into the role of the press and police in the phone-hacking scandal. Sir Brian's talk on 'The Role of a Judge' was very much appreciated by the packed audience of 60 AJR members.

Susanne Green

FAMILY ANOUNCEMENTS

Marianne Egtman (née Schlesinger), born Vienna 19 April 1926, came to the UK by Kindertransport in spring 1939. In 1944 she joined the ATS and in 1946 was posted to Germany. There she made the acquaintance of a young Danish soldier seconded to the BAOR to work as a German-English interpreter. They married at the end of 1948 and took up residence in Copenhagen. Marianne was eternally grateful to the UK for having saved her life and was proud of her British citizenship, which she kept to her death. She passed away in Copenhagen on 5 July 2014 and is buried in the Mosaic Cemetery there. She is sadly missed by husband Leif and children Ingrid Mary and Per Anthony.

KINDERTRANSPORT LUNCH
Wednesday 10 September at 12.30 pm

Please join us for our next lunch at North West Reform Synagogue, Alyth Gardens, Finchley Road, London NW11 7EN

Diane Samuel
'Kindertransport: The Creation and Life of the Play'

To book your place please phone Andrea Goodmaker on 020 8385 3070

Suitcase Writer and Director Addresses Annual Northern Get-together



Guest speaker Dr Ros Merkin, writer and director of *Suitcase*, a play performed at railway stations throughout the UK in November 2013 for the 75th anniversary of the Kindertransport, spoke to over 80 AJR members at Stenecourt, Manchester.

OBITUARIES

Rosl Robson, born Prague 14 January 1918, died Sutton-in-Ashfield 5 April 2014

Rosl Robson (née Sachs) was born in Prague in January 1918, a citizen of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Her father, Samuel Sachs, a GP, died when she was a baby. She also lost her brother Ernest to meningitis. As her mother, Marianne Sachs (née Loewy), suffered from TB, Rosl spent school holidays with different aunts across Bohemia and cared for her mother during term-time. The family were nominally Jewish but generally only attended synagogue on High Holydays.



Rosl was a diligent student at school and would have liked to progress to university to study botany had the opportunity been offered her. However, after the *Abitur* she had little choice but to get a job in a bank in Prague to support her mother. When the Nazis invaded, efforts were made to enable both to emigrate. However, her mother was not fit to queue for documents so only Rosl obtained a permit, enabling her to leave and work in the UK as a children's nanny. Marianne was left behind, as were other older relatives. Most perished in concentration camps and the Shanghai ghetto.

During the war, Rosl developed contact

with others from Central Europe and thus met John Robson, on leave from military service in west Africa, who was part of this circle. They married at Belsize Park in 1946 and shortly after moved to Vienna, where John, a linguist, had secured a job with the British embassy, working on denazification. This job lasted ten years and their children, David and Denise, were born in 1951 and 1955 respectively. This period was a lavish and cosmopolitan experience, at a time when life elsewhere in Europe was considerably harsher and drabber.

The family returned to England, moving to Oxford. Rosl obtained work with Pergamon Press as a German and Czech translator. There were long country family walks. Rosl liked to pick mushrooms, of which she had a detailed knowledge. In 1963 the family moved to Nottingham. Rosl worked in adult education as a German teacher. She made lasting friendships with colleagues at Clarendon College, most of whom were, like herself, European émigrés.

Rosl's social instincts made her a committed blood donor, and politically she was on the left and identified as a European. She was interested in the social and cultural

developments of the Sixties. She was a keen reader, an enthusiastic walker, a strong swimmer, a skier and an accomplished table tennis-player. One of many areas in which she excelled was cookery and many people recall her Gugelhupf, flourless cakes, goulash, Christmas sweetmeats and Wienerschnitzel.

Though she was not herself religious, the course of Rosl's life was defined by her Jewish heritage. A difficult strand of her life was that confirmation of her mother's fate was not forthcoming and she reached middle age before she found out where and when her mother's life had ended. In 1983 Rosl, John and Denise went on holiday to Czechoslovakia and visited the places of her childhood: Frydlant, Satz, Aussig, Turnov and Prague. She also visited her cousin John Black, now deceased, in California. In 1988 she visited a branch of the family in Israel and contributed her own personal testimony about her mother at Yad Vashem.

Rosl lost her mobility following a fall in 2011 but was fortunately able to stay at home with John almost until the end, despite suffering with vascular dementia. She is survived by John, David, Denise and her five grandchildren: Joseph, Lena, Thom, Anna and Mark.

Denise Robson

Paul Mazursky, born New York 25 April 1930, died Los Angeles 30 June 2014

Paul Mazursky was an independent-minded writer-director and actor. His films focused mostly, with wit and humour yet sympathetically, on the complexities of middle-class relationships of the post-1960s generation. One of the most likeable of American directors, he rarely stretched himself but was content to stick to the characters and subjects he knew best.

He had a big hit with his first feature, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* (1969), which set the pattern for many of the films which followed. It was a sympathetic depiction of the marital problems experienced by several not-too-bright characters and their attempts to solve them in the newly trendy California fashion. The film touched on such contemporary themes as wife-swapping, extramarital affairs and group therapy. Dramatic scenes alternated with moments of light relief, the appeal of the film sustained by the four central performances and the witty and perceptive Oscar-nominated script.

Having established himself as a 'bankable' director, Mazursky was able to preserve his creative independence during the following years especially by keeping his budgets low and balancing the occasional flops against the modest box-office success of most of the others.



Paul Mazursky in 1991 when directing Woody Allen and Bette Midler in *Scenes from a Mall*

Born Irwin Mazursky, the only son of Russian-Jewish immigrants, he divided his career between the east and west coasts and was an important contributor to the newly revived New York film scene along with other Jewish directors such as Sidney Lumet and Woody Allen. He alone did the most to promote the exciting new generation of Jewish actors on screen. The cast lists of his movies read like a virtual 'who's who' of the era. *Bob & Carol*, for example, launched the film careers of Elliot Gould and Dyan Cannon, both Oscar-nominated for their first starring roles, followed by George Segal in *Blume in Love* (1973) and Richard Dreyfuss and Bette Midler in two films each, including the comedy *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* (1986). He also provided Jill Clayburgh (Oscar-nominated for *An*

Unmarried Woman – 1978), Lenny Baker (*Next Stop, Greenwich Village* – 1975) and Ron Silver (*Enemies: A Love Story* – 1989) with the best roles of their career. In addition, he cast early on many other newcomers, including Josh Mostel, Michael Lerner, Molly Ringwald and Jeff Goldblum.

Mazursky's peak years lasted from his first script-writing success on the Peter Sellers vehicle *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas* in 1968 to his movie version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer novel *Enemies: A Love Story* in 1989. Interviewed by the *New York Times* while filming on a Lower East Side location, Mazursky insisted that *Enemies* 'is definitely the most Jewish movie I've done.' Ron Silver starred as a Holocaust survivor in New York in 1949 in this adaptation, which preserved all the subtleties and complexities of the original, described by Pauline Kael in *The New Yorker* as a 'richly satisfying tragicomic opera'. Providing a suitably Jewish climax to Mazursky's career, the film was not a success at the box office and he never produced another work of this quality, although he carried on writing and directing for another ten years.

Joel Finler

Joel Finler is a film historian with a special interest in US and Jewish cinema



LETTER FROM ISRAEL

Dorothea Shefer-Vanson

Hand in Hand

While widespread unrest, followed by outright war, continued throughout Israel in a blazing summer of discontent, the Hand in Hand organisation continued its work of building bridges and establishing co-operation between Arabs and Jews, mainly through its work in its unique bilingual schools.

Hand in Hand, which was founded in 1997 by two visionaries, one Arab the other Jewish, seeks to demonstrate that Jews and Arabs can learn and live together and thus change the world together. Conscious of the fact that the Jewish and Arab citizens of Israel live in highly segregated environments, whether in adjacent neighbourhoods of the same town or in separate towns, and that this affords little scope for interaction, the organisation seeks to bring the two groups together, doing this by means of elementary and secondary schools. While fighting in Gaza was continuing, the organisation arranged for Jews and Arabs to publicly demonstrate their desire for peace and good relations.

The first bilingual Arabic-Hebrew elementary school was established in Galilee with the support of Israel's Ministry of Education and donations from all over the world, and similar schools are now also to be found in Wadi Ara, Jerusalem and Jaffa. Initially, each school was co-directed by an Arab and a Jewish principal and each classroom co-taught by Jewish and Arab

teachers. Recently, however, once the basic values of equality and multiculturalism had been firmly established, the schools moved to a single-principal model, though maintaining a staff that comprises equal numbers of Arab and Jewish principals and teachers.

The festivals of each religion are celebrated and the respective cultures studied. The parents at each school participate actively in the extra-curricular activities and, currently, with some 3,000 parents and adults involved, Hand in Hand is the largest grassroots Jewish-Arab organisation in Israel and is expected to continue to expand despite current setbacks.

Peace education, conflict resolution and leadership development are fundamental to the organisation's innovative curriculum. The general situation is integrated into discussions and lessons that help Jewish and Arab children communicate with and understand one another, even though they may not necessarily agree on all points.

Thus, for example, in March 2014 an Identity Exhibition was held at the Max Rayne Hand in Hand Bilingual School in Jerusalem, representing the culmination of months of learning in the first- to the ninth-year classes and reflecting the various layers of identity: personal, familial, communal, religious and national. By studying the curriculum, pupils learned about their multiple identities, deepening

their understanding of themselves and their surroundings.

In the framework of the events accompanying the exhibition, International Women's Day was marked, supporting local Palestinian and Israeli women's craft collectives and individual artists at a crafts fair. In addition, hundreds of children, families and community members gathered to listen to an Arabic music ensemble led by the school's music teacher.

The culminating event of the school year – the screening of the final film projects of the school in Jerusalem – was due to be held on the day the news broke of the deaths of the three kidnapped Israeli teenagers. Despite the obvious difficulty, the school management decided to continue as planned, because otherwise the whole purpose of the organisation would have been defeated.

Similarly, when the body of a Palestinian boy who had been captured and murdered was discovered, the planned workshop for teachers on Jewish-Arab discourse went ahead. The topics for discussion were the various national memorial days – Land Day, Independence Day, and others – difficult subjects at the best of times. On both sides, the fear of extreme reactions was expressed and the determination to continue working to overcome the negative reactions was reinforced.

Summer camps in Wadi Ara, Jerusalem and Jaffa are held with the participation of both Jewish and Arab children, pre-school children continue to play and sing together and listen to stories in both languages, and the organisation is determined to continue its work of bringing together children and adults from both communities in order to foster mutual co-operation and understanding.

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

and, as I say above, a true gentleman and true friend. Sadly, the friendship was not to continue as Alfons was able to further his career in the travel business by emigrating to Australia. The Goldman family, together with in-laws, moved to Sydney in the early 1950s. Communication was relegated to an exchange of letters and the rare telephone call. It was from such a rare phone call that we received tragic news: Trude Goldman had suddenly become ill and passed away very quickly, years before time, leaving Alfons to bring up two little boys and continue with life as best he could.

Fast-forward some 20 years, when I

travelled on business several times to Sydney and was able to make contact with, and visit, the Goldman family, when we were able to catch up on all the news. Alfons, I believe, also travelled to London occasionally in connection with his business. After that, regrettably we lost contact. My father passed away in 1982 and now I learn that Alfons in turn passed away in 1986, when his remarkable story came to light. What an incredible subject for a film!

I hope this letter will prompt more acquaintances of the Goldman family to come forward.

Peter Collins, Hatch End, Middx

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